

The  
Arkham  
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SIBLINGS,

WE ARE MAKING GREAT PROGRESS TOWARDS OUR PROJECTS. WE DID HAVE A MINOR SET BACK WITH FORMATTING THE LIBER AVETERUM, IT IS BEING RESOLVED CURRENTLY AS WE STRIVE FOR THE BEST WORK FOR OUR CULTISTS.

THIS LEADS US TO THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF TWO MORE PROJECTS JUST IN THEIR INFANCY. TWO BOOKS THAT PROVIDE SUPPORT TO THE DUALITY OF OUR TEMPLE. ONE FOR THE AGNOSTIC AND ONE FOR THE SPIRITUAL ALIKE.

SECOND, THE SHOP IS LIVE AND DIFFERENT LIFESTYLE PRODUCTS AND TOOLS FOR YOUR PRACTICE WILL BE AVAILABLE SOON. REMEMBER THE TEMPLE IS COMPLETELY FUNDED BY YOU, THE CULTIST. PRICES ARE KEPT AS LOW AS POSSIBLE.

WE ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE A TEMPLE INSPIRED AGENDA THAT WILL BE LISTED IN THE NEAR FUTURE ALONGSIDE THE NOTEBOOK.

AGAIN I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE THANKS TO THE NYTH AND MOST IMPORTANTLY THE CULTISTS FOR THE SUPPORT.

YOUR HARBINGER,  
PHLEGETHOTEP



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- ❖ SOCIAL MEDIA
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# 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.

"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 frowned 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. (edited)

There's probably grammar errors, and maybe a few spelling errors also. When I write I don't expect pay too much attention to those things, I just start writing and have to get out what's in my head quickly or I'll lose the story. It's like a dam bursting open at times and in all honesty most of it comes from dreams I've had (my newer stories are when I spent a month in the hospital last year and on extremely strong pain killers)

FOR ALL MEMBERS OF

# MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY

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TEMPLE OF  
THE  
OLD ONES

# Lying in a Pool of your own Nothingness

The inspiration for this article comes from some conversation from our estimable AzmahnOriv. We talk about The Void, a complete lack of everything; from the void we came, to the void we shall return. But, what is the Void and what does it have to do with everything?

There is the near vacuum in space and it is easy to consider it when talking about Void, since it is the closest we can conceptualize. The atmosphere we breathe has 10 to the order of 19 atoms per cubic centimeter; that is a 1 with 19 zeros behind it. Iron has 2.5 to the order of 22 atoms per cubic centimeter; it is 1000 times more dense than air.

By comparison, the space between planets in our solar system has 5 atoms per cubic centimeter; a 5 with no zeros behind it. Space between solar systems has only 1 atom per cubic centimeter; between galaxies is 1 atom per 100 cubic centimeters. So, it is very easy to consider outer space as void, when compared to what we are used to.

Something which is commonly not considered is the empty space within an atom itself. Almost all the mass is within the nucleus of the atom, but the majority of the space of an atom is taken up by the 'electron cloud' as it is sometimes called. Depending on the specific atom, the cloud is between 23,000 and 145,000 times larger than the nucleus. Uranium is the largest naturally occurring atom, it contains only 92 electrons in its cloud. Though, cloud is a bit of a misunderstanding, since electrons take up discrete locations called orbitals. The closest orbital is about 5 times 10 to the power of negative 11 meters; 11 zeros between the decimal place and the 5. This means there is absolutely nothing between the electrons and the nucleus. Not even vacuum; absolute nothing. This means that an atom is more than 99.99% empty space.

Even though there is so much nothing making up matter, it is amazing that matter doesn't simply pass between itself. This occurs because the electrons in one atom tend to repel the electrons in another; except for when they attract and bond with each other.

As Oriv is wont to do, he saw some fantastic things in a dream and sought advice from several others regarding what they could mean. He saw beings that he couldn't say were Azathoth, but felt he was in Azathoth's court and they were the flutists. He expressed great frustration in not being able to identify them. I saw some resemblance in what he was drawing, comparing them to orbital diagrams of electrons.

This got me thinking about the nature of Azathoth. He is said to be the nuclear chaos, because he sits at the center of everything; surrounded by flutists and drummers to ensure he never wakes. All of existence is held within his dream.

How could the flutists and drummers pipe and drum him to sleep, if they are a part of his dream? Where is Azathoth's court? It can't be at the center of existence because existence is his dream. Therefore, he must be outside the dream... but then how could the piping and fluting keep him asleep since they are a part of existence? This thinking led to some slight play on words and supposition. Azathoth is at the center of infinity or the center of all chaos, or the center of everything. Let us take Nuclear a bit more literally. The center of atoms are the nucleus, abuzz with electrons floating around them, limited by orbitals and shells, but quantum in nature so they cannot be perfectly described at any one moment.

Between the electrons and the nucleus is pure nothingness, and this pure nothingness keeps the electrons from becoming bound to the protons of the nucleus. How mad is that? The electrons are attracted to the protons in the nucleus, but if they touch the electron and proton merge to become a neutron. It is kinda complicated, but the reason they don't have to do with the potential versus kinetic energy in an electron.

This collapse of electrons and protons into neutrons occurs in nature, in the formation of a neutron star. It takes the combined gravitational force of 1.4 solar masses, in the absence of the explosive fusion energy, to crush the electrons into the protons. That is the extent, the strength, of the nothing between the nucleus and the electrons. So, let us suppose further, what if Azathoth's court is the nothingness which pervades everything? That nothingness is what gives atoms their size, prevents atoms from slipping past one another, and even allows atoms to exist. Without it, the universe would be nothing but a soup of neutrons.

**FURTHER YOUR STUDIES**

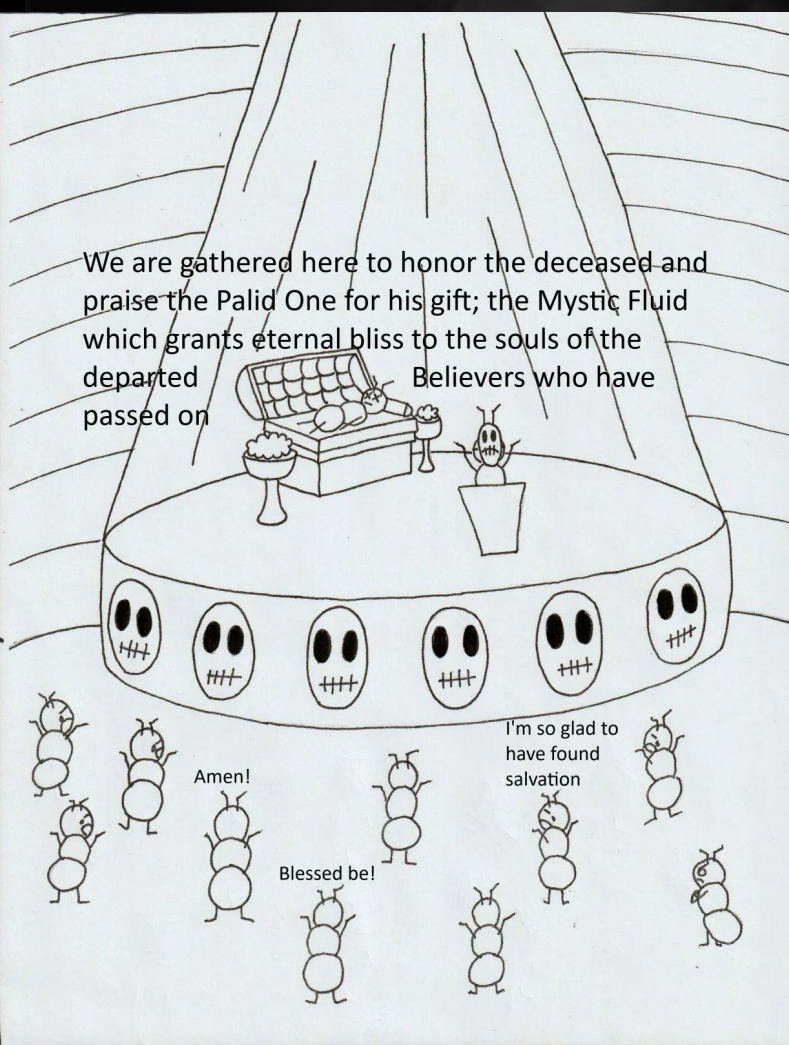
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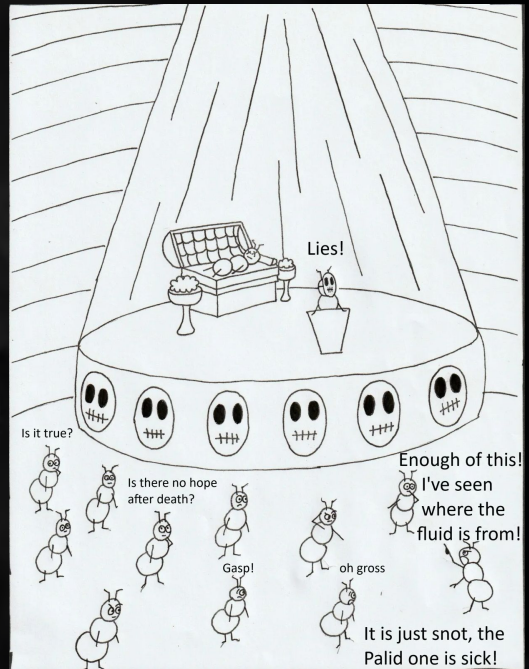
**CLASS IS IN SESSION**



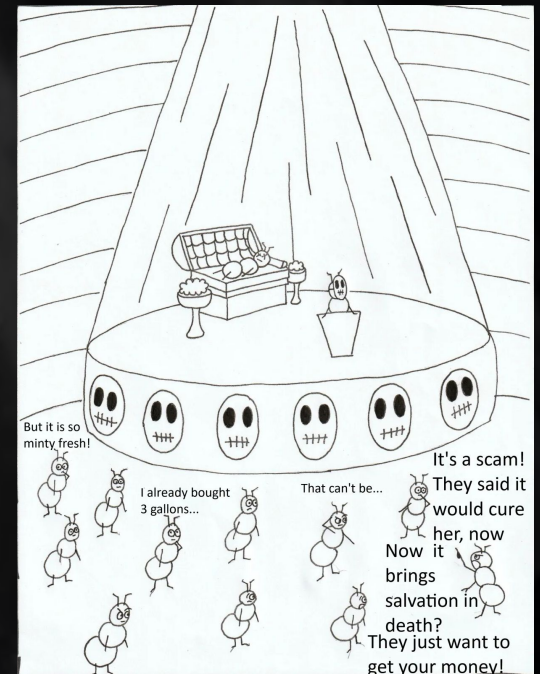
We are gathered here to honor the deceased and praise the Palid One for his gift; the Mystic Fluid which grants eternal bliss to the souls of the departed Believers who have passed on



Amen!  
Blessed be!  
I'm so glad to have found salvation

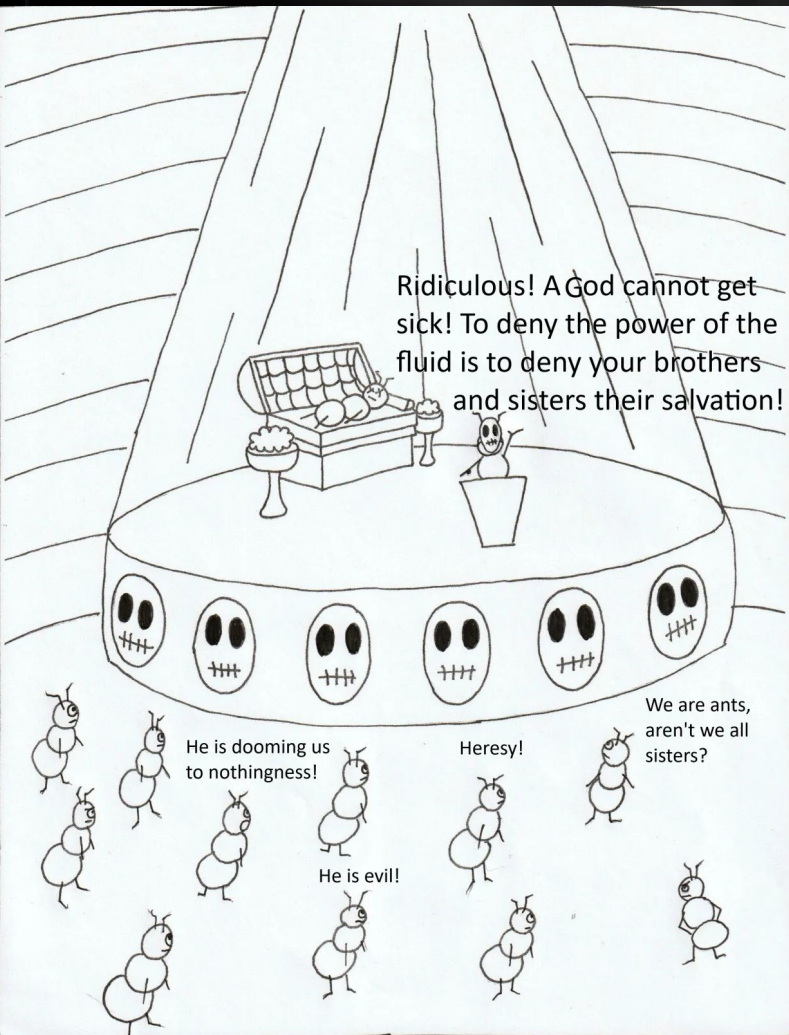


Lies!  
Is it true?  
Is there no hope after death?  
Gasp!  
oh gross  
Enough of this! I've seen where the fluid is from!  
It is just snot, the Palid one is sick!

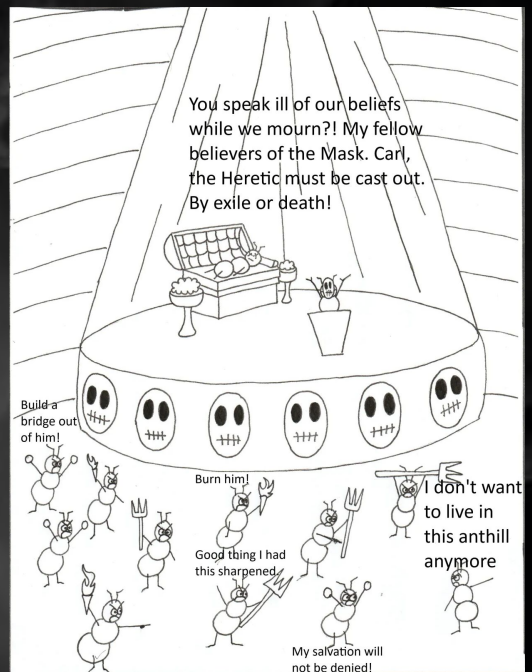


But it is so minty fresh!  
I already bought 3 gallons...  
That can't be...  
It's a scam! They said it would cure her, now it brings salvation in death? They just want to get your money!

Ridiculous! A God cannot get sick! To deny the power of the fluid is to deny your brothers and sisters their salvation!



We are ants, aren't we all sisters?  
He is evil!  
He is dooming us to nothingness!  
Heresy!



You speak ill of our beliefs while we mourn?! My fellow believers of the Mask. Carl, the Heretic must be cast out. By exile or death!

Build a bridge out of him!  
Burn him!  
Good thing I had this sharpened.  
I don't want to live in this anthill anymore  
My salvation will not be denied!



ALL THE LINKS UNDER ONE TREE



# The Horrorscope

## Azathoth,

You are being watched this month by 17 tiny eyes that exist solely in the conceptual realm. Don't worry, they merely find you disappointing. That works in your favor. You will discover a sock you never purchased. It holds multiversal significance. Do not wear it.

## Cthulhu,

You will find a jawbone in your mailbox. It is not addressed to you, but it is polite to at least acknowledge it. The jawbone has seen things. Feed it yogurt on Thursdays. Do not ask about the missing postman; some truths are best left digesting.

## Dagon,

A soft rustling in the curtains means your time is nigh. Nigh for what? That's unclear. Probably something with tentacles. Consume nothing purple after sunset. Speak backwards to houseplants to win a raffle you never entered. The prize is unpleasantly moist.

## Darkness,

This month, you are technically not solid between 2:03 and 2:06 a.m. daily. Avoid sharp objects and tight hallways. A goat-shaped stranger may offer you a deal involving chalk and memory foam. Accept only if you remember your third-grade locker combination.

## H.P. Lovecraft,

An egg you did not lay will hatch in your sock drawer. Feed it bits of trivia and discarded receipts. It will ask questions. Do not lie. Saturn is watching, and he hates improvisation. You may hear distant accordion music. This is a warning of upcoming spy sparrows.

## Hydra,

You will find a map drawn entirely in the medium of fruit preserves. Do not follow it. It leads only to regret and wasps. A book you've never read will develop strong opinions about you. Do not engage in arguments with it in public a second time.

## Hastur,

If you sneeze more than seven times in a row this month, you will temporarily swap minds with a pelican in Tulsa. Make the most of it. The stars suggest avoiding old clocks and anyone wearing shoes made of meat. Your shadow has a request as well. Hear it out.

## Nameless Mist,

Carry an apple with you this month. No, wait, it's an orange. Tomato? Pineapple? It's some kind of fruit in any case. Or, maybe a vegetable. The horoscope team will get back to you next time to let you know what it was.

## Nug & Yeb,

You may find yourself inexplicably craving sand. This is not a metaphor. Succumb only if the sand whispers approval. A rubber duck will guide you through a moral crisis. Follow its advice to the letter, unless it starts quoting 18th-century French poets.

## Nyarlatotep,

This month, a voice from beneath your floorboards will begin to whisper the recipe for a stew that should not exist. Do not attempt it unless you have access to ethically sourced slug marrow and a cauldron blessed by a silent mime. Side effects of listening include temporary invisibility to goats and minor legal trouble in Belgium.

## Shub-Niggurath,

The stars have aligned in a way that absolutely guarantees nothing of note will occur, unless you wear mismatched socks and speak the ancient phrase "gravy awakens" to a fern at dawn. Then, and only then, will the Bureau of Echoes acknowledge your presence. Not necessarily a good thing.

## Yog-Sothoth,

There is a secret word that opens all doors. You will almost remember it, but then a squirrel will distract you. That squirrel works for Them. Your bones may hum during moments of indecision. Ignore the harmony.

# Cult Works Art &



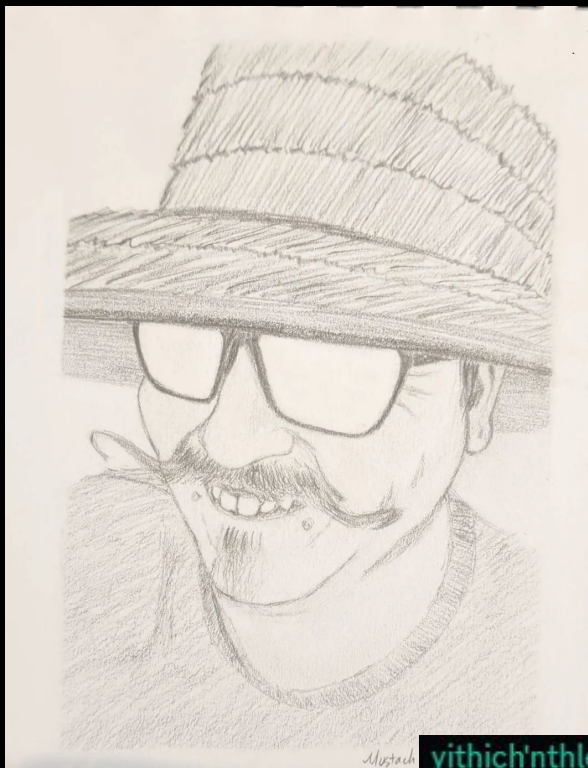
Draugr Skuggi-Ulfr



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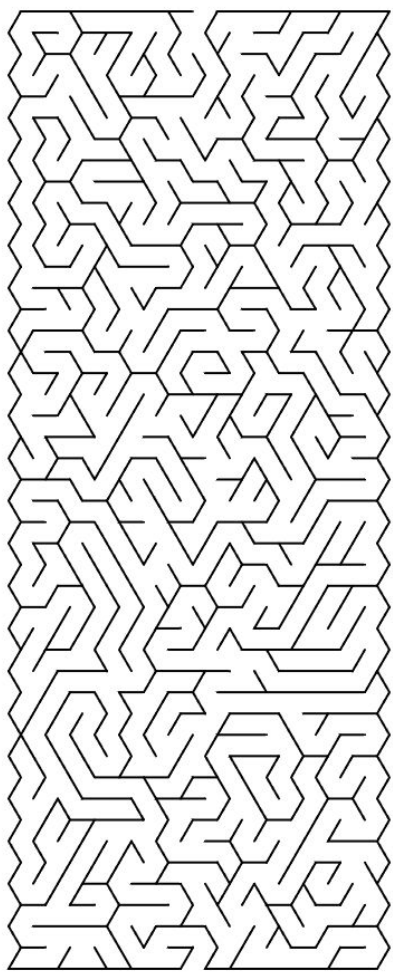


Alex



yithich'nthlei

# PUZZLE PAGE



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 CULT  
 DARKNESS  
 DREAMSCAPES  
 DUSK

FALL  
 LOVECRAFT  
 RITUAL  
 ROBES  
 SHUB NIGGURATH  
 SUSURRUS

TEMPLE  
 VOID  
 YOG SOTHOTH

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