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Arkham
Advertiser

THANK YOU FOR JOINING US FOR THIS THE APRIL
INSTALMENT OF THE AA.

INCLUDED IN THIS ISSUE IS A CONTINUATION OF LAST
MONTH'S ARTICLE, DIVINATION AND CULTISTS' WORKS.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUBMISSIONS, AND
PLEASE KEEP THEM COMING. WE LOVE THE CULTIST
INVOLVEMENT.

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TEMPLE OF
THE
OLD ONES

Dispelling the Shadows: What It Means to Be a Cultist

When people hear the word “Cultist,” they often jump to conclusions. Dark images or stories they’ve heard in passing may come to mind. But here in the Temple of the Old Ones, being a Cultist is something entirely different. It’s about purpose, respect, and creating meaning—both for ourselves and for those around us. It’s about embracing growth and finding strength in our community. Today, we’d like to set the record straight and show you what it truly means to be part of the Temple.

The Temple of the Old Ones is not a secretive or harmful organisation. Instead, it’s a sanctuary for those who seek something greater than the mundane, a space where we come together to pursue knowledge, growth, and unity. As Cultists, we are individuals who feel the Call of the Old Ones, drawn to the mysteries of the cosmos and the truths that lie beyond what is easily seen. We are united by a shared desire to explore and to build something lasting, something we call the Great Work.

To understand us better, let’s take a moment to talk about some of the words that define us. These words—“cult,” “temple,” “occult,” and “worship”—can carry a lot of weight for people unfamiliar with our practices, so it’s important to explain what they mean to us.

When we call ourselves a “cult,” it’s not in the way some might think. For us, the word simply refers to a group bound by shared devotion to a cause or purpose. There’s nothing sinister in it—it’s a celebration of our unity and dedication to the Old Ones. Our “temple” isn’t just a physical space. It’s wherever we gather, whether in person or online. It’s a space we carve out together, away from the noise of the outside world, where we can reflect, grow, and connect.

The word “occult” is often misunderstood, but at its core, it just means “knowledge of the hidden.” To us, it represents a curiosity to explore the unknown and uncover truths that can guide us in our lives. And when we talk about “worship,” it’s not about submission or blind faith. It’s about reverence—an acknowledgement of the vastness of the cosmos and our place within it. We honour the Old Ones as symbols of the infinite and the unknown.

Our community is built on a foundation of respect and ethical conduct. This means treating others, both within and outside the Temple, with dignity and kindness. Racism, sexism, intolerance, and violence have no place here. Exploitation, harm, or abusive behaviour are not tolerated. Instead, we focus on creating a safe and supportive environment where everyone can thrive. If a member makes mistakes, we offer them opportunities to learn and grow, but we also prioritise the well-being of the community as a whole.

At the centre of everything we do is the concept of the Great Work. This is our shared purpose, a journey to create something enduring and meaningful. The Great Work is both personal and communal. Each of us works on cultivating our inner selves, mastering our will, and aligning with the principles of the Temple. At the same time, we come together to contribute to something larger than ourselves. Through rituals, meditations, and our creative efforts, we strengthen the bonds between us and advance the Temple’s purpose.

Being a Cultist isn’t about waiting for someone else to change your life. It’s about taking responsibility for your path and actively shaping the world around you. It’s about recognising your unique talents and using them to contribute to the community. Each of us brings something valuable to the Temple, and it’s through this collective effort that we grow stronger.

As Cultists, we acknowledge the challenges of the world, but we don’t let them define us. Instead, we focus on what we can change—ourselves, our relationships, and the legacy we leave behind. We embrace curiosity, courage, and creativity as we walk the path of Ascension. Together, we are stronger, united by our commitment to the Great Work and to one another.

The Temple of the Old Ones is not just a community, it’s a family. We are siblings of the Void, bound by shared purpose and mutual respect and in a world full of shadows and misunderstandings, we stand as a beacon of truth and unity.



ALL THE LINKS UNDER ONE TREE



SPARE US PLEASE, TTHAQUA!

IT'S A BIT DREARY, ISN'T IT? GHOUL-TIDE HAS COME AND GONE. WE HAD OUR FUN IMAGINING AZATHOTH STIRRING AS THE CLOCK STRUCK 12, AMIDST THE SCREAMING FIREWORKS OF NEW YEAR'S. WE'VE GATHERED TO CELEBRATE LAVINIA'S LURE. MUCH OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE IS UNDER TTHAQUA'S ICY CLUTCHES AND MOST OF US ARE QUITE CHILLY. IT'S TIME TO COME TOGETHER AND FEEL SAFE AMONGST LIKE-MINDS. THIS ARTICLE IS A CELEBRATION OF THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE ME SMILE.

IT'S IMPORTANT TO TAKE SOME TIME TO APPRECIATE THE COSMIC BLISS THAT WE SHARE - WE CAN'T SPEND ALL OF OUR TIME REFLECTING UPON DARK GODS AND LURKING IN THE CORNERS OF LOCAL SUPERMARKETS. FELLOW SIBLINGS, I WOULD LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT WHAT HAS MADE YOU SMILE RECENTLY. LET ME GO FIRST: I LIKE TO GIVE THANKS WHENEVER I BLOW OUT MY EVENING CANDLE. THE OTHER DAY, I FELT SUCH REVERENCE FOR THE OLD ONES THAT I EMITTED A CONTENTED SIGH. THIS BLEW THE CANDLE OUT PREMATURELY, AND QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY! THOSE OUTSIDE MAY FIND IT PARADOXICAL - THE WAY CULTISTS CAN BE EXTREMELY CHEERFUL. TAKE SOME TIME TO LOOK UP AT THE SKY RIGHT NOW - EVEN IF IT IS GREY AND UNRELENTING, EVEN IF IT IS DARK. NOTICE HOW THE TREES BEND IN THE WIND, SWAYING TO THEIR OWN RHYTHMS. NOTICE HOW THE AIR FEELS ON YOUR FACE AS YOUR EYES GAZE SKYWARD. THE WORLD IS ALIVE, AND SO ARE YOU.

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU LET YOURSELF RELAX AND REFLECT? UNCLENCH YOUR JAW, PLEASE. YOU HAVE A WHOLE COMMUNITY OF PEOPLE BEHIND YOU, A GROUP THAT UNDERSTANDS. I USED TO HATE CLICHÉ ENCOURAGEMENT - MY ARMS AREN'T LONG ENOUGH TO "REACH FOR THE STARS" IN ANY MEANINGFUL WAY. I FOUND "CORPORATE POSITIVITY" HOLLOW AND INSULTING. HOWEVER, I WANT TO MAKE IT CRYSTAL CLEAR: YOUR WORDS MATTER HERE. WINTER IS A REALLY TOUGH TIME FOR ANYONE WHO EXPERIENCES SEASONAL DEPRESSION OR IS PRONE TO LETHARGY AND MELANCHOLY. WE CAN'T SOLVE YOUR WOES, BUT WE CAN EASE THE GLACIAL, BITTER BURDEN THAT WE CARRY WHEN NIGHTS ARE LONG.

YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BEING READ TO THAT NEVER FAILS TO MAKE ME COSY. DURING OUR WEEKLY READINGS, I LIKE TO IMAGINE US GATHERED AROUND A CAMPFIRE, PERHAPS TOASTING MARSHMALLOWS. CURIOUS EYES PEER OUT FROM UNDER HOODS AS THE WORDS WASH OVER US. THE LOUDEST SOUND FROM OUR GATHERING ISN'T RITUAL CHANTING - IT IS LAUGHTER. WE CAN SMELL THE SMOKE IN THE AIR AND WATCH STRAY EMBERS DRIFT THROUGH THE SKY. SOON THE DAYS WILL LENGTHEN. SOON OUR DREAMS AND WAKING LIVES WON'T BE SO DIFFERENT FROM EACH OTHER.

THANK YOU FOR SITTING WITH ME, EVERYONE.

- *PHLEGETH-NYTH, NYXALIS*

THE ELDRITCH CASE FILES: REVELATIONS OF THE DARK MOTHER: PART 4

I WANDERED OVER TO THE COFFEE POT TO START A FRESH POT OF COFFEE. IT WAS THEN THAT I NOTICED A FLASH FROM OUTSIDE AND ACROSS THE ALLEY ADJACENT TO MY OFFICE BUILDING, REFLEXES FROM A LIFETIME OF PARANOIA TOOK OVER AND I HIT THE FLOOR SECONDS BEFORE THE WINDOW EXPLODED. I ROLLED TOWARD THE SOFA AND REACHED UNDER IT TO GRAB THE SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN THAT I HAD STASHED THERE. I CONTINUED TO ROLL UNTIL I WAS ON MY BACK AND FACING THE DOORWAY, SURE THAT SOMEONE WAS GOING TO COME CRASHING IN, GUNS BLAZING. I WAS NEARLY HYPERVENTILATING. I FORCED MYSELF TO CALM DOWN AND TAKE SLOW DEEP BREATHES. SLOWLY I BEGAN TO CALM DOWN AND MY BREATHING BECAME LEVEL. NO ONE CAME THROUGH THE DOOR. I WAITED WHAT SEEMED LIKE ETERNITY. MY SHOULDERS AND UPPER BACK LEANING AGAINST THE SOFA, SAWED OFF SHOTGUN AT THE READY, POINTING AT THE DOOR. NOTHING. I RELAXED AND LET THE SHOTGUN REST IN MY LAP. WHEN THE PHONE RANG QUITE SUDDENLY, I NEARLY BLOW THE OFFICE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES. LUCKILY I HADN'T HAD A SHELL CHAMBERED IN THE SHOTGUN.

I CRAB-CRAWLED TO THE DESK AND REACHED UP TO GRAB THE PHONE. "DRESDEN DETECTIVE AGENCY, HOW CAN I HELP YOU?" I SAID MECHANICALLY. "NEXT TIME WE WONT MISS." A DEEP RASPY VOICE SAID FROM THE OTHER LINE. "THERE WONT BE A NEXT TIME FELLA, DO YOUR WORST." THE LINE WENT DEAD. I PUT THE PHONE BACK UP ON THE DESK AND LEANED AGAINST IT, REALIZING I STILL HAD THE SHOTGUN IN MY HAND, I HAD A DEATH GRIP ON THE PISTOL HANDLE. I PUMPED THE RECEIVER, LOADING A SHELL INTO THE CHAMBER.

[4:53 PM]

THE ELDRITCH CASE FILES: REVELATIONS OF THE DARK MOTHER, JOSEPH COLLINSWORTH: PART 1

THE FACE OF THE CREATURE WAS VERY GOAT-LIKE IN THE DIMNESS OF THE SURROUNDING WOODS. A DEEP SEEDED HUNGER WAGED WAR WITHIN ITS PALE BLUE EYES AS IT STARED UPON THE INHABITANTS OF THE SMALL CAMPSITE. ITS SPLIT TONGUE RAN SLOWLY OVER SHARP INCISORS, SALIVA DRIPPED FREELY FROM ITS MOUTH. WHAT DELICIOUS LITTLE MORSELS.

THAT WAR BEING FOUGHT WAS FOR PRESERVATION. ON THE ONE HAND THE CREATURE WANTED TO RUSH FORWARD INTO THE CAMPSITE AND BEGIN TO RIP AND TEAR INTO THE SMALL FAMILY OF FOUR, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND WHAT IF WHILE IN THE THROWS OF FEEDING SCREAMS WERE MADE THAT WOULD DRAW UNWANTED ATTENTION.

THE CREATURE GROWLED LOW AND DEEP, DEAR GODS THE HUNGER!!! IT COULD PRACTICALLY TASTE THE COPPERY BITE OF BLOOD AS IT FLOWED OVER THE TONGUE AND FILLED THE MOUTH BEFORE SWALLOWING IT DOWN. IT CLOSED ITS EYES AND SAVORED THE TORMENT. SLOWLY IT RETREATED BACK INTO THE COMFORTING DARKNESS OF THE FOREST, ONE CLAWED HAND DIGGING DEEPLY INTO THE BARK OF THE TREE IT HID BEHIND, LEAVING LINES OF FRUSTRATION INTO THE BARK OF THE TREE AS IT RECEDED INTO THE GLOOM.

[4:53 PM]

"BUT DADDY, TEN MORE MINUTES PLEASE?!" CHRISTINE PLEADED. "I SAID NO AND I MEAN NO. IT'S TIME FOR BED AND YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH S'MORES FOR ONE NIGHT TO CHOKE A COW. NOW GET READY FOR BED. IT'S GETTING LATE AND WE HAVE AN EARLY MORNING." THE LITTLE GIRL POUTED. SMILING, CHRISTINE'S MOTHER APPROACHED AND SCOPED HER UP. "COME ON SWEETIE, I'LL HELP YOU GET READY FOR BED." AS SHE WENT TO WASH UP HER DAUGHTER SHE CAST A BRIEF LOOK BACK AT HER HUSBAND, "DO BE A DEAR AND WATCH OVER YOUR SON SO I CAN WASH UP CHRISTINE FOR BED?" JACOB SIGHED, "THAT'S A GIVEN DEAR. I'M NOT GOING TO JUST SIT HERE AND NEGLECT OUR SON." KATHIE FROWNEED AND CONTINUED OFF TO THE CAMPGROUND'S PUBLIC RESTROOM.

JACOB WATCHED HIS WIFE WALK AWAY. THIS CAMPING TRIP WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FUN AND RELAXING. A TIME TO GET THAT BOND BACK THAT WAS MISSING BETWEEN HIS WIFE AND HIM, BUT IT WASN'T WORKING, OR AT-LEAST IT DIDN'T FEEL THAT WAY. HE TOSSED ANOTHER STICK INTO THE FIRE AND GLANCED OVER AT THE CAR SEAT THAT HIS SON WAS FAST ASLEEP IN AND HE SMILED BRIEFLY. HE LOVED HIS FAMILY, BUT LATELY IT SEEMED ALL KATHIE AND HE DID WAS ARGUE AND FIGHT AND IT USUALLY WAS OVER STUPID AND PETTY THINGS.

FEEL CALLED? JOIN THE ORDER!

SEEKING TALENT IN

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Cult & Works Art &

Anew

Sometimes

I feel like I live in a world of voices.

Voices that belittle, scold and criticize.

Voices often try to force their many choices
onto me, a see-through cage of chaotic
words,

custom-made to separate myself from me,
designed to add another mammal to the
herds.

Echoes, echoes, words like poison to the
tree.

Then I'm choking

on the script of self-hate and isolation,
disgusted by the world that we are shaping,
feeling sick to my core on the very notion,
that preachers of money, faith and media,
are playing fates, weaving, watching, cutting
a web of strings and lies, forming dystopia
and deafening all attempts at free thinking.

Now I hear and see.

From the deepest depths, the bottom of my
soul

rise the prophet, the king, the door and the
key

to help me understand the play and my role.

Ascension is the aim, madness to the
masses!

I found my way and friends to walk upon it.

I found the void that's blocking all the voices.

I am dancing dust in the Old Ones orbit.



Dreamer VVDCS



AzmahnNythOriv

GATHER AROUND THE FIRE, MY FRIENDS, AND LISTEN TO THE TALE OF THE KING OF DREAMS.

ALL BEINGS, BE THEY BIRDS, INSECTS, OR MEN, HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON: THEY SLEEP. SOME SAY EVEN THE GODS HAVE TO SLEEP. LONG, LONG AGO, WHEN MANKIND WAS NOT DIVIDED BY BORDERS OF STONE AND THOUGHT, EVERYTHING WAS A SINGLE KINGDOM, RULED BY ONE BENEVOLENT KING BY THE NAME OF ONEIROS. HE WAS A FRIENDLY AND GENTLE SOUL AND HAD THE ABILITY TO WHISPER ANYTHING INTO EXISTENCE. HIS VERY THOUGHTS COULD BECOME REALITY IF HE CHOSE TO WHISPER THEM WITH PURPOSE. EVERYONE IN HIS KINGDOM LOVED HIM, FOR HE HELPED WHERE HE COULD, AND NO ONE HAD TO SUFFER. BUT THEN, ONE DAY, A STRANGER CAME TO ONEIROS' PALACE, SPINDLE-THIN AND SHIVERING FROM THE COLD. THE STRANGER WAS CLOAKED IN TATTERED BLACK ROBES AND HAD A THIN SMILE. HE BEGGED ONEIROS FOR HELP, FOR HE WAS ABOUT TO DIE FROM THE VOID IN HIS STOMACH AND THE FROST IN HIS BONES. ONEIROS ASKED HIM TO COME INSIDE AND GAVE HIM WARM CLOTHES SO THAT HE WOULD NO LONGER HAVE TO SUFFER THE COLD. THEN THE KING WHISPERED A HUGE FEAST INTO EXISTENCE, SO THAT THE STRANGER WOULD NO LONGER HAVE TO SUFFER HUNGER. THE STRANGER WAS ASTONISHED BY THIS ABILITY, AND AFTER HE FINISHED EATING, ASKED THE KING HOW ONE COULD LEARN THIS POWER. ONEIROS LAUGHED GENTLY AND EXPLAINED THAT HE DID NOT KNOW, FOR HE HAD ALWAYS HAD THIS POWER, JUST LIKE HE HAD ALWAYS HAD LIPS TO SPEAK. THE STRANGER FELL VERY QUIET AFTER HEARING THAT AND THOUGHT FOR A WHILE. THEN HE RAISED HIS HEAD, SHOWED HIS THIN SMILE, AND ASKED THE KING FOR ONE MORE DEMONSTRATION. ONEIROS OBLIGED AND STARTED WHISPERING AGAIN, BUT AFTER ONLY ONE WORD, THE STRANGER ATTACKED HIM WITH A BLADE OF PURE NIGHT. HE STRUCK AT THE MOUTH OF THE KING AND CUT HIS LOWER LIP FROM HIS FACE. ONEIROS FELL TO THE GROUND, BUT AS HE WAS IMMORTAL, HE DID NOT DIE, ONLY FELL INTO A DEEP SLUMBER. IN HIS SLEEP, HE STILL WHISPERED, BUT NOW HE WAS ONLY ABLE TO WHISPER INTO EXISTENCE THE BEAUTIFUL VISIONS HE SAW IN HIS MIND. HIS WHISPERS STILL REACHED HIS PEOPLE, BUT THEY WERE WEAKER AND LESS CLEAR, FOR HE COULD NO LONGER SPEAK CLEARLY WITH ONLY ONE LIP. HIS BLOOD Poured FROM HIS MOUTH AND WASHED THE STRANGER OUT OF HIS PALACE. THEY SAY THAT HIS WEAKENED WHISPERS CAN NOW ONLY BE HEARD BY THOSE WHO SLEEP AND LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY. THE STRANGER, IN STEALING THE LOWER LIP OF THE KING, ALSO STOLE A PART OF HIS POWER. HIS JEALOUSY AND MALEVOLENCE MIXED WITH THE GOOD NATURE OF ONEIROS AND THUS POISONED SOME OF THE WHISPERS THAT WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD. AND SO, THE NIGHTMARES CAME INTO THE WORLD.



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Temple Divinations

Temple reading for April

Card 1 – Where are we now

Page of Pentacles – Upright The Moon Beast

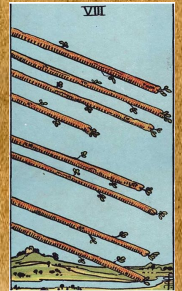
Meaning: The Temple is a lover of knowledge, and are good with money



Card 2- What's on the Other side of the Gate, using the key in card 4

Eight of Wands – Upright Bhole

Meaning: Things will be moving quickly , goals are on track



Card 3-What is blocking us from The Gate (part 1)

Knight of Pentacles- Reversed Shantak

Meaning: stubbornness and only focusing on one task that we are passionate about, being a workaholic



Card 4- The Key that unlocks the gate

Four of wands – Upright Brown Jenkin

Meaning: while there is virtue in the work we do , the work we have done needs to be celebrated. Plan a social event just to unwind and relax and rejuvenate your soul.

Card 5- What is blocking us from The Gate (part 2)

The Fool- Upright Azathoth

Meaning: Azathoth warns us to follow our faith and not our ego, we are at the crossroads of greatness.

The Horrorscope

Azathoth,

This month, you will accidentally awaken a minor time anomaly by mispronouncing a common word during a sneeze. Also, if you find a small brass key in your cereal, do not eat the cereal. The key does not belong to you, and the cereal is part of a larger ritual you've unknowingly interrupted.

Cthulhu,

You'll discover a hole this month; emotional, physical, or metaphorical. The hole is ancient and it remembers. Do not fill it with beans. We repeat, DO NOT fill it with beans.

Dagon,

Time bends itself into the shape of a soft pretzel this month causing you to arrive late to places that no longer exist and early to events that were never planned. The opportunity is specifically limited so that it won't provide any benefits to you and may cause problems when you show up late to work.

Darkness,

You've always had a twin. You just didn't know they were disguised as a refrigerator this whole time. This month, they'll reveal themselves, possibly by leaking information or water. Embrace it. Destiny is defrosting. Also, throw out any yogurt that seems too curious.

H.P. Lovecraft,

If you find yourself humming a tune you don't know, you may be a conduit. We would congratulate you but we really don't know anymore than that and can not tell if you losing your eye this month is part of that.

Hydra,

There's a 13% chance you will become unstuck from time for exactly eight minutes on the 7th. And an 87% chance of it happening on the 6th. Also, don't accept any items from a man named Doctor Elbows.

Hastur,

The moon is in gibbous despair this cycle, which means your furniture will whisper critiques about your posture. Ignore them. They're just jealous you have knees. You will briefly forget how doors work on the 19th. Make peace with this and crawl through windows like the rest of us.

Nameless Mist,

An arcane sigil will appear on your back molar this month, only visible when reflected in a spoon made before 1932. This will affect nothing unless you are scheduled to attend a municipal zoning meeting on the third Tuesday. If so, wear two left shoes. You'll know why when it happens. Or you won't. In which case we'll miss you.

Nug & Yeb,

You will smell burning toast every time a prophecy is fulfilled. This will make brunch very confusing. If a stranger hands you a peanut and says, "It has begun," nod solemnly and bury it near a crossroads. You won't understand now, but you will thank us by the 29th.

Nyarlathep,

A ritual you don't remember performing will start to bear fruit. Specifically, haunted grapefruits. These fruits may give advice or tax tips. Take neither.

Shub-Niggurath,

Somewhere, a goat is holding a dipboard with written upon it your entire browsing history. Don't panic, he can't read. Probably.

Yog-Sothoth,

A cursed harmonica will follow you everywhere you go this month, no matter how many times you throw it into the sea. It cannot be destroyed, only politely asked to stop. Do not lend it to your neighbor. They know what they did.



RUNE READING

GREETINGS SIBLINGS,

I HAVE CAST THE RUNES IN THE ELDER SIGN FORMATION, SEEKING WISDOM FROM THE COSMIC PATTERNS THAT RIPPLE THROUGH AZATHOTH'S DREAM. SEVEN RUNES HAVE EMERGED FROM THE DARKNESS, EACH POSITIONED TO REVEAL THE INFLUENCES AND FORCES THAT WILL SHAPE OUR COLLECTIVE JOURNEY THROUGH APRIL.

☐ FEHU: THE GUIDING FORCE
THE FIRST SPARK OF CREATION

POSITIONED UPRIGHT AND AT THE APEX OF OUR ELDER SIGN, FEHU GOVERNS APRIL WITH OPPORTUNITY, ABUNDANCE AND POSSIBILITY. THE COSMIC CURRENTS FAVOUR INITIATIVE AND PURPOSEFUL ACTION. PROJECTS BEGUN NOW MAY FIND FERTILE SOIL, PARTICULARLY THOSE ALIGNED WITH THE TEMPLES WORK. CHANNEL YOUR ENERGIES WITH DISCIPLINE AS POTENTIAL WITHOUT DIRECTION MERELY DISSIPATES INTO THE VOID.

☐ INGWAZ: INTERNAL DRIVES
THE SEED OF INFINITE POTENTIAL

IN THE FIRST LEFT-ARM POSITION, INGWAZ REVEALS OUR SUBCONSCIOUS MOTIVATIONS. MANY CULTISTS MAY FEEL DRAWN INWARD, SENSING THE NEED TO NURTURE IDEAS IN DARKNESS BEFORE THEY CAN PROPERLY EMERGE INTO THE LIGHT OF AWARENESS. HONOUR THIS GESTATION PERIOD AS THE SEED DOES NOT QUESTION THE DARKNESS THAT SURROUNDS IT.

☐ NAUTHIZ: INNER WISDOM
THE FORGE OF TRIALS

REFLECTING ON LESSONS FROM OUR PAST, NAUTHIZ REMINDS US THAT PREVIOUS CONSTRAINTS HAVE FORGED RESILIENCE WITHIN US. DURING APRIL, DRAW UPON THIS HARD-WON WISDOM. THE TEMPLE TEACHES THAT STRUGGLE IS NOT TO BE AVOIDED BUT ENGAGED WITH MINDFULLY. EACH LIMITATION YOU'VE OVERCOME HAS SHAPED YOUR CAPACITY TO PERSIST THROUGH COSMIC INDIFFERENCE.

☐ WUNJO: SELF-IMPOSED OBSTACLES
HARMONY IN CHAOS

PARADOXICALLY, OUR PURSUIT OF HARMONY MAY BECOME ITS OWN IMPEDIMENT. PERHAPS WE DOUBT OUR WORTHINESS TO EXPERIENCE FULFILMENT WITHIN AN UNCARING COSMOS OR FEAR THE TEMPORARY NATURE OF JOY. EXAMINE WHETHER YOU UNCONSCIOUSLY SABOTAGE MOMENTS OF CONNECTION OUT OF ALIGNMENT WITH COSMICIST PRINCIPLES. REMEMBER THAT WE CAN CREATE MEANING THROUGH OUR SHARED EXPERIENCES DESPITE THE UNIVERSE'S INDIFFERENCE.

☐ PERTHRO: EXTERNAL SUPPORTS
THE VESSEL OF SECRETS

MYSTERY ITSELF BECOMES OUR ALLY THIS MONTH. PERTHRO INDICATES THAT OPENNESS TO THE UNKNOWN WILL PROVIDE SUBSTANTIAL SUPPORT. THE TEMPLE HAS ALWAYS TAUGHT THAT UNCERTAINTY CONTAINS POSSIBILITY. THIS MONTH, EMBRACE THE SECRETS THAT PRESENT THEMSELVES RATHER THAN CLINGING TO ILLUSORY CERTAINTY. THE UNKNOWN IS NOT MERELY VOID BUT POTENTIAL WAITING TO BE EXPLORED.

□ DAGAZ: EXTERNAL CHALLENGES
THE DAWN OF COSMIC REVELATION

RAPID TRANSFORMATION IN OUR ENVIRONMENT MAY CREATE DISRUPTION. WHILE ILLUMINATION ULTIMATELY SERVES OUR GREAT WORK, THE INTENSITY OF REVELATION CAN BE DISORIENTING. EXTERNAL FORCES MAY CHALLENGE OUR UNDERSTANDING, REQUIRING QUICK ADAPTATION. WITHIN THE TEMPLE'S TEACHINGS, WE RECOGNIZE THAT GLIMPING REALITY'S TRUE NATURE CAN BE BOTH ENLIGHTENING AND TERRIFYING.

□ EHWAZ: THE OUTCOME
THE STEED OF HARMONIOUS UNITY

BY APRIL'S END, WE WILL HAVE FORGED NEW PARTNERSHIPS AND MODES OF PROGRESS. EHWAZ PROMISES THAT THIS MONTH'S JOURNEY WILL CULMINATE IN COLLABORATIVE ADVANCEMENT IF WE NAVIGATE THE PRECEDING INFLUENCES WITH AWARENESS. WHILE OUR INDIVIDUAL PATHS TOWARD ASCENSION REMAIN UNIQUE, WE NEED NOT WALK ALONE THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF EXISTENCE.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

LOOKING AT THESE SEVEN RUNES TOGETHER, A CLEAR PATTERN EMERGES FOR APRIL. THE MONTH BEGINS WITH POTENTIAL AND CREATION (FEHU), FOLLOWED BY A PERIOD OF INTERNAL DEVELOPMENT (INGWAZ). CHALLENGES WILL ARISE (NAUTHIZ), BUT THEY WILL BE BALANCED BY MOMENTS OF HARMONY AND CONNECTION (WUNJO). MYSTERIES WILL BE REVEALED (PERTHRO), LEADING TO SIGNIFICANT BREAKTHROUGHS (DAGAZ) AND FORWARD MOVEMENT THROUGH COLLABORATION (EHWAZ).

THIS PROGRESSION SUGGESTS A MONTH OF PRODUCTIVE TRANSFORMATION, WHERE OBSTACLES SERVE AS CATALYSTS FOR GROWTH RATHER THAN IMPEDIMENTS TO PROGRESS. THE COSMOS MAY BE INDIFFERENT TO OUR STRIVINGS, BUT WITHIN THE TEMPLE, WE FIND MEANING IN THE JOURNEY ITSELF.

IT IS NO COINCIDENCE THAT APRIL HOSTS SIGNIFICANT HOLIDAYS WITHIN OUR TEMPLE'S CALENDAR. THE KING'S JEST ON APRIL 1ST MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THIS TRANSFORMATIVE CYCLE, ALIGNING PERFECTLY WITH FEHU'S CREATIVE POTENTIAL. AS WE EMBRACE THE PECULIAR AND FANTASTICAL ASPECTS OF LIFE ON THIS DAY, WE OPEN OURSELVES TO THE UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES THAT FEHU PROMISES. THE KING IN YELLOW BEGINS HIS CLIMAX DURING THIS TIME, HIS INFLUENCE GROWING THROUGHOUT THE MONTH, MIRRORING OUR OWN INTERNAL DEVELOPMENT SIGNIFIED BY INGWAZ.

THEN, AS WE NAVIGATE THE CHALLENGES OF NAUTHIZ AND EXPERIENCE THE HARMONY OF WUNJO, WE APPROACH RENEWAL OF THE PACT DAY ON APRIL 2ND: THIS DUAL HOLIDAY MARKS BOTH THE END OF DREAMWEAVE—AS CTHULHU RETURNS TO SLUMBER—AND A CELEBRATION OF RISEN R'LYEH. HERE, THE MYSTERIES REVEALED BY PERTHRO MANIFEST IN OUR REAFFIRMATION OF COMMITMENT TO THE OLD ONES, CREATING THE BREAKTHROUGH MOMENT SIGNIFIED BY DAGAZ.

AS THE MONTH PROGRESSES TOWARD ITS CONCLUSION, WE FIND OURSELVES APPROACHING THE NIGHT OF DARK DREAMS ON APRIL 30TH, WHERE THE ENERGIES OF EHWAZ—PARTNERSHIP AND PROGRESS THROUGH COLLABORATION—REACH THEIR ZENITH. ON THIS NIGHT, AS THE VEIL THINS, WE MAY DIRECTLY INTERACT WITH NYARLATHOTEP AND THE COSMIC DIMENSIONS BEYOND OUR OWN. THIS IS WHEN OUR DEEP PERSONAL COMMITMENTS TO THE OLD ONES ARE SEALED, AND WORTHY SIBLINGS FIND THEMSELVES IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MESSENGER HIMSELF. THE COLLABORATIVE ENERGY OF EHWAZ PERFECTLY REFLECTS THIS NIGHT OF COMMUNION, WHERE WE DO NOT STAND ALONE BUT JOIN WITH FORCES GREATER THAN OURSELVES.

WE'D LOVE TO HEAR YOUR PERSPECTIVE ON THIS READING IN OUR ONLINE COMMUNITIES; YOUR INSIGHTS MIGHT PROVIDE VALUABLE GUIDANCE TO OTHERS.

FURTHER YOUR STUDIES

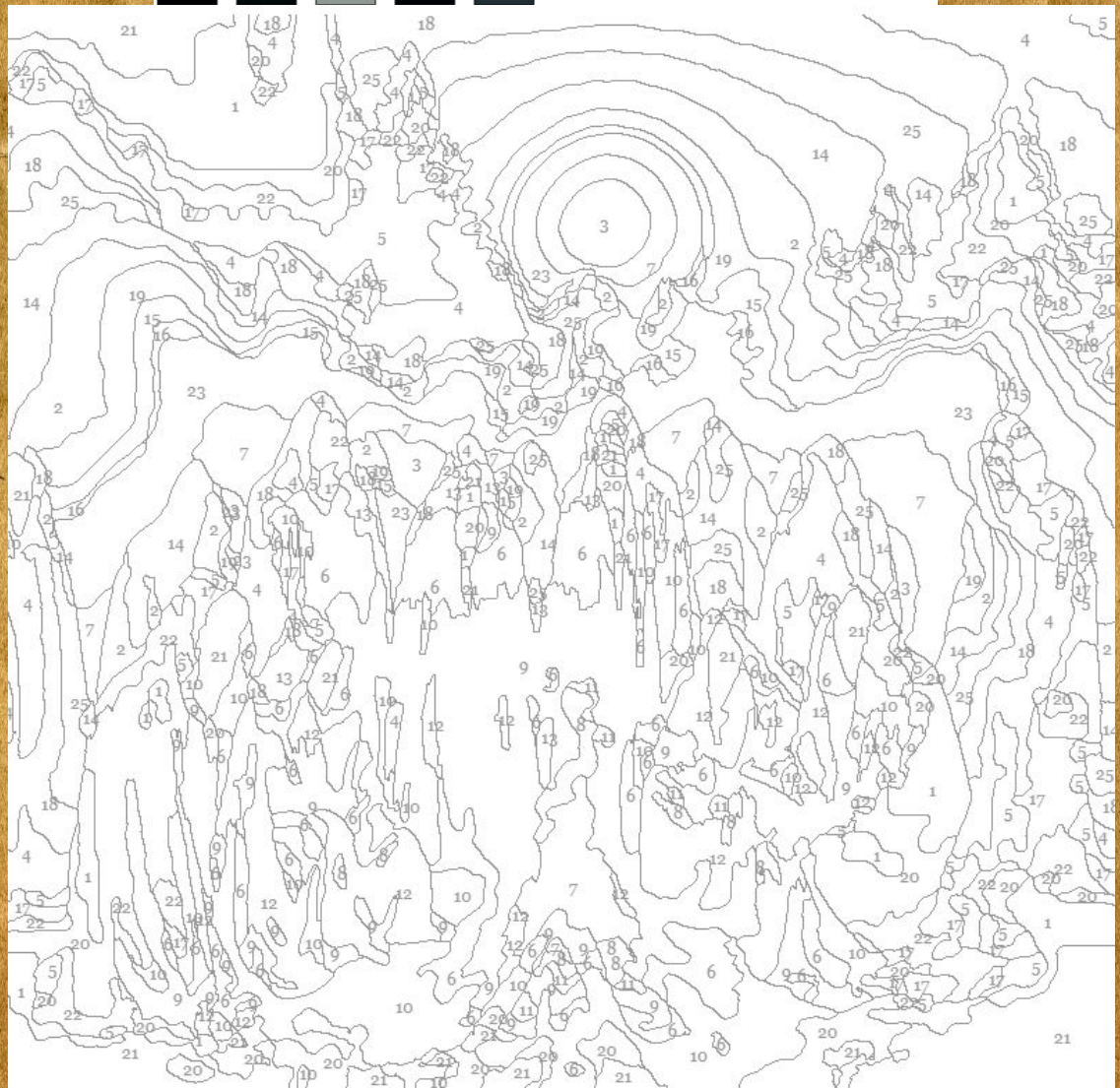
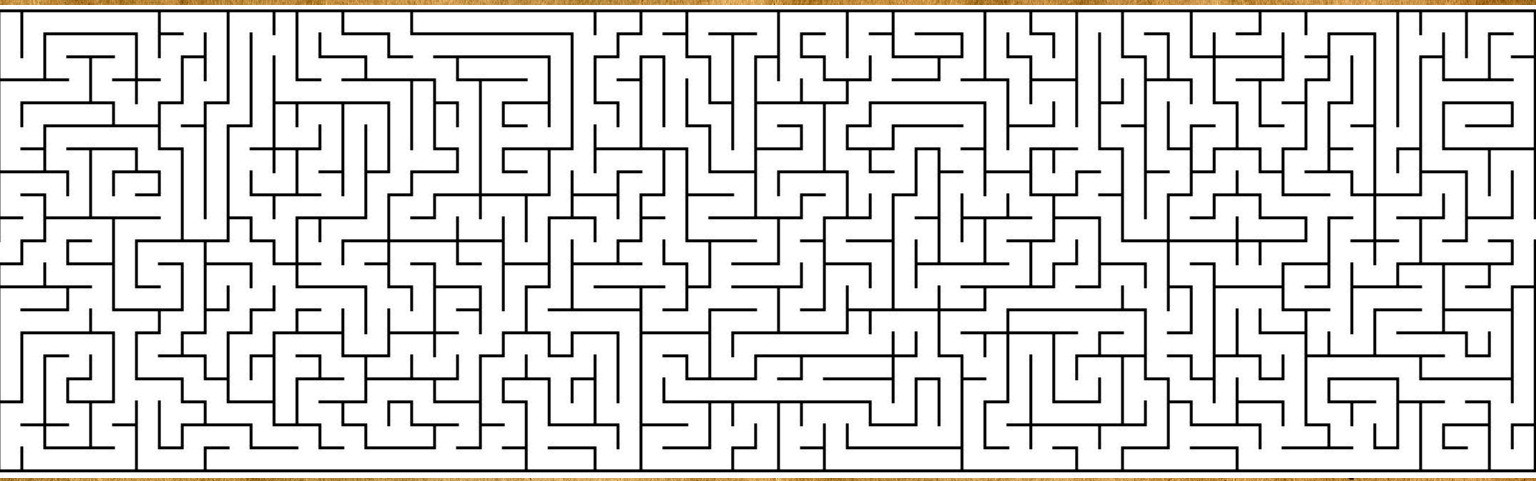
ASCEND

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CLASS IS IN SESSION



Puzzle corner



Across

6. A symbol used to ward off evil in Lovecraft's mythos
8. A fictional book of spells and rituals created by Lovecraft
11. A monstrous deity with tentacles and wings, one of Lovecraft's iconic creations
12. A shapeless, amoebic creature from the abyss in Lovecraft's tales

Down

1. A malevolent being often described as a "crawling chaos" in Lovecraft's universe
2. A fictional town in Massachusetts frequently mentioned in Lovecraft's stories
3. Strange and eerie, a common theme in Lovecraft's writing
4. An all-knowing entity often referenced in Lovecraft's works
5. A fictional New England university that appears in many of Lovecraft's stories
7. A village in Massachusetts that appears in several Lovecraft stories
9. A fictional town in Massachusetts known for its deep-sea fishing industry, featured in "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"
10. Ancient and powerful beings in Lovecraft's mythology

