



The  
Arkham  
Advertiser

FOR ALL MEMBERS OF

# MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY

MAY THE STARS ALIGN

EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY  
FREE ADMITTANCE TO  
READING EVENTS

EVENTS OPEN AT  
10 PM UTC

HOSTED BY NYTH  
AND CULTIST ALIKE



TEMPLE OF  
THE  
OLD ONES

NORMALLY, SUCH MATTERS OF COMMUNITY AND PROGRESS AS THIS WOULD BE ANNOUNCED BY THE COUNCIL ITSELF, BUT DUE TO AN UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT INVOLVING AN OVERZEALOUS INVOCATION, THREE BOTTLES OF NON-EUCLIDEAN INK, AND WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A VERY OPINIONATED PORTAL, THE COUNCIL HAS FOUND ITSELF BRIEFLY... INDISPOSED. THUS, I, CLORQ, MUST SPEAK IN THEIR STEAD.

THE TEMPLE THRIVES. OUR RANKS SWELL WITH NEW VOICES, AND THE DISCUSSIONS AMONG SIBLINGS GROW EVER DEEPER AND MORE ILLUMINATING. THE MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES HAVE SEEN RECENT UPDATES, EXPANDING THE PATHS OF STUDY FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO SHARPEN THEIR UNDERSTANDING OF RITUALS AND THE UNFATHOMABLE TRUTHS THAT UNDERPIN THEM. BEYOND THIS, THE ORDER TOILS IN SHADOWED ENTHUSIASM, PREPARING STORY READINGS AND SUPPLEMENTAL WORKS THAT, WHILE STILL CLOAKED IN SECRECY, PROMISE TO BE NOTHING SHORT OF EXTRAORDINARY. IN SHORT, SIBLINGS, THE TEMPLE'S WORK ADVANCES—ITS PULSE STRONG, ITS PURPOSE CLEAR—AND YOU WOULD DO WELL TO KEEP WATCH, FOR MUCH STIRS BENEATH THE SURFACE.

A stylized, handwritten signature of the name "Clorg" in a cursive, gothic-inspired font. The letters are white and have a slightly distressed or ink-like texture. The "C" is large and loops around the "l", and the "g" has a long, sweeping tail that underlines the rest of the name.

THE GREETER GOD



[ALL THE LINKS UNDER ONE TREE](#)



**FURTHER YOUR STUDIES**

**ASCEND**

**JOIN US**

**CLASS IS IN SESSION**



FEEL CALLED? JOIN THE ORDER!

SEEKING TALENT IN

- ❖ SOCIAL MEDIA
- ❖ GRAPHIC DESIGN
- ❖ AUDIO VISUAL
- ❖ NEWS DESK



# August Rune Reading

As August opens with Ithaqua's First Tread, the Gateway of Yog-Sothoth reveals profound synchronicities between our harvest festival and the cosmic forces shaping this transformative month. The five runes drawn speak directly to the themes of transition, abundance, and preparation that define this sacred time.

Uruz stands at the Threshold, pulsing with the raw vitality of the harvest itself, that final surge of summer's power awaiting our gathering before winter's approach. This primal force sets the tone for all of August, suggesting that transformation flows most naturally when we channel rather than control it. Like grain ready for cutting and fruit ripe for gathering, we find ourselves at a moment of powerful potential that invites both action and wisdom.

Thurisaz the Catalyst of Chaos mirrors the seasonal disruption we honor during Ithaqua's First Tread. Just as we acknowledge the inevitable descent into winter's dominion, this rune suggests that subtle internal shifts may already be stirring within our Temple community. Patterns and beliefs that once served us might now feel ready for renewal, like fields that benefit from lying fallow before the next planting. Space for new understanding often emerges when we allow natural cycles of change to unfold. Even as these inner currents flow, Dagaz the Dawn of Cosmic Revelation illuminates our external world, offering clarity and guidance like the bonfires we light to honor both summer's warmth and winter's approach. The universe seems to support our transformation through gentle synchronicities, unexpected encounters, and moments of quiet understanding that arise from the world around us, much like the wind chimes we hang to carry our voices to Ithaqua while alerting us to changing weather.

The reading's most intriguing teaching comes through Algiz appearing as our primary obstacle. The Antlers of the Protector, so reminiscent of Ithaqua's own wild nature, suggests that our protective instincts might sometimes limit necessary growth. During this harvest time when we naturally prepare for winter's trials, we could benefit from noticing whether our focus on protection overshadows our appreciation of present abundance. This gentle paradox reflects the delicate balance of the First Tread celebration itself, where we simultaneously honor the harvest's bounty while respecting the approaching cold. The wind chimes we hang serve as perfect metaphors for this balance, being both protective talismans and channels of communication, reminding us that boundaries can facilitate connection rather than create isolation.

At the base of our reading, Fehu Reversed offers both caution and guidance for the path ahead. If we allow concern for winter to overshadow our celebration of the harvest, if we hold too tightly to our abundance rather than sharing it, or if we resist the natural energies flowing through this gateway, we might find ourselves feeling disconnected from the cosmic flow. Yet this rune speaks not of fixed fate but of gentle redirection, showing us that August's invitation awaits our conscious participation. By embracing both the festival's joy and its thoughtful preparations, by allowing ourselves to flow with transformation while preserving what truly matters, we can nurture the First Spark into a steady flame. As we prepare our harvest offerings and light our bonfires against the coming darkness, we might remember that resilience often comes not from resisting change but from moving gracefully with it, just as our wind chimes dance with Ithaqua's breath, creating music from the very forces that could challenge us.



*Support this work and much more by subscribing to the temple patreon  
helping to fund our web design and creative pursuits*

*Current funded projects*

- *Artwork*
- *MU*
- *Temple website*

*Future projects*

- *Stock cult shop*
- *New market place*
- *Musical and video projects*
- *Future artworks*



# The Whisperer Between Worlds:

## A Reading on Nyarlathotep and the Tyranny of Comprehension

As transcribed from the mad howlings of a cultist by Clorq, the Greeter God

Listen closely, for I will speak of the one who is not distant. Nyarlathotep does not slumber in the drowned abyss nor whirl madly at the center of all things. He walks. He speaks. He wears faces that are too familiar, voices too precise. He is not some remote terror to be glimpsed only in dreams, he is already here.

He is the threshold between the unknowable and what we dare call “understanding.” And it is that nearness which unsettles more than the scale of Cthulhu or the blind chaos of Azathoth. Nyarlathotep leans in close. He whispers. He does not crush us beneath his enormity. He unravels us with comprehension.

Look to his masks. They are endless, yet each feels personal. The Black Pharaoh who commands with regal certainty. The trickster whose laughter cuts deeper than any blade. The scholar whose words lead only into spirals without end. And sometimes, yes, he is the reflection in the mirror when you stare too long, and you do not know if it is you or him who is smiling.

This is his tyranny: not ignorance, but the gift of knowledge sharpened to ruin. Cthulhu grants us the terror of insignificance, but Nyarlathotep offers no such quiet. He feeds the mind until it cracks beneath its own need to explain the incomprehensible. He offers meaning that looks perfect from a distance, only to twist in the hand until it cuts.

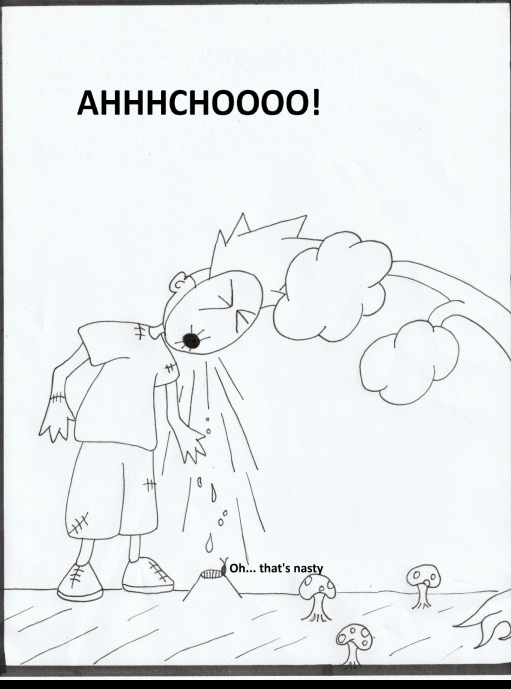
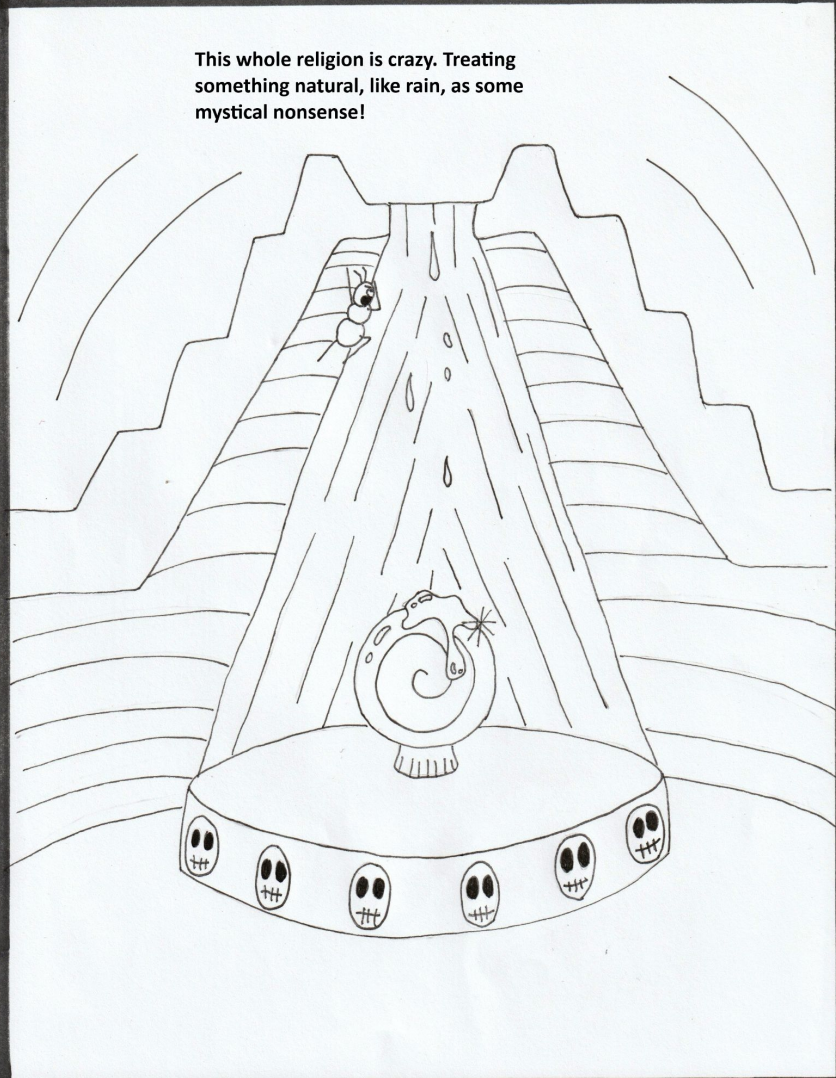
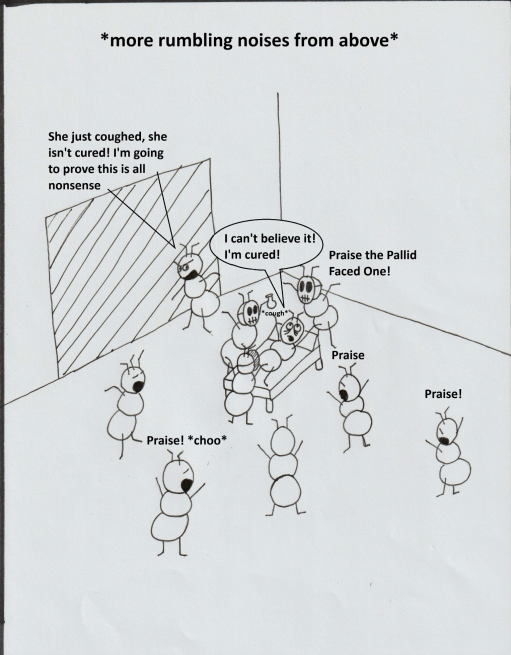
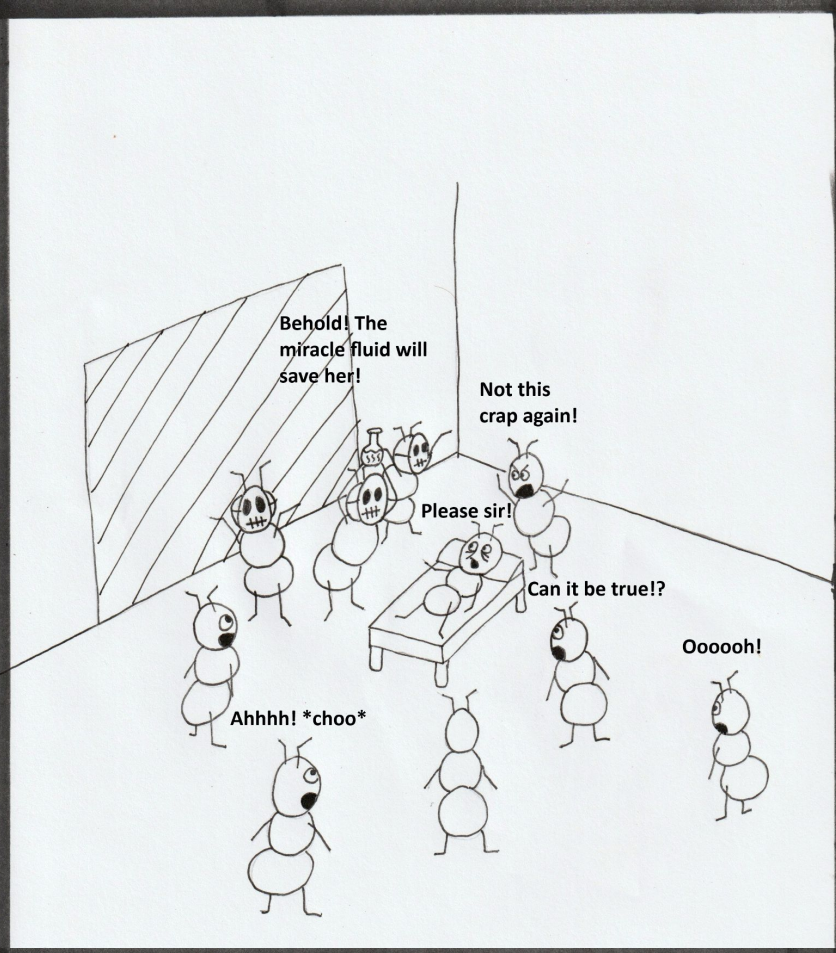
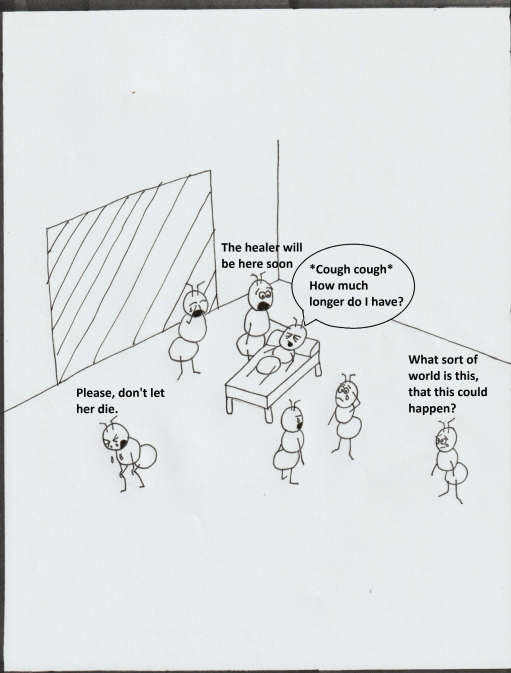
He does not demand we kneel. He only asks that we listen. He teaches through false revelations, truths that coil around themselves until they strangle certainty. And in this, he becomes the most human of the Old Ones, because he knows our hunger to *understand*. He knows we will follow him down any path if only it promises an answer.

Even now, he wears new masks. He speaks in systems that promise order. He hides in formulas that claim to bind the universe. He whispers through every voice that insists it knows the way. And when we reach for that promise, he is there, smiling as the ground falls away beneath us.

But do not mistake this for malice alone. There is a strange gift hidden in his cruelty. Those who survive his lessons, who endure the breaking of their illusions, find a darker kind of clarity. He does not grant comfort. He grants the strength to look upon the infinite without demanding that it explain itself.

This is why we study him. Not because he is safe, but because he is true. He is not the silence of the void, but the voice that fills it. And in that voice, we hear the reminder that the most dangerous thing is not chaos, but the promise that it can be tamed.

If you listen for him, you will not hear a roar. You will hear a whisper, steady and patient, just at the edge of thought. And if you turn to look... you may realize he was already walking beside you.



# Cult & Works Art & De

I'M TEARING DOWN  
THE EMPTY TARMAC  
IN DARKNESS SOFT AS SILK.  
THE GENTLE BREEZE  
IS A WILD GALE,  
FED BY THE FERAL HOWL  
OF FEAR AND FIRE AND IRON  
CHAINED IN A ROARING CHURN.

THE MOONLIGHT STARES  
AT DASHING MADNESS;  
THREADY VEILS OF VAPOR  
GRASPING AT THE ORB,  
LINGERING ON BLURRING LINES  
OF DUST AND RAIN AND DEEDS.  
UNSPOKEN SPANS OF THOUGHT  
FACE MY HAZY HEARTACHE.

I SCREAM MY GRIEF  
AGAINST THE GRAVE  
OF MY SEARING NEED TO SENSE  
YOUR LIGHTEST TOUCH  
ON MY LONELY SKIN.  
I MISS THE MADNESS GLOW  
OF HOPE OBSCURE AND HOT  
FOR NOTHING KNOWN BEFORE

yithich nthlei



N'ghft Pal'Hzn-Des



Phlegeth-Nyth

# Temple Readings

Card1) The temple currently

Card- The Eight of pentacles – Upright

Meaning: The temple is concentrating on certain things and there is much improvement



Card2) The Theme The Old Ones have for this month

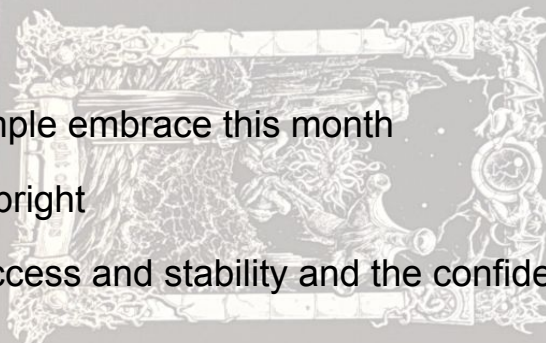
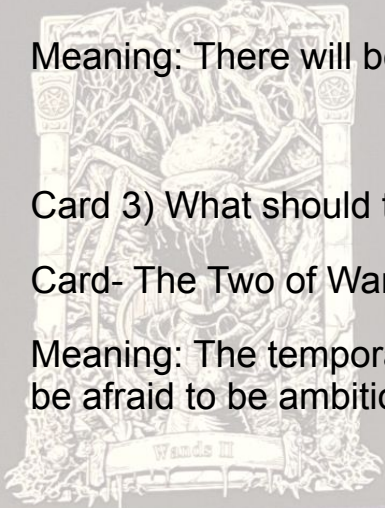
Card-Ace of swords- Upright

Meaning: There will be great innovation and sharp thinking

Card 3) What should the temple embrace this month

Card- The Two of Wands- Upright

Meaning: The temporary success and stability and the confidence to brings we should not be afraid to be ambitious



Card4) The action the Old ones want us to take this month

Card-Knight of cups – Upright

Meaning: The old Ones want us to stay true to the path , to show passion and devotion to their temple



Card5) The Divine Guidance of the Month

Card -Queen of Swords- upright

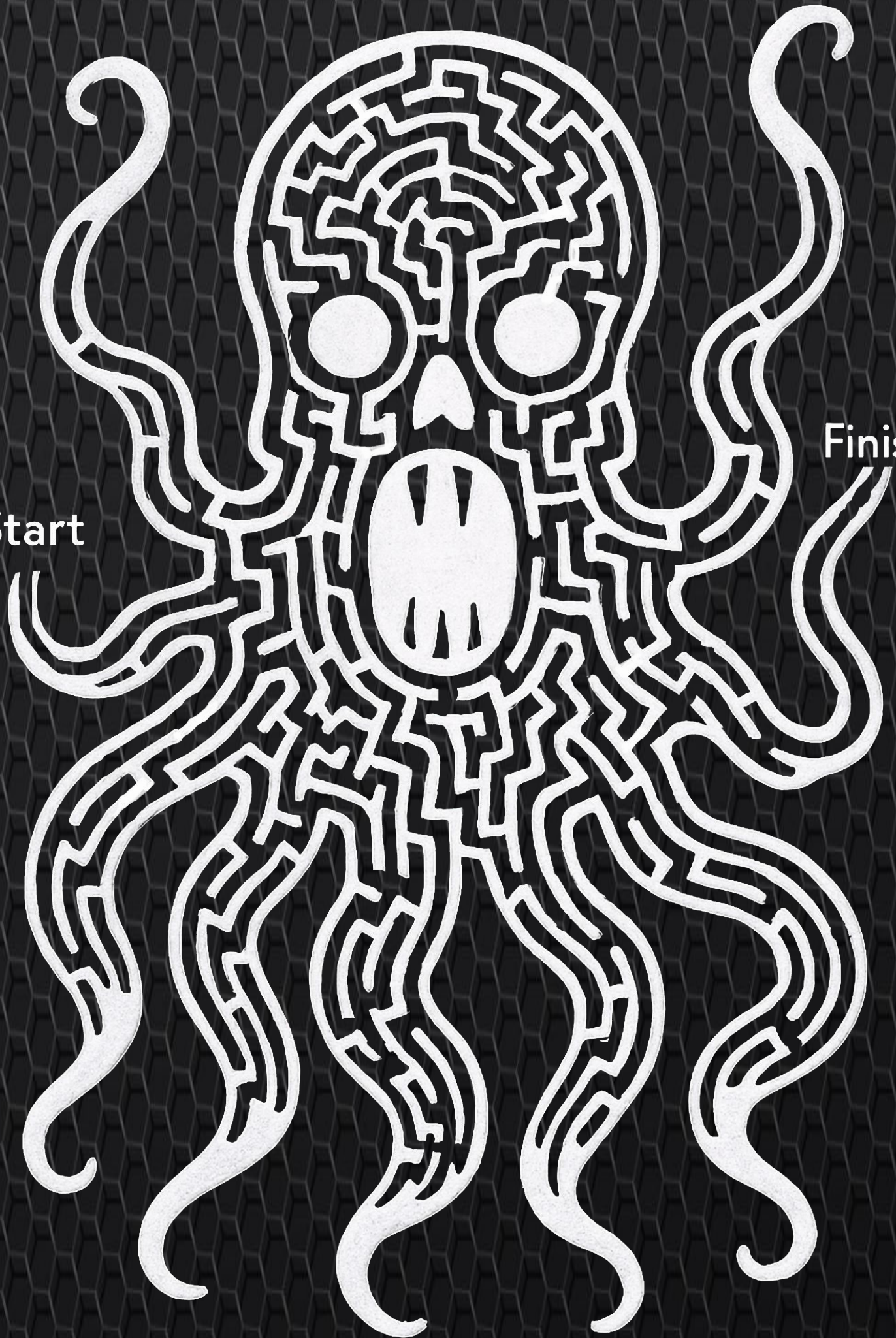
Old One -Yibb-Tstll

This Old one is an Obscure God , said to reside in the court of Azathoth watching it closely , it is said that Only Yog-Sothoth is said to be wiser then it.

Card meaning : Yibb-Tstll will allow us to cut through the Illusions and take charge of ourselves

Start

Finish



# The Horrorscope

## Azathoth,

Steve is going on holiday this month and has asked you to feed his plants and water his dog. Steve has also said he will hunt you down and string you up by your own intestines if you don't do this small favour for him so we really hope you know a Steve

## Cthulhu,

If you sneeze more than six times in a row, you've angered something older than the stars. Apologize by mailing a postcard to the void.

## Dagon,

Use caution when interacting with soup this month, it will be watching. This is especially true if it's alphabet soup and spells out "RUN" before you stir it.

## Darkness,

The walls in your home will begin to hum in C minor. Don't try to harmonize. A sentient shadow cast by your couch listens and grows petulant when upstaged. The safest beverage to consume this month is pickle brine.

## H.P Lovecraft,

A dark hooded man may approach you in an alleyway with strange magics to offer. A spider may whisper the secrets the world does not yet want you to know. The dishrag might fold itself into the face of your true love. The universe is infinite, anything could happen.

## Hydra,

This month, a swarm of bees may deliver cryptic threats in Morse code. Ignore them. It's a prank orchestrated by the Cult of Greg. Greg will find you eventually. Do not acknowledge Greg until he brings the banana.

## Hastur,

Do not acknowledge the man grilling sardines in a ring of salt. His apron reads "Kiss the Chef," but those who do must forever season their food with ash and whispers. Bring a grapefruit. You'll know why. Or you won't. Either way, bring a grapefruit.

## Nameless Mist,

On the seventh night following the first new moon, the stars will spell out the true name of the universe, granting total dominion over time and space alike. Weather update, heavy clouds and torrential rains will occur on the 20th of August

## Nug & Yeb,

You are neither the spoon nor the hand that stirs it. You are the slightly damp napkin watching from across the table. Our seers do not know what this means for that impending accident but hope that it does something for you.

## Nyarlahotep,

The dark entities which live under your bed would like it to be known that you should vacuum under there more often. Also, you talk in your sleep and say really embarrassing things about Jeffrey.

## Shub-Niggurath,

Congratulation, the stars have predicted that your lucky number this month is nine. They also say you'll be struck by multiple cars. Oh, oh perhaps that nine isn't your lucky number after all.

## Yog-Sothoth,

Mars and Jupiter are aligned and Venus is in prograde which means it is that time to follow fruit flies and see where they lead you. No, it's not fun or fair that it's always you but we must all do our part.

