

# The Outsider

1. Plural Noun
2. Noun
3. Noun
4. Adjective
5. Adjective
6. Conjunction
7. Noun
8. Noun
9. Noun
10. Adjective
11. Noun
12. Noun
13. Noun
14. Noun
15. Plural Noun
16. Adjective
17. Adjective
18. Adjective
19. Noun
20. Plural Noun
21. Location
22. Location
23. Plural Noun

24. Proper Noun
25. Proper Noun
26. Proper Noun
27. Proper Noun
28. Proper Noun

# The Outsider

The \_\_\_\_\_ Plural noun were shocking; and as I stood in the brilliant \_\_\_\_\_ Noun alone and dazed, listening to their vanishing echoes, I trembled at the thought of what might be lurking near me unseen. At a casual inspection the room seemed deserted, but when I moved towards one of the alcoves I thought I detected a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun there - a hint of motion beyond the golden-arched doorway leading to another and somewhat similar room. As I approached the arch I began to perceive the presence more clearly; and then, with the first and last sound I ever uttered - a ghastly ululation that revolted me almost as poignantly as its noxious cause - I beheld in full, frightful vividness the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Conjunction unmentionable \_\_\_\_\_ Noun which had by its simple appearance changed a merry company to a herd of delirious fugitives.

I cannot even hint what it was like, for it was a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun of all that is unclean, uncanny, unwelcome, abnormal, and detestable. It was the ghoulish \_\_\_\_\_ Noun of decay, antiquity, and dissolution; the putrid, dripping eidolon of \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective revelation, the awful baring of that which the merciful earth should always hide. God knows it was not of this \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - or no longer of this world - yet to my horror I saw in its eaten-away and bone-revealing outlines a leering, abhorrent travesty on the human \_\_\_\_\_ Noun; and in its mouldy, disintegrating apparel an unspeakable quality that chilled me even more.

I was almost paralysed, but not too much so to make a feeble effort towards flight; a backward stumble which failed to break the spell in which the nameless, voiceless monster held me. My eyes bewitched by the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ orbs which stared loathsomely into them, refused to close; though they were mercifully blurred, and showed the terrible object but indistinctly after the first shock. I tried to raise my hand to shut out the sight, yet so stunned were my nerves that my arm could not fully obey my will. The \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ however, was enough to disturb my balance; so that I had to stagger forward several \_\_\_\_\_ Plural noun \_\_\_\_\_ to avoid falling. As I did so I became \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ aware of the nearness of the carrion thing, whose hideous hollow breathing I half fancied I could hear. Nearly \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ I found myself yet able to throw out a hand to ward off the foetid apparition which pressed so close; when in one cataclysmic \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ of cosmic nightmarishness and hellish accident my fingers touched the rotting outstretched paw of the monster beneath the golden arch.

I did not shriek, but all the fiendish ghouls that ride the nightwind shrieked for me as in that same second there crashed

down upon my mind a single fleeting avalanche of soul-annihilating memory. I knew in that second all that had been; I remembered beyond the frightful castle and the Plural noun and recognized the altered edifice in which I now stood; I recognized, most terrible of all, the unholy abomination that stood leering before me as I withdrew my sullied fingers from its own.

But in the cosmos there is balm as well as bitterness, and that balm is nepenthe. In the supreme horror of that second I forgot what had horrified me, and the burst of black memory vanished in a chaos of echoing images. In a dream I fled from that haunted and accursed pile, and ran swiftly and silently in Location Location. When I returned to the churchyard place of marble and went down the steps I found the stone trap-door immovable; but I was not sorry, for I had hated the antique castle and the trees. Now I ride with the mocking and friendly Plural noun on the night-wind, and play by day amongst the catacombs of Proper noun in the sealed and unknown valley of Proper noun by the Proper noun. I know that light is not for me, save that of the moon over the rock tombs of Proper noun nor any gaiety save the unnamed feasts of Proper noun beneath the Great Pyramid; yet in my new wildness and freedom I almost welcome the bitterness of alienage.

For although nepenthe has calmed me, I know always that I am an outsider; a stranger in this century and among those who are still men. This I have known ever since I stretched out my fingers to the abomination within that great gilded frame; stretched out my fingers and touched a cold and unyielding surface of polished glass.

.