

*... a journey of exultation ...*

It was Fethrinoukashan, the sailor of bygone Juldozabba—he who found the isle of fabled Netar Birooftey when his vessel was caught within the coils of a giant serpent from the deep oceans, and dragged through immensities of sea waves until finally deposited on the shores of that immemorial land.

I watched as the dauntless Fethrinoukashan was cast upon the sandful beach with naught but the tattered remnants of his seaman's garb and the few scant timbers which was all that yet remained of his once fine ship, just as the tales tell of his coming to that forgotten land.

I beheld his tall personage, straight and supple like a withy, stand with unrivaled dignity of baring before the lazuli throne of Queen Zetta-Rinzegliam. A thrill of pride swelled through mine own consciousness as the indomitable sailor bore the haughty gaze of that monarch with a manner unflinching and unmoved. I witnessed his defiant laughter in retort to the queen's avowal that he was naught but a thief and spy.

He met with yet further impudent mirth Zetta-Rinzegliam's pronouncement that he should die. His scornful cachinnation at the decree of his own death was more insult than any taunt or mockery which he could have hurled upon the arrogant ruler.

*... a journey of terror ...*

This beast, said to have been offspring from the union of a she-demon and the Scorpion-God, was in good sooth as the legendry describes, for it possessed the head and body of a fierce lion, yet bore the tail, hooves, and broad, skewering horns of a prodigious bull, whilst from its enfanged mouth lashed a tongue burning with living flames. The monstrous godling laired in a chamber beneath the very founding stones of the Temple to the Horned Scorpion ...

*Don't miss the full story of "The Master of the Bleeding Ivy" by H. T. Aldrich Whetenworth, appearing only in the Winter 2018 issue of Startling Visions Magazine.*