

CALL of CTHULHU

THE COLORING BOOK

28 ELDRITCH SCENES OF LOVECRAFTIAN HORROR FOR YOU TO COLOR

BY ANDREY FETISOV





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CREDITS

ART BY
Andrey Festisov

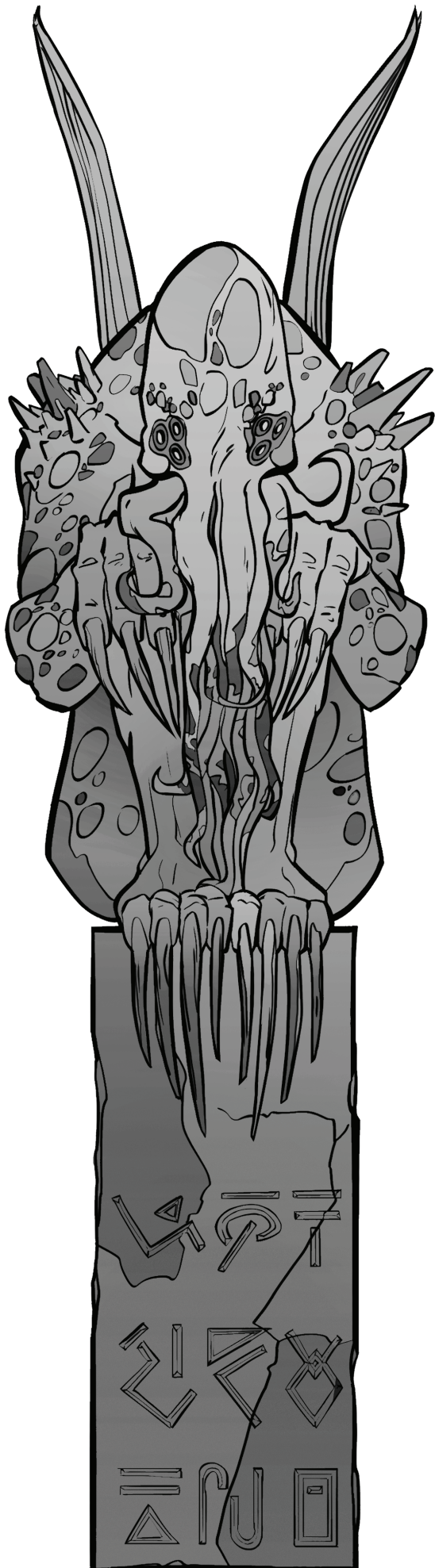
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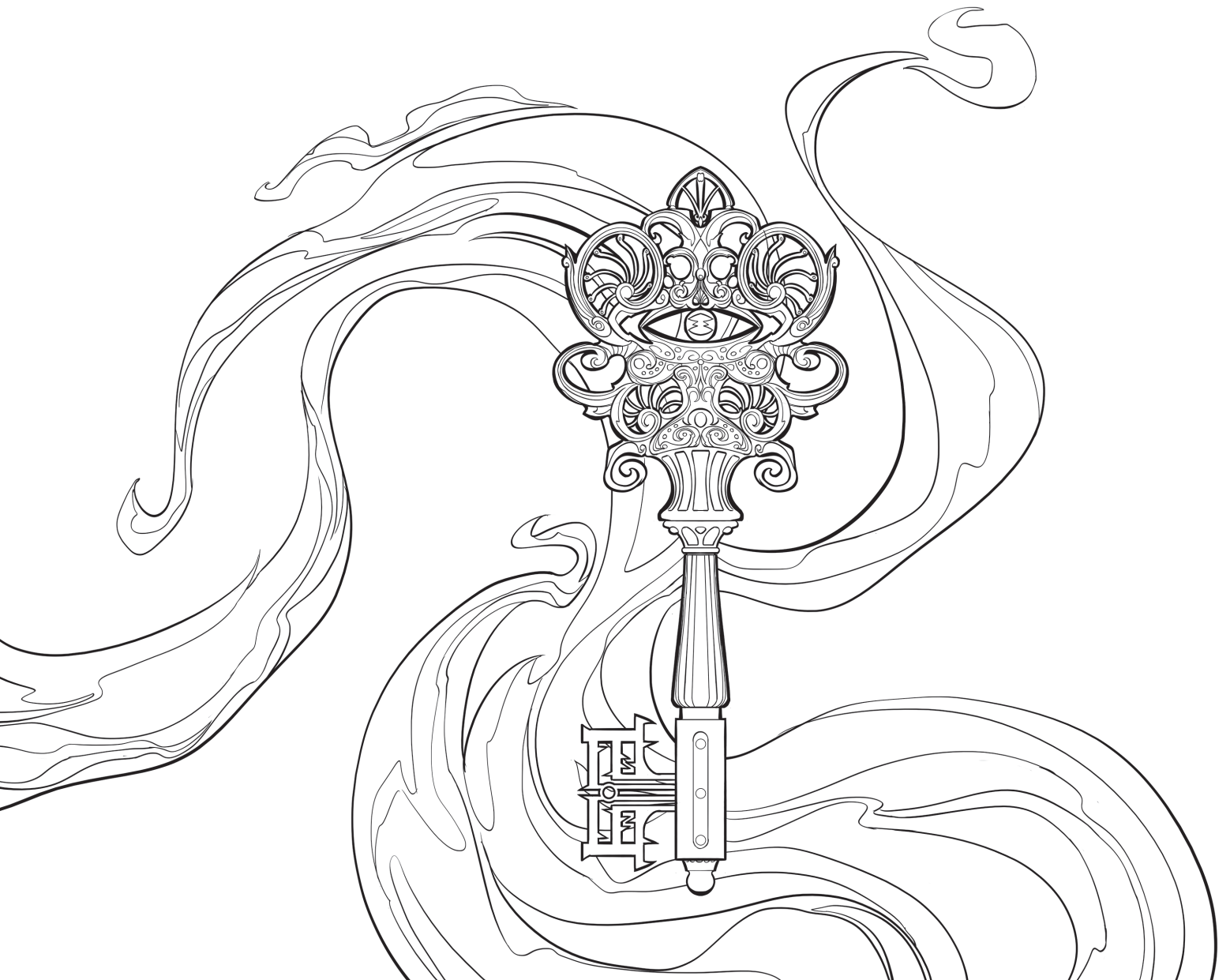


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“Gradually and mistily it became apparent that the Most Ancient One was holding something—some object clutched in the outflung folds of his robe as if for the sight, or what answered for sight, of the cloaked Companions. It was a large sphere or apparent sphere of some obscurely iridescent metal, and as the Guide put it forward a low, pervasive half-impression of *sound* began to rise and fall in intervals which seemed to be rhythmic even though they followed no rhythm of earth. There was a suggestion of chanting—or what human imagination might interpret as chanting. Presently the quasi-sphere began to grow luminous, and as it gleamed up into a cold, pulsating light of unassignable colour Carter saw that its flickerings conformed to the alien rhythm of the chant.”

—*Through the Gates of the Silver Key* (1934), H.P. Lovecraft with E. Hoffmann Price



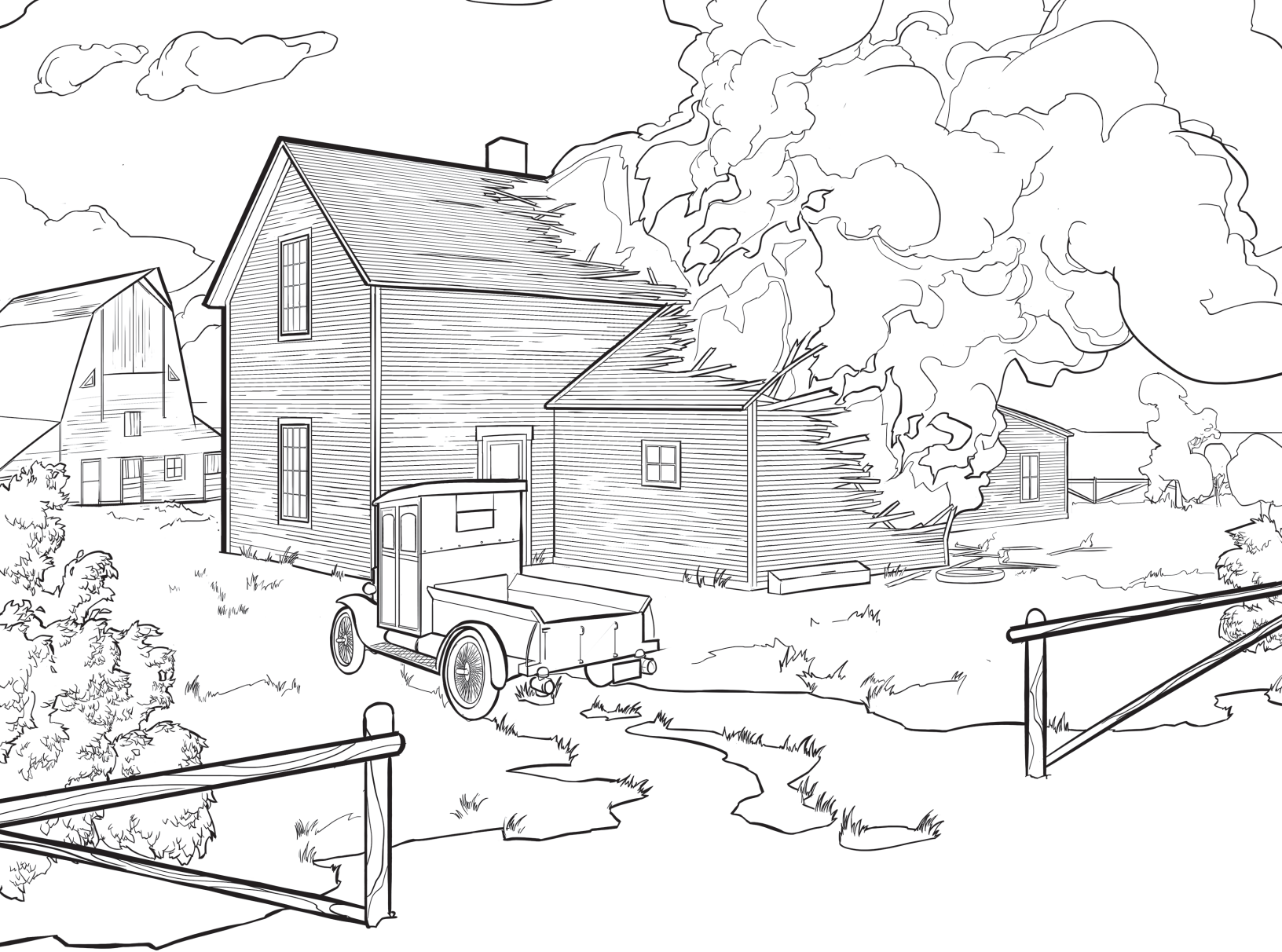


“Hail Pharaoh of Darkness, Hail Nyarlathotep,
Cthulhu fhtagn, Nyarlathotep th’ga, shamesh,
shamesh, Nyarlathotep th’ga, Cthulhu fhtagn!”

—*Masks of Nyarlathotep* (1984), Larry DiTillio with Lynn Willis







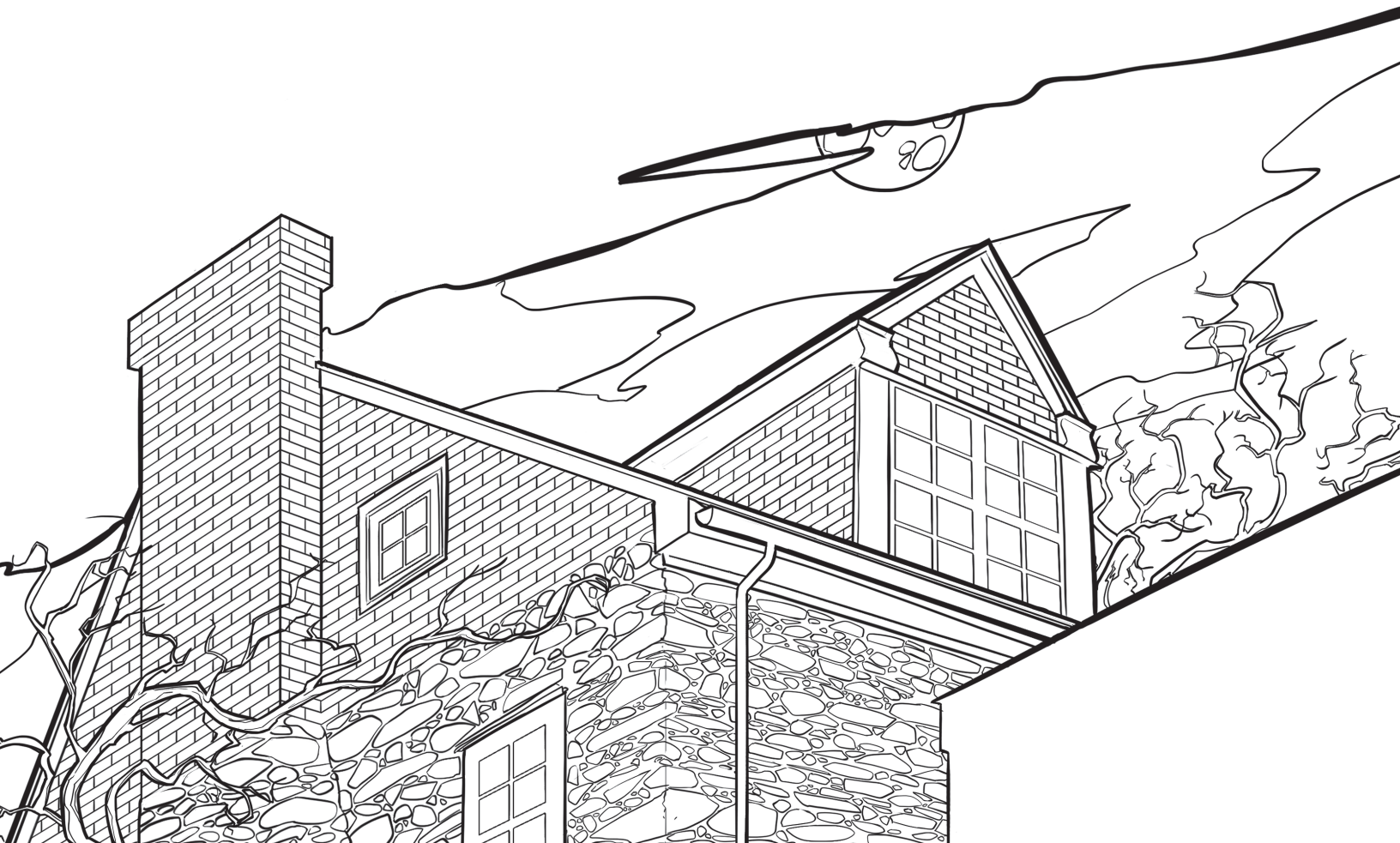
“But as to this thing we’ve just sent back—the Whateleys raised it for a terrible part in the doings that were to come. It grew fast and big from the same reason that Wilbur grew fast and big—but it beat him because it had a greater share of the *outsideness* in it. You needn’t ask how Wilbur called it out of the air. He didn’t call it out. *It was his twin brother, but it looked more like the father than he did.*”

—*The Dunwich Horror* (1929), H.P. Lovecraft



“I saw the attic laboratory, the electrical machine, and the unsightly form of Tillinghast opposite me; but of all the space unoccupied by familiar material objects not one particle was vacant. Indescribable shapes both alive and otherwise were mixed in disgusting disarray, and close to every known thing were whole worlds of alien, unknown entities. It likewise seemed that all the known things entered into the composition of other unknown things, and vice versa. Foremost among the living objects were great inky, jellyish monstrosities which flabbily quivered in harmony with the vibrations from the machine.”

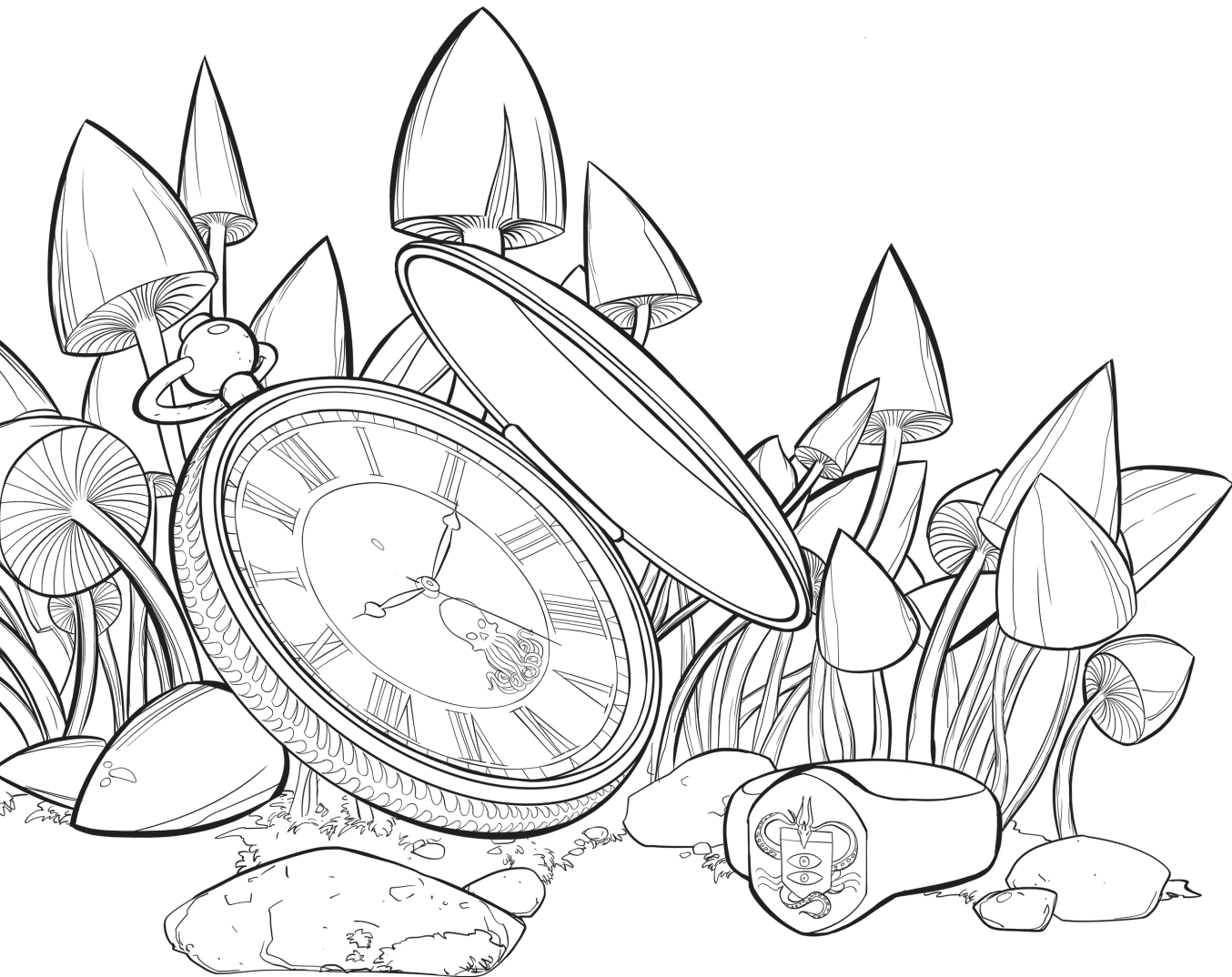
—*From Beyond* (1934), H.P. Lovecraft



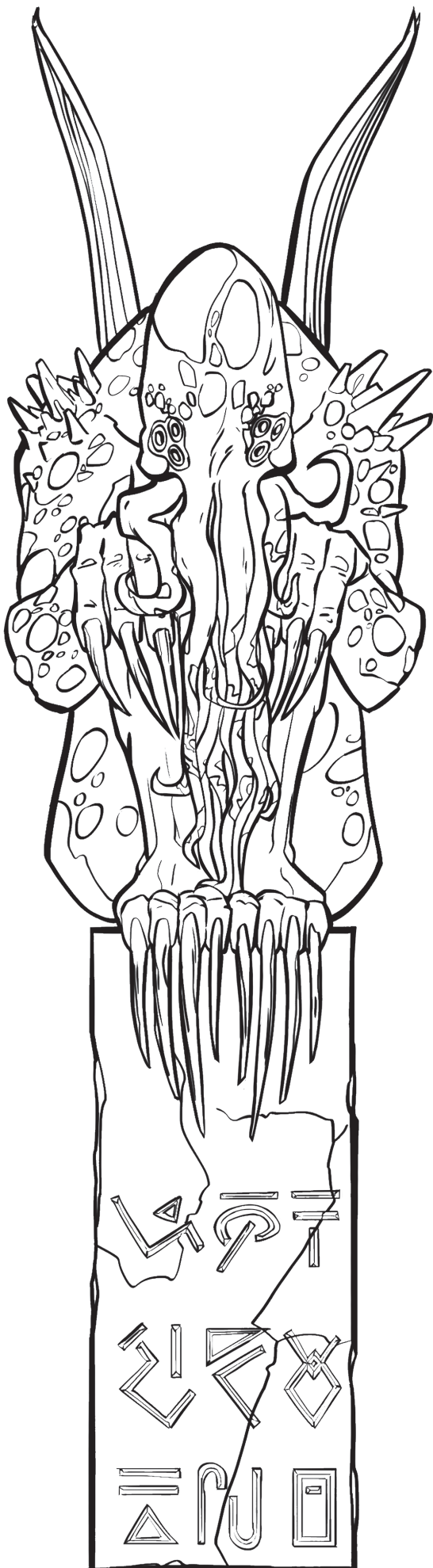


“...when I still hesitated he pulled from his loose robe a seal ring and a watch, both with my family arms, to prove that he was what he said. But it was a hideous proof, because I knew from old papers that that watch had been buried with my great-great-great-great-grandfather in 1698.”

—*The Festival* (1925), H.P. Lovecraft

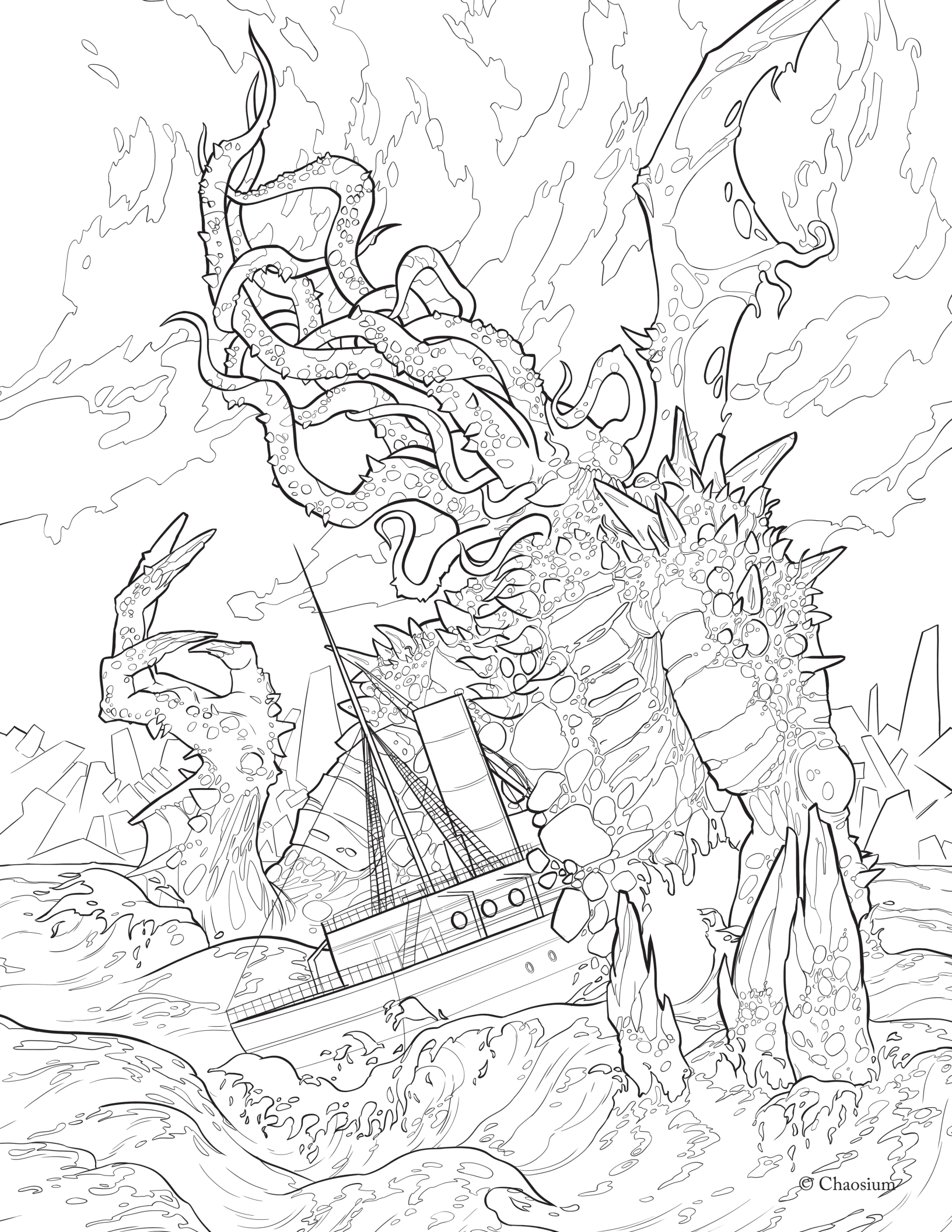






“There was a mighty eddying and foaming in the noisome brine, and as the steam mounted higher and higher the brave Norwegian drove his vessel head on against the pursuing jelly which rose above the unclean froth like the stern of a daemon galleon. The awful squid-head with writhing feelers came nearly up to the bowsprit of the sturdy yacht, but Johansen drove on relentlessly. There was a bursting as of an exploding bladder, a slushy nastiness as of a cloven sunfish, a stench as of a thousand opened graves, and a sound that the chronicler would not put on paper.”

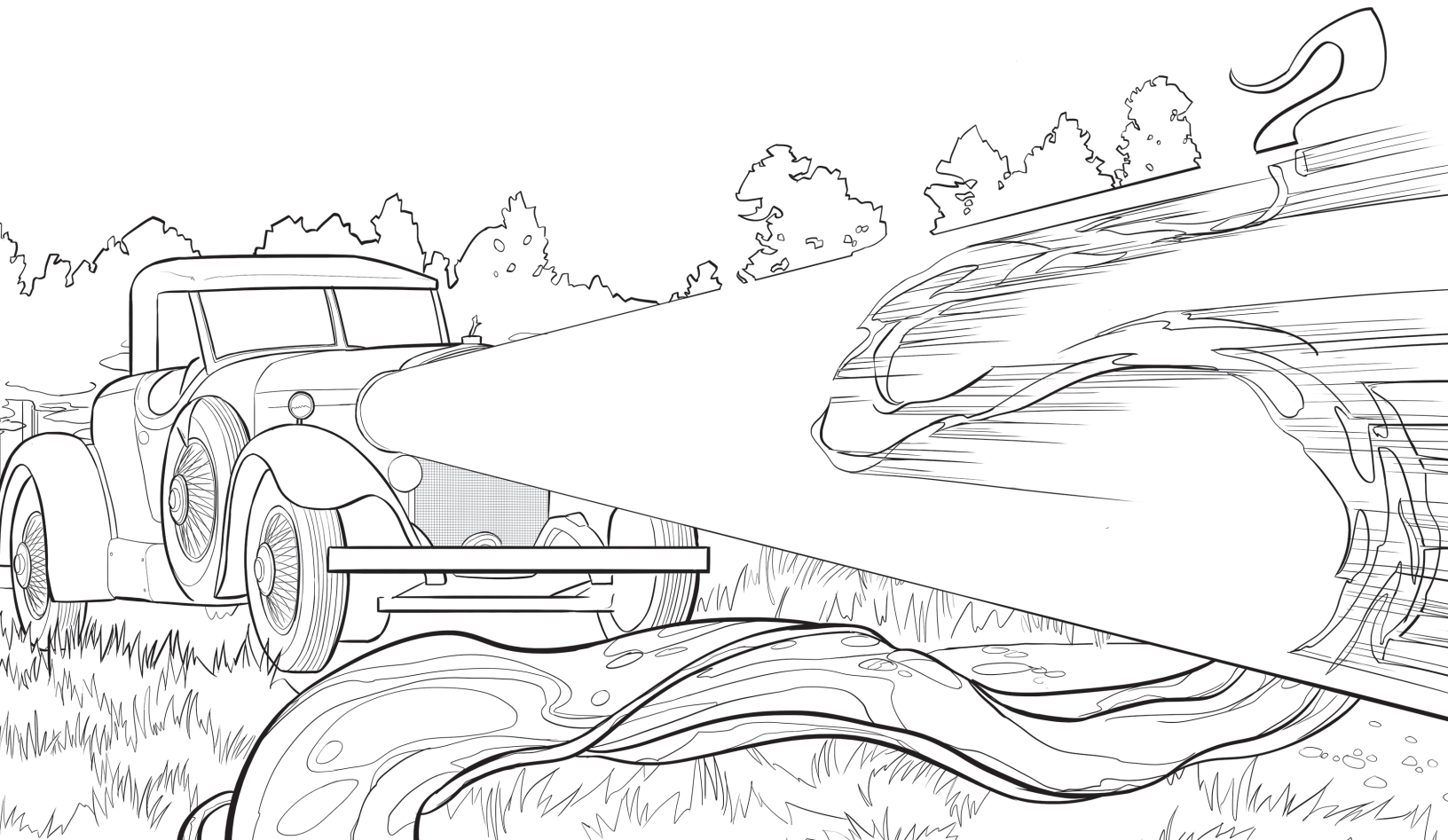
—*The Call of Cthulhu* (1928), H.P. Lovecraft

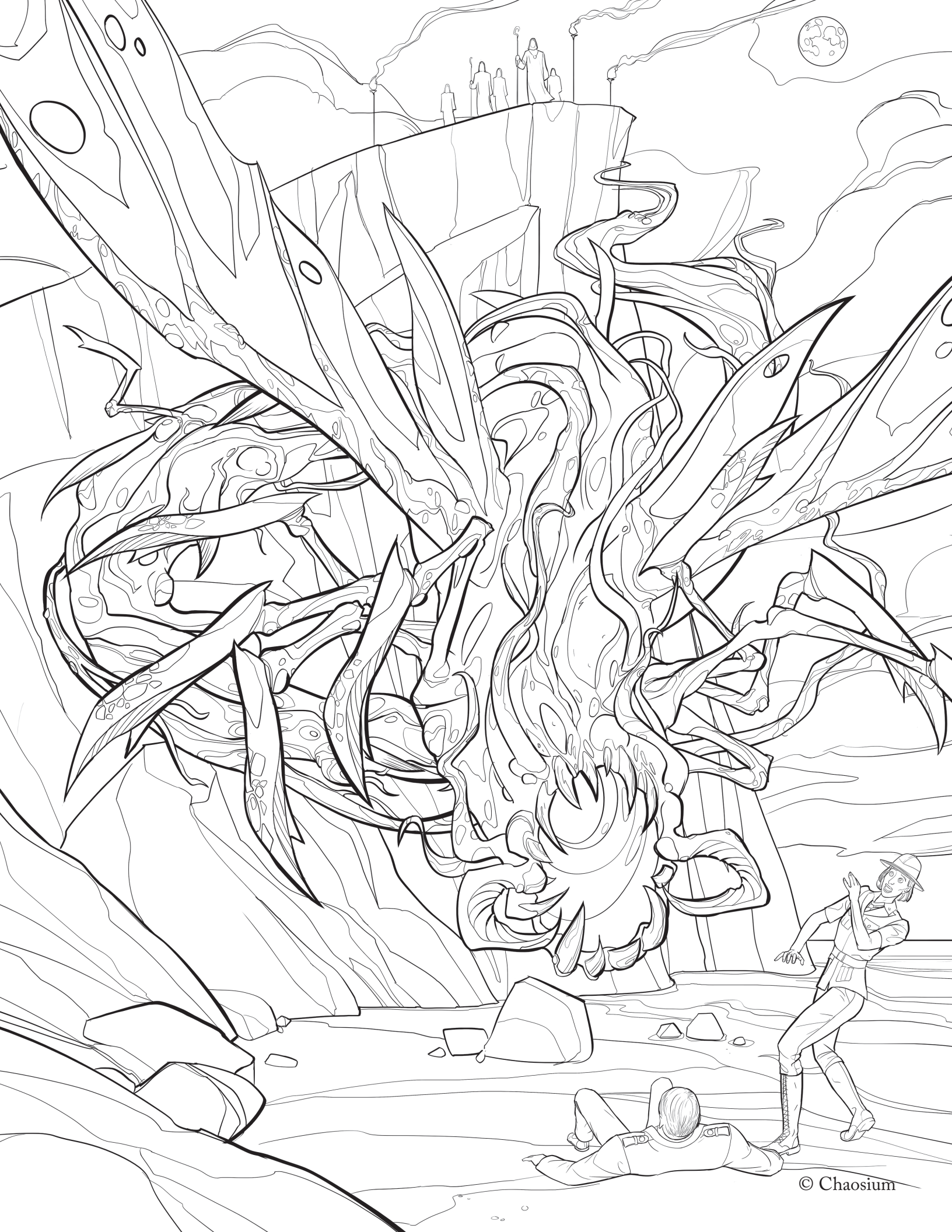


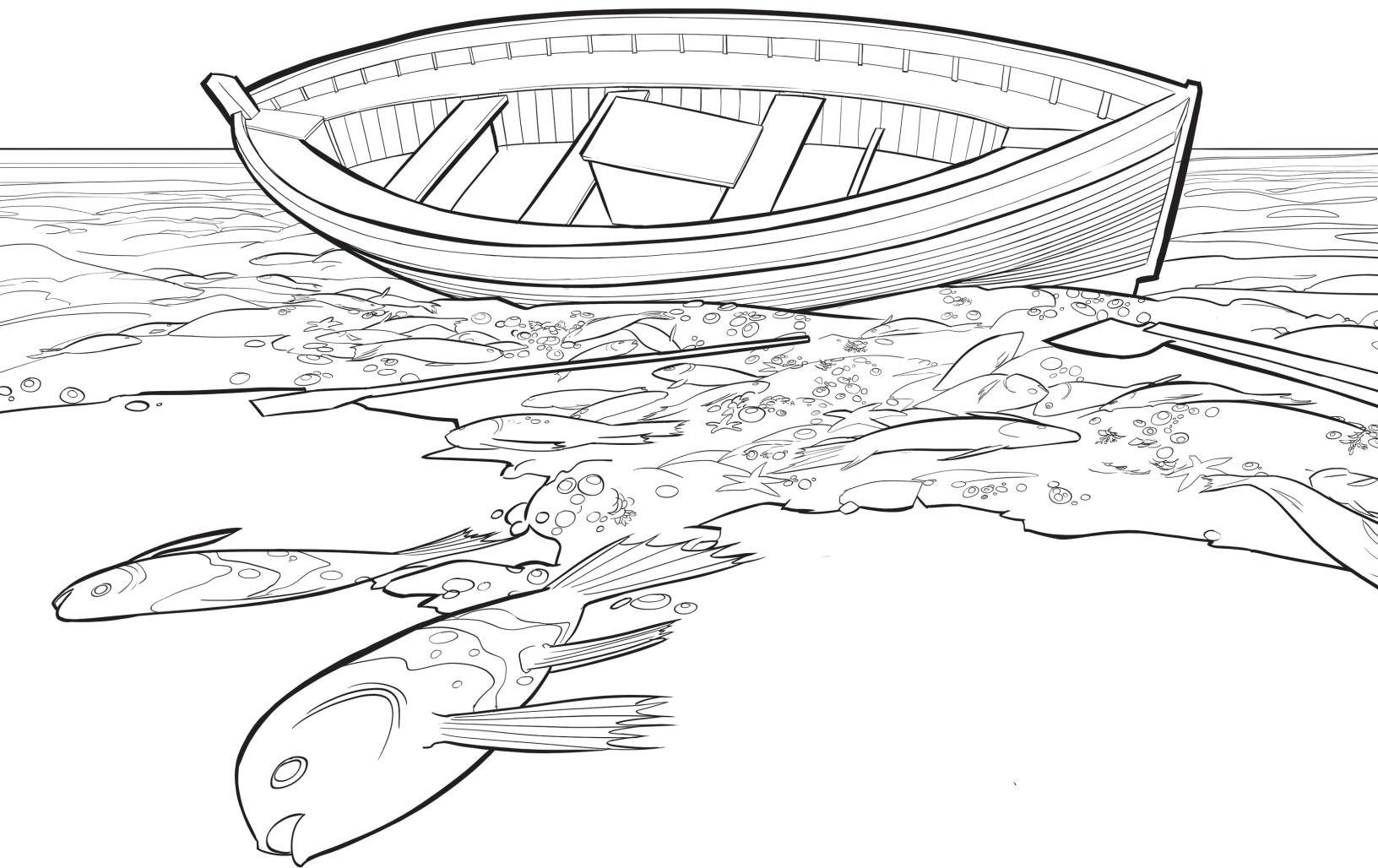
“This intelligent ropy being flies on webbed wings, the long length of the creature pulsating and swelling in throbbing waves. ...A Hunting Horror is not composed of ordinary matter. It co-exists on another plane coterminous with ours...

...The Outer Gods or Great Old Ones, especially Nyarlathotep, often use Hunting Horrors to pursue a victim. ...in its natural state, the Hunting Horror lives on a dark planet. It cannot endure extremely bright light, or even normal sunlight for more than a few hours...”

—*S. Petersen's Field Guide to Lovecraftian Horrors* (2015), Sandy Petersen, Lynn Willis, and Mike Mason

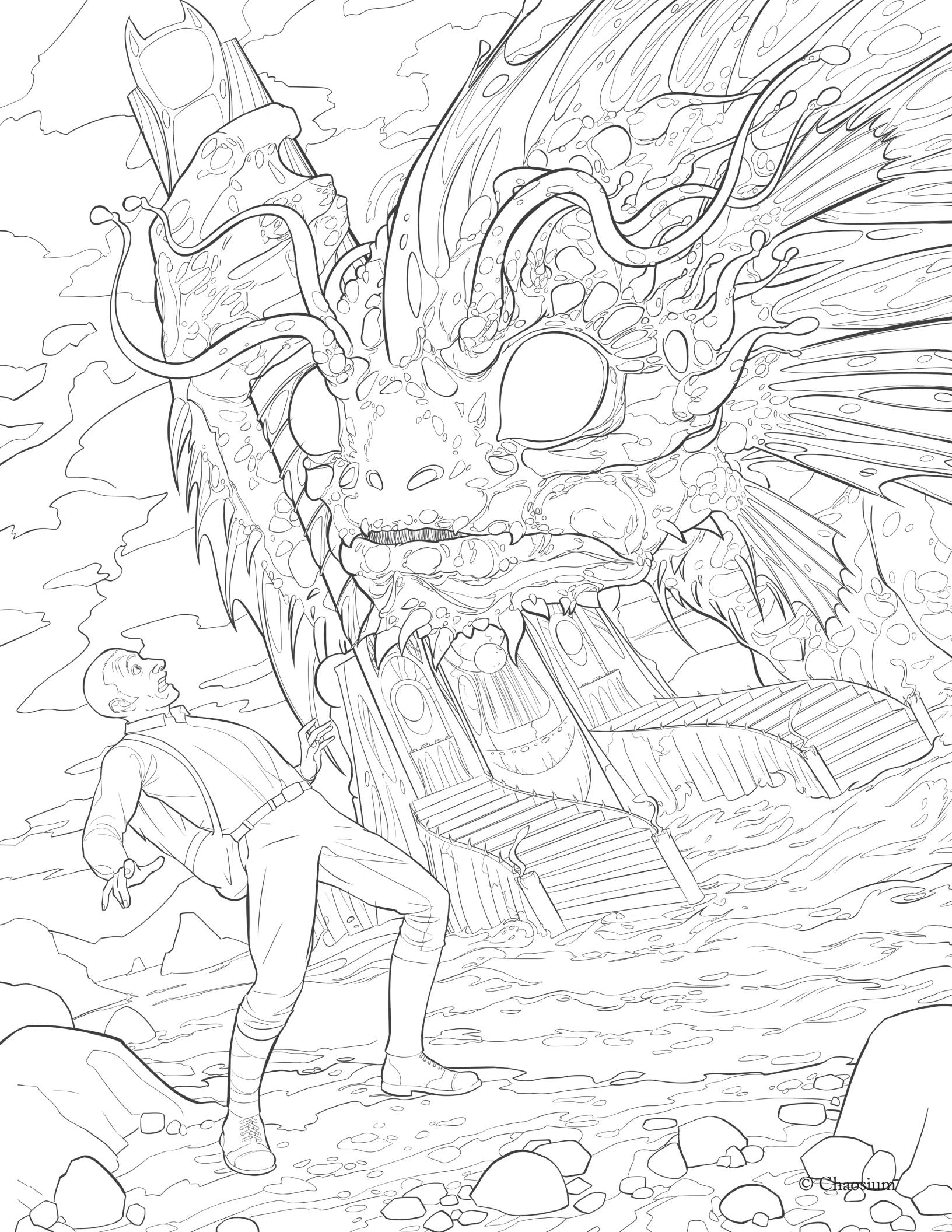






“Then suddenly I saw it. With only a slight churning to mark its rise to the surface, the thing slid into view above the dark waters. Vast, Polyphemus-like, and loathsome, it darted like a stupendous monster of nightmares to the monolith, about which it flung its gigantic scaly arms, the while it bowed its hideous head and gave vent to certain measured sounds. I think I went mad then.”

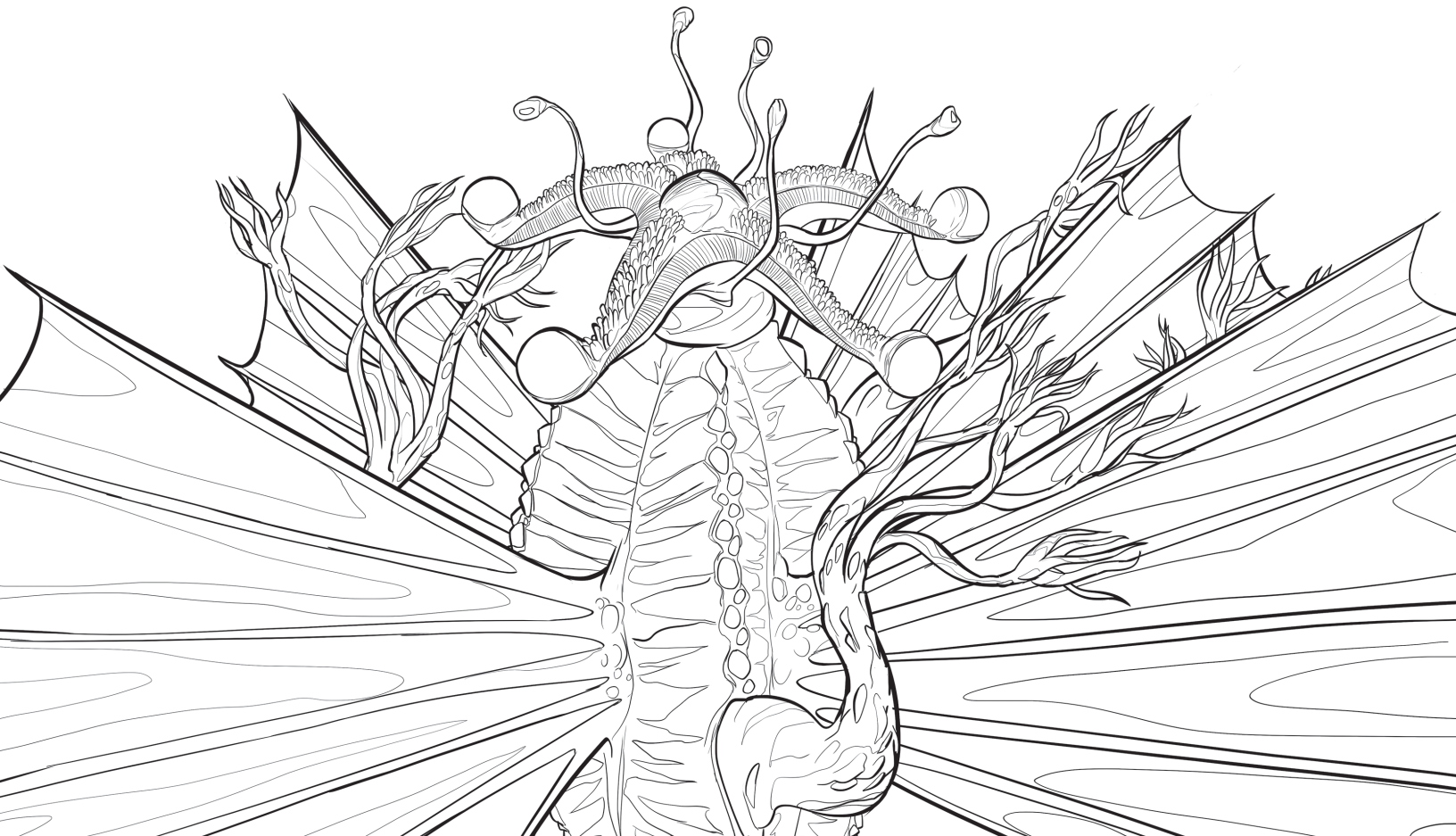
—*Dagon* (1919), H.P. Lovecraft

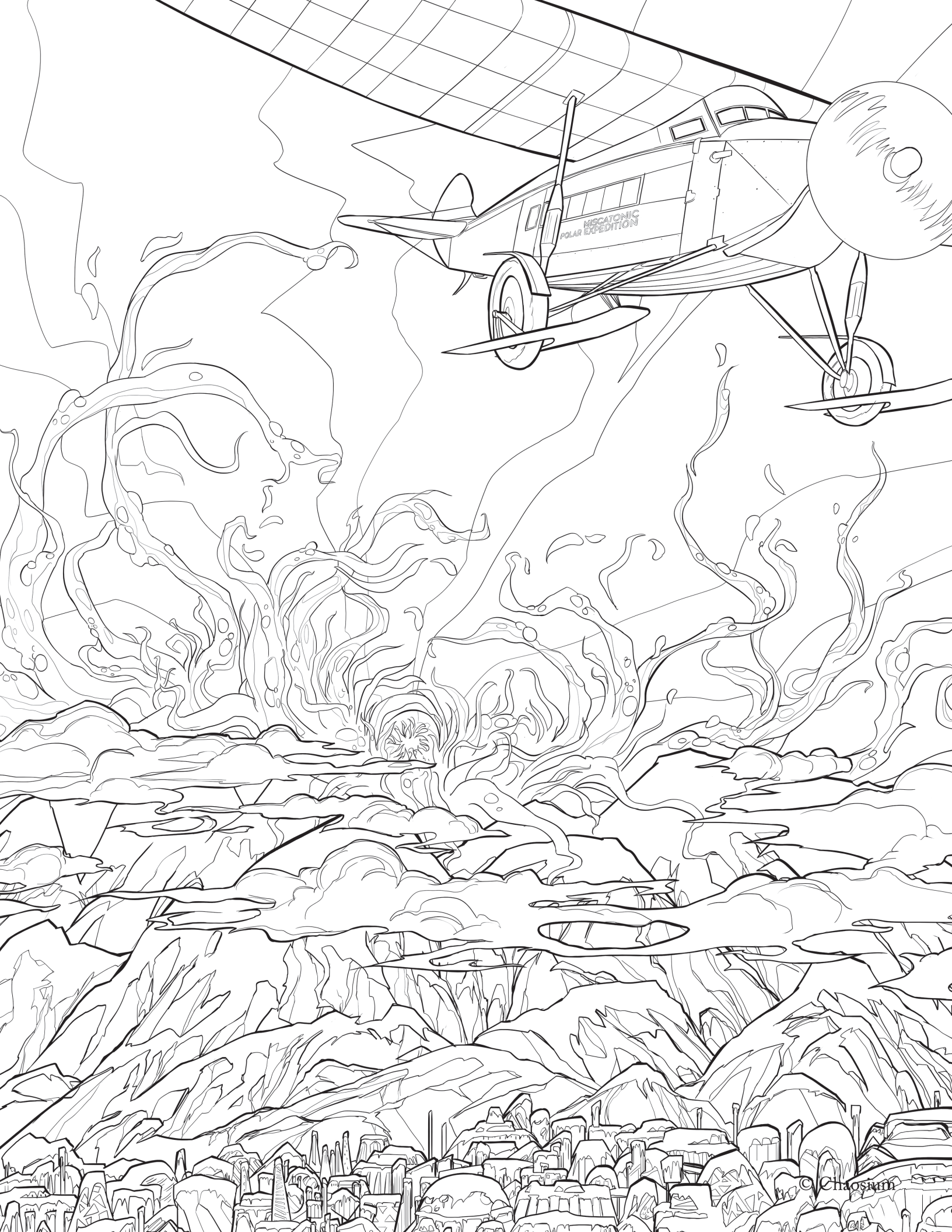


“The monsters rose up from the City’s edge, surging and crawling through the air with sinuous twists of their huge membraneous wings. Impossibly large and swift, they moved purposefully towards the refugees, outlined against the ruddy sky, like horrible deep-sea creatures or the darkest nightmares made abominably real.

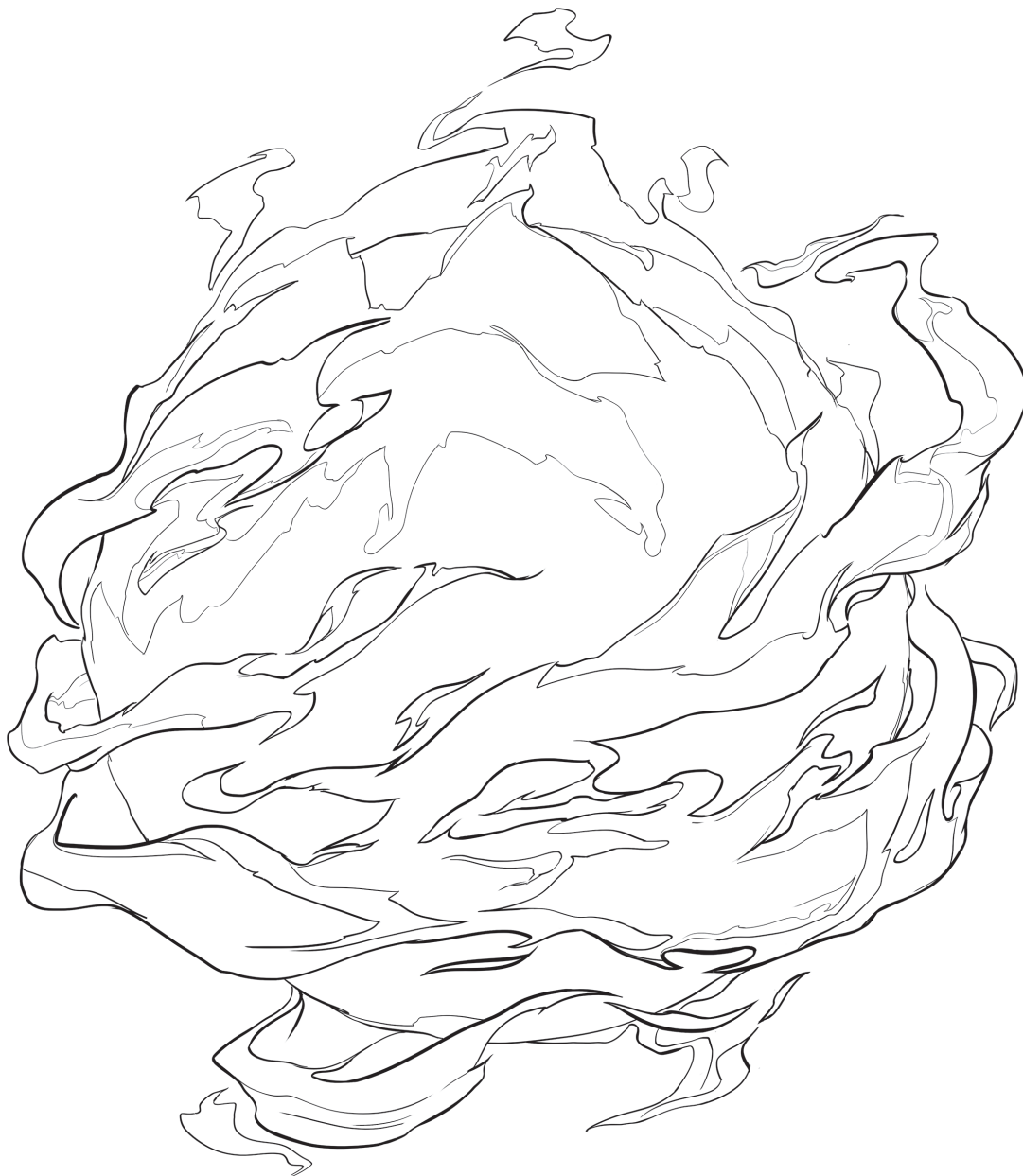
Someone shouted. Another moaned. A third man wept, and began to pray.”

—*Beyond the Mountains of Madness* (1999), Charles and Janyce Engan, et al.





MISCATONIC
POLAR EXPEDITION



“At the court of Azathoth [Tulzscha] is a blazing green ball of flame, dancing with brethren Outer Gods before the Daemon Sultan. Called to our world, it assumes a gaseous form, penetrates the planet to the core, then erupts from below as a pillar of flame.”

—*Malleus Monstrorum* (2006), Scott David Aniolowski with Sandy Petersen & Lynn Willis

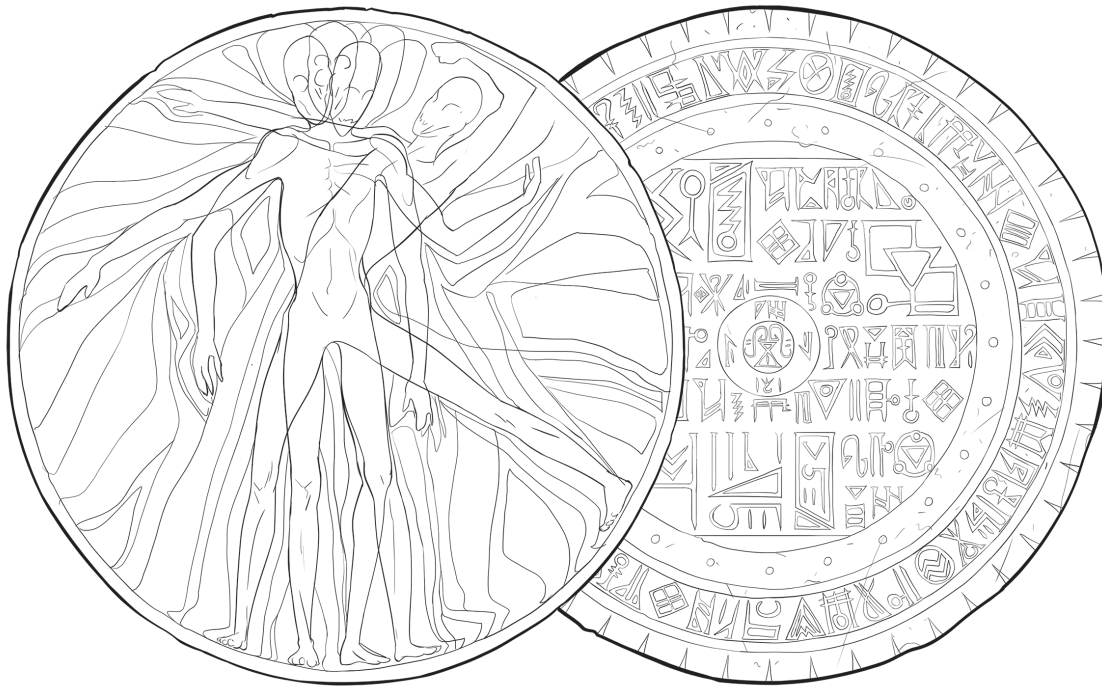


“And yet I saw them in a limitless stream—flopping, hopping, croaking, bleating—surging inhumanly through the spectral moonlight in a grotesque, malignant saraband of fantastic nightmare.”

—*The Shadow over Innsmouth* (1936), H.P. Lovecraft







“The lloigor live in the extensive caverns dotted throughout the area, with the main colony situated in caverns fifty miles to the northeast of Trieste, near the Italian border village of Postumia (formerly Adelsberg and part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, also known as Postojna by the Slovenian locals). The lloigor serve the Wind Walker, Ithaqua. Largely because of them, the destructive wind called the “bora” is so potent in this area. The lloigor drain magical essence from sleeping humans over a wide area, adding this to their own magical power to intensify the bora, and for other spells. The missing medallion is a minor component in the millions-of-years effort needed to effect Ithaqua’s permanent return...”

—*Horror on the Orient Express* (1991, 2014), Mark Morrison, Geoff Gillan et al.



“Dear Dr. Cornwallis,

Congratulations on your discovery. All you have told me indicates that this child is the one. Praise Shub Niggurath! The prophecy will be fulfilled!

I am enclosing copies of the lineage you requested. This should verify beyond a doubt that the boy is the One. He bears the mark, and the stars are right.

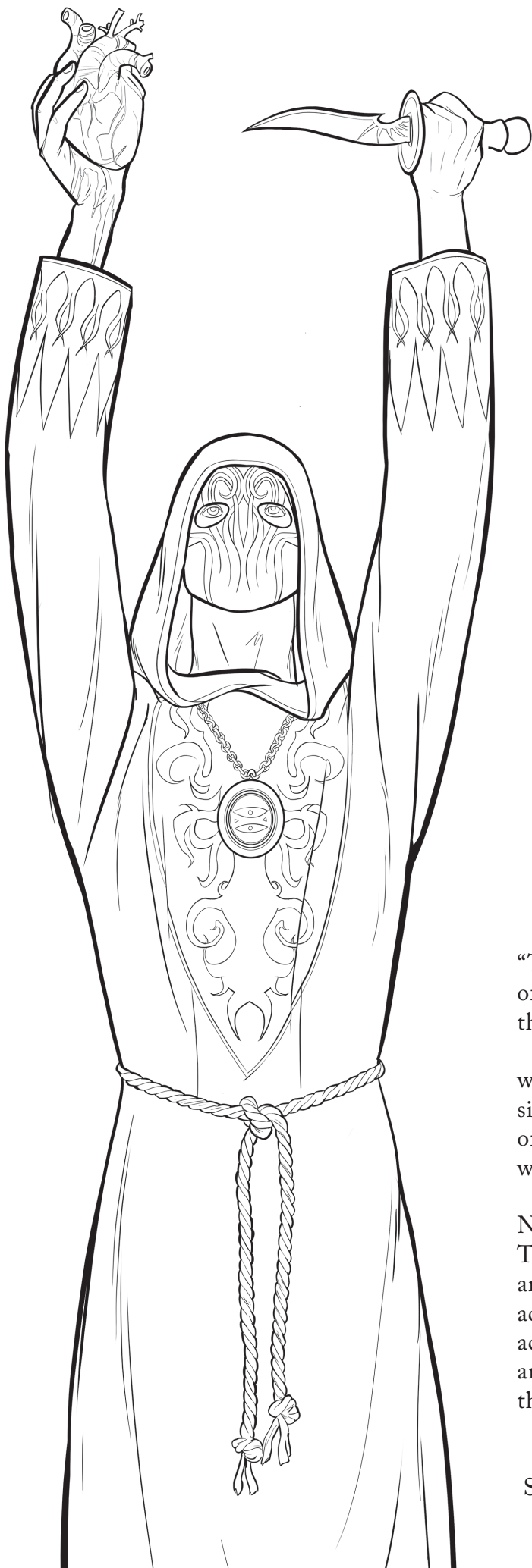
Hail Yog-Sothoth.

Hauptman”

—*The Fungi from Yuggoth* (1984), Keith Herber







“These beings are enormous writhing masses, formed out of ropy black tentacles. Here and there over the surfaces of the things are great puckered mouths that drip green goo.

Beneath the creatures, tentacles end in black hooves, on which they stamp. The monsters roughly resemble trees in silhouette—the trunks being the short legs, and the tops of the trees represented by the ropy, branching bodies. The whole mass of these things smell like open graves...

Such entities are the “young” referred to in Shub Niggurath’s epithet, “Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young.” They are closely connected to her, and are found only in areas where she is worshiped. Dark young act as proxies for Shub-Niggurath in accepting sacrifices, accepting worship from cultists, devouring non-cultists, and spreading their mother’s faith across the world. Luckily, they are rarely met with.”

—*Call of Cthulhu Keeper Rulebook 7th Ed* (2014),
Sandy Petersen, Lynn Willis, Mike Mason & Paul Fricker





ABOUT THE ARTIST

Andrey Fetisov was a student of classical art at the Surikov Art Institute in Moscow, and has been working as a freelance cg illustration/concept artist for about five years.

He describes himself as “a huge HPL fan with a softspot for all things retro-ish.”

illustrators.ru page: <http://illustrators.ru/users/id79938?page=1>
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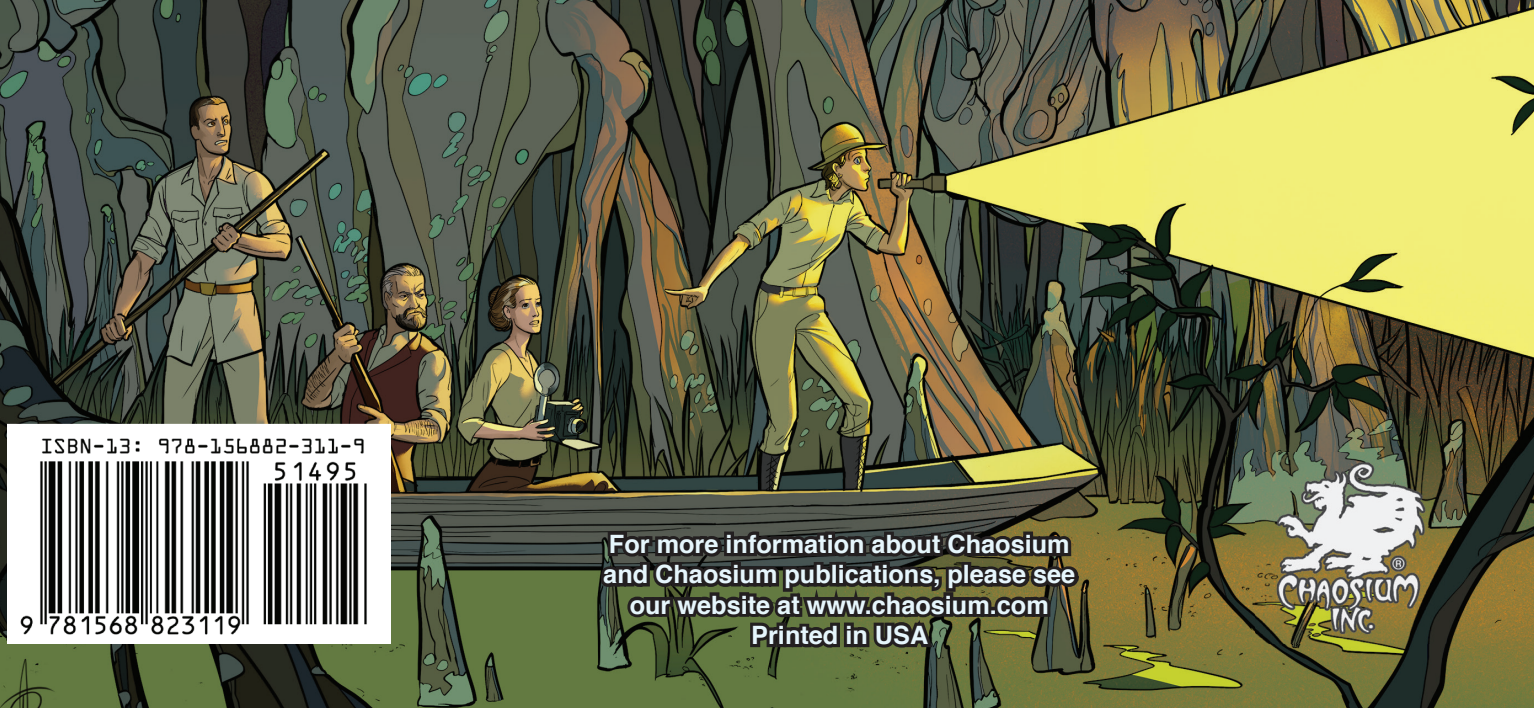
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“Artist Andrey Fetisov illustrates the madness-inducing horror of some of H.P. Lovecraft’s best stories, including “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath,” “The Dunwich Horror,” “The Shadow Over Innsmouth,” and (of course) “The Call of Cthulhu.” Just look at those colors! As vivid as our nightmares.”

- Tor.com

Enjoy coloring an amazing array of scenes, with striking images from H.P. Lovecraft’s stories—and the *Call of Cthulhu* RPG his imagination inspired (*Horror on the Orient Express*, *Masks of Nyarlathotep*, *The Fungi from Yuggoth* and more).



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