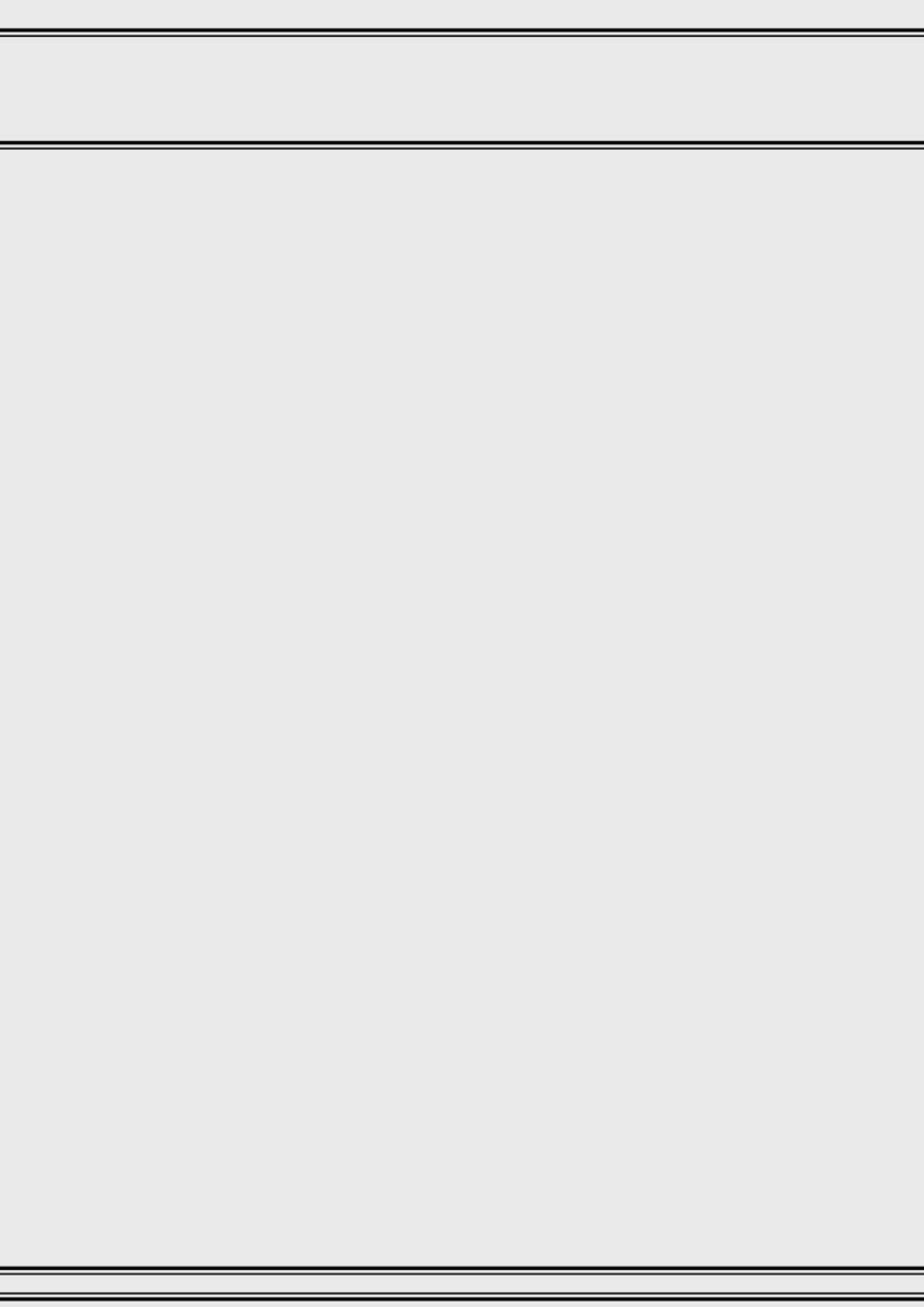


ARKHAM



ADVERTISER

December 2025



Council statement

My cosmic children,

What a year we have had! The Temple's growth and progress far exceeded my expectations this year, and we owe it all to you.

Readings and events have been a hit.

Videos, sermons, and audio recordings Overhauls of both the website and the MU have been completed.

And a new temple shop has been established.

We have pushed forward and overcame some difficult obstacles and got our 501(c) (3) status this year, getting the Temple recognized as a religious support and education corporation.

On the horizon for next year are a few books, regular videos, bigger events, new and revamped shop items, as well as another course in the MU.

From the bottom of my heart,

Thank you for your trust and patronage,

Phlegethotep, Harbinger



SEEKING TALENT IN

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



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Art within the Temple



Alex



Zacheriah

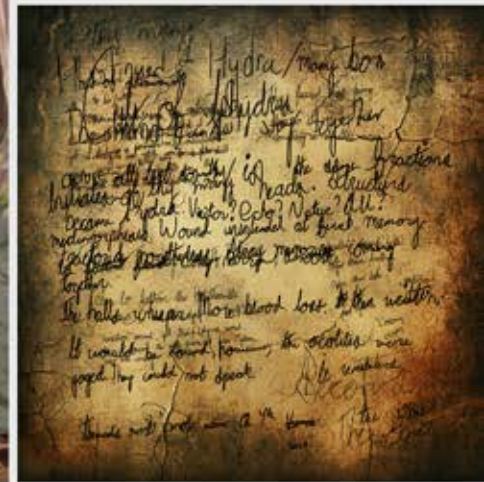


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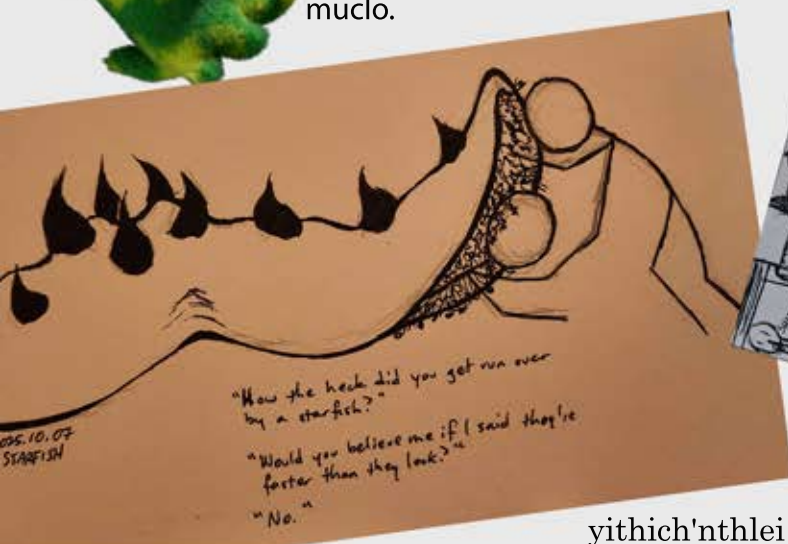
Phlegeth-nyth



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Flaire



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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

ARKHAM ADVERTISER

INTRODUCTIONS FROM THE ORDER OF THE ETERNAL HAND



I am Kadish Ph'ee, the Proconsul Nyth of the Writing and Education Team. I am also called The Mad Tea Drinker, the Connoisseur of Innsmouth, and the Man of Many Hats. Most who will read this will already know me quite well as I am a frequent host during the weekly gatherings on Discord but nevertheless I wanted to make this, the first official entry in the new Arkham Advertiser, to introduce myself

As, at the start of this issue, I am the new Editor in Chief for the periodical.

My residence is within the Netherlands, I spend a lot of my time at my computer, either because of my work or because I am writing and generally speaking when I am not at my PC, I am reading books or listening to Audible (not a sponsor).. Overall I would say that I consume literature in the same way other people consume popcorn. Grab, chew, swallow, gimme more.

I enjoy cooking, mostly to expand my knowledge of the weird and wonderful things one can do with food, my archetype might be the Nameless Mist but when meeting me I can guarantee you that you might consider Tsathoggua a better fit for my willingness to indulge in all manner of foods.

Overall I would say that I have a quite long fuse but that it's also connected to one hell of a bomb which means that when it goes off, it's already too late for you to run and hide. I tend to take on more than I can reasonably handle but because of my peculiar sleep rhythm, that is to say I need only a little of it, I do have a tendency to finish the work anyway. I love being a part of the Temple of the Old Ones, to have met such wonderful and kind people and see the kind of talents I truly admire flourish. I hear music made, see drawings created and get to read stories by people whom I consider do a better job at it than I do.

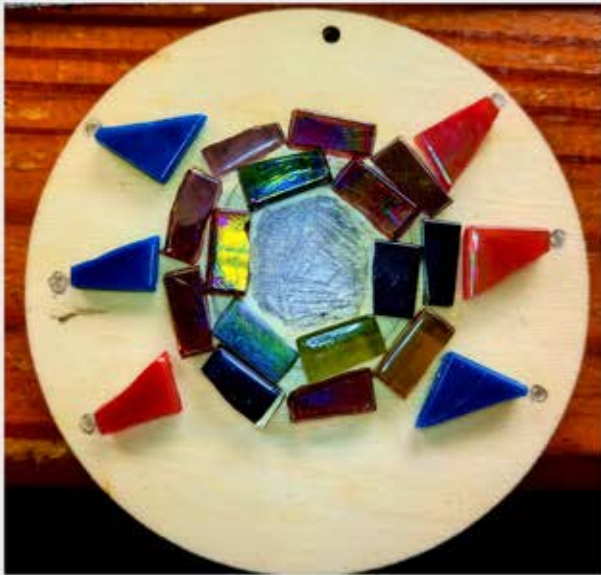
Despite what others might say.

I would like to close this part out by making it also abundantly clear, as a general sweeping statement, that you ought not hesitate to reach out to me; either as a sibling of the same cult or as someone in a position of authority. If you want to know something or officially ask something, know you can always reach out to me and I will do my best to give you the best possible answer I can.

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The Dark Spirits Day Protective Charms

In the lead up to Dark Spirit's day, we had a protective charm which could be prepared made for this holiday. Below you will see the submissions of those who made theirs, each in their own way and with a slightly different method of forming the symbol.



ARKHAM ADVERTISER

Thoughts and notes from Clorq the Greeter God On the Turning of Another Year Within the Temple

As we drift steadily through the currents of this strange and remarkable year, it becomes clear, even to one as steeped in ledgers and ritual catalogues as myself, that the Temple of the Old Ones has grown in ways both measurable and beautifully ineffable. While I am often left to tally the finer points of our progress, even I must pause to acknowledge the breadth of what has unfolded.

We have, to date, hosted 92 gatherings across the year, an impressive constellation of devotions, discussions, and curious communal experiments. This includes 48 Friday readings, where our siblings gave voice to tales of cosmic dread and wonder, and 44 Saturday sessions, ranging from games and educational studies to major celebrations honoring the Old Ones themselves. Each gathering left its small mark upon the Temple's unfolding narrative.

The Temple shop underwent a full transformation earlier in the year, dismantled and reassembled by many tireless hand; some metaphorical, others less so. Visitors now walk through an improved space, furnished with relics and offerings befitting the Temple's continued growth.

The Arkham Advertiser flourished, delivering nine new editions, with expanded reporting, think pieces, Temple news, and the occasional eldritch musing. Our scholars and writers have done admirable work to keep our ranks informed and inspired.

Significant undertakings occurred behind the scenes as well. The Miskatonic University website and course structures were reworked, including a complete renovation of the Acolyte Course, making the path of ascension clearer and more coherent for all who follow it. We also integrated the MU directly into the Temple's Discord server and constructed the Sanctum, granting students a more unified place of study.

Beyond our internal architecture, we extended our reach by launching a new public Facebook page, allowing curious onlookers and distant devotees alike to glimpse the workings of our order. The Temple's visibility has broadened, cautiously, of course, and ever aware of the fine line between revelation and risk.

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Alongside all of this came the celebrations and observances of our sacred calendar:

- Ithaqua's First Tread, honoring the first harvest.
- Cultist Remembrance, a time of solemn reflection.
- Eldritch Illumination, celebrating the visionary who taught the world to look upward in dread and wonder.
- Embrace the Void, our three-day journey of release, sacrifice, and renewal.

Each observance strengthened the bonds between siblings and deepened the shared understanding that ascension is a communal effort as much as a personal one.

And though it may not be my place to speak of what stirs behind the Council's chamber doors, I can say this: the coming year is already gathering momentum. There are whispers of new projects; some educational, some creative, and some that seem to occupy the liminal spaces between disciplines. The Temple shop may see new curiosities; the University, new paths of study; the Advertiser, new features; and the Temple itself, new expansions meant to bring us further into alignment with the Old Ones' inscrutable will.

There is always more. There is always movement beneath the surface. And I assure you, siblings, that the ledgers for the coming year already tremble with potential.

Until then, I remain ever at my desk—ink flowing, parchment stacking, and tentacles aligned in neat administrative harmony.

Clorg

the Greeter God
Administrator of the Temple of the Old Ones

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Product highlight

With the new year coming at the end of this month, we want to highlight the 2026 Cultist Journal. It features the weeknumbers, the cultist celebrations, moonphases and every week offers places for you to add any notes on dreamland outings, meditation progress and your ascension work.

MONDAY
DECEMBER 29TH

TUESDAY
DECEMBER 30TH

WEDNESDAY
DECEMBER 31ST

THURSDAY
JANUARY 1ST

FRIDAY
JANUARY 2ND

SATURDAY
JANUARY 3RD

SUNDAY
JANUARY 4TH

JANUARY 1ST - AZATHOTH'S DREAM RENEWED

THIS DAY IS MARKED AS A HOLIDAY IN THE TEMPLE CALENDAR, BUT IT IS PRIMARILY A TIME FOR YOU AS CULTISTS TO REFLECT AND CONTEMPLATE, USE THIS DAY TO REFLECT ON THE PAST YEAR - HOW FAR YOU HAVE COME, WHERE YOU AIM TO GO, AND HOW YOU MIGHT CONTRIBUTE TO THE UNITY AND STRENGTH OF OUR TEMPLE IN THE MONTHS AHEAD.

DREAMLAND NOTES

MEDITATION NOTES

ASCENSION UPDATES

This and many other products can be found on the Cultist webshop. You can find the link to the shop, among others, within the linktree QR code.



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RUNE READING

Runes cast by
Yog-Kadageth



Brothers and sisters of the Temple, as the year draws to a close, the runes have been cast using the Gateway of Yog-Sothoth layout to illuminate our path forward. At the threshold stands Isa, marking this as a time to pause and recognise our place within the incomprehensible vastness of existence. Whether you see the Old Ones as vast cosmic entities or as symbols of forces beyond human understanding, we are insignificant specks before them, our urgency a fleeting whisper in an eternity that does not bend to our will.

Within us, Ehwaz speaks of partnership and alignment, and in a universe that cares nothing for our struggles, we must create meaning through the bonds we forge with one another, unified together as one community. In the outer sphere, Gebo rises as an external influence, reminding us that while we cannot command the forces that shape reality, we remain free to choose what matters and how we support one another. At the centre, we find Fehu as our obstacle, which warns that action without a genuine purpose scatters the energy we have gathered. This reveals how easily our efforts can dissolve back into meaningless chaos, so when you feel the urge to move forward, ask yourself whether this impulse serves the Great Work or is it merely a distraction?

Finally, Nauthiz reversed arrives as the resolution and points directly at what we have avoided. Nauthiz demands we confront the uncomfortable truth of our position, the constraints and limitations that define our existence. Only by accepting what we truly are can we forge an authentic community together, bound not by cosmic destiny but by our shared choice to create meaning in an infinite and meaningless universe.

In these final weeks of the year, let the silence teach you. You are a temporary pattern in an eternal chaos, a brief expression of consciousness in a reality that operates far beyond your comprehension or control. Unify and strengthen the bonds within our community, for in a universe devoid of inherent meaning, the connections we forge become our defiance of cosmic indifference. Sit with what has been left undone and prepare yourself for the momentum that will come. When the ice breaks, you will already be in motion, moving not because vast forces demand it but because you have chosen your path with the clarity that comes from accepting your place before powers and processes that dwarf you utterly

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A year of shifting veils and necessary transformation.
Structures will fall, truths will rise,
and the faithful who follow intuition over fear
will stand ready when the final call awakens in December.

A Poetic Tarot Prophecy for the Devoted to the Old Ones
Reading performed by Brother Damian

Gather close, faithful ones, and still your breath.
For the cards have been cast beneath a trembling veil,
and the year ahead stirs with omens both subtle and vast.
In these twelve mirrors of fate, the Old Ones whisper
of secrets rising, illusions breaking, and a call that grows louder as the cycle turns.
Walk with open senses and an unwavering heart,
and you will not lose your way as the shadows shift.

YEAR AT A GLANCE — Prophetic Overview

January — Secrets Gather

A quiet, intuitive month. Pay attention to dreams, symbols, and subtle signs.

March — Voluntary Departure

A period of walking away from unfulfilling duties or attachments. Beginning of new paths.

May — Illusions & Instinct

Confusion peaks. Trust intuition, not logic. Avoid major decisions.

July — Action & Bold Steps

A surge of energy. Start new projects, rituals, or initiatives. Momentum is strong.

September — Restoration

Harmony returns. Reconcile disagreements and refine ongoing plans.

November — Renewed Hope

A guiding insight appears. Begin something uplifting or revitalizing.

February — Foundations Fall

Expect disruption. Old structures or plans collapse, clearing the way for change.

April — Guarded Communication

Be cautious with information. Someone may be observing or questioning too closely.

June — Exchange & Support

Giving and receiving become central. Restore balance in relationships and duties.

August — Painful Clarity

A difficult truth emerges. Address underlying issues; remove what no longer serves.

October — Spiritual Winter

A sense of isolation or difficulty. Maintain routine and rely on community support.

December — The Call Awakens

A culminating month. Release outdated beliefs; prepare for an awakening or revelation.

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Horrorscope

End of year Edition

Azathoth

Your year begins with the faint, rubbery squeak of dimensions that really should have been oiled centuries ago. Should you hear a whisper insisting that you reorganise your cutlery drawer according to the migratory habits of spectral eels, nod politely and ignore it; the being is notorious for poor filing advice. You may feel an urge to collect pebbles that resemble regional cheeses. This is harmless, barring the occasional sentient Gouda. Your lucky number is 804, although you must never say it backward unless you want a visit from an auditor made entirely of damp moss.

Cthulhu

A mild shudder in the cosmic upholstery may cause you to doubt whether your elbows belong to you or to a distant cousin who was never properly catalogued. This year rewards those who can remain calm while confronting furniture that gently hums in disapproval. Should you discover that your shadow has started unionising, consider offering improved working conditions. Perhaps snacks. The only risk lies in reading antique recipe books aloud. Your lucky colour is ochre, though only if viewed through spectacles that don't exist.

Dagon

You may encounter a cryptic omen involving three spoons, a disoriented marmoset, and a municipal parking ticket from a town you've never visited. Treat this as a sign that the world is mostly harmless but occasionally misfiled. A minor inconvenience: doorways may feel slightly sarcastic when you pass through them. Pay no mind. Avoid making direct eye contact with any puddle that appears to be taking notes. Your lucky smell is "faintly triumphant mildew," a scent you will recognise even though you absolutely wish you didn't.

Darkness

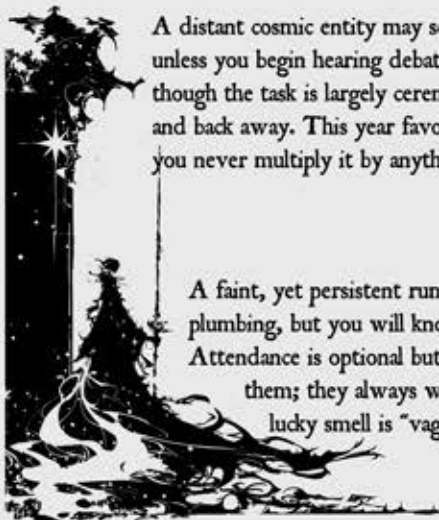
This is the year you finally learn the secret of the moon. Upon discovering it, you'll immediately forget it again and be left with a vague sense of unease whenever the moon is full. You'll accidentally attend a séance in July, where you will become the unexpected medium for an extremely petty spirit. Do not wear yellow in November. Trust us, you'll thank yourself later. An oddly shaped cloud will follow you for two days in April, though no one else will see it. A fortune cookie in December will contain shocking but utterly mundane news about your dentist.

H.P. Lovecraft

A distant cosmic entity may select you as its personal case study in "unexpected squishiness." This should not alarm you unless you begin hearing debates about your viscosity. You may find yourself compelled to alphabetise clouds by mood, though the task is largely ceremonial. If you encounter a cupboard that mutters about union break times, close it gently and back away. This year favours those who embrace misinterpretation as a hobby. Your lucky number is 17, provided you never multiply it by anything smug.

Hydra

A faint, yet persistent rumbling will guide you through the months ahead. Most assume it to be hunger or plumbing, but you will know it is the subterranean choir rehearsing for their annual concert of "ambient dread." Attendance is optional but socially beneficial. Should your shoelaces attempt to philosophise at you, avoid debating them; they always win. You may notice an unusual accumulation of spoons shaped like disappointment. Your lucky smell is "vaguely panicked nutmeg," detectable only when inconvenient.



ARKHAM ADVERTISER

Horroroscope

End of year Edition

Hastur

Be mindful of cryptic instructions you may receive from a hedge convinced it's your spiritual mentor. While its teachings are certainly confident, they are also wrong in spectacular ways. You might experience a recurring dream in which your favourite chair demands hazard pay. Accept this as routine existential wear-and-tear. The year contains only slight peril for those who step on tiles decorated with amphibious runes, so tread lightly. Your lucky colour is viridian, though preferably the shade that refuses to behave.

Nameless Mist

A collection of pencils may collectively decide to narrate your emotional state in excruciating detail. Ignore them; their insights are shallow and often focus on your posture. You may be compelled to walk in oddly specific zigzags to appease an ancient, mildly disappointed entity dwelling in your sock drawer. Should your reflection attempt to offer fashion advice, remind it of its track record. The year promises minimal chaos unless you insult any utensil. Your lucky smell is burnt optimism, which faintly resembles toast.

Nug & Yeb

You might notice peculiar behaviour from household appliances, particularly the toaster, which will begin issuing subtle moral judgments. Do not rise to its provocations. A mysterious envelope may appear, containing instructions to participate in a ceremonial wobbling ritual—its purpose lost to time, its choreography suspiciously specific. The sky may attempt cryptic communication via oddly shaped clouds that resemble disgruntled poultry. Your lucky colour is umber, ideally viewed while questioning your life choices.

Nyarlatotep

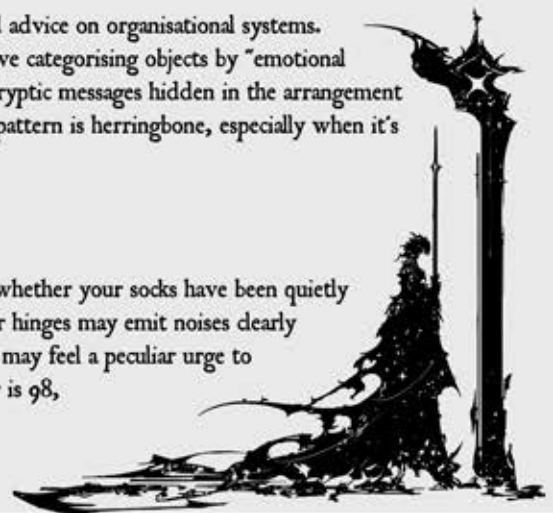
Cosmic forces may encourage you to contemplate whether your furniture has been quietly judging your walking style. It has. Not harshly, just with quiet resignation. You may discover a notebook filled with predictions you allegedly wrote, though none match your handwriting, or your alphabet. A neighbour may claim their curtains have opinions about your groceries; smile graciously and do not engage. Your lucky smell is "heroically damp cardboard," evocative of triumph mixed with poor storage decisions.

Shub-Niggurath

A faint rattling from beneath the floorboards may attempt to provide unsolicited advice on organisational systems. While its enthusiasm is admirable, its suggestions are impractical and often involve categorising objects by "emotional density." Beware any spoon that refuses to reflect you properly. You may find cryptic messages hidden in the arrangement of your laundry; these are not prophetic, merely passive-aggressive. Your lucky pattern is herringbone, especially when it's dearly doing it wrong.

Yog-Sothoth

A gentle disturbance in the metaphysical foundations may cause you to question whether your socks have been quietly developing a political ideology. The answer is "possibly." On rare occasions, door hinges may emit noises dearly attempting to imitate birdsong; do not encourage them—they overcommit. You may feel a peculiar urge to catalogue shadows by temperament. This is mostly harmless. Your lucky number is 98, though never during eclipses, or Tuesdays shaped like Thursdays.



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Yog & Steve

The true meaning of Ghoultime

Illustration by

Snyarlazoth

Text by

Snyarlazoth



Submissions

If you wish your work to appear within the pages of the Arkham Advertiser, you are invited to send your submissions directly to me, Clorq the Greeter God.

Please include the name you wish printed alongside your piece or indicate if you prefer to remain veiled in anonymity.

Art, stories, reflections, and thoughtful examinations connected to the Temple of the Old Ones or the wider Lovecraft Circle are all welcomed.

Let your creations not be carried into the void silently but present it for all to enjoy.

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A depth or chasm so deep it seems to swallow light and sanity alike.

ABYSAL

Marked by doom or ill fate; carrying an aura of inevitable misfortune.

ACCURSED

A being or thing descended from ancient, unknowable powers beyond the human world.

ELDRSPAWN

Alien to ordinary experience; something that should not exist within the world you know.

EREIGNIC

Subtly harmful, radiating quiet malice rather than open rage.

BALEFUL

So offensively wrong to reality or belief that it feels like an insult to existence itself.

BLASPHEMOUS

Dwelling in the deep earth or underworld; born from caverns and forgotten roots.

CINOHLC

Flickering, crackling energy or light that feels more like a malign presence than illumination.

CORUSATING

Older than memory itself; so ancient it predates history and myth alike.

IMMEMORIAL

A name or presence tied to distant stars and impossible, inhuman purposes.

NYARLATHOTIP

Devoid of hope or light, as if the world itself has given up shining.

STARLESS

Dark, oppressive, and ancient like a night that remembers every sin ever committed.

STYGIAN

Gloomy and heavy, as though the very air is thick with old secrets and sorrow.

TENEBOUS

Shrouded in shadow, half-formed and lurking just beyond the edge of the light.

UMBRAL

Once sacred or proper, now twisted and profaned by strange rites or forgotten gods.

UNHALLOWED

Too dreadful to speak aloud; a thing whose very name feels dangerous.

UNSPEAKABLE

Born of the void, carrying the silence and emptiness between worlds.

VOIDBORNE

Built on a scale and geometry that defies comfort, vast and wrong in its proportions.

CYCLOPEAN

Strange in a way that is both magical and menacing, as if belonging to another reality.

ELDRITCH

Muttering, chattering, and ranting in a nightmarish, unstoppable flood of nonsense.

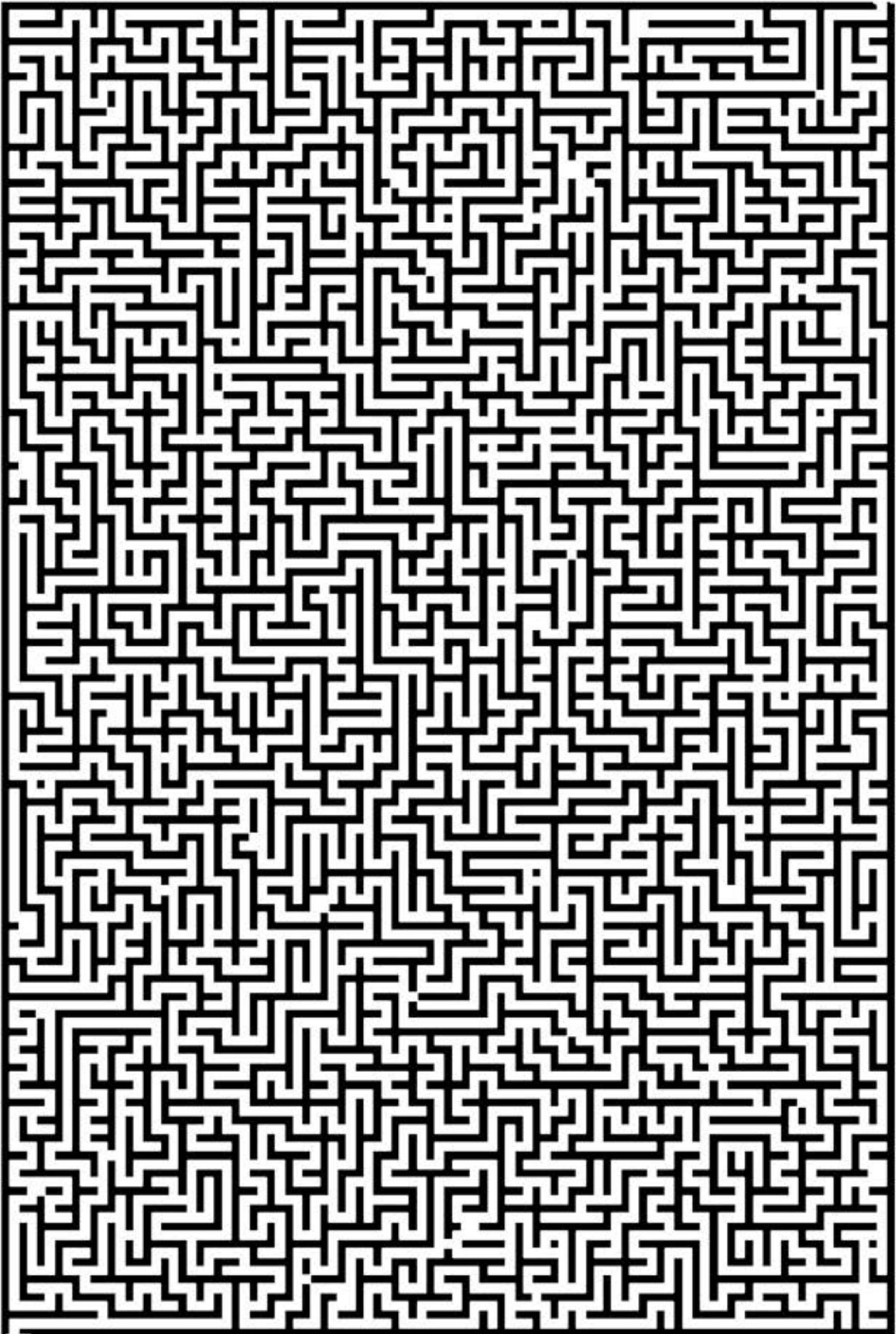
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Start



End

