

ARKHAM



ADVERTISER

April 2026

Council statement

As we arrive at this April edition we find ourselves in a moment where the line between certainty and absurdity grows pleasantly thin. Such timing is... administratively inconvenient, yet thematically appropriate. It is a theme we plan to carry through as we move forward, improving ourselves in the rest of the year.

In recent weeks, the Temple marked The Day of the Sculptor, where many among you turned your hands and minds toward creation. The gathering itself proceeded with admirable focus, and it is worth noting that the act of shaping, cleaning, and contemplating these forms continues to yield unexpected insights into both the Old Ones and ourselves.

There were, however, disruptions to our usual flow. The Miskatonic University website suffered an attack which necessitated a temporary shutdown and full relaunch. While the situation has now been resolved, we are aware that some students were required to begin their coursework again due to an earlier backup point. For this inconvenience, we extend our apologies. It was... less than ideal, though the recovery has allowed us to reinforce the structure for future stability.

Looking ahead, we approach the Renewal of the Pact, a day that reminds us of both endings and continuations, of cycles that return, and of forces that never truly depart. It stands as a reaffirmation of our connection to the Old Ones and the enduring nature of the bond we maintain with them, even as their presence recedes once more into the depths.

Throughout all of this, the Nyth continue their work with notable persistence. New members are being guided, new ideas are taking form, and plans, some visible, others less so, are steadily progressing. The Temple does not remain static. It adjusts, expands, and refines, often in ways that only become clear after the fact (and after proper documentation).

And now, we arrive at the present day. The King's Jest reminds us that not all truths arrive in a straightforward manner. Some are hidden in plain sight, disguised as error, misdirection, or simple oversight. It is in this spirit that I leave you with a minor irregularity within this very statement, something placed with care, though perhaps not with perfect spelling.

In light of the King's Jest, a puzzle for you all can be found within my words. I trust you will approach it with the same diligence you apply to your studies.

May the stars align,



Clorg the Greeter God
Administrator of the Temple of the Old Ones

Temple Submission

What follows is an article written by one of the members of our Discord server under the name of Lucius. It is presented as a think piece on their views on a not often considered connection between the Old Ones and another group of beings.

Vampirism & The Old Ones

*'That is not dead which can eternal lie,
And with strange aeons even death may die.'*
- H.P. Lovecraft

'Vampirism?', one might say, 'how does that fit in with the Old Ones?' Believe it or not, the Vampiric Path is very much connected with the Old Ones. Take this for an example. When discussing feeding on Planetary energy the Vampiric Master N.D. Blackwood in his book *Draugadróttinn* says:

'[Planetary] energy can be drained by the adept of Vampirism and used to serve his purposes. Note that there is a legendary planet bearing the name of Nibiru on which live the Sumerian Gods, creators of certain Vampiric lineages. This remains the dogma of some schools of initiatory Vampirism and although this is only a speculation, this egregore planet remains a valid connection within the framework of the extraterrestrial mysteries as well as a formidable power station... Nibiru is the extraterrestrial mysteries and the Great Old Ones.' In some ancient Vampiric Orders there is a handed down tradition of a ninth 'astral planet' named Nibiru, and on this planet is where some of the Old Ones dwell.

This fits into the lore of the Old Ones which says that They dwell in other dimensions until the stars are right for them to return to our planet. Is the Astral Plane not built up of many different realms (dimensions)? Another link between Vampirism and the Old Ones is Nyarlathotep, The Crawling Chaos.

Nyarlathotep is said to have 999 masks. Basically He can appear to the practitioner in multiple ways. But each mask has its own unique attributes.

Take Odanen for example: Odanen is an Archetype of Nyarlathotep. He often causes visions of distant universes, black holes, and vortexes which can lead the Sorcerer to different dimensions. Odanen, like many Archetypes of Nyarlathotep has Vampiric qualities. His manifestation is complicated because He appears in an amorphous shape, He shows Himself as a black mass full of tentacles and eyes. His tentacles have spines on them which drip venom which can be used in variety of different ways.

On the one hand, we can use His venom on the veils between this world and that of the Astral and destroy them, allowing us to see beyond the ordinary world. On the other side, we can use it to attack someone magickally. If we use it in warfare, the effects vary from person to person, but the results last for an extended period of time, becoming something painful for the victim.

And again there is Norano:

*Norano is one of Nyarlathotep's Archetypes Who is linked with energies of death, putrefaction, and icy powers. Working with this aspect of Nyarlathotep often causes nightmares and night fears, and will often cause the Sorcerer to have visions of crypts and abandoned or forgotten tombs, which are passages to the different realities beyond this world. These are doors which the Sorcerer can explore with the help and guidance of Norano Like many other Gods and Entities which are related to Necromancy and death, His contact is cold and unpleasant. Norano is the master of the "Necrosophic" arts, He is related to advanced aspects of Vampirism and rituals that are conducted in cemeteries and in places where death has a strong presence. He is the Messenger of death and can be worked with too connect with any other Gods Who are connected with death, Necromancy, and Vampirism. Norano shows Himself with a semi-human body, dressed in a black cloak. Half of His face is made of bones, and the other is rotten.

'Ok, so Nyarlathotep can be linked to Vampirism. But why would you want to practice such a dark, brutal, and immoral Path?'

For one, it makes us stronger, bolder, and more powerful as a person.

N.D. Blackwood says: 'In a world made up of wolves and sheep, of slaves and masters; I accept that reality, and I choose the predatory role rather than prey' (Draugadróttinn). We should be like predators in the jungle, fierce and dominant.

Another reason is that of the prophecy of our beloved prophet H.P. Lovecraft. As he wrote: *'That cult would never die till the stars came right again, and the secret priests would take great Cthulhu from His tomb to revive His subjects and resume His rule of earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and revelling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom'* (The Call of Cthulhu).

When the Old Ones RETURN we shall be made like Them. But if we are dead and our bodies and souls are gone before They return, what hope do we have? If it is only those who are ALIVE in the time that They come back then what hope do we have? We need to be ALIVE do we not?

Vampirism has the answer!

The Vampire drains and feeds off of the vital essence to fuel the Astral body, so that when we physically die our Astral self lives on. It is in this way that we WILL BE ALIVE for the return of the Old Ones.

Again N.D. Blackwood says: 'Initiates obtained immortality through the realization of an immortal Vampiric body, which survives physical death by feeding on the vital essences contained in the blood of the living' (Draugadróttinn).

A similar example of this is found in the christian bible, Jesus Christ says: *'Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath life everlasting.'* John 6:53-54

For years now christians have tried to 'spiritualise' this passage to not say what it says. However, the catholic and orthodox churches have always maintained that this passage should be taken literally. They are ALL Vampires! So the answer to our question ('Vampirism... how does that fit in with the Old Ones?') is this: through Vampirism we don't just wait for the return of the Old Ones like the normal man does, hoping that They come before we die. Because once we die we are nothing more than a pile of bones without a soul. No, through the art of Vampirism we don't die with our physical bodies, but we live on in the Astral dimensions, where we wait ALIVE for the return of the Old Ones. In this way we will be ALIVE at the time of Their return, where we will become like Them and shall rule with Them. Yes the Vampire feeds off of the 'pranic' (life-giving) energy of other human beings, and yes, we do it without guilt or remorse (and the concept of 'karma' is not a philosophy held onto by the Vampire). But ask yourself, 'why do we do it?' We do it so that we don't DIE before the return of the Old Ones but instead we will be ALIVE and ready for when They come back.

Yes, in the eyes of some the Vampiric nature seems 'evil and immoral,' but ask yourself, 'is it evil and immoral for us to kill and feed on other animals for us to live?' If not then WHY not? Humans murder animals and feed on them to live. Vampires feed off of humans to live but leave them alive.

So who's the evil and immoral person? the person who harms or the person who murders? The mammal 'Homo sapien' has evolved to the point of supremacy on this world to the point that they KILL less evolved mammals to LIVE. Why can't the Vampire be the next step in the evolutionary cycle?

We read in the Cultus Maleficarum:

'Out of ye Shadow out of time, in ye old vastness of ye void, from out an age that was before time itself was Azathoth and ye others of ye Elder Gods, and Their King which is called most powerfull Azathoth... and He was all ye world, and His was ye world, an all ye substance of ye world was His, and He was ye first. From an age that was before time, from out ye timelessness of space, before ye hierarch of angels and daemons of ye between-world which is reckoned a macrocosm, before all this was our Lord Azathoth. And in their turn were made ye universe and ye stars and ...all ye world.'

And the Vampiric Master N.D. Blackwood tells us:

'...I will discuss here a vampiric evolutionary pathway linked to extraterrestrial mysteries... According to some legends, the way of Dragon originates from... the Great Elders who settled the Earth thousands of years ago. These Old Ones would be at the origins of the creation of Homosapiens, of civilization, and of the first great mystical traditions of mankind' (Draugadróttinn).

The Old Ones are the creators of the Homosapien which evolved from an Apelike mammal. Apes MURDER lower mammals to FEED on (look it up, it's true) as part of their diet to LIVE, Apes evolved into Humans who also MURDER lower mammals too FEED on in order to LIVE. But it doesn't stop there! Humans are slowly evolving into a new species of mammal, the Vampire! But unlike Apes who MURDER other mammals to FEED on to LIVE, and the Human who MURDERS other mammals to FEED on and LIVE, the Vampire does NOT MURDER other mammals to FEED on and LIVE. No, the Vampire FEEDS on the 'life force' (energy) of other mammals to LIVE after physical death, both leaving the Human to LIVE and allowing the Vampire to LIVE also.

'Vampirism is a path of blood. This blood is not, as you already suppose, ordinary blood. It is the pranic energy, the life force. Even if it is contained in the blood, you will not always need to drink it. But if you are not thirsty for this etheric energy, you will not be able to find your true nature. '...Although this inner darkness is the pool of our pent-up fears and various neuroses, it is in there that we will find our hidden powers as well as the wisdom of millions of years of evolution sleeping in our genes.'

N.D. Blackwood, Draugadróttinn

I won't sugar coat it though, it can be unpleasant for the target. In his book Scholomance N.D. Blackwood wrote: *'Contrary to what has been claimed by some authors, this practice is not harmless to the prey. In fact, the ancient myths associate the bite of the Vampire with anemia or even death when the victim is drained on a regular basis by a powerful Undead... Deprived of a critical energy balance, a person falls ill much more easily. The body will then try to restore this balance, by drawing on its own energy reserves. But, when confronted with too strong of a trial, its personal resources won't be enough to refuel it, thus this can lead to intense fatigue and death.'*

We are told that by 'gorging' our selves frequently on the same individual it will not only cause physically and mentally but can also, in the extreme, lead to death.

It is important to practice responsible Vampirism.

But you have to ask yourself, do the pros outweigh the cons?

We read in Scholomance:

'But above all, it is his etheric double, his astral body, that the adept nourishes. This astral body is the vehicle that will allow his consciousness to survive beyond death. Throughout his life, the adept therefore strengthens it by the vital essence of their victims, and by numerous pacts made with other Vampiric beings or Infernal powers. By constantly nourishing it, he thus preserves it from the second death, just like a human being prevents his physical body from dying by a regular supply of water and food. This also makes the etheric double autonomous, so that the adept will one day be able to inhabit it fully while his carnal envelope rests in the tomb.'

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Art within the Temple



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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
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TEMPLE OF
THE
OLD ONES

INTRODUCTIONS FROM THE ORDER OF THE ETERNAL HAND



Greetings. I am Azorguth, sometimes known as AzmahnythOriv, or just Oriv. I am both the Proconsul Nyth of the Community Outreach team and the Factotum. I also love to respond in fits as you may have seen some of my daily good mornings in general chat.

I am someone who is always up for a chat and a friendly debate.

To me, the Old Ones are real beings and they have shown me much wonder and much horror. I try to relay what I can but to most it just sounds like mindless, or crazy babbling, which makes sense since my archetype, or more so my patron, is the ultimate babbler Azathoth itself. And like Azathoth, where I go chaos forms around me.

You may have seen me pop into debates only for it to spiral into topics unanswerable. Or I make a post that stills the server. I am a paradox onto myself. My journey through the Temple has been of dreams, magic and truth. Though not necessarily in that order.

Other than that there is not much to say; my non Temple existence is average; I get up, go to work, sleep, yell at people in traffic. "It's the American way" and just keep on keeping on.

My personal philosophy is thus; azathoth's dream is fluid and like the flutists we should just enjoy the dance. And be the order within your own chaos.

Now for official talk: please don't be afraid to come chat. If you want to know something, just shoot a DM. While I can't promise I'll get to it instantly, I will respond. I look forward to the maddening conversations to come.

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Temple Submission

Coming from Haf'r'luh'ai, in honour of The King's Jest, a riddle for you all to bend your mind to.

My dear siblings!

I wish you all a marvellous King's Jest and hope that his guidance will keep you on a path of creative discovery. Even if your projects sometimes seem to fall to rubble, never forget:



Temple Submission

The following is a story written by Noylara and was written as a way to celebrate the Day of the Sculptor. It is called: Polar Night of the Soul.

The first of December 2028,
Longyearbyen, Svalbard archipelago, the Kingdom of Norway.

My colleague and I have arrived by plane to this edge of the world circa two hours ago. Our task here is to take soil and rock samples in different parts of the archipelago. It is 18:42 and so far we managed to unpack, get together and have dinner. This is the first time I've witnessed the polar night, the aurora is truly beautiful. I'm planning on video chatting with my wife and kids and then getting some well-deserved sleep before a day full of work.

December second 2028.

The day went on normally except for an anomaly that has even the permanent residents confused. The aurora is red. Its shade varies from carmine to crimson. And as if that wasn't enough, all signal has been lost, the sea is wildly rough and the expected flights are not flying. Tomorrow we're going to take samples to places further away from people. Apparently we'll be loaned two shotguns because of the polar bears, which are abundant on the island. When I looked up at the sky I noticed that the moon was full. It all feels like a dream.

December 3rd to 12th 2028.

The northern lights are still red, the sea is still rough, and the flights are still grounded. The moon is gradually waning, just like my optimism. My colleague and I have collected samples at most of the designated locations. We only have one to two days of work left. We only saw the bears from a distance, so luckily we didn't have to shoot at them. My kids wouldn't have forgiven me for that. Tomorrow we head to the island of Nordaustlandet. The sea between the islands is frozen and covered in snow, so the rough seas around us don't bother us. I have to admit that getting around on snowmobiles is quite fun. It's only Tuesday, but our neighbor invited us to his house for a discussion accompanied by a bottle of Aquavit. My colleague and I welcomed this pleasant distraction, but we must not drink too much so as not to have a difficult morning.

December 13th 2028.

The first thing I remember from today is what I dreamed about. First, I dreamed that we were having fun at our neighbor's house and he suddenly had a snake in his hands. Yesterday we discussed various topics and among other things he mentioned the existence of a 13th constellation, called Ophiuchus. Ophiuchus, meaning "serpent-bearer", is depicted as a man holding a snake. Apparently the sun is still passing through it now. That explains my first dream. The second dream I had was one in which I grab my wife's ass while she's cooking dinner. I would summarize the meaning of this dream as a longing for home. I understand the third dream the least, if at all. I swam quite deep underwater, I either couldn't see the surface at all or I could see ice covering the surface. There were no plants or aquatic animals around, the bottom had a vague shape and was made of an unknown, indescribable material. It was almost as distant to me as the surface. I was alone there with my thoughts, breathing underwater was as easy for me as if I were above the surface and I also didn't feel the cold. In my dream, it seemed to me that it lasted for several hours without any change. And then suddenly, as if by some atavistic sense, I was alerted to the approaching threat. I peered ahead into nothingness and saw something moving. My entire field of vision was moving. What I saw moving toward me was gargantuan. It wasn't at all clear underwater, but I would say it looked like a dragon's face with eyes so far apart that I had to turn my head every time to see any of them. As the monster approached, it began to open its mouth, the inside of which quickly covered my entire field of vision. The creature had teeth like a Northern pike, in rows like a shark, except the rows were endless. And then I woke up. Sweaty and still scared. I spent most of the day pondering the meaning of this dream but came up with nothing. Then something happened that I'm not sure really happened, although it was as real as the chair I'm sitting on now. After breakfast, my colleague and I set off for our first destination in Nordaustlandet. Equipped with research equipment, shotguns, and a little something to munch on, we sped off on snowmobiles surrounded by pitch-black darkness peppered with stars, a thin sliver of moon, and a bright red

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aurora resembling bloody gashes on the body of our material world. The sampling at the first designated location went smoothly. The problem occurred during the journey to the second location, this time located on the coast. The colleague swerved sharply to avoid a walrus, which he probably didn't notice in time because he was looking out to sea. He crashed his scooter into a rock and flew off into the snow. I stopped next to him and helped him get up, fortunately he wasn't hurt. An even bigger miracle than the fact that he wasn't injured was that the scooter was only damaged aesthetically. Especially considering that the impact on the rock was so strong that a piece broke off and flew a bit away. There was a pit under the place where a piece of stone had previously been broken off. The soil in which the pit was located was sandy, which is not such a rarity in the Arctic desert terrain. I felt a need to explore the place better, so I took a field shovel out of my backpack and started to widen the hole. It didn't take long, and while I was being watched by a colleague who didn't question my actions, I came across something solid in the sand. I dug around it and a monolith emerged, about 1.2 meters high and 0.5 meters wide on one side and 0.3 meters wide on the other. A colleague helped me scrape the sand off the monolith, and it became clear before our eyes that it was not just any monolith, but a runestone. Under the light of our headlamps, the runestone clearly showed a giant snake coiling around a landmass resembling the Svalbard archipelago. Underneath this image, all the way to the bottom of the stone, were several dozen "Yr" runes, which my colleague believed symbolized death. At the time, I didn't put the pieces of the puzzle together, I was blinded by the ecstasy that, unless it was a forgery, this find could rewrite the textbooks. Officially, it is believed that the first people entered the archipelago only at the end of the sixteenth century. We took several photos of the runestone and marked its location on the map. We also surrounded it with a few red flags to be sure. We agreed that we would only share the existence of the find with the world once the signal started working, then we set off on our original journey. It only took few minutes to reach the designated spot and before we started sampling, we decided to eat. It was almost 13:15, high time to fill our stomachs. Just as I was turning on my portable gas stove, I started to feel tremors. It was as if the ground was shaking slightly. But the weak tremors gradually intensified. Even the rough sea not far from us seemed to be getting wilder and wilder. Then I saw it among the distant waves. Suddenly my throat went dry and my heart started beating too fast. A massive serpentine body rising above the surface and then sinking below it, undulating in a zigzag pattern. Sometimes it seemed to have small fins. Small compared to the body. I turned my head in the direction the body was moving and I saw the head. From the side it looked even more shameful than from the front, which I had witnessed in my dream. In addition to the eye located relatively in front, which I had seen before, three more eyes were also visible from the side. The abomination must have had eight of them, like a spider. The eyes looked like fish eyes, only they were hazy white. The muzzle of the beast was shaped like an eel's muzzle. The nose was snake-like, only a hole. The entire body was covered with pointed scales like those of a spiny bush viper. I was not sure of the color, I was confused by the reflection of the red aurora in them. It looked at me. I don't know how to describe it, but I just felt that look. I felt it physically. The look of this draconic serpent almost drove me crazy for its brief duration. In a fit of self-preservation, I shouted to my colleague, "Let's go!" and got on the snowmobile. I set off with the sole goal of getting as far away from there as possible, leaving everything on the ground. My colleague set off after me, and I felt the gaze of a terrible dragon on my back. Then I woke up. I was found a short distance from Pyramiden town by a local hotel worker while he was walking his dog. The dog pulled him after me, which probably saved my life, otherwise I would have frozen to death. I never thought I would ever be happy to wake up to a dog barking.

December 14th 2028.

I am back in Longyearbyen. A group of people set out to look for my colleague. I wanted to go with them, but honestly, deep down, I'm glad they didn't let me go with them, supposedly because I'm too exhausted, because remembering what I saw makes me shake and feel like throwing up. It's also probably better that I don't remember what happened between the time I set off on the snowmobile and the time they found me on it near Pyramiden.

December 16th 2028.

The aurora is still red. The weather at sea is still terrible. My colleague is still missing, as are the things I left on the shore. The moon is not visible because it is new. Everything that has happened since I arrived seems like a dream to me. A very bad dream.

December 17th 2028.

From today everything is back to normal. The Northern Lights have their natural color, the weather is safe, the signal is working again and I'm flying home on the 20th. My colleague is still missing and I have a bad feeling that he will never be found. I can't tell people what I saw, I only tell them that I lost my memory from the moment we reached the coast. It's already clear to me that the police will be investigating me at home for my colleague's disappearance and being considered mentally ill on top of that would only make things worse. The neighbor we spent the night with before everything went to shit handed me an envelope and asked for my word that I would open it when I got home and not sooner. I assumed it would be some small, nice gift like a postcard with a family of polar bears to cheer me up in this gloomy situation. I put the envelope in my luggage and went to force feed myself.

December 22nd 2028,
My home.

We have a Christmas mood at home. The police seem to believe me and I got a significant extension of my Christmas vacation from work. Scientists are investigating the interesting phenomena that took place in Svalbard, and social media is full of conspiracies about what could have caused the red color of the aurora borealis and the signal loss. I remembered the envelope from my neighbor in Longyearbyen. I took it in my hands and opened it. Inside was a folded piece of paper. I unfolded it and in the middle of the blank paper I saw the inscription "Jörmungandr"

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, Clorg 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.

Product highlight

In light of the holiday, we would like to once again highlight this stretched canvas painting representative of the King in Yellow.

Printed on a heavy-weight canvas, the image is certainly haunting enough to inspire many an artist as Hastur is known to do.



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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The Horrorscope

Azathoth,

There is a 60% chance that this month, a choir of eyeless crows will sing your name backwards at dusk. If this happens, cancel all appointments for the following week. Trust me, you're going to be busy with the consequences.

Cthulhu,

Someone will knock on your door three times, but only the second knock will actually happen. Open the door only between the first and third knock. You'll know why when it's too late. Lucky phrase: "Peel the banana backwards and count to none."

Dagon,

You may be called upon to testify at a trial occurring entirely in the dreams of a creature known only as "The Blinking Mass." Do not prepare. Anything you bring will be devoured, including metaphors. Simply shrug, recite the alphabet backward, and you will be released without further consequence.

Darkness,

Your toenails may begin humming an inaudible tune this month. Don't panic. This is a sign that your biological frequency has synced with the Hidden Broadcast. Wear tinfoil only on the left side of your head to muffle government eavesdropping. Do not hum along.

H.P. Lovecraft,

At precisely 2:17 a.m. on the 14th, a sock will vanish mid-air while you're folding laundry. It is not lost. It has been recruited. Say goodbye in a friendly tone but do not speak too loudly because they are listening.

Hydra,

You will discover that your shadow collects lint and seems slightly heavier after naps. This has no direct consequences. Not yet at least but local cats will stare at your ankles and whisper. Your lucky animal this month is the hypothetical otter that dreams in static.

Hastur,

This month, your reflection will wink when you aren't looking. Eventually, you'll hear it giggle. Ignore it. Acknowledge it and it becomes legally eligible for jury duty under your name. Your lucky number is 6 but backwards.

Nameless Mist,

Three times this month, you will hear a violin playing in a key that no human has ever learned. Follow the sound. When it stops, dig precisely two feet into the earth with a spoon. Do not exceed this depth. You'll find something squishy and mildly judgmental. Apologize, and cover it back up.

Nug & Yeb,

This month, an eel in a top hat will follow you. Not metaphorically, he's literally behind you at all times. But you don't have to worry, he's conducting research for a doctoral thesis on "Human Disappointment Frequencies" and you're in his control group. Just be polite and smile more.

Nyarlathep,

Some time this month, you will look in the mirror and notice that your reflection blinks just a little too late. Not every time, just enough. It knows you noticed. Now you've entered the acknowledgment loop. I'm so sorry. Keep eye contact and pretend you're not afraid. I wish I could help but there's nothing I can do.

Shub-Niggurath,

You will attend a mandatory town hall meeting you weren't invited to. Everyone will stare as you enter. You will be handed a trout. Accept it. Nod solemnly. Leave. This is the only test. You will not be told whether you passed.

Yog-Sothoth,

Be wary of eggs this month. Not because they are dangerous, but because one among them has seen too much. You'll know which. If you ask it nicely, it may share with you the coordinates of a location that doesn't exist in your time zone. Do not attempt to travel there. The tolls are exorbitant.

Maze

Best of luck with this edition's maze. In light of the King's Jest, we have decided to try something truly difficult and challenge our members to think through the implication of the maze before they attempt to solve it.



