



# MONRIA

Volume 5

Tales from the Deep

Pinthas Schmenke Dorian

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## FOREWORD ... by Dark Moon Enigma

Outside the ordered universe at the center of all infinity, Azathoth sits orchestrating nuclear chaos beyond angled space. Nuclear as in nucleus of the cosmos, and not referring to nuclear energy. Azathoth rules all time and space from a black throne at the center of this nuclear chaos, and many have fallen victim.

Azathoth's lineage is far reaching with the likes of Yog-Sothoth, Shub-Niggurath, Cthulhu and others, and Monria has not gone unscathed from primordial horrors. While we haven't seen them in pure daylight, they exist in the hidden dark corners of the moon. There are those who fight against these dark forces, and those who discover in one form or another that they too are a part of this lineage.

It was recently discovered that four Elder Gods walk among us, and have supported our fight to thwart the continued efforts of the creatures to take full control and extinguish our existence on Monria. It has been at the hands of the Cultists who have caused chaos in the name of their worshiped deity Cthulhu, but with Decca reclaiming her rightful place as Leader of the *Cult of Shut'thend*, there will certainly be an increase in the grander scheme of death, destruction and control beyond what we have experienced thus far.

The main goal of the Cultists is to find the book of dark magic spells that would help them perform the ritual needed in order to awaken Cthulhu. The great exodus in 2346 from Broodham, Massachusetts in the New England area of the United States was a ruse by Decca to gather all Cultist Priests eligible to participate in the ritual to awaken Cthulhu.

It was known only by Decca that the *City of R'lyeh* where Cthulhu lies in a death-like sleep was rebuilt in the depths of Monria. It was Azathoth who orchestrated the relocation due to the continued violent upheavals on Earth that caused struggles between ruling powers.

The Elder Gods support and protect Monria against dark forces that are becoming increasingly more aggressive, but one of the Elder Gods is experiencing multi-dimensional encounters that leave him in a state of flux and questioning truth.

Pinthas is challenged to remember his past. Memories are elusive. There's a gnawing at his very core that tells him what he is experiencing is wrong, but if it's the only way he can link this multi-dimensional intrusion with his past, he must consider K'Tan's invitation regardless of the potential consequences. Pinthas knows that Monria is important to him, but why?

There is an air of importance, even of urgency that Pinthas is able to reconcile thoughts with memories in order to reveal the unknown and break the multi-dimensional spell. He does not trust K'Tan, but he must have answers.

## Introduction

At times, what you imagine things could be, is what becomes reality. The more you search, the more you begin to find. Ultimately, if we desire something so much, nothing stands in our way to reaching that goal. We dream no matter who tells us that it is impossible, or that we are not good enough for what we want, or what we can be. The naysayers who would rather pull us back into the abyss to survive with them are only a distraction to the never-ending possibilities of the success we face. This story challenges sanity and the very existence of one's soul. Not only mine, but those I meet along the way.

In this moment, I feel I am in some sort of limbo, being pulled in multiple directions to be told multiple things about my past, present and future. The energy is subtle at times, and at others, the magnetic pull is so strong that I find myself in alternate dimensions. I don't know what is real, or what is just a manufactured dream by someone, or something that has a hold on me. I am uncertain of who I am.

I've learned that if we move in one direction and it takes us where we want to be, then by all means, continue. If however, we find that we have lost our way and travel down a rabbit hole, we should feel free to take a different path in order to explore the endless possibilities of change. This is where I am challenged, for each path I travel, no matter how strange it may feel, there always seems to be some sort of familiarity present, tugging, pulling at my very existence.

Monria feels ancient, but new and relevant, and this journey is a path of further unraveling of mysteries and secrets beginning with the exploration of who I am and how I fit into the bigger scheme of things. The past is a mere offering of broken images and words that don't make much sense at first. The present is clear enough in my role as a Monria community member where I function quite well, but there is a haunting that draws me into the darkness where tales revealed are disturbing and cause my thoughts to be fragmented.

The future is not written in stone, how could it be, especially with paths that twist and turn and only lead deeper into the darkness where understanding what is happening is elusive at times. I strain to retain any distorted image that might give me a clue, any sound, or echoing voice with a fading message.

*I can tell you this much...* there are many among us who are not what they seem. This journey draws from the depths of darkness, and multiple dimensions that reveal inexplicable experiences and new challenges that we must prepare for, or Monria will be lost to us.



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## Ch 1 / Discovery & Disturbance

Walking slowly down the path in the cavern, I am sensing a different kind of awareness. I'm not sure if the darkness in this area is responsible for increasing the sensitivity of my natural senses, or my adrenaline is just in overdrive. Perhaps it is a combination of the two. Nonetheless, the darkness slowly fades as my eyes adjust to the change.

All around me I see odd crystal formations which appear to emanate a small greenish hue that enables me to see more clearly. It reminds me of holding a candle while walking in the dark, and having just enough light to see my way without the flickering that the candle produces. Here, the green light is soft and gentle, not bright or fluorescent. It appears more like a glow. The movement of shadows along the path are different as well. There is movement that appears shadow-like, but no noises and no other living things to be seen, yet there is a feeling of a presence. All I hear are the echoes of my feet walking along the path of the cavern.

I keep asking myself why I felt the need to explore this area, other than Trip Kaminsky telling me that there is probably a good chance of finding higher levels of Zoldenite. The geologic surveys were specific, and the team who discovered this area was very surprised with their finds. The original core samples showed the highest concentrations of Zoldenite of anything found previously. So is it pure greed, or insanity that I am embarking upon this exploration alone?

There had been no advance group to determine the safety of the cavern, or to identify whether this was a stable foundation. There was always the question of whether other life forms existed in this area as well, and if so, whether they would present a danger. I didn't want to wait for a lead team to check things out. Why should I, I am a trained hunter and miner, as well as having some higher-level armor and weapons to protect me.

Now that I am here, all I can think of is how naïve I am sometimes. When the fever hits, I believe I must be the first one to mine a newly discovered area. I need to claim enough Zoldenite for the crafting of more DSEC weapons to help protect the colonists. Therefore I must be the first to go for it.

My eyes have finally finished adjusting to the dim light. All I can do at this point is pause. I don't believe what I am seeing, and words are unable to describe the immense beauty and majestic feeling I have in this moment.

I am overwhelmed with the sense that I may be one of the first who has laid eyes on this area in thousands of years. In my life, I have never seen anything so beautiful. I have the most *in touch with the universe* wave of emotion pouring down on me. I feel as if I not only *understand* now what we are here to experience, but I am connected to that feeling in some way.

It almost seems *familiar* to me. My body feels as if I am merged with the crystals in the cavern, or I am speaking to or being spoken to at the cellular level in a way I can't comprehend, yet I am being drawn into the energy.

It feels as though the cavern in some way is directly linked to the universe, acting as a *way-station* to another dimension. I am overwhelmed, yet I do not feel fear. No, it is more of a familiar, timeless feeling that I just can't put my finger on, and I don't know why.

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye I saw something, or thought I did.

*That's when things changed...*



## Ch 2 / The Abduction

Exploration of the newly-discovered cavern area came to an abrupt halt when I experienced a burning cold feeling that hit me squarely in the chest. I didn't see it coming fast enough and was thrown backwards, but was able to catch myself before I fell completely to the ground. Regaining my composure only took a moment, but I was now on high alert. My adrenaline was heightened, and my senses were more escalated.

I turned in the direction where I thought the attack came from. I knew from fighting Cultists it had to be from one of them, but I didn't see anything, or hear any further sounds. Then it came at me again, a detectable and familiar sound with the attack from a Cultist. He was hiding in the depths of one of the cave crevasses.

What are the Cultists doing down here, how did they get here? More importantly, what are they planning? I dodged the next attack too late and was hit again, but this time I was prepared and my armor helped to protect me. I was already feeling the sting from the attack but I was not taken off guard this time. I paid close attention to where the energy was coming from and started to move towards it.

Slowly and cautiously I maneuvered myself in the direction of the crevasse. Perhaps I was feeling a bit too cocky and wanted nothing more than to put that Cultist out of his misery, but I missed the signs. I was much too focused on one identifiable creature as I passed another crevasse off to my right during my slow, and apparently not so silent approach. I was struck on my side by another Cultist who was much more direct and in closer proximity than the other Cultist.

I was knocked back and this time fell to the ground. I was now trying to catch my breath before any more of these vile creatures attacked me. I miscalculated, assuming there was only one Cultist hiding in the corner, but there were more. Much more. I started shooting and was finally doing some damage back to the Cultist who attacked me from the side crevasse, but I was also taking damage from the front.

Finally, I made it back onto my feet and regained my fighting posture, but I had taken too much damage and had to stop to repair using my Adjusted Healing Chip. Thankfully, I had taken the time and made an investment into the Galactica mission to get this chip, which was now saving my sorry ass.

I continued to shoot the Cultist, and after a few more shots he was dead. My front attacker was still at a distance attacking me and making the strange sounds I was used to hearing, but seemed a bit different. I continued to walk towards the Cultist, and to my surprise, the crevasse opened into a wider cavern. A short distance behind the Cultist shooting at me was a group of at least 10 more Cultists who were not engaged in the shooting but standing in a semi-circle pattern chanting. They appeared focused on the chant with no interest in fighting.

I didn't realize it at the time, but the Cultist who continued using his mind energy attacks on me was backing up during his assault, which I'm sure was a clear attempt at luring me closer in proximity to the other Cultists chanting. I felt a slight pain and buzzing in my head as I was getting closer. My focus now seemed altered in some way. While continuing to fight the Cultist, I also tried to fight off the pain and buzzing in my head, but it seemed to be increasing.

Suddenly, the chanting hit a resonance and the group of Cultists turned and looked at me. The pain and buzzing stopped. There was nothing but pure and seemingly purposeful energy flowing through me with a focus on what seemed an attempt at telepathically connecting with me. I had stopped shooting, but it wasn't my intention, so it must have been theirs.

Something in the cavern shifted. I was not at the same reality I had just been. I was there, yet not there. I was not being attacked, but seemed attacked in some intrusive way. Not by energy weapons, but a free-flowing energy that passed right through me. It was an odd experience, but felt no pain, no buzzing, and no fear.

I thought my life was in danger. It was then the visions started and I was in two places at once. I realized I had lost all control. I not only had a bad feeling about this, I also had no idea what was about to happen.



### Ch 3 / Defying the Laws of Physics

I began to feel faint, but only for a moment. I was no longer in the cavern but somewhere in space. Everything had shifted. I felt no physical presence of myself. No warmth, no cold, just an ethereal existence. Space has an uncanny sense of quiet loneliness. I felt completely cut off from everything and everyone. I had no control over what was happening, nor *how* it was happening. The pain and the buzzing in my head was gone. I felt nothing, and that to me was disturbing.

The vastness of space never looked more beautiful, but how did this happen, and what was next? Why would the Cultists have an interest in me, and what was the purpose for singling me out? Did they know me, or was I just an unfortunate victim? I now became concerned that this mental journey into some other dimension wasn't a good thing.

The longer I felt suspended in my own thoughts, the more I got the sense that there was a need for me to be here. With no sense of time, I didn't know how long I had been in this state. Was it minutes, hours, days, years, or more. There's only a sense of this moment.

Suddenly the stars began moving around me and past me, space was changing. I was no longer in my original spot, but moving forward at an increasingly faster speed past stars and planets. It was not quite a linear feeling. I understood the physics of moving through space enough to know that this should not be happening at all. I knew I couldn't move faster than light speed in real time, yet this was happening.

Yes, there was something happening that was defying the laws of physics, but what? This could not be equated to regular space warping, but rather something completely interdimensional. Who or what would have that capability. My only point of reference is Cultists, and if them, then where does this come from?

Despite the strangeness of this experience, and the speed at which it was happening, I was able to see the sheer beauty of everything that surrounded me. I felt in moments that I would go mad from sensing a loss of control, but those moments were fleeting, and despite that this shouldn't be happening, I didn't want it to stop. Something seemed familiar, but how?

My perception of space was changing while traveling through galaxy after galaxy. The intensity began to subside, and calm washed over me. I don't know how to explain it, other than it felt like I was meant to be there. Was there some grand purpose for this mental abduction? If so, I just couldn't fathom what.

My time on Monria has not been without question. There's always this gnawing sense that there was more. Something that I was unable to connect with, but what? I have long sensed that my memories are flawed. I often have a brief glimpse of something, but it makes no sense because I have nothing to relate it to.

Visions without words or understanding of what they mean, a feeling of familiarity with some of the locals that I don't know, nothing is relatable. I fear that something happened in my life that I am not remembering, because I often feel an emptiness that consumes me. Maybe this experience will give me some answers, but I have yet to figure out what this experience is all about.

At the point I felt my thoughts shifting into hyperdrive, my movement came to an abrupt halt. I was still suspended in space, but now standing on a platform and facing what appeared to be an opening.

Up to this point, I wasn't able to move on my own, but I now felt less encumbered. I was receiving a telepathic message that was instructing me to walk into the opening. It was transparent and I could see past it into the universe and space. A stairway had led to the opening. My only choice was to stay where I was or obey the telepathic command to walk through the opening.

As I ascended the stairway to the opening, I walked through what appeared to be a protective barrier. My skin tingled from what I will assume was caused by friction. The opening took me out of space and into some form of reality where I felt my physical body again. The area looked like a planet, or a new section of space. However this happened, I was transported from the caves into space and then from space through some interdimensional rift that led me to this place, but why?

My sense of concern was growing. I had no way of knowing at this point whether I would make it back to Monria or not. I don't have an intense sense of fear, but definitely an intense sense of *where the hell am I?* However, the fear of the unknown can play tricks with your mind. Lack of knowledge or understanding triggers speculation and a guessing game of what we think might happen.

This place was more of a jungle-like environment. I saw lush grass and greenery and heard birds chirping in the distance, or what seemed like bird sounds. This was completely unlike the somewhat barren area of Monria and reminded me more of the tropical regions on Calypso. I wasn't sure if I would find other creatures here, and if so, whether I would need to be more on my guard than usual. Wondering is another by-product of the unknown.

I drew my weapon to be prepared as I walked forward not knowing my destination, or even if I was moving in the right direction. However, just as that thought crossed my mind, I began receiving more telepathic communication. I should keep walking in the direction I was headed and would soon come to a place where I would be more comfortable with my surroundings and would be able to relax while I was waiting for what would happen next.

I was definitely expecting something once I arrived at my destination, but didn't know what. I think I'm safe in thinking that I wasn't meant to die in this place, but my curiosity was starting to get the best of me. The intensity of wondering why I was here and why I was having this experience was growing. I was waiting on receiving more messages and perhaps more instructions that would make things more clear.

Just as I was getting lost in my thoughts, the concept of time was beginning to return to me. It seemed like 15 minutes had passed before I caught a glimpse of a rectangular monument ahead of me about a few hundred meters away. It had an opening, but also multiple descriptions and pictures of creatures carved into it. I had never seen anything like this before.

However, even though the creatures on Monria had originally been foreign to me, I now sense that they may be something leftover from another era. The Cultists seemed to be a transformed creature that was either human at one time, or over the millennia had evolved into having an anteriorly-placed connecting nasal and tentacle-like formation on their face. I sense it's not a deformity, but rather a functional purpose of some sort.

Carved into the front of the monument were more similar creatures. In addition, there were other creatures that I had never seen before, neither in size or shape, nor form and structure. I can only describe a few with a standard human-like form covered in a cloak. Perhaps to intentionally hide something.

Others also appeared to be human-like, but had a type of fungi transformation of their facial features. Where one would typically see hair, there were short, narrow tentacles rising above the backside of the head from one side to the other, almost in a crown effect. There was a large raised mound of twisted flesh that went from near the back of the head down the center and front of the head into the nasal area, transforming it into three much longer and thicker tentacles that flowed more freely about the face.

There were more carvings, but before I could explore any further, a powerful mental force was compelling me to continue moving forward through the opening and into the depths of the monument. I was getting the feeling that some of these creatures may have been ancestors of those left behind on Monria.

As I entered further into the depth of the monument my pulse began to race, because I realized in that moment that I was definitely not alone.

## Ch 4 / K'Tan Partathus Reveals Himself

Sometimes the present can teach you, and remind you of the lessons from the past. I knew that what I was facing was something almost familiar, yet unfamiliar to me in my current state. I've known that somewhere along the way I had lost many memories, if not most of my memories, and I wasn't quite sure why.

Being brought to this area in space and time made me realize that at some point in my past I had done something, been somewhere, or even was someone else. Now, my past was merging with my present and reminding me that somewhere deep inside I must awaken what was hidden. I didn't know if this creature that I was looking at was in charge of making that happen, or was using me for some other purpose and knew more about myself than I did.

The creature looked like one of the Cultists but was slightly larger in size, and was wearing a robe similar to the Cultists back on Monria. This robe had more of a glimmer with almost a translucent-type of substance that adhered to his body yet moved independently as he was approaching me.

"Pinthas, do you remember me?" the Cultist asked.

"No, I don't seem to have any recollection of who you are or anything about you," I replied.

"In time, I will see to it that you remember. We have work to do," he said.

At this point, I realized that something was definitely brewing. It was either some faint memory I was struggling to recall, or my past was beginning to surface. No matter which it was, the feeling was not comfortable. I also detected a sense of disdain in the voice of the Cultist standing before me, and a level of intensity I had not experienced with other Cultists on Monria.

"We will start with earlier memories and see if we can draw out experiences that help you reconnect to your past. However before we start, I will need some of your blood," he stated.

"My blood, why would you need my blood?" I asked.

"Well, you see, there are parts of your blood that contain remnants of the past, and I need some of the remnants for my future plans. There are molecular matrices within the Maladrite ore and Zoldenite enmatter that we need to modify, and to do that, we need some of the material from your blood."

My thoughts were screaming in my head. "What could he possibly need my blood for and how is it important in the process of the Maladrite and Zoldenite that we find on Monria?"

Just then, a group of Cultists came out of the shadows from the left and right. I was grabbed and held stationary as in some form of energy shield. The puncture from the syringe into my vein was the only thing I felt as it drew blood from my body.

There was absolutely nothing I could do to stop them. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't move, I couldn't resist. What seemed like an eternity truly only took minutes, and then they were done. They left with samples of my blood for whatever demonical purpose they had in mind and I could only assume that Monria was somehow involved.

"So what happens now?" I asked.

He stood for the longest time looking in my direction, not uttering a sound. The air became thick, but there was a calm.

"Now we start the experiments. We will extract certain remnants from your blood that are age-old and timeless. Once we have done that, we will put them to good use and begin a transformation process with the Cultists first. You really don't have a clue as to who you are and where you come from do you? In time, all of that will come back to you, and when you remember, I think the reality of where you are and what you're doing will be completely different than current circumstances with which you express yourself to the pitiful inhabitants that call Monria their home."

As he spoke, he continued to walk closer. His face was as close to mine as he could get, and yet, I could not see beyond the hood of his cloak that covered his head. I could smell the stench on his breath as decaying and putrid as I'd ever experienced. It was all I could do to hold back the retching in my throat. When he spoke, there was a sense of presence that transcended age and time. Nothing in this moment seems grounded or clear to me.

In continuing to do all I could to maintain my composure, I stared directly into his eyes. Although I could not see the complete outline of his face, I could see the depth of his eye sockets with small beams of redness and a hint of greenish glow in the center. He never blinked once, but I wasn't even sure that he actually had eyelids with which to accomplish this. He just continued to face me and speak with his wretched breath while explaining to me just how much I'm about to learn and how my change will transform Monria in an effort to accomplish his ultimate goal.

"Once we have modified the blood sample," he continued, "we will use it to enhance the Cultists, and then those wretched inhabitants of Monria will be wiped out of existence. We have spent millennia on Monria and will not have any of your seemingly friendly trespassers occupying our land and interfering in the sole purpose of our existence, which is to complete our plan to awaken and raise our beloved Cthulhu."

It was almost too much for me to take. The stench from his mouth turned into what seemed to be a foul decomposing-like pheromone that surrounded me. The angrier he became, the more malodorous the stench. He reached out his hand and placed it on my chest. I still was unable to move and felt trapped in some sort of energy field. No matter how hard I tried, no matter how hard I attempted to move and break free, there was absolutely nothing I could do to escape this moment.

As his left hand touched my chest, I saw nothing more than a wretched decaying hand. His nails were long and yellowish and cracked in most of the matrix. The skin appeared translucent and almost falling off the part of his arm that was exposed under the robe.

The moment he touched me, the foul malodorous stench disappeared and replaced with a sense of calmness, literally transforming sight and sound. I was transported into a vision of a lush tropical environment and a sort of garden terrain within a circular room. There were fragrances that could only be described as lavender and rose, and it felt like being in the presence of some sort of mystical sanctuary or shrine.



Around me were other robed figures in a circle, and I was the center of attention. On either side of the circular room candles glowed, and I could see an archway in the distance. As I looked up, there was a complete opening to the sky. It was nighttime and it was the most remarkable series of luminescent stars that seemed familiar to me. The sense of calmness also began to feel all too familiar to me, as if I had been here before, but I still had no understanding as to what it all meant.

I lost the conscious vision of this disgusting creature standing before me, this Cultist, this obscene manifestation of humanity, and I was now transformed into this serene and bountiful place in time and space. I felt a peace and harmony that I could never expect in my world.

There was an ambient green hue, and small waterfalls flowing over rocks with a very melodic and soothing sound. The pool of green liquid caught my attention.

Suddenly, the disgusting Cultist who had stood before me was morphing into a young man, a man with normal human features, a man with normal hands, able to walk and speak without any depravity. He was reaching out to me with his left hand, holding a glowing greenish vial and encouraging me to drink the contents. It almost felt expected and normal that I should do so. It felt ritualistic, and without hesitation I reached out to take the vial.

I uncorked the vile and small amounts of reddish green mist escaped. There was a scent of lavender and rose that was entrancing. I somehow knew that it was something I wanted, something I needed and something that seemed part of me, so I drank the contents of the vial completely.

I felt a transformation taking place after drinking the solution. There was even more of a calming and serenely peaceful experience linking my mind with the Cultists, but there was just one thing out of place. The younger version of the Cultist that stood before me had a slight grin on his face. Suddenly, everything started to transform again.

There was a sound, a whisper, almost a subtle cackle in the background. Then chanting started. Slow and soft at first. The young robed man in front of me, who seemed so kind and gentle, was now transforming back into his decaying and ghoulish self.

The lavender and rose fragrances slowly faded and replaced with the disgusting vile and odorous stench that was now coming from all of the Cultists. Still within the circular chamber, I could smell, feel and even taste the completely sour and malignant stench that surrounded me. I felt it in my pores, my mouth, my nose and every part of my body. There was nothing I could do but be subjected to this experience.

When I thought I could take no more, I heard the laughter and cackle of the Cultist that once stood before me prior to being transported into the vision. Instead of his hand on my chest, he was grabbing at me with a claw-like grasp of crumpled bone and decay more powerful than I could have dreamt possible.

He wrapped his hand around my throat, placing his decrepit left cheek to my left cheek. As he began to whisper, I could feel his malodorous saliva dropping into my ear, burning with an acid-like feeling as his voice seemed to pierce my soul.

"I am *K' Tan Partathus*, Arch Follower of *Cthulhu*, and there's nothing you can do to stop the plans for this transformation."

## Ch 5 / Maladrite and Zoldenite - A Memory Cocktail?

Technology and the evolution of man began with his desire to become better as he moved from an age where discovering fire was a major event, and leading to technological advances. As man evolved, he made discoveries and created things that helped to improve life.

Technological discoveries developed far greater civilizations. Younger and less technologically-advanced civilizations who became exposed to a much higher level of technology believed at times that perhaps what was happening, and what they saw and experienced, was nothing more than magic. However, in the scientific world, the more we discover the more we realize we need to understand technology in order to advance. As different types of technology become more advanced, even the most advanced civilizations look at these events at times as technological miracles.

The transition from where I was on Monria to this place in space and time seemed somewhat magical. I knew there was advanced technology involved and that worried me, mostly because this technology was so far beyond what we had already discovered. I was also concerned that if K'Tan Partathus was at the height of this technological breakthrough, how would we even dream of being able to overcome the Cultists and prevent the awakening of Cthulhu. There were too many unanswered questions.

At some point I thought, I'm going to need to get a bigger gun.

There was something important about my blood according to K'Tan, but I just couldn't fathom what. He said that I would remember in time. If so, I hope to remember sooner rather than later because I didn't know if he was going to experiment on me, or send me back to Monria. I was hoping that at some point I could convince him to walk me through regaining my memories, but I knew if I attempted this it would be at a cost. I wasn't quite sure that I was ready to pay the price, but I knew that I needed to convince him somehow to return some of my memories and to do it quickly.

He related that the work I was doing on Monria was against the better judgment of what he believed I should be performing. My desire is to support the moon colony in their efforts to survive the periodic onslaught of Monria's creatures, but K'Tan believed that I should be helping him cleanse Monria of the intruders and trespassers, and assist in awakening Cthulhu.

I was hoping to find out more about Cthulhu and where he was, but also what he did and how he came to be in a slumber. However, I also wanted to convince K'Tan to give me the information I needed to recover as much of my memory as possible. I needed to know more about where I was, what I was doing, and who I was. It was then that he started to speak to me again.

"I'm going to have you drink a solution, Pinthas," K'Tan said, "and I expect that some of your memories will return."

"What will the solution do?" I asked.

"I expect that you will feel some odd sensations," K'Tan began, "and perhaps a rushing feeling from moving through space from one dimension to another, but I believe that triggering some of your old memories will bring out the reason that you're here, and why you're going to change your mind about helping us with the Monria trespassers."

"If that's the case, let's get this thing started. I wouldn't want to disappoint you in your attempt to transform my current state to whatever it was that you think I am going to become yet once again." I replied.

K'Tan reached into his cloak and pulled out a small vial of green solution that I envisioned from before, and I sensed a slight reduction in the confines that were holding me. I reached out and took the vial into my hand knowing that I had no choice. I opened the vial, and there again was that reddish green mist that escaped the vial, along with the lavender and rose scent. I drank it down completely, hoping that whatever was about to happen it would do what needed to be done to bring my memories back.

It only took moments before I started feeling a warm sensation surge through my body. There was a sense of peace while my pulse began to race. It was not a fearful feeling. It was as if I was in a small spacecraft experiencing the sense of travel. It was joyful and exciting, with an adrenaline surge and increased alertness. Moments later, I started having flashbacks, with a sense that I was entering a room, and hopeful that this was where my memory would return, or at least a portion of it.

I didn't have fear, but a sense of concern because K'Tan was in the room with me; in front of me, beside me and all around me. It seemed that he was in five or six places at once. The moment felt dream-like with K'Tan flashing in and out giving an ethereal holographic feel.

At times, I was being encouraged to continue walking forward, and other times I was being urged to move to my left or to my right. It was as if I was being moved through some form of labyrinth and needing to pass through each area in a way that would potentially awaken a lost memory.

"Follow me and I will show you where you need to be." I wasn't sure whether the voice was coming from K'Tan, or something else I was hearing in my head.

I continued to walk but the sensation of distance was not there for me, although I knew at some point I was moving through space and time. Then, moments later, the scene was revealed to me.

## Ch 6 / Deja Vu

I was in a town that seemed to remind me of a place that I had been before, and while not knowing where it was, it felt all too familiar to me. Its appearance was that of an older town, and my focus was on one specific building that K'Tan continued walking towards. It was a church.

K'Tan urged me to walk inside the church. I figured that if I was to regain my memories, I had no reason not to trust that his attempt to bring those memories back was his way of helping me.

"Follow me inside and more of your past will be revealed to you," K'Tan said.

As I entered the church, there was an odd sense that I had been there before. The environment seemed to stimulate a memory that perhaps I was somehow involved in some way in the past. He led me into an inner sanctuary, where there was much more ornamentation than I had expected to see in this ordinary church.

There were other hooded Cultists chanting in a circle. Candles everywhere gave an ambient glow to the chamber. In the center of the circle there were markings on the floor, and one hooded figure addressing the rest. The chanting would sometimes reach an harmonic pitch, and at other times would soften to a melodious and intoxicating sound that even I found myself drawn to. K'Tan walked to the center of the room where he mimicked, matched and merged with the hooded figure in the center of the circle.

"Come, come" he said. "Join me, join me in the center of the circle. Merge, merge with me. Stand here next to me, and you will see where you are, and who you are. Come, come," he feverishly beckoned.

He reached his hand out and with a vice-like grip, grabbed my hand and pulled me with great strength into the center of the circle with him. In moments, I was merged with him, and was experiencing everything he experienced simultaneously. It seemed he was attempting to reveal things to me, but this seemed a very strange way of doing so.

I had no choice, but I wasn't sure I wanted to resist, because as the moments passed, the experience seemed to have an even more mesmerizing grasp on my soul. The chanting surged through my body in a way that I had never experienced before, and felt as if it was completing something that was missing. The rise and fall of the tones vibrated every nerve ending in complete harmony.

Moments later, I began to experience what K'Tan wanted me to see and feel, as if I was part of this ritual, controlling this ritual, as well as performing this ritual. Words and thoughts in a foreign language started to appear inside my mind. Slowly at first, but this foreign language that I had never known, all of a sudden started to become familiar to me.

Sounds and tones and clicks that I could never even dream of speaking, became a natural part of my understanding and were coming out of my mouth.

This language in that moment became my own. More and more I was speaking, chanting and calling out to the group. The tone of the chamber began to increase in sound, intensity and resonance. The harmonics in the room was reaching a fever pitch. I started to emanate a glow in the merger with K'Tan, and the glow became a greenish hue, which was not unfamiliar to me from the other visions that I had experienced.

The glow increased in intensity and spread out beyond us where it could be seen that beams of this intense glow reached the others that linked us all together in this ritual. I sensed it was not only a biological event, but also one of an energy form and source. Psionic bonds of mind and body. I knew without a doubt that K'Tan was orchestrating, guiding and controlling the ritual.

However, he released me from his control to continue performing this ritual on my own, as if I had passed some kind of training exercise and was ready to take my rightful place, whatever that was. I still was not sure in all of this who I was or where I was, or what my purpose was. I only had a feeling of familiarity, but no clear memories. K'Tan had disappeared, leaving me on my own to continue this ritual, yet I still had no understanding of what the end result was to be. Even so, I was incredibly drawn to continue to see what would happen.

Moments later, I sensed myself shifting. I was rising above myself, outside of my body, and I was no longer in the chamber. I was now above the town and moving further into space. It was not unlike the experience I felt when K'Tan brought me to where he was, but instead of him controlling this movement, I was.

The universe was now moving around me. The strands of greenish rays that linked me with the other Cultists were still there, reaching out to each Cultist present in that chamber before this movement began. Wherever I was going, they were coming with me. I was now the power navigating this experience. I didn't know where we were going, but it felt natural. Time had no relevance, just the movement, and peaceful travel through space.

We had arrived at the destination. It felt familiar, but I couldn't place the familiarity with any reference to any knowledge that I have, or that I might have had in the past. It was another chamber, which seems to be the preferred meeting place no matter what location. Traveling through space and bringing the other Cultists with me felt physically real, but if I rose above my body to began this excursion, was it real, or are we participants in a mind-controlled transportation across space and time?

The Cultists were suddenly released from the greenish rays and started to move about. I wondered just how far a distance we traveled to get here, even though it felt just like moments, and how is it not only possible that this technology exists, but that I was performing this procedure myself. Are these latent skills, or skills I actually used in the past? This is why it's important for me to regain my memories.

My being able to apply these skills simply through mind control escapes any past experience or memory.

My thought process was interrupted when I realized that K'Tan had been waiting for me. Somehow it seemed a given that he would be here, but I still question the elements of the process.

There's something missing for me. How is all of this done, and especially, how am I able to do it. Even though it appeared that I was the one in control of this transportation, it still felt manipulated because I don't have the knowledge of how it's done.

The Cultists walked away with determination, as if they had a predestined mission. It didn't take long for them to be out of view. It was just K'Tan and myself now, and the strange grin on his face gives me the feeling that he of course knew exactly what was happening, and perhaps even knew what I was thinking.

"I assume you are wondering why you are here and the method in which you and the Cultists arrived. I also assume that you are questioning whether it was you controlling the movement through space and time, and if so, how you even have the ability to do so," K'Tan said.

"Well if you have to ask, then I assume you know the answer and are planning on explaining all of this to me," I replied.

"First, let me make sure you understand one thing," K'Tan began. "You are who you are and there's no changing who you are. You may take the shape of someone else at times, and you may even *decide* to be someone else at times, but at the end of the day, you are who you are, and you will come to realize that you are older than you might think you are. We call you one of the Elder Ones. Your name is not important at this time, but that too will be revealed when necessary.

Although Elder Ones still exist, many of them are still asleep, but slowly starting to stir. Over time, you disappeared. Somehow, you have been able to remain hidden within this human body for millennia without being found, but in the process, have forgotten who and what you are. We have spent a great deal of time and effort to find you Pinthas, and it took certain acts of accidental discovery to do so because your disguise was so blending that until now, we were unable to identify you. There is now an opportunity to bring you back to your reality."

"Well, if I chose to hide myself, there must have been a damn good reason why I did. Perhaps the memory lapse was somehow intentional because I didn't like who I was or what was happening," I responded.

"Regardless of what your personal decisions were to do so," K'Tan replied, "that no longer matters. We have a mission to accomplish and you need to be a part of it whether you agree with it or not. The mission is to awaken our beloved Cthulhu, and you play a major role in making this happen," he stated almost with disdain that it was me needing to be involved in this process instead of him.

K'Tan continued to look at me with determined intention, and while I was beginning to feel a need to resist, I not only knew it would be futile, but I also wanted to continue with restoring my memories.

"Well then, get on with it," I said in an impatient manner. "What more do you need me to do to complete this transformation so that I have my memories back and can be who you say I am?"

"We are getting the ritual ready momentarily," K'Tan responded, "and once we complete the ritual, you will remember who you are and what you are, as well as your purpose. I believe that you will also no longer have any concern for your fellow Monrians. You will realize that they are trespassing and wasting our time. I fully expect that once you come to this realization, one of the first things that you will do is go back to Monria and wipe their pitiful existence off our moon. We have also instructed the Yogs to continue digging deeper into the caves and caverns in search of crucial information that some of our associates have hidden there that we will need in order to perform the Cthulhu awakening ritual."

"What happens after I am transformed and recall my memories but still decide that I don't want to assist in this awakening because you haven't convinced me that the humans on Monria are our enemy and trespassing on what you are calling your domain? What if all of this backfires on you," I asked.

"I have no concern for your beliefs," K'Tan began, "nor your attempt to convince me that you actually have control over who you are, what you say or what you do. You are who you are and you will do what you need to do. If I need to talk to our leader Decca, I am sure she will convince you one way or another."

In the moment that K'Tan mentioned the name Decca, it triggered a feeling that I know this name, that I know Decca and am familiar with her. I just couldn't place her but I know that she is important to me. True memories seemed just out of reach and I was straining to grab them. I needed to connect with who she was and why her presence in the past was so important to me. There was no question that I needed to go through this transformation ritual in order to regain my memories.

My thoughts were once again interrupted when the Cultists re-entered the chamber. They formed a circle around me, each spaced at a 4 to 6 foot equidistant. They each held an item in their hand extended in front of them that looked like a rune inscribed with the language I had just learned was the original language of ancestors. A language that I once again understand. It appeared that the required ritual to transform me and bring back my memories was about to commence.

I felt an urgency to gain control and do this on my own terms. I was concerned that if K'Tan was still in control, I would not be able to keep my current form and would lose who I currently was, and not able to fulfill my true purpose as I see it -- *to keep the inhabitants of Monria safe.*

## Ch 7 / Reflection in a Mirror of Truth

Some say it's in the dream state when the most important pieces of information are revealed. In my attempt to try to understand all that was happening, there was a part of me that felt as if I was experiencing an awakening. The transformation process seemed similar to what a caterpillar must experience in a cocoon before morphing into a chrysalis.

I too was starting to experience change. I was being shown images of places from the past, the present and even what appeared to me as the future. Perhaps versions of myself, but I question if what I am seeing is truth, or something I am being coached to see.

The intense vibrational energy I was experiencing during this transformation gave me the sense of being in my own cocoon, and an even greater intense feeling that if I didn't escape, I would die. This creature, this wretched existence of a human life form was forcing me to understand what seems to be what I have chosen to forget.

I found myself standing in front of a mirror, desperately trying to make out the reflection. What captured my attention was a glimpse of gold. A golden hue I could not make out. The vision was blurred, but I felt a sense of knowing, a connection that I have not yet come to understand. There was a face, but clouded in a mist where I couldn't make it out with any clarity. There has to be some sort of a message in all of this, but I was either not understanding, or wasn't prepared to understand.

Suddenly, the golden hue seemed to appear as eyes, staring back at me with intensity, but it did not feel evil, or vicious. It felt peaceful, and at a deeper level, I sensed an understanding, as if another mind was being merged with mine. This *did* feel like an awakening as things were being revealed to me, but it did not come without pain and a sense of grief for humanity. What followed was the most revealing of all, even though the information was not complete.

I was riddled with emotions I had not experienced before. I can only liken it to a bond between brothers, or the connection that twins share. I was overwhelmed with a feeling of good, peace and harmony, yet at the same time, I felt anger, resentment and banishment. There was a sense of understanding, and at the same time, I struggled to comprehend what it all meant. The golden eyes continued to stare back at me for some time, and while there was a feeling of knowing, I needed more to fully understand what was happening to me.

The image in the mirror of the golden eyes began to fade, but it was just the image, because in that moment, I felt a symbiotic merging of vision and energy. It gave no more clarity or understanding, but a presence that is driving me to know more. There has to be more.

It was then that my thoughts were interrupted.

"I see you are starting to remember," K'Tan said.

"Can you tell that by the look on my face or the furl in my brow?" I responded.

"You will soon have all of your memories, and then we will be able to finish the ritual," K'Tan replied.

"I am ready to remember, but you may not like the results," I said with renewed confidence.

"Don't you worry, Pinthas, in the end, the memory of where you came from, who you are and the mission at hand will be all that you care about," K'Tan replied.

K'Tan started shaking his hands and moving them violently in the air pointing in my direction. His bony fingers with thin skin and looking somewhat decayed, appeared to ooze a greenish substance. As he moved his hands I could see small splatters of this greenish substance springing from his hands. There also appeared to be sweat on his brow, also greenish in color. It almost seemed that the energy he was expending to accomplish this task was taking a toll on his old decrepit body. The robes that he wore started to appear immersed in his own sweat, and the damp areas of the robe seemed to cling to his body.

I was growing tired of being forced to stay in this position against my will, and against any ability to move, yet at the same time, I was enthralled by his constant movements and mumblings of chanting some odd spell. For the type of powers that I've seen displayed, I wasn't quite sure whether this was truly a work of a highly evolved mind with telekinetic ability, or just some highly technologically-advanced science.

Nonetheless, whatever was happening now seemed to be the next phase in his attempt to return my memories, and ultimately, to have me assist in the awakening of Cthulhu.

Words rushed into my head, not words exactly, but sounds more like clicks and mutterings. My head burned, hearing for the first time an unfamiliar resonance.

prophecy ph'nglui necronomicus ymg' ah mgepmgah'n'ghft

mgepogg ng n'ghft ymg' ah concealed

ymg' bugnah path hup eons gone

I' nafl'fhtagn ehye ephaii reborn

Sometimes, the beginning is where things start. Sometimes, the beginning is where things end. Sometimes there is a fine line between what is starting, what is ending - the gray area between the two is what changes everything.

## Ch 8 / Church of Cthulhu

As I stood there in the midst of confusion, I realized all the Cultists seem to be focusing on me as if they were searching for a sign. I was in that gray area between dream and reality. I didn't know how or why, but my physical form was phasing in and out, not to mention appearing ethereal to some degree.

I attempted to move my hand in a nonthreatening manner. I found that it moved through objects as though I did not have solid form. If I focused more I seemed to create more of a solid feeling to my form and the phasing changed and the more I concentrated the more solid I became. In that moment, I heard the cackle of K'Tan and I realized, I was in the chamber of prayer still surrounded by the Cultists whose chanting had suddenly stopped.

"What do you think now, Pinthas? Do you remember this room? You are starting to access some of your powers. I can see that you've maneuvered from phasing to turning solid. Good, now we can start to move through the church and explore the rooms in order to jog your memory. Let's begin."

I was still in a state of confusion, church, Cultists, meditation chamber, and now a tour. What was his angle? We started walking and to my right we entered a room.

As I walked, my memory seemed to trigger. I knew the area but could not place the timeline.

"Where are we?" I asked

"You are in the original *Church of Cthulhu*. This is where it all started. This is where you agreed to be part of the awakening. This is where you described, discussed and planned with myself and Decca along with a few others to reawaken our beloved Cthulhu."

I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach when Decca's name was mentioned. More importantly, I was compelled to go to a different room. Something I remembered, or a feeling I had was pushing me to the next room.

In my mind I heard chanting yet again.

Prophecy ph'nglui necronomicus ymg' ah mgepmgah'n'ghft  
mgepogg ng n'ghft ymg' ah concealed  
ymg' bugnah path hup eons gone  
I' ph'lloig ehye ephaii reborn

This time however, the sounds, the clicks, the intonations became clear.

"Prophecy in necronomicus is yours revealed  
Depths and darkness are yours concealed

Walk your path from eons gone  
To remember once again reborn”

My mind reeled in dismay and surprise, I was hearing the sounds of the language, and I was beginning to understand, as if I spoke the language fluently.

Another sound of chanting permeated my mind.

Drink ephaii IIII ymg' ah reborn.

Drink ng ng ph'lloig.

Mgah'n'ghft frn ph'nglui ah'legeth ah'n'ghft.

Mgah'n'ghft ahf' mgepah mgepr'luh

This I translated as well appearing to be completely fluent in the language.

“Drink again for you are reborn.

Drink and then remember.

Reveal that which lies in hiding.

Reveal whosoever was so lost”

The chanting in my brain continued. Find the book, use the book, you are the Necronomicon and it is you.

“Go on, take your time, look around”

I realize he was looking for the book and he believed I knew where it was. Is this why I was being drawn to this other room?

As I entered there was a new rush of memories. The vision started to shift. The sleepy fog of the unknown was starting to lift. The image of a past experience was appearing as if I was seeing an event happening from the past in real time. I was witnessing a woman, she looked familiar. I was seeing an image, or an event being played out.

There was a desk at the far end of the room, and a chair where this woman saw a dark hooded figure sitting. She appeared to look around, and I noticed there were some very basic furnishings. There was an emblem on the floor which appeared to be similar to the one at the far end of the structure that K'Tan had taken me to. In this image the hooded figure motioned for this woman to come closer and sit down in front of him. It then appeared that the two were having a conversation - the woman and the dark hooded figure.

As quickly as it appeared, a new image formed. The woman was walking down the hall and going into another room. It was yet another plainly decorated room. A simple bed along with a desk and a bookcase on the opposite wall. The woman appeared to be edging over towards the bookcase at the left side of the desk. She approached one of the books and pulled it off the shelf.

The book appeared very old, and as she pulled it from the shelf, dust billowed out into the air.

My momentary focus shifted and I suddenly paused. There was a sense of 1000's of years of memories rushing into my mind. The book cover – "*The Church of Cthulhu*" – along with an etched picture of Cthulhu himself was revealed when the dust settled. In the etching was a group of people bowing down whereby Cthulhu was commanding devotion and dedication from his followers.

In the next moment, the book had been opened to a specific page that this woman was appearing to read, or at the least staring into the page. I could see the creature from the cover of the book revealed, but in a more specific rendition that was both horrendous and hideous.

The face had massive tentacles with what appeared to be a scaly and rubbery-looking body. Attached to its back was long and narrow rudimentary wings. His appearance was not unlike that of a giant octopus with an unknown number of tentacles surrounding its mouth area, mixed with the body of a gargoye.

In that same moment the woman in the image snapped shut the book, slamming it down on the desk, causing my vision to be shaken, and it disappeared.

The chanting started again in the distance. It was as if a spell came over me, and I was compelled to head in that direction.

My form began to phase in and out once again, from non-solid to solid and back to non-solid. I attempted to focus to regain my senses and reclaim my solid form. I could feel my face as I touched it and knew that it was solid, but to my surprise, my face started to tingle, and it appeared as if tentacles were forming out from my nose and mouth. My eyes were also changing shape, and my senses became heightened more than I've ever known before.

There were specific scents in the air that I had not noticed prior to this apparent transformation. As I continued to walk and approach the sounds, there was the intensity of the smell of decay that started to overwhelm. Just as a sense of putrid decay was about to overtake my senses and the nausea was beginning to converge in the near wretched expulsion of my stomach contents, a transformation of calm appeared to surround me. There was a scent of sweetness with a Jasmine-like aroma. My other senses were becoming more in tune and astute to the environment around me.

I started to see things I had never known existed and was accessing different spectrums of light that I had not been able to see before. I could see infrared and ultraviolet, and I could maneuver through the normal visual spectrum as well. My brain was on overload. I was doing everything I could possibly do to stay focused in the moment, and keep my form solid from not phasing out, as well as continue to experience the new heightened senses. Sweat started to bead on my brow from the intensity of my concentration. What happened next was utterly mind blowing.

## Ch 9 / Decca Fulton Shut'thend

I was still reeling with confusion and struggling with these new experiences which I'm sure would most likely take a lifetime to comprehend when I heard a laugh in the distance coming from outside the door. With everything that was happening, I had not noticed that I was back inside the original room surrounded by Cultists.

Just then the door opened and there was a woman standing in the doorway. This wasn't the woman in my vision but someone else. I could see her, she could see me, and I believe that we were now in real time together, but I couldn't be sure. It was in the moment she started to speak that I recognized the voice, and then immediately understood who she was and why she was there.

The moment I saw Decca, memories started to return. There were glimpses and flashes of information that started to reveal itself to me. Some of them came so fast I couldn't capture the true essence of what I was seeing, and others lingered long enough for me to begin to understand what was starting to be revealed.

There was a sense of calmness, but some revealed memories gave me a sense of unease, and even anxiety. I felt kindness and love, but at certain points, I also felt anger, despair, disdain, manipulation and treachery. I saw a flash of a document with the date 1562. It seemed to be an historical document that had *Church of Cthulhu* in its title line with the signature, *Decca Fulton Shut'thend*.

There was a variety of experiences happening simultaneously. Images of the form of a man and a priest appeared in a transparent and luminescent phasing in and out. In one image, I saw a man speaking to Decca and discussing the ritual of awakening Cthulhu. In another image, there were green beams appearing and revealing a gateway or portal of some kind in the air over a church.

As it continued, I sensed a feeling of terror from a crowd of people around that same church. There were hundreds of bodies on the ground, some writhing in pain and others who appeared completely and utterly, destroyed.

The most lingering vision was an image over the church of a gateway or portal that was bringing a creature through. From what I could see, I could only imagine it was Cthulhu himself, as there was a momentary glimpse of a face with tentacles. It was then that something happened, and I lost the vision.

Although I wasn't completely sure I was understanding any of the images I saw, I realized that these are all part of me, and in the end, Decca just stood there with a small hint of laughter and a quirky little smile as if she sensed I was recovering some of my memories. The other revelation amid all of the confusion was one important fact. K'Tan was telling the truth, and I apparently did have a big role to play, even though I didn't remember, but the memories are starting to return.

## Ch 10 / Identity of Pinthas Revealed

It was hard for me to fathom that my memories date back thousands of years, and I found it rather difficult to take it all in. Decca had been watching me, and at some point she must have realized by my facial expressions, perhaps a glimpse that my memories were coming back to me, and that's when she began to speak.

"Hello Pinthas, I have been waiting a long time for this moment. It is good to see you once again. I have been searching for you for a while and somehow you were able to evade me, but we have a history together and our connection goes very deep. We will continue to be connected no matter how you attempt to disguise yourself or change your appearance. I can always feel your presence, even if I don't know your place in time at any given moment. Nonetheless, we found each other thanks to my dedicated steward, K'Tan."

I didn't want to reveal that I was still trying to find myself and that my memories were clearly garbled, but the flashes continued to come and go as she was speaking. I did my best to hide my confusion, although I knew how important she was, and the true meaning of her involvement with me had yet to surface.

"I'm glad we finally got together, I've been searching for you as well" I replied, hoping she didn't know that I truly was bluffing at this point.

"If you wanted to find me, all you needed to do was ask your steward and I would've let him know where I was. I would've looked forward to our getting together sooner than today. He didn't have to take me through all this magical mystery. I'm sure I would have come on my own voluntarily just to see you once again. I'm sure at some point in the ageless journey and eons of travel, I actually missed you."

"It's nice that you're so sentimental. It's a rarity to see that in you but I guess we do have such history and we are so entwined that even in your darkest times and your complete disregard for your family we can still have this little reunion keeping our conversation civil."

So, I asked, "Did you ever finish your planned events on Earth, or did you move them to another place, perhaps Monria?" I again was bluffing at the information at hand as it only led to one logical conclusion.

"I had to adjust my plans based on past events when I was so rudely interrupted by some intrepid busybody interfering with the final phase of bringing Cthulhu back into our world and awakened from his slumber. The slumber that you meddled in, manifesting with your morality. What is it that you feel is so important with these humans that you want to protect them? They do after all, only exist for our purposes and that of Cthulhu. You can't really care that much about them since you yourself come from a completely different realm."

My conversation seemed to be working. I was getting her to reveal information that I myself didn't have, and that she wasn't aware that I didn't know. All the finer details that she was graciously filling in was helping. I, however, had to keep my composure while I was hearing this information. I was still Pinthas Dorian in my mind, yet I knew I was someone else as well, but who.

I needed to get this information revealed so hopefully at some point I would have the revelation I was hoping for and completely gain the release of whatever was holding me back and confining my memories.

There was a memory block for a reason, but now I need for it to be released, as these circumstances required a much more complete picture of who I was, what I did and why I decided to bury my memories into a protective subconsciousness. It was time for me to learn who I am and what needs to be done.

"So, what is it you'd like me to do?"

"Isn't it obvious, it's time for you to bring back your brother from his slumber."

At the mention of these words, amidst a confused state, the image of Cthulhu appeared in my mind. Words kept reeling in my head. Brother, Cthulhu? This was the most important information I've received, and yet, I could not believe what I was hearing. My brother was Cthulhu? How is this possible? Who am I truly? I needed to keep my composure even more so, and not reveal to her that I had absolutely no clue of what she was talking about. It was almost unfathomable that I could possibly be the brother of Cthulhu.

"Why would I do that? Shouldn't he stay sleeping? I'm guessing that he's enjoying his dreams and he doesn't really want to be awakened," speaking in a slightly sarcastic manner.

"Enough of this talk," she replied as I sensed her irritation beginning.

"You really need to start getting on the right page. I'm going to give you the Maladrite and the Zoldenite and you are going to put it in the right combinations, create the elixir and together we are going to perform the ritual and bring your brother back!"

There was a tenseness in her voice, a command tone that I'd yet to hear, but I knew I was finally getting to the depths of her soul. I was learning information that I needed and the emotional awareness with which I could use to attempt to control the scenario to the best of my ability.

In the background, I didn't realize that the Cultists were circling into a specific position in the room, and at the same time, they had moved and maneuvered certain containers and rune stones into varying positions.

As I was attempting to manipulate what I needed to learn, Decca was also playing me. I had underestimated her and her abilities, not fully realizing who she was and what her capabilities were.

I found myself in the center of the room without realizing how I got there, because I had stood still during our conversation while the position of the ritual was being readied and fully manifested. I realized that I had lost my composure at that point, and Decca was aware that I was missing pieces of information needed in order to finish the ritual.

"I see that there is some information that perhaps you still need me to help you with. Time has made you soft, or is it living with the humans that has made you weak, Kthanid."

The words she spoke reeled in my head as if an explosion took place. There was a feeling of pain and electrical impulses going through my skull. My entire head felt as if it were being compressed in a vice-like grip.

The compression eventually released, but the pain in my head was unlike anything I had ever felt, or remembered I had felt before. The subconscious blocks that were in place were lifted, and the barriers broken. Waves of memories rushed in and I felt so overwhelmed that I thought I would lose my mind.

Somehow, I survived. What took only moments of manifestation felt like years. I moved from room to universe to dimensions throughout space and time and back to the church speaking to Decca. I think she understood what was needed to bring back my memories, but I feel it was for her own devious purposes. Of course, the ultimate purpose was for me to bring back Cthulhu. Now, somehow, I understood.

I am an Elder God.

My name is Kthanid, Leader of all Elder Gods. I am the brother of Cthulhu.

I was the one who was instrumental in placing Cthulhu in his slumber.

This was the revelation I was searching for, but I was overwhelmed with the reality of the situation, and my brain was still exploding with receiving cosmic levels of information that was being released from storage without a control valve. I could not concentrate on all that was happening around me while the rush of the universe was upon me.

I needed time to sort through thousands of years of memories and make some sense out of it all. The golden eyes in the mirror were a sign, but ...

I also now know who K'Tan's younger human self was ... *Archibald Crimson, III.*



## Ch 11 / A Revelation and New Direction

It was all coming back to me now. The reason for infiltrating the *Church of Cthulhu*. The reason for pretending to be a Priest during the uprising with Z'agol in the crystal caverns on Monria. Doing my part to turn against the church members to destroy them before they could do harm while my fellow Elder Gods fought a very difficult battle against Z'agol. And why I have been in human form for so long.

The flash of returning memories was overwhelming, but I needed to understand it all before I determined where I was to go from here. I remember the battle quite well now and how painful it was, but it was my opportunity to do what other family members have historically tried to do in the past. The *Church of Cthulhu* was very powerful, and the fight to destroy them has been ongoing for centuries. This was a victory, but I'm not sure that we have seen the last of their intrusions.

Yes, I am Kthanid, Cthulhu's twin brother. The one with the golden eyes. I am the polar opposite of my brother and have campaigned for peace among all on Monria. When I was caught up in the exodus from Broodham, Massachusetts on Earth to Monria in 2346 where the new *City of R'lyeh* was built in the deep abyss and at the core of Monria for my brother, I knew something needed to be done.

Good has more power than evil, even if we have to fight a bit more for the end result, which is why I found the incantations and the means to place my brother into a death-like sleep with no possibility of awakening without the *Grimoire* that has the clues to the *Necronomicon* with the dark magic spells and incantations that must be performed in a specific ritual.

The DNA elements from my blood that was drawn at the hands of K'Tan is a key ingredient, which is why it must be retrieved before it can be used. However, they no longer have control over me, and I must be present during the incantation ritual that would awaken Cthulhu. I don't see that happening now.

As Leader of the Elder Gods, my direction is very clear now. I need to use my powers that I have become once again aware of and leave this mental state and alternate dimensional experience immediately. I now know what must be done.

I am no longer in my human form, but stand here as Kthanid, and as I invoke the mindforce action to leave this dimensional prison with Decca and K'Tan, they make an effort to stop me. They are unable to move because I put a restraint on them.

As I am phasing out of the dimensional realm, my first thought is of getting back to Monria in my Pinthas human form, but my second thought is ...

I fear an escalation at the hands of Decca and K'Tan, and it is most important that Monria be prepared for any retribution, because they will continue to look for the *Grimoire* and ultimately the *Necronomicon* in order to awaken Cthulhu, but ...

They need me, and the plan is ... *to reveal other Elder Gods and defeat them.*



### *Pinthas Schmenke Dorian*

The human behind Pinthas is a 10 year veteran of Entropia Universe, an MMORPG online virtual universe with a Real Cash Economy. He was a member of the original Monria Management Team for the first two years of Monria's existence. He developed Monria storyline that was never published in its entirety, but is now a member of the Media and Writing teams of the current Monria Management Team where his work is being honored. He is a highly skilled crafter, miner and hunter who continues to develop his skills. His writing contributions will help to bring Monria to life

Monria is a Horror 3D MMORPG within the Entropia Universe expanding upon the Cthulhu Mythos and set in the distant future where an evil exists so stealth that one is unaware of how subtle and pervasive the Cthulhu effects can be on one's mind until it is too late. The Cultists are driving the dark forces that leave this Moon community on constant alert, and facing dangers that could cause them to lose control of Monria.