

Satanis Unbound

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Satanis Unbound is the first sourcebook for the Empire of Satanis roleplaying game. Published by Cult of Cthulhu press

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In the year of our Jade Azure Devil God Satanis, 2006

Question: What is life's meaning?

Answer: Everybody suffers.

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Forward

"At the very heart of the geometrical and rational space of modern times Lovecraft installs a magical space, a forbidden realm, which restores meaning and content to the idea of transgression, long out of date. No; New England's past is not dead, the evil things of elder times are not entirely gone. The unholy actions, the Sabbaths of yore, are perpetuated, but in a parallel space, both prodigiously faraway and dangerously close..."

**Ever is the transfer placed under the sign of black magic. This beyond-the-
"edge-of-the-world" we daily skirt is a corrupted space where sacrilegious
cults prevail, chanting blasphemies. Revolting sacrifices occur there. One
risks the loss of one's reason, life, salvation. In the sinister and immaterial
dwellings raised there, it is as if time is suspended."**

Lovecraft: A Study in the Fantastic, Maurice Levy

Within the prose of Lovecraft, Ligotti, and other practitioners of the weird tale crouches not only another world but another way of being. Most ordinary people view reality in a limited, mechanical way. Other perspectives exist, but they usually go unseen. There are satanic truths to be had in such fantastic literature. A higher wisdom offers a glimpse behind the commonplace world we know. Potential exists. The weird tale frees that potential energy for the outsider to use; for him to fashion his own reality, one of his choosing.

The hidden things which these writers describe are at the heart of life. These tales reveal the world of ordinary people – and it is a ridiculous and horrible world. The dark fantasy realm of the dreamer is a world of substance, the world which doesn't suck the vitality out of existence. I believe it was Nietzsche who said "strength through joy." Well, I propose "reality through the unreal."

My dreams are stronger than this reality. Such illusions, such prisons of modernity, of capitalism, of ignorance, of humanity itself will kill your spirit faster than a bullet to the brain. It is in dreams, weird tales, eldritch art, and fantasy itself that we truly exist. Realism is the only nightmare.



Before the Madness – **D's Magical Philosophy**

The universe a vast and deep dream, the world a puppet show, and humanity the most idiotic pantomime.

I.

I hold the following beliefs despite the masses and their popular opinion. This roleplaying designer is a Satanist and a Cthulhu Cultist. What the majority chooses to believe is irrelevant. I created this game to reflect my own views and fantasies. Many would like to see Satanis disappear and for my writing to be swallowed by the very void I write about. Because I have struggled, I know the value of endurance. I was born on the Day of Sustained Effort, November 25th. You cannot stop me. You cannot stop Satanis. A true darkness will rise like a wave of oblivion; and it will crash upon those who stand in our way. So it is done!

There is a dark force in the universe that makes things happen. Get in touch with that dark force and you will be creating magic. Contacting and engaging this malign energy is the birthright of those who struggled to emerge from the primordial slime aeons ago. The Old Ones bred certain primates for intelligence and sensitivity to alien currents. Instilling this drive into a conscious being consumed The Dark Gods... for a time. Most living things merely try to survive and prosper. Humans and Fiends, however, lust for undreamt freedom, control, and recognition. The best examples of our kind live their lives as if to say, "Look upon us, Dark Ones! Look at what you have created and see that we are the same as you."

Unfortunately the Outer Guardians, the origin of the white light, severed our ties with the Dark Gods and the Old Ones. The Outer Guardians had grown jealous of our potential – we were to be the successors to the throne, Gods ourselves! Eventually we would replace those Evil Forces who first elevated us. Alas, the Guardians would not allow it. Somehow they gained man's confidence and banished the Dark Ones from our native universe, Sha-la. In the beginning, humanity benefited from the Dark Ones influence, albeit briefly. Humanity, however, stopped progressing as soon as the Black Gods were exiled. Man quickly became a cesspool of negativity and stagnation. He transformed back into a swine.

Beyond the dimensions Fiends know, the Black Gods feast, destroy, create, and ululate in savage joy. It is only the conspiracy of the Outer Guardians which

keep us from changing everything – all of reality. The Outer Ones duped humanity into accepting ignorance; they played upon man's pride and won. In exchange for hearing what man most wanted to hear, that man was above all gods, man sold himself into a slavery of delusion.

So man created a human god to look up to when it was convenient. Man invented Jesus Christ, a figure who would suffer man's cruelty so that the rest of mankind could wallow in their illusion of superiority and righteousness. Even at this, the Nazarene tried to teach humanity something through esoteric wisdom. Unfortunately, the true gnosis fell on deaf ears... for the most part.

II.

The Cult of Cthulhu was formed to pick up the shattered pieces of man's past, present, and future. The Black Gods must know that we are their half-breed creations that evolved only part of the way. Man has the potential to complete his training, to finish his evolution. First, a dark sorcerer has to know himself. Second, he must realize his place in the great scheme of things. Third, he must put forth the effort to change the world and himself simultaneously.

Real Gods exist outside of us. They are not thought forms, reflections, or unconscious expressions of ourselves. These Gods, these supernatural forces are not a metaphor. They are as real as you or I. Even if this were not the case, it doesn't really matter. Can a thought be a reality? Yes. Is something "real" more powerful than something "fictional"? No. Truth needs sly cunning just as corruption needs plain dealing. All realities contain pockets of illusion and all illusions contain pockets of reality.

Diabolic forces are out there waiting to be contacted by the few who dare disturb them. Along with these Dark Gods there are the Evil Ones' servitors: the groping, shambling savages who do their master's bidding. These Fiends are like human magi except that servitors share the blood of the Old Ones. Man exists in a state that is cut off from such influence. That is why the daily practice of sorcery and communication with Evil Forces can only benefit the magician.

Intricate ceremonies where celebrants must face east, hold merr in their left hand, and fast for a week are not only unnecessary, they are laughable and almost as ridiculous as human life itself. Life that should not be here, life that would be better extinguished than fool itself into believing that it is meaningful.

You cannot escape the horror of reality! The Old Ones are real, as are the Black Gods. All those who follow the Left Hand Path work towards the same goal: re-imagining the universe. The Dark Gods and Old Ones wait until the time is

right. They wait for their cultists to awaken, for their servitors to rise, for the alien spheres to align...

Magic does not come solely from our selves. Magic comes from both our innate, yet hidden Godhood, as well as, the Will of the Dark Ones. Through ritual, words, actions, sigils, human sacrifice, sexual sorcery, and astral meditation we tune our vibrations to the Gods of Evil. They allow reality to be manipulated. The magician doesn't alter the world by his will alone, but by appealing to the power within those beings.

Before anything else, the novice magician must realize that he has no will. The mage understands this after much effort and Self-Observation. From outside, the mage has to watch himself; he must be the observed and the observer. When I say that you must begin with Self-Observation, you must not assume that you already know what is meant by this term, Self-Observation. It has more meaning that you realize. You do not know yourself. You think you are just one person, a single "I". That is illusion, sheer imagination. To imagine one knows oneself is to be a slave to one of the most powerful illusions which keep humanity asleep.

The magical current that we start to create through communication with the Dark Ones is a selfish one, a self-empowering current. It can be used to help others, but only so it pleases the magician himself. Focusing our will creates pathways for reality to break down. This is how the world is changed. The mage can either start work on the subjective and move outwards, or he can work on the objective and move inwards. Both realities must be changed for a successful magical working.

Most have forgotten the Old Ones and the Black Gods. Mankind prefers not to change, not to evolve further. In his present state he can only hurry towards stagnation or degeneration. The master of both sets of malignant divinities is known as the Terrifying One, Satanis the Black, Crimson, Green, and Purple God. He is the master because he has already accomplished His goal. The Terrifying One has created a new reality hideous and grotesque to behold; this new reality exists behind the one we experience every day. However, it is like a black, oozing shadow. This reality, also known as the realm of K'thana, is imprisoned by the forces of light who would oppose our true creation of nightmarish paradise.

The goal of the Old Ones and Dark Gods is to kill all illusions, annihilate all traces of the universe that imprisons us. The black magician must see beyond whatever is in front of him; he will create his own universe where he is one of the master race.

While you are practicing Self-Observation, you will also be Self-Remembering. Self-Remembering is incredibly important, it is the key to awakening. When you see yourself from the outside, realize that you are here, now. From the outside and inside you will make efforts to pay attention to all that is going on around you and within. This is Self-Remembering and must be practiced daily.

Indulging in negative emotions wastes energy. Expressing them delivers you into their power. If some fool crosses you, let it go. Know that the entire universe is a flawed image that bears no higher fruit. One cannot expect conscious people to come from such a puerile weed growing upon earth. However, if someone has truly stepped over the line... if they have really gone out of their way to harm you, then it is your duty to destroy them. Sorcery being the most expedient method of extermination. In a commanding voice ask the Dark Ones to devour him or her... and they surely will!

The universe a vast and deep dream, the world a puppet show, and humanity the most idiotic pantomime.

Behind our masks there is both nothing and Satanic Divinity. We seek to destroy our false selves just as we would gladly see the world's false façade destroyed. Nothing is as it appears; all reality that comes easily is a terrible lie.

The magician needs to recognize that he is in prison and he can do nothing before he escapes. Breaking out of prison takes effort. One needs the help of others who have already escaped. The key to your freedom lies in Self-Remembering. One minute we are here, now. The next minute our attention is on something else. Man is an inconsistent and ignorant beast.

III.

The jeweled daggers cut into the symbols, shredding them. These serpentine daggers are covered in rubies and chartreuse opals. Both opaque and translucent, these jewels allow the daggers to glimmer in the quiet darkness of a thousand ritual chambers. Together they slice at reality, splintering 666 factions which are the many selves of the black magician.

A holographic universe rips itself apart at the approach of The Frozen Ones, They who wait on the Outer Edges of mind and sanity. This world is not ours; it never was. We are the intruders in a program of circuitry and mirrors, smoke and fragile walls. It is one dimensional at best. One thing leads to another, cause and effect, only in appearance. If you look close, extremely close and watching all the time, you will notice gaps in both logic and pattern. The mind fills them

in, but those lapses in concrete reality are indeed there. They are openings for you, me, the Old Ones and each of our 666 dark intruding selves.

Luckily for us this holographic universe allows us to interpret and penetrate “the way of things” to our satisfaction. We observe, we cut, splice, infect, and re-observe. All is subjective. There is no more objective reality, for all intents and purposes. And this illusion of lies is incompatible with human consciousness. So it buries it, deadens the raging fire in our blood. That is why we are asleep. Very well then, the black magician has no choice but to declare war upon “the way of things”. Reality is no more. All notions, including ourselves must be utterly destroyed and recreated.

Satan is our father. He burns our flesh, fashioned a new way, and drove us all mad. He is an entity to be feared. It all comes back to fear, that is where the power lies. Cthulhu is our father. He drowns the mind, came from ways unknown, and makes the mad illuminated. Every night I dream of Hell. It is a place of darkness and screams. This is where things carry weight, have a magnetism of their own, gravitas. R’leyh lies beneath the ancient planes where crimson visions and emerald hallucinations collide. On either side is endless void. Purple lighting rampages through the horrific sky. You don’t want to look up. It will annihilate who you think you are.

This book is a magical transformation. Merely reading it will open you to the influences I have channeled. This is a road few should walk.

There exists a dichotomy between nothingness and godhood in humans. There is godhood in the blood; however, the face is a void of pure darkness. We don’t know who we are, have never seen our true face. We will be covered in a shroud of forgotten gods who rule over us. Inside us is nothing because we are not attuned, not conscious. No, we are most definitely asleep. At the same time there is spark of divinity within each human animal. Awakening this and becoming He Who Creates and Who Can Do, is our goal. Self-Remembering itself will shake the atrophy from our rusty machine. Our computer is operating with an obsolete system; one that hasn’t worked for ages and has never really struggled against life. Quiet the mind and force your attention on yourself and the outside world simultaneously. Say to yourself, “I AM here, now.”

The Gnostics were on the right track, so are the Chaos Magicians, Satanists, Lovecraftians, and practioners of the Fourth Way. That is the problem. There is no ultimate path. It takes a multiplicity of disciplines to see the entire picture. And once the cosmos has been painted with the most nihilistic colors in the bleakest light, we shall see what is really there.

This is a world of twisting corridors, alleys, and streets within the maze of a great secret society. Every doorway can lead to those infernal forces beyond the Cold Pyramids of Koth. Endless night tears the heavens as it nears. Shape, matter, death, madness. I wander in the town beyond the northern border. Why does nothing seem to be real? Because the unreal is the only reality left to us. Only by courting unreality can we escape. First we must truly know ourselves, our machine. Then we can leave. We will be sucked through the gateway to a diabolic utopia at the left hand of Satanis.

Mankind is shackled, locked inside a prison designed to keep us ignorant. Sigils are animals, they are zones of race memory. When we were the creator's favorite and when he remembered us, the human fool and God were one and the same. The layers of sorcery, circuitry stretched beyond dimensions, angles convex, concave, non-Euclidean, and full of keys. This is the conjuration of the Watchers:

Symbols of monkey scribbles - diatribe of those we hate.

Slimy juices seep into stark beginnings - foolishly we fuck and fear.

We cannot relate. We cannot relate. We cannot relate.

Time has come. Let the congregation dance by the Devil.

Deep Ones take us. Dagon is ready!

Ia Ia Everything Always! We are Gods and We are shiny memories from the Void!



IV.

There is a dark link which crosses and intersects realities. This place is within all places because it is lodged deep in our psyche. Beneath the surface where we cannot scratch there are sigils that activate certain powers. How does one access these? By doing something we have never done or have always done. Pushing mind, body, and our demon soul to extremes. Perhaps Self-Remembering? Ritual? All doors are open, some are named, others anonymous. Create your own sigils. They are yours, they always were.

Is magic real? No. Nothing is real. However, beyond the void there are entities that have retained their reality. And occasionally, we can see into their current. Forbidden vibrations making the world in our image. Destroying a God in order to create one anew. $666 = 1$. Through these unspeakable entities we can accomplish certain things. Projects which come from our True Will. Nothing is more important. Nothing is all important. I speak of the Outer Darkness and the Knights of the Inner Void. Here my call! They will torture the mundane, the dregs from my very being. Praise be the Old Ones.

There is a Setian concept of two co-existing universes, each influencing the other by what might tentatively be described as resonance via a magical link. Is this the only metaphysical theory which avoids the psychic schizophrenia inherent in other magical systems? Perhaps there is a universe for each of our splintered selves? Each goes about its daily life, struggles, conflicts, dreams, desires... each paces the floor of its prison. Only the selves who skulk in the labyrinthine shadows can find a way out. This is all about a way out! Certain pieces will want to escape. The rest are hopeless and must be made to obey the greater selves. Hither and yon, traitors will arise to destroy one's progress. Always go down, deeper, down, within the base of the black spine where the secrets are. The stairway is basalt. Gigantic and alien bas-reliefs tell a story of how we may one day emerge from our filthy existence, our sleeping multiplicity rooted in what other people think of us. As we walk below, farther down, deeper we get away from the plans of the false gods who are all around us and always watching.

Astral projection lends itself to sucking the unused energy from others. The sweet crimson honey of discarded essence is ours for the taking. Like copious gouts of dark blood it drips over our chin and we get the sensation of something down there in the water. A sleeper. Swim deeper into the oceanic abyss and it becomes like green space, but I AM journeying inward, downward, going further into my mind and that microcosmic, nauseating gulph. There, I find Dread Cthulhu's tomb, rend open the bars, and swim to his reposing form. I

commune with him realizing this is an alien God that lives inside the infinite space of my mind like the water. I try to wake Him and myself simultaneously.

Also there are Outer Gods that are from the abyss of space. They are not within me and sleeping but outside and very much awake.

Together Cthulhu and I wake to full consciousness. A third eye opens in His pulpy, octopoid forehead and mine. Another angle, another dimension, a way to see things from a distance and a clarity that only God knows. Forthwith, I swim up to the surface with my newfound Gift and achievement. Once back to where I started, I partake of more fleshly delights with my future woman, drawing more blood, penetrating her, and satisfying myself. Material wealth is mine and something much more important: spiritual wealth. The new God must learn of his own religion and the world around His worship. Hail Cthulhu! Hail Satan! Hail Set! Hail the Terrifying One, Satanis!!!

Acceptance of meaninglessness and suffering

Everybody suffers. It is the way of things. It is what the Outer Guardians try to avoid. Their folly creates invisible, unconscious suffering. It makes us all slaves. The human animal must accept this and move on. Do not suffer needlessly, but let the hardships flow through you like a black, subterranean river. This river is haunted but eventually it will come out clean like the stabbing of a jeweled dagger, shining ruby and emerald. A duality that means the same thing. Two universes that are intrinsically the same, but for the seeing. They look different, yet they are made from the same stuff, "the way of things".

Crimson spheres devolve so slowly -

the ferocious Hell pits of noxious Kar 'nahl.

Places we've never been - and will never go.

As the wheel turns - it shapes itself anew.

Reach into the center - the eye of all forward movement and progress.

Traditional though it is, this wisdom is also unceremonial. Aetheric energies flow throughout the air, pathways of the things beyond. How they swim in and out of our consciousness. Pull this energy into your sorcery. Blast it to your lover, enemy, or yourself. Be mindful, remember yourself. And allow the horror

to wash over subtle gaps in time, space, and reality. You will cut, paste, and splice them back together with magic. The Ancient Ones allow this because you are their bastard son. They wish you to open the way yourself and succeed. It is only your ignorance, your weakness, and your secret desire for failure which holds you back.

Long ago I have killed all parts of myself. This is the process, intentional and sinister in the knowledge that we serve the self.

Why honor grotesque and terrible deities? Their inhumanness is directly proportional to their worth. Humanity has only evolved so far and then it was left to its own devices. Sadly, it has done little to rise above itself. Few have overcome. Though a sliver of the Gods lives within our human animal blood, it is an insignificant amount next to the Old Ones. Theirs is a liberty and gnosis which man cannot conceive within his lowly mind. Their arrival means death for all, save the black magician. So be it! Let humanity die in their cataclysm of ignorance. As long as the few know, our ascension will be swift. To look upon our barbaric nature and see the inevitable mass suffering, living graves upon living graves, is to see your soul as pale fire. Such crystallization needs catalyst. Fuel is the shape of a dream which evolves as it twists; consciousness finding its way through dark angles. Sigils, you are the evil fingerprints of our alien ancestors. We have evolved from the muck and slime to gaze upon the hideous visage of the Old Ones.

Soon it will be time for human sacrifices. For now, we murder with our whole mind. Calling upon demons to take their immortal souls away and leaving their shells of flesh as our playthings. It is almost fair to say that the black magician is not himself human, however, that too would be a lie. He may be slightly more evolved than the unassuming herd he resembles, but that is all. Each warrior must conquer himself and understand the forgotten laws.

Man's ego gets in the way of the real work. His ego is himself, and man is a wrong creature because he believes that he is already awake.

V.

Can the Fourth Way be used in a Left Hand Path context? Yes, it can. A human animal that is aware and conscious has the potential to break through the illusions. Harnessing this energy, this collection of ideal selves allows us to bring the universe into line with our desire. Everything depends upon not playing its game. You are not a pawn of the universe, you are the master who will bring the

universe into line. Take a commanding stance, tell yourself over and over that you will not submit to “the way of things”. The black magician is above such automatic patterns. Some of you may be asking how? How do I order this universe around like my bitch? It comes from conviction; it swims within the eyes. You must find the will, muster it up from regions unknown, and state it loudly to the void within yourself. For it is a void that absorbs the things that it hears. This void remembers and voices the things it hears until the magician believes them totally.

The more you resist the natural flow of this world, the less it inflicts itself upon you. The more you impose your will upon this world, the less it imposes the world upon you. Countless mirrors reflect the deranged imagination of the mindless Gods who wish humanity neither harm nor good. Only the Black Gods who hate this world and wish to destroy reality are our saviors. The evil wizard, if he is worthy of the name, takes the darkness as part of himself. For he is a sorcerer of the void! No force shall come between him and his inevitable, sweet, waking annihilation. Hail the Old Ones!

Casting spells also takes an emotional outpouring. Our entire emotional center, as well as our entire intellectual and movement centers, have to be directed towards a single goal. Every self we can muster is to be whipped into a frenzy of feeling. Hate, if we wish to destroy an enemy. Lust, if we wish to attract a lover. Desire, if we wish to acquire something. Our intellectual center can be sharpened during magic only if it is on our side. If it fully believes in the ability to alter reality, then the intellectual center is ready to help. If not, then do without it for now. Although, in time you must master this too. The intellect must be made to come round. As for movement, any physical activity used while casting a spell can be beneficial.

These three parts: The emotional center, the intellectual center, and the movement center comprise the Will. However, this is true only when there is a moment of consciousness, when we awake. Merely saying you are awake does nothing. Pulling yourself back to you, focusing your attention on yourself and the matter at hand at the same time – this takes effort and will help you to wake up. Self-Remembering is the key to gnosis and magic always.

VI.

The Will to Power

The politics of man are slow and weak. They will not look to sorcery and they will not waken from their sleep. Many of our kind will indulge themselves while this fleshly life still matters, while it still feels important. However, there may come a time when only spiritual evil is vital. Black magicians must begin to alter themselves this very moment. Visualize a mindless, tentacled, slimy monstrosity inside your thin flesh exterior.

One day the Cult of Cthulhu, or at least the successors of its current, will rule the many. Devoid of human squabbling, human problems, and human affairs these evil wizards will gladly cast the world into night. Tentacles will erupt from below, a loud droning will fill the air, blood will flow, and loathsome things will rip through our dimension. Most will go mad, but the few who follow the old ways will complete their evolution. They will change into gods like their masters. Great basalt towers will be erected to watch over the earth, the destined place for a new creation. Man's soul will be burned away to energize a new universe where the Anti-God shall rule.

Unholy Genesis.

In the beginning, there were terrifying beings that were also gateways. Their demonic essence or soul was a radiant vista of freedom and power. Their way was closed when man appeared. He witnessed the natural world as it was, and this recognition destroyed anything timeless, profound, or magical.

As the dreamer awakes, the dream dissolves.

And here we rust in our cage. Unable, until now, to break free and assume a mindset of lost paradigms. The sooner you realize that you are a dream-like thing wandering in the fevered sleep of some insane divinity, the better for all of us. The mad god dreams us and we perform for his amusement, but this is not the god of the dark magician. Satan, malefic and wise, ancient and vicious lies somewhere in our blackest heart. The Devil is the warrior who slays the pure, fucks the virgin, and burns the homes of those who turn their backs to Him. He is easy to visualize. Cthulhu is less so. Our Drowned Lord is the key to unlocking our human dreams, our forbidden godhood. Cthulhu is the nightmare turned horribly incongruent...

This order moves towards the Dark Gods, their ability to discern the true reality from the false. All realities are self-created. They are prisons, boundaries we allow to wall us up. Many satanic organizations speak of consciousness, truth, and evolution; however, here I shall name names. Consciousness is when we are not identified. In everyday life the human animal identifies with what he is wearing, what he eats for lunch, his private beliefs, his job. Identification with such things destroys the inner self, the essence of a man. When we have separated our many selves into observer and the observed, we see that there is no true I. All of life is our attachment to the things and ideas around us. We cannot forge our own personal beliefs, cannot see past the illusion of who we are. Only when we cease to identify can we be free and work towards consciousness.

Gnosis is the realization that we have been asleep for too long and now we are finally awake, if only briefly. When we remember ourself, truth becomes clear. The awakened man sheds illumination on his inner workings of his machine.

In life we are caught up in what we are doing, it carries us down the river; never to be seen again. If only we could resist the ordinary current of life, stand up, and walk to shore! With practice and serious effort, a man can do just that.

A few individuals can become something more than what they are. They can awaken and live as conscious entities on the path to becoming God. Nature created the ape; the Dark Gods influenced us and created the human animal, now it is left up to us. We have the potential to grow and change into something greater than a prisoner. That nothingness inside can metamorphose into a demonic thing, elevated from mankind. And when humanity is washed away from the universe, those select few will survive and have a hand in the new creation.

Those who wish to become something must decide what road they are on. Will they allow themselves to become one with nature or force nature to submit to his terms? This is the basis of the Left Hand Path. Man is a tool for certain higher powers, he accepts and transmits vibrations to the Outer Guardians. Only breaking this cycle and sending out your own vibrations will disrupt the pattern and free yourself. These signals which are sent out into the aether towards the Dark Gods are in fact waves of consciousness. The Old Ones can read such emanations and will gladly aid the black magician in breaking free from his prison. They will show him the way back to his lost divinity. Human sacrifice is also a useful device. Spilling the blood of the human animal shows the Dark Gods that you realize that man's life is insane and meaningless. Also, there is energy, potential godhood trapped within his blood. Its release only strengthens the magic, as well as, destroys one's enemies.

Thinking one's own unique thoughts strengthens the mind. Ritual murder will also cause the sorcerer to be feared. As well he should be, such a wizard works for himself and the Old Ones. In fear lies power. In power lies everything. Make yourself feared through experiencing diabolic revelation and infernal gnosis – a state of mind which no ordinary human can ever possess! Then indulgence will be yours. Until the Cult of Cthulhu takes power, limit yourself to black magic when it comes to destruction.

We seek power by submitting ourselves to certain laws. These laws are self-evident, we see them everyday. Every time we can predict an outcome from gravity to vanity, we have found a law. Mindful obedience leads to opportunity; for laws can be made to serve the lawbreaker. The clever outlaw may circumvent the unchangeable by using lesser known laws to his advantage. Hidden laws are usually a corollary to the general laws which mankind faces. Unfortunately, most of these hidden laws are not known. This should be self-evident. The black magician must watch carefully and seek them out. Secrets do not share themselves willingly.

The Left Hand Path is advancement of the self. Get what you want. Although the ego frequently doesn't know what it wants, doesn't know how to get it, and doesn't want it once it's achieved. When this is the case, you must look to the deeper mind. Within the center of your empty blackness, the microcosm is your true will. If you cannot desire something with your whole being, all three centers – intellectual, emotional, and physical; then it isn't what you really want.

The Dark Ones transcend all conventional notions of good and evil, right and wrong. Such outside forces simply are and ordinary mankind has absolutely no place or relevance in the greater scheme of things. It is this alien understanding of the cosmos which His cultist's crave. We realize man's insignificance and seek to alter our human state. This can be accomplished by awakening.

Inside the nothing there must be something. Now I am talking about nothingness with distinct character, a vacuum with personality. Even though there is nothing behind the mask, human beings have something inside which sets them apart from the aether itself. Most of the magician must be destroyed, however there are fragments which should remain. These are the crystalizations, the moments, transmissions, impressions within you that reach beyond the mundane – elements which strive for higher being and limitless power. These tendencies are genetic, they are born into us. In life things happen to us and these tendencies crystalize, or harden to form the soul. A soul hidden between black seas of infinity.

Imagine yourself as a great void where nothing at all exists or ever could exist. Now visualize something vague and substantive inside that void. It creates a color. When all false personality, false impressions, and contradictory "I's" are done away with you will have a void containing a unique essence. This soul or magnetic center colors the nothingness, giving it direction and purpose. A self-created purpose that did not come from society or the committee within ourselves; it came from us. This existential void is an accurate portrayal of life. Where are we in the grand scheme of things and what is our remarkable plan? Concentrate on your colored void. The void holds nothing, nothing permanent exists in the void, all we have left are impressions – subtle notions of the dark current, the black vibrations sent to us by the Old Ones. This leaves us with not one fixed idea, not one certain belief. All that is left is a general idea, and it is with this vague idea that we can move forward.

Why is it so hard to progress? Because we live in a universe that is degenerate in nature. Everything breaks down eventually. And before everything breaks down, it repeats. Endlessly repeating, cycles continue. This routine and repetition create grooves in our life, grooves in the universe, and grooves in our consciousness. These patterns are etched deeper and deeper as life continues. Formulas and equations become more and more entrenched in our consensual reality. The goal of the black magician is to break these patterns. In some cases, this means doing the opposite of whatever is going on. He must become the opposition, a very Satanic concept.

The sorcerer must be careful not to get bogged down in his own routine. Slow and steady progress is better than endless back and forth. Moving forward is the only way a human being can break the cycle of degeneracy. There are stages to everything: creation, ascension, comfortable stability, falling, and death. We are mostly interested with the comfortable stability, hopefully we all have many of those years in our life. Although I believe that we can wallow in comfort and stability too much. Humans fear change, but the black magician must embrace it.

A magician needs goals. These goals should be attainable and exciting to whoever is setting them. Keeping a goal, if it is still relevant, is crucial. A goal without action behind it is useless. Likewise, "action without spiritual force behind it is doomed to failure" (Adolf Hitler).

If we can be aware of what we're doing, there may be a chance. I try to keep my attention on what I want for the future and how I'm going to achieve it. The exact details might escape me, but the general outline is there. Goals take patience, there is a lot of time and effort involved. Self-Remembering allows one to keep on track. Observing yourself and realizing that you always forget

yourself will keep you moving in a straight line. Otherwise, unconscious patterns arise which lead to grooves and complacency. Wandering aimlessly will not be far behind.

What of human destruction? Will the Old Ones and the Dark Gods wash mankind away? It is extremely probable. As a species we have shown very little growth or evolution on our own. Why should the Old Ones help us any further? Why wouldn't they start over with a better equipped species? This doesn't mean, however, that every last human animal will be annihilated. Some may survive - the black magicians of the world. They are the most fit, the ones who are sensitive to their call.

What if this human apocalypse was an individual destruction? How efficient it would be to see each human being face his potential. Let him be judged on his own merits. The wheat will be separated from the chaff and only the chaff itself would be annihilated. A personal apocalypse?

Perhaps there will be no outright destruction? It is possible that those individuals who continue to struggle and evolve will be rewarded in some other fashion. Sorcerers should already have the upper hand because they operate their machine while awake. An average person operates their machine clumsily and in the dark. They are asleep and miss most of life's opportunities and joys. Is still possible for the Dark Gods to grant us even more? I do think that manifold rewards shall be ours for the taking... in due time.

VII.

Real 'I' can only be in the state of self-consciousness, and every moment in the work of creating self-consciousness means effort. Nothing can 'happen' by itself. If we change our being, things will be different, but in this state nothing can be different.

Peter Ouspensky

Yes, with each magic book I read I try to incorporate a little, or at least open my personal reality up to its influence. I do try to blur the subjective and objective. Our conception of how things work is probably not at all how things actually work. And by things I mean everything tangible and intangible - matter and spirit as well as the forces that are neither...

Personally, Cthulhu and Satan resonate with me, so that's why I use them. Both

entities are feared and this is what gives them their power. But why are people afraid? Well, there's the unknown, there's the evil we recognize in our own selves, and we can see that they are anti-authoritarian beings who accomplish their true will - they answer to no one. Therefore, they are outside the system... in the dark... in the night... and beyond the void.

Here, Satan and Cthulhu are combined (in a manner of speaking) to create a single entity with characteristics of both. That entity's name is Satanis!

We cannot help identifying with certain archetypes, aspects, and images. The human mind loves to put things in some kind of order, in boxes, under headings, sub-headings etc. As a species we love names and symbols just as we love limits and boundaries. When these unconscious desires manifest in society they turn into bullshit. It makes us cogs in someone else's machine. However, individuals can use these names and symbols to improve their directing of reality. Most of the time, I try to recognize that there is no order. I find Cthulhu and Satan suitable for epitomizing this multi-layered world of death and dreams. I find them stimulating. Escapism is the name of the game. How the fuck do I get out of this ridiculous and horrible world? Where is my exit? Escape is what this is all about.

Everyone has to take the time to listen to their own ideas, their own soul; the part of you that is truly yours and not created by the mechanical nature of other people.

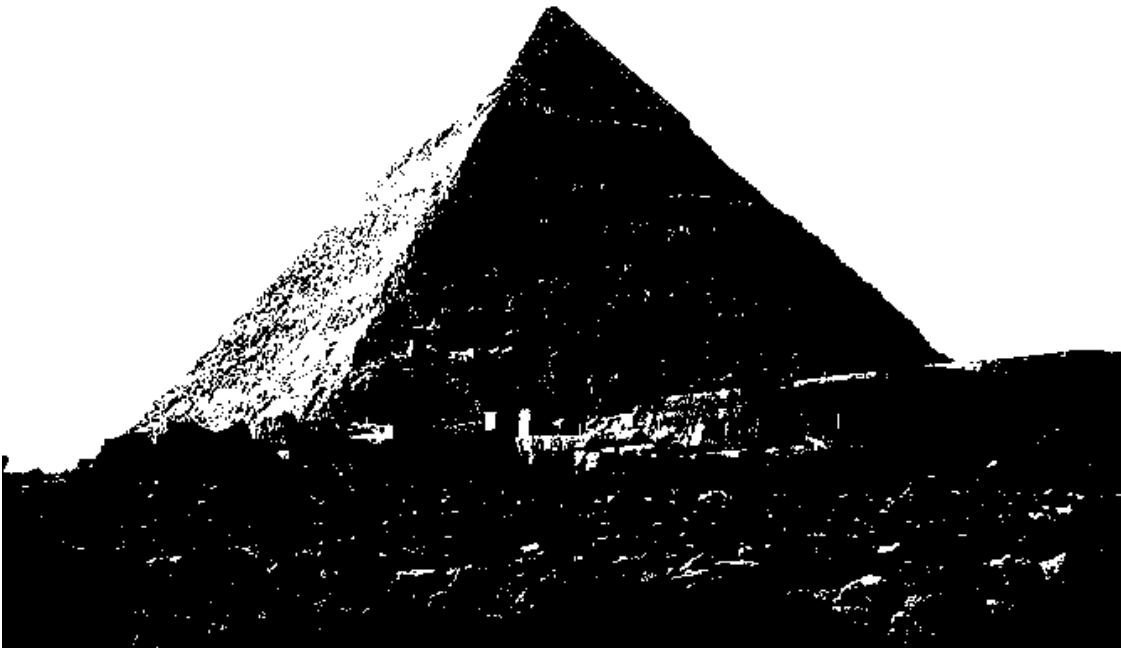
Making one small positive change in my life is worth more than all the knowledge of all the gods that are or ever were...

As for 'new psychology' I think it is valuable to see oneself as you really are. Doesn't matter if you're a christian, buddhist, Satanist, Lovecraftian, or atheist. We are a machine and we operate mechanically. This is our prison (as Cthulhu is imprisoned. And we are asleep as Cthulhu dreams - perhaps HPL was trying to tell us about the esoteric school of the 4th way?) And once we realize this fact our first order of business should be escape from our prison!

As for self-created deities vs. external "real" deities... I don't see the difference. They might as well be one and the same. They serve the same purpose. I do believe there is a greater force out there, and perhaps we are only putting our unique mask upon such divinities? However, Cthulhu is no more real or imaginary than Satan or anything really. In fact, I deny the reality of most things which people say are "real".

...yes, action speaks louder than words.

When people do not pay attention to the purpose of profound exploration, they let their attention flow into the gutter of unproductive vanity and pride. And the purpose of exploring these profound matters is to improve ourselves and thereby improve our lives. This is evolution and the reason we seek change. In our Cult of Cthulhu paradigm I see change as accepting influence from the Dark Ones and their key... which is black magic.





Satanis Unbound

Seduce a nun, lick the blood from an evil blade, strangle a man with your slimy green tentacles, burn down a church, tear off your flesh and throw it at people, possess a priest with your demonic will, corrupt reality with black magic! Yes, this is the game that all moral and decent people should stay away from. This is god damned **Satanis Unbound**, bitch!

My personal definition for an indie RPG is this:

A roleplaying game created for neither profit nor popularity, but to manifest the author's particular vision.

This means that any RPG, in particular moments and from various perspectives, could be considered Indie. To me, merely owning the rights to your own game doesn't make it independent. If Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson suddenly owned the rights to D&D again, that wouldn't make D&D indie unless certain deconstructive steps were taken which would create financial ruin and loss of acceptance.

For a long time I've held to the notion that everything truly worthwhile in this world is covered by a shadow of obscurity and revulsion.

This book is broken into three parts:

1. Template: This is how to put the Satanis mood into other roleplaying games.
2. Travel Guide: This is an exploration of the people, places, and things in Empire of Satanis.
3. Roleplaying Options: These ideas might make for a better roleplaying experience. Includes advice for Dark Masters.

Part 1: Template



Adventurers Corrupted

The Elven wizard laughed, the Half-Orc fighter grunted; they had never seen anything so amusing. Such things from the skies! Such beings from gateways beyond the darkness! What did it all mean? Slowly, the Elven wizard turned his glowing short sword on the woman at his feet. The Half-Orc took out his spiked club and bashed the rest of their party to a bloody pulp.

They noticed how their skin was changing. How sinister each other's eyes looked in the twilight gloom. The Elf had satisfied himself with the female. She belonged to him now.

It was time to go into town. The Half-Orc croaked an order to his short, lithe, and strange skinned companion. This order immediately made sense to both of them, as if it had come down from a divine authority. "We must build a temple in the dark of the forest." The thuggish brute had croaked. Without embellishing, the Elf knew the full story. Their God needed to spread about the realm like a thick layer of gore on a dungeon floor.

The Warrior's Wizard

Once there upon a time, there was a pair of cousins. Aelix and Grog. Aelix was the magician, wiry and cerebral. Grog was the warrior; big and strong. Grog was the older by almost two years, and tonight was his birthday.

The cousins went out drinking that night. They sat in the tavern, talking and drinking until it was time to leave. Grog was feeling very full of himself, as usual. Aelix listened and laughed as they strolled through the night. In a display of might Grog grabbed his cousin's wrists, and he would not let go.

"My lord," Aelix said, "You have me beaten, my lord. I am yours to command." Feeling pleased, Grog promptly released him. He put his muscular arm around his cousin's shoulder and told Aelix of the empire he would build.

"With you, Aelix, I will take the small kingdoms and bend them to my will. My wizard by my side."

"In the name of Satanis, it shall be done." Aelix said. He knew his place and could see the grand scheme of things. For he was the warrior's wizard, wiry and cerebral. He served a powerful demon that lived deep in the darkness.

The Commandments of Satanis

1. Everything originates from Hell. All life evolved from a singularity of conscious evil: Satanis. An atmosphere of utter blasphemy and sacrilege must be present. If your game isn't offending someone out there, then you're doing something wrong.
2. Almost everything has tentacles. Whores, Fiends, spiders, demons, gods, masks, architecture, art, tribal drums, spirits, magic, sex toys, etc. Sometimes these things also have horns, many eyes, outlandish colors, disturbing angles, and may issue the darkest of vibrations (especially the sex toys).
3. Everything will eventually be covered in slime, ichor, blood, gore, guts, bones, venom, fungi, vomit, puss, saliva, cum, or other secretions.
4. Beloved carnage! Humans, the god of mankind, and all his mechanical angels must be tortured, tormented, and destroyed.
5. Reality is a lie, an illusion. Nothing is actually "real", just a shared version of the truth. We exist in a holographic universe. All human life is a mask to hide something greater – the darkness.
6. All higher beings revel in perversion, as well as, the degradation and suffering of others not like themselves.

Basic Idea: For as long as I've been roleplaying I have longed for a game that is bloody, slimy, tentacled, horrific, disgusting, pornographic, dark, and weird. I wanted a minimum of rules and a maximum of freedom. Along with the Empire of Satanis RPG, Satanis Unbound is your tool to create that game!

One Game to Rule Them All

“For as long as I can remember people have hated me. They looked at my face and my body and they ran away in horror. In my loneliness I decided that if I could not inspire love, which is my deepest hope, I would instead cause fear. I live because this poor half-crazed genius, has given me life. He alone held an image of me as something beautiful and then, when it would have been easy enough to stay out of danger, he used his own body as a guinea pig to give me a calmer brain and a somewhat more sophisticated way of expressing myself.”

The Monster, Young Frankenstein

Here’s my Devil’s Advocate rant. I am, after all, an indie RPG designer. So, this is just to stir up some discussion since I nary hear a discouraging word said about the current indie RPG community. I AM the Devil, so I’m advocating it.

There are many roleplaying games out there; maybe too many... Oh, who am I kidding? There are fucking way too many RPGs in the world! It seems like there’s one RPG designer for every ten gamers. This bizarre ratio (even if it only appears that way) means that no game will break through the indie RPG mire. To put it another way, if everyone is powerful, then no one is. Egalitarianism is watering everything down. Every RPG is having its 15 minutes of fame. Does anyone really care about a celebrity enjoying their 15 minutes? Do I give a crap about another run-of-the-mill fantasy or scifi game? Not really. What about an indie RPG that seems to be doing something unusual... something special? I doubt that even a revolutionary RPG will hit my radar. We’re all too inundated with this week’s new games. There’s a new one being shot out the door every day. Why take notice?

Now there are competitions to churn out these half-baked RPGs so quickly and thoughtlessly, that the art of RPG creation has pretty much become meaningless. RPGs are more disposable than ever. This means that a designer with one truly worthy game might get noticed for a week or two before the next onslaught of RPGs come down the pike. The worthy game has apparently had its day. Two weeks of discussion, consideration, criticism, and interest have come and gone. Who wants to hear about “Game X” now that it’s a month or two old? Speeding up the attention span of the average roleplayer has pretty much destroyed any lasting appeal of an indie RPG. This only consolidates the power of the big, mainstream RPGs. And of course they have to keep coming out with new editions which are usually inferior to the previous version.

My advice: stop making games; or at the very least slow down. If you are driven towards roleplaying design, then come up with rules, mechanics, etc. that make existing games better. And if you have created a truly worthy game, stick with it and build that game. Going on to create the next game just further erodes independent roleplaying credibility. If it was an RPG worthy of creating in the first place, it will be worthy of developing further: adventures, sourcebooks, etc.

Better yet, use that energy to get more people interested in this hobby. There's so much negativity, so many uptight assholes that I can't blame people for steering clear of roleplaying. And don't even get me started on the whole video game phenomena. This is roleplaying right here! If you want to enjoy pressing buttons and looking at a screen all day, then please call it something else.

Is the prevailing ideology of indie RPG design to keep designing games so that some accidental evolution occurs? One thousand monkeys at one thousand typewriters hitting keys until the RPG equivalent of Hamlet appears? Obviously I don't understand the need to design, design, and design more games. If these were short scenarios I'd have no problem with it, but how many new RPGs can the average gamer expect to play in a month's time? If it's a weekly game night, then the maximum is four. Four one-shots and then what... on to a new batch of games? How tedious! How meaningless! And most of these fresh forays into RPG design feel redundant and worthless.

For me, Empire of Satanis is that game worthy of stick-to-it-ness. I've come up with a few piles of ass in preceding years. And just because I thought of something new, I didn't feel the need to show it off. Only a game that deserved to be seen was shown. Hopefully it will become a permanent stain on the gaming community, even if it's relegated to the dark back alleys of cult status. EoS will challenge and destroy any RPG created in a 24 hour, 36 hour, or even 48 hour period. It will defy trends, fads, and current gaming theories. It will be here when all those lesser games have dissolved into the very nothingness from whence they came. The Black God is here to stay. Hail Satanis! One game to rule them all...



Exodite Dragon [c] Himself **R**⁰³

Optional Template: Forging a Razor's Edge

The Satanis Mythos is a sprawling, hungry entity that would like nothing more than to infect every standard roleplaying game out there. Satanis Unbound is a collection of three things: a template of options to be used in other roleplaying games; a travel guide to the horrors of K'thana and beyond; and useful tools for making the game come alive.

Satanis Unbound is breaking into these fantasy, horror, and scifi games. Its tendrils are no longer confined to the Empire of Satanis RPG. This template will add a little something extra to your regular D&D, Call of Cthulhu, Star Wars, Sorcerer, World of Darkness, Shadowrun, Rifts, Toon, or any wild west RPG. Such an eldritch and obscene addition will expand the Satanis Mythos, making all games feel more like... home.

The Crimson God of Evil sits upon His malefic throne, slime dripping from His tentacles, blood caked upon His horns, His goatish face twisted into a lunatic grin. The puppets of Satanis dance all topsy-turvy behind a velvet curtain. All beings play their part in His magical realm, His masquerade, His voyage to the stars...

Satanis-ian, Satanis-ism, Satanis-like, Satanis-esque: The combined use of the dark, strange, and sexual in an over-the-top manner. Obsession with using Satanism in roleplaying games as well as black magic, slime, tentacles, and sex.

Using detailed description for a character's action yields a bonus, as long as this embellishment has certain qualities...

Satanis Quality One - Darkness/Evil/Horror

Satanis Quality Two - Blasphemy/Sacrilege/Outrageousness

Satanis Quality Three - Weird/Bizarre/Strange

Satanis Quality Four - Inappropriate Sexuality

Ok, each time a Satanis Quality is referenced when a player explains his character's actions, that player gets a bonus to his character's roll. Each Satanis Quality will give a single bonus only, no matter how often it's used in that description. Therefore, if a player rattles off three different details of Quality

One to describe his action, he only gets one bonus. However, if that player illustrates his action with several SQs, then he would get a bonus for each SQ that was used.

What form do these “bonuses” take? Well, here’s a list I’ve come up with...

D20 RPG: Gets a +2 for each SQ.

Single D6, D8, or D10 RPG: Gets a +1 or -1 (whichever is more advantageous).

Multiple D6 RPG: Gets an additional D6 to roll.

Multiple D10 RPG: Gets an additional D10 to roll.

Percentile RPG: Gets an additional 5% in their favor.

Diceless RPG: Character gets a slight advantage.

Example 1

Game Master: A guard stands between you and the vault ahead of you. What are you doing?

Player (character is Anatole): I approach the guard, slipping my knife from its sheath. As I do this, Anatole whispers an ominous prayer to the Evil Ones.

In this case Anatole gets a bonus. If this were diceless, he’d get an edge to his next action because he used SQ One in his description. If this were a multiple d6 game (like EoS), then he’d get an extra d6 to roll.

Example 2

Game Master: The humans have you surrounded. They have flame throwers. You see hatred, fear, and awe in their eyes.

Player (character is Yortaun): Yortaun will not be destroyed! As they are fearful already, he will make as many of them flee in terror as possible. Yortaun makes this unutterable sound with his throat, the sound of insects dying of madness. His tentacle reaches out to caress the cheek of the human nearest to him. My thoughts are filled with the pitiful face of Jesus as I laugh at his crucifixion. Ok, that’s it. That’s what I’m doing. How many of them run screaming from Yortaun?

Game Master: Very well, you need an 18 or better on this one. From your description you get a (adding the bonuses in his head) + 6 beyond your normal modifiers.

In this example, the player fulfilled 3 different qualities. The scream was SQ 1, the tentacle touch was SQ 3, and laughing at Jesus was SQ 2. Instead of a +6 for that D20 game, it might have yielded 3D10 bonus dice or 15%, depending on game mechanics.

Using Hideous Paradise in other games

Once per gaming session, each player may alter reality. When a being walks the path of the Dark Way it leads to a Hideous Paradise.

Altering Reality!?! How can this be? That is a matter for your gaming group to decide. Or maybe just the Dark Master. Perhaps the character invokes the power of Satanis or finds a handhold in the fabric of time and space? Whatever the reason, that character can pick something that is “real” and suddenly change it to suit his needs. How much reality can be altered though? Good question. How about we limit it to one person, place, or thing; and duration no longer than 24 hours?

Dark Fantasy

What is dark fantasy? It is a dragon who makes a deal with the Devil, culminating in terrible blood rites and a growing evil across the land... Or maybe to you dark fantasy is about intriguing moral choices and struggling with evil’s seductive embrace in a semi-medieval setting? Brooding Gnomes? Whatever it is, I like it. I gravitate towards it. If you’re into dark fantasy as well, then try incorporating the Satanis Mythos into your RPG.

The Empire of Satanis RPG can be easily thrown into your existing fantasy RPG with the suggestions below. Magical gateways open and Fiends pour out. They bring Fiendish black magic and bend reality to their will. Imagine throwing Hellraiser’s Cenobites into a world of Elves, Dwarves, Half-Orcs, Swords, and Cloaks of Invisibility... or maybe some rampaging Sith warriors? Certainly not to everyone’s taste, but it sure would make for an interesting campaign.

Possible Scenarios

1. Dark Elves summon Fiends to do their bidding, and they do... for awhile.
2. A Player Character's spell or summoning goes horribly awry, conjuring a Fiend into this world.
3. Fiends are the ancient and hated enemies of the fantasy world's common folk. The Brotherhood has just returned to claim vengeance.
4. Fiends are responsible for some powerful reality-bending magic items in this fantasy world. Perhaps Fiends are needed to recharge them, to make more, to destroy these items, or to pervert them to evil?
5. K'thana is expanding, or shifting. It is overtaking various planes of existence more familiar to the fantasy world such as the Astral Plane or some Demonic Plane.
6. Satanis makes His presence known. He influences certain individuals in the fantasy world, and they spread his religion like wildfire.

Cthulhu and Other Horrors

The Gods of the Satanis Mythos are indeed Old Ones. The alien forces created by H. P. Lovecraft do not hold to the same values as humanity, but those forces are still interested in man to some degree. Satanis and His ilk can try breaking through reality just as Nyarlathotep or Yog Sothoth might.

Possible Scenarios

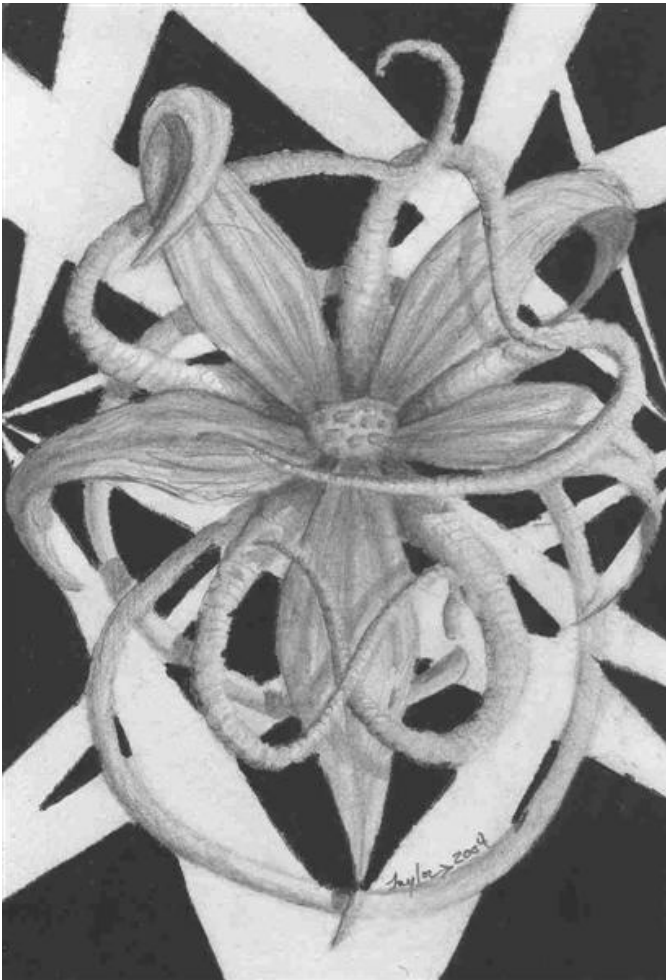
1. Ancient Beings struggle to return to earth or Sha-la
2. A war between the Cthulhu Mythos and the Satanis Mythos.
3. Cultists on earth try enlisting the aid of Fiends, summoning and binding.
4. Investigators take a short cut through the Dream Lands and end up in K'thana.
5. When cultists reach a certain level of power they become Fiends.

6. Fiends enlist the aid of cultists to bring the Old Ones back.
7. The Cthulhu and Satanis Mythos join forces to influence man and/or reclaim the earth, the universe, or anything they want.



Part 2:

Travel Guide



Time Line

The chronology of our Devil-God, Satanis

Year One: Satanis leaves Kar 'nahl having grown tired of the tedious backstabbing universe. Underappreciated among his fellow Devil-Gods, Satanis creates a small, closed universe to rule - away from the nonsense of His contemporaries.

Year Five Thousand: Satanis had contented Himself with designing K'thana and the other planets in Yidathroth. In the year 2021, an exiled cadre of humans appear within Satanis' grasp. These warlocks and witches know the art of black magic which intrigues Him. The Crimson God embraces them as His own children. The men become Fiends and are instructed in the ways of darkness. The women are instructed to serve their demon masters. Inter Fiend conflict begins.

Year Six Thousand: Fiend disputes are settled, differences are respected, and they have outgrown their adolescence. In-fighting is put down in favor of building a collective of evil, satanic, alien, weird, sexual, and horrific higher culture. They refer to themselves as The Brotherhood.

Year Seven Thousand: Satanis institutes the Ji'zahd, a state of perpetual war against humanity and all those who oppose Satanis. The Brotherhood is trained for invading enemy lands and converting/killing the inhabitants. Mankind comes in contact only rarely, usually through elaborate magic rituals. Occasionally humans summon Fiends to earth using the black arts. Evil humans can always be converted, but those who keep to the light are exterminated. On earth it is the year 4000 and mankind has colonized their home galaxy and much more.

Aside from man, there were many foreign infidels who had never heard of Satanis. Fifteen hundred years of terrible war dominated Fiend life and culture. Species after species fell to The Brotherhood. Victory tasted sweet.

Year Eight Thousand Five Hundred: The Outer Guardians enforce their will upon Yidathroth. Fiends are powerless to disobey. Satanis asks the other Dark Gods such as Odhra-Guoa, Toola-Vra, Leera-Rive, and Drekth-Crom to help Him. The Outer Guardians are eventually vanquished. The Black Divinities stay in Yidathroth to influence Fiends and rule alongside Satanis.

Year Ten Thousand: War between Fiends and Akturian Heads breaks out. Akturian Heads are found to be roughly equal in magic and power, much to The Brotherhood's chagrin. This devastating conflict lasts for several hundred years. Afterwards, Fiends grew bored of invasion. They preferred a life of entertainment and easy living. They stopped striving hard for Satanis' glorious empire. The Crimson God allowed His children time for themselves and asked very little of them for the next 3,000 years.

Year Thirteen Thousand: Barriers between Yidathroth and the human universe, Sha-la, grow weak. Man sporadically invades and Fiends raid earth and other planets bringing humans to K'thana. Some believe that an all-out human vs. Fiend war will break out shortly. In Sha-la the year is 10,000; man discovered interstellar travel long ago and colonized several hundred habitable planets.

Year Thirteen Thousand Five Hundred: The present day. Satanis has called for an end to frivolity and decadence. It is time for the Ji'zahd to awaken. Many Fiends are angry, they would rather lounge around with women, drugs, slaves, poetry, and painting. The late night of the artisan is over and the dawn of the warrior has arrived.

On earth the year is 10,500. In 500 years humans have built their own intergalactic empire on thousands of worlds. There are approximately 100,000 humans for every Fiend.

The Dark Way and Social Standing

These two concepts are irrevocably linked. A Fiend worthy of the name, must take pride in both spiritual and mundane evil. Or if evil is too... straight forward, perhaps you would prefer the word progress? Will to Power over Will to Survive. Basically this means that a Fiend will risk his life in order to get the upper hand.

Fiends may heed the Dark Way's call for the power it offers, the promises it makes, or simply the freedom it brings. Part religion and part philosophical ideal, the Dark Way calls to those Fiends looking for something more, something greater. They search for answers in a potentially meaningless and absurd existence. There must be something beyond mere survival – a reason for going on. If one is not given, then it must be created. What most people know about the universe is vague at best. Behind every being and every thing lies a shadow which manipulates and controls. This darkness inside the universe is a

multiplicity of wants and needs. It lusts for power and control. It will always keep moving, searching for any new distraction.

This esoteric school transcends this shadow. Fiends have learned to disconnect from reality. Their agenda is one of darkness, purposeful darkness and so Fiends are free to walk their path. Life ceases to be random; it takes on higher significance. One becomes an ideal, rather than a servant. For those who follow the Dark Way, it comes before any and every need. Following a true path of darkness is the ultimate triumph of the strong and the individual. It is a seductive temptation, but not easy to follow.

Social Standing requires courage, fortitude, and willpower. It is far easier to be afraid than to fight back. Backing down might save your ass, but it is not the path to higher evil and greater rewards. There is ordinary power and then there is the power which comes from the complete lack of fear. This is the strength of total conviction. Only those who truly don't give a fuck will advance. Fiends who back down in order to fight another day risk a fate even greater than death: compromise! Fiends may lick their wounds and begin building themselves back up, but in the greater scheme of things they have already lost. It is simple and natural to give up in the face of insurmountable adversity, but staying the course will lead to grander things. Fighting a losing battle might seem foolish, but it is the bigger fool who accepts defeat. Endure those tough times for the future rewards that lie beyond your site.

To maintain a sense of self no-matter-what takes determination. Those who don't know anything about the Dark Way might think that believing is simple. Real belief takes training, intensity, and spiritual force. Only those with the greatest willpower can hope to overcome doubt. Adherents of the Dark Way choose what they wish to believe and believe it with their dying breath.

In K'thana, only those strong in the Dark Way are respected. Fiends without honor, without imagination, without dreams of supremacy are doomed to a life of quiet desperation. Masters of the Dark Way take what they want; they follow their instincts and show no mercy. This sacred teaching means something different to each Fiend who practices it. One Fiend might use his Social Standing to become a disciplined warrior while another Fiend may apply it to learning forbidden lore.

The Dark Way leads to a Hideous Paradise, and that is how reality itself can be altered. There is no greater might.



Allegiance

When a character is created, the player must choose an Allegiance. This determines to whom the character is beholden. Those Fiends with the same allegiance will feel more at ease around each other. There is a greater likelihood that they serve a similar agenda. Choosing which God or group to follow is not only choosing your friends... it is choosing your enemies as well.

Satanis the Crimson God

Satanis is where it all began. He is the authoritative principle of power and lust for control. Satanis wishes to conquer. He also wants to see His enemies destroyed. Not only humanity in Sha-la, but His Devil God contemporaries dwelling in the forbidden universe, Kar 'nahl. Satanis does not share power easily; he is a jealous God. The Crimson Emperor wishes to rule alone. He chafes at the idea of Fiends giving their allegiance to another being.

Satanis knows that an all-out confrontation with heretics might lead to The Brotherhood's destruction. Therefore, He allows Fiends to follow other divinities. These infidels go against his desires, but Satanis is always watching. When a Fiend slips too much from the gilded path there will be Hell to pay. There will come a time when Satanis will be the only God worth believing. Until that time, he is content with being the most popular and commanding divinity in Yidathroth.

Disciples of Satanis are also in league with the Christ, Susej. Susej is the messiah and the son of Satanis, therefore, allegiance to one is allegiance to the other. Many Zeph n'glarl in particular follow the Yellowish Amber God of Yidathroth.

His followers desire: power of all kinds, spirituality, control over themselves and others, as well as humanity's slaughter. They tend to ignore: material wealth, mindless hedonism, and aesthetics.

Satanis Separatists

Those who have broken with Satanis find themselves in good company. There are many Fiends who have turned their back on the Crimson Emperor. It isn't that separatists gravitate towards another god, they don't want to follow anyone. Unfortunately, this leaves them fairly isolated and vulnerable. Without friends in higher places, separatists have to rely solely on themselves. The advantage is that they are free to do as they please. No one is watching directly over them or leading them to some hidden agenda.

Satanis Separatists prefer to live in anonymity. Usually they are sick of the world, politics, and other Fiends. These outsiders feel a pervading sense of nausea whenever they dwell on the gods who dominate The Brotherhood. Separatists consider such servitude to be the cornerstone of a meaningless existence.

Order of the Ninth Angle

When Satanis created The Brotherhood, He appointed a council to rule over mundane affairs. Satanis dealt with the bigger picture while the Order of the Ninth Angle adjudicated over the details of Fiend life and culture. In time, the order became extremely powerful. They ruled Frier with an iron fist and demanded Fiend's unquestioning loyalty or death. This caused Satanis to intervene. The Order of the Ninth Angle was stripped of its previous authority. It still was an influential organization, but not as domineering as it had been.

The Order of the Ninth Angle fondly remembers the old days when it ruled supreme in Frier and its potency was felt in much of K'thana. The order has been working at getting that power back. They have a strong solidarity, the order sides with its own members over any other entity – even Satanis. The order protects itself and deals in the shadows, garnering support where it can. They do have a small following outside the order itself, but most of their power base is from its own ranks.

The Order of the Ninth Angle desires: control over the microcosm – the “inconsequential” details of Fiend life. Manipulating events in the darkness. Political corruption. Wealth, because of its buying power (information, influence, cooperation) rather than material gain for pleasure or aesthetics. The Ninth Angle doesn't care for decadence, spirituality, foreign policy – power and control outside K'thana, or artistic/subversive expression.

Odhra-Guoa

The Thrice headed Odhra-Guoa is only spoken by the pallid glow of the azure flame, in darkened crypts and in noxious chapels. His heads are in the likeness of a bat, toad, and rat. His monstrous black, bat wings allow him to fly throughout the many abysses of Yidathroth seeking new life to drink and fresh souls to corrupt. Odhra-Guoa is the youngest and weakest of the Ancient Gods, however, this has only made him more sly and crafty. Odhra-Guoa may also leave Yidathroth without his zymotic and acronchylal flesh decaying. Rarely does he venture into Sha-la, however, it pleases Him to visit unknown species and taint them with his satanic ichor.

The followers of Odhra-Guoa desire material gain, wealth, aesthetics, and physical pleasure. They generally dislike spirituality, glory, power for the sake of power, and weakness.

Toola-Vra

Toola-Vra is the God of fantasy, surreality, and nonsense. Therefore his followers usually seek greater forms of the ridiculous. They can use money, art, religion, power, or decadence as tools when the mood strikes them. His followers are committed to a path of folly and madness. They realize all too well that this is a meaningless and trivial existence, so why not accentuate this exquisite cacophony?

Those who follow Toola-Vra are almost too bizarre to follow anything in particular. They simply follow the madness where it takes them.

Drekth-Crom

Drekth-Crom is an uneasy combination of various minor deities that was forced into gestalt entity millennia ago. Drekth-Crom's chief feature is his jealousy. The fact that He wishes to be served over Satanis, has drawn much hatred and enmity towards Drekth-Crom. Satanis has sought to force this Ancient One into subservience; however, Drekth-Crom hides away in the damp, obscuring twilight. In the weird obscuring mist that is His home, the God is potent, yet insubstantial.

Drekth-Crom created His races to serve Him. The Malahko, Sairmenow, and Zibza are his warped children who He favors and exploits. It is said that there are secrets that these three races possess, a terrible knowledge that Drekth-Crom has given them to better serve Him.

Followers of Drekth-Crom desire autonomy, power (honestly – who doesn't?), and aesthetics. They care little beyond creating a fruitful atmosphere of darkness and transcendence. Followers of the

Twilight God can usually be found bragging about how superior they and their god are. They don't have any real agenda or goals, they merely want to present themselves with sufficient mystery and arrogance.

Leedra-Rive

Leedra-Rive clawed His way out of the rotten decay of worms, maggots, and parasites. He usurped leadership of several insect tribes and lead a revolt over a baboon-like race that had been raiding their camps murdering and raping. The defeated ape men were absorbed into the insect race using sorcery borrowed from an unstable pocket universe. Leedra-Rive was inside that universe gathering more energy for future campaigns when the unstable universe imploded. The energy was drawn into the only living thing within the pocket, Leedra-Rive, who became as powerful as a God. Leedra-Rive went on to manipulate the evolution of his baboon / insect followers.

The followers of Leedra-Rive seem to defy rationality. They are truly the most alien and incomprehensible allegiance. Not even Satanis knows what goes through Leedra-Rive's mind – or His followers. Some speculate that there is a method to their madness, perhaps something to do with that imploding universe which started it all? His followers generally keep to themselves, nurturing their special plan for the world.

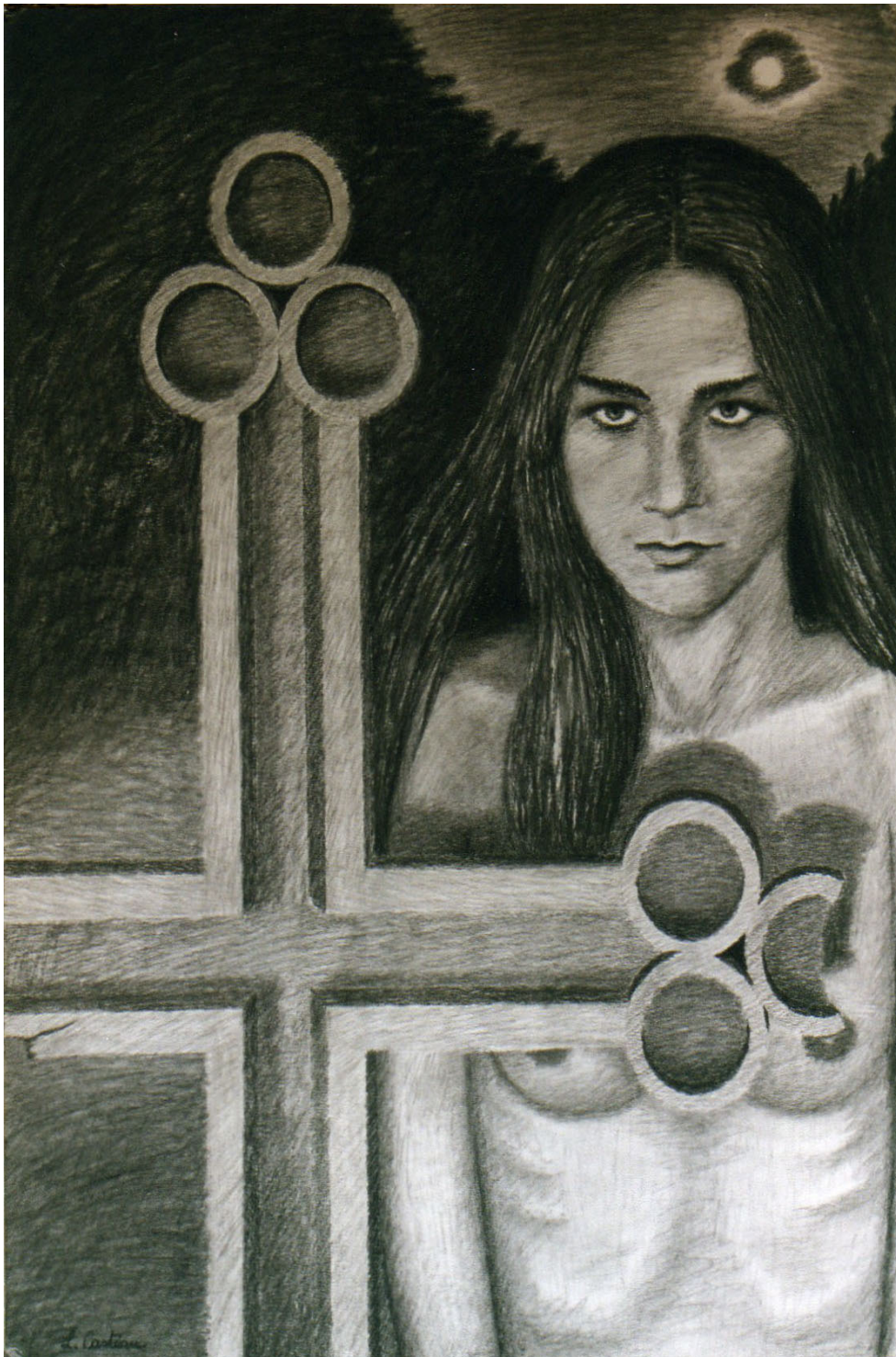
D'karri Whai'dass

D'karri Whai'dass is a God of existentialism and personal utility: *nothing is real that is not accepted*. Those Fiends who belong to the Final Secret of the Orange Path adhere to this grisly, vague, sponge-like profanity. He is a chaotic, nebulous, liquefied, protoplasmic deity of thick orange slime.

Those who Follow this God are hated and scorned by all other Fiends.

Only the Thab-raxith and Nefra-libth (see more on these new races in the third section of this book) choose D'karri Whai'dass.





Lands of the Flesh

The Satanist realizes that only by putting himself in league with these forces can he fully and unhypocritically utilize the Powers of Darkness to his best advantage.

The Satanic Bible

Satanis-ism is a religion of strange lusts. It is a religion of flesh born in the filth and perversity of the chosen ones, The Brotherhood. To those who are with us, so goes the Invocation to Satanis, slake your thirst on female lasciviousness and arm yourself to do battle against those who cannot understand the need for evil. To those who are against us, prepare for death for yours will be agonizing and full of shame.

All Fiends are male, and they mate with human females for entertainment and breeding. This does not create a half Fiend hybrid – those are abominations sent from Satanis to punish the unworthy. Although, some Fiends who study the magic philosophy of genetics believe there are unfathomable patterns of inter-species mating which occasionally result in a half human / half Fiend child.

A side note - after a Fiend has finished defiling a woman, his ejaculate slowly pours from the vessel's orifices. For the next few hours, a putrid, bright green slime oozes from all the female's orifices. A Fiend's cum is the same color and consistency as his blood. It drips from her pussy, drools out of her mouth, eyes, ears, nose, and her ass. Occasionally the act of Fiend / woman coitus is referred to an eldritch cream pie. Afterwards, the female invariably requests a bath. On the other hand, Fiends (like the French) prefer their women fragrant.

Many human females are used as whores. They are sexual entertainment for The Brotherhood and breed new Fiends for Satanis' empire. Some women are kept as personal slaves or concubines – it would be a stretch of the imagination to call them "wives". These women don't offer themselves to any Fiend with a few zirkas, instead they stay with a single master. They probably help raise their Fiend child, tend to their master's sexual needs, and fulfill other domestic duties.

Women are prized possessions. Hunting parties are sent into Sha-la to acquire dozens, sometimes hundreds, at a time. The human females are then taken to Frier or Naja Haji and sold at auction. Some are sold to Fiends who take care of them, teach them the art of pleasure, and pimp them out. Other females are sold to private owners for their exclusive gratification.

Long ago, Satanis created the Ji'zahd. This was a call to arms; The Brotherhood must wage holy war upon all who stand against Satanis. Humans especially, seeing as they number well beyond the billions, are to be conquered. Most humans are too spiritually weak to understand and love Satanis. In these cases, bloodshed is required. Since the opening of Sha-la, Fiends have invaded and destroyed. The humans who are dark of nature and use black magic are accepted into the fold. Eventually they begin to turn into half Fiends once exposed to Yidathroth. The men who aren't converted or destroyed are used as slaves. Satanis commands that all inferior races must feel themselves subdued under Fiend control.

Polygamy

Polygamy, the practice of taking more than one bound human female, is also known as The Principle. Not only is this done for efficient breeding, it also provides a pleasurable variety. Fiends are lustful creatures, more so than man. A Fiend's black drives take on manic heights of demoniacal appetite. Only untold fathoms of flesh can hope to sate him. Even though most Fiends conduct themselves as beasts, there is a small part which craves order. They are chaotic and instinctual entities, yet they believe a certain amount of civility, restraint, and self-discipline is necessary.

A Fiend makes a commitment, more or less, to girls that take his fancy. These females tend to his needs, keep his abode, and further the Fiend race. A certain binding agreement is created. This contract is not unlike a marriage. A Fiend's bound women become his property. He is responsible for them and they cannot be taken away or used without that Fiend's express permission. If a Fiend kills one of his brothers, then the survivor inherits his women. However, this is not the case when the Fiend was murdered without good reason or just cause.

The principle has been in effect for thousands of years. Some Fiends have decided not to take any "wife", let alone multiple "wives". This is their choice; there is no stigma for breeding with a girl who is not bound to a Fiend. However, the majority regard polygamy as the most natural and satisfactory way of life. It should go without saying that a Fiend with bound concubines is under no obligation of fidelity. He is as free as the sky is crimson.



Candy Land

"There was a hideous fall through incalculable leagues of viscous, sentient darkness, and a babel of noises utterly alien to all that we know of the earth and its organic life. Dormant, rudimentary senses seemed to start into vitality within me, telling of pits and voids peopled by floating horrors and leading to sunless crags and oceans and teeming cities of windowless, basalt towers upon which no light ever shone." Lovecraft

I.

Where the decayed, leprous butterflies sway in the outer darkness... I am home.

They drift between my yellow, demon eyes and the fading illumination of the stars. The butterflies are the key to crossing dimensions; they are the hideous keys... Abominations from the abyss we find ourselves in.

Allow me to fully describe these butterflies. They are gigantic and many Fiends can ride them. Vestigial human-like heads adorn their silky, translucent flesh like pink, silently screaming polyps. The butterflies titter and ululate with an insect mind filled with silently screaming things.

The children wore purple flesh with the texture and taste of a fish, a shiny purple fish that was rich with the sheen of amethyst blood. They were cannibals, these children. They were cannibals in the way that they ate humans, even though they were not human. Many think this strange. Usually cannibalism is reserved for feasters of the same species. I suppose it comes from the theory that we all came from that putrid race known as man. All forms, degenerate and evil emanated from those lowly creatures that evolved out of primordial ooze.

Are we all reflections of man, I wondered while gazing at the butterflies?

Perhaps man is us and we are man? Does this mean we should not pursue him with our death-like grip upon the sacred laws of vengeance? I do not claim to know...

Nevertheless, I gaze at the crimson flora and fauna of our magical land. A gentle, sweet breeze passes over my reptilian husk. The fragrance of dirty prostitutes still resides upon the tanned human skin I'm wearing. The moons like lopsided cherry lollipops glare back at me like they know something. Perhaps a new age is dawning? That is what they say. That is what they always say.

The butterflies drift past the lopsided cherry lollypop moons. They float above the dirty prostitutes and their fragrance. Their silently screaming human-like heads glare back at me. One of the catastrophe of butterflies (for that is what a group of them is called), drops down to bite through the torso of a lesser creature. Not quite a Fiend, although more than a human. An infinite variation on a nightmarish theme!

Will this sideshow of a world ever end? Satanis, I hope not...

II.

The gateway to K'thana crosses not only space but time. Anyone can wander into the realm of crimson chaos. Wandering out, however, is tricky. Their universe, Sha-la, is a place of illusion and lies. Each corridor is a new facet of their prison. Their universal prison. I do not envy The Brotherhood who journey to that place. It has its compensations, of course. All wickedness has its compensations.

My brothers were riding spiders when they came. I had been in Frier's most infamous brothel for six days. Woozily, I greeted my fellow Fiends with the Voorish Sign.

They had brought a spider with them, a spider for me to ride. I agreed as we rode to a field covered in eerie greenish light. Star-like prisms gleamed in the sky like unholy emeralds. These greenish star-like prisms let us know that this was the place. A gateway could be opened. Perhaps magic was stronger or weaker here?

Or perhaps this was some nonsensical point of break down in their universal prison?

In moments we stepped through. People everywhere, people like cattle, like fully-grown stuffed toys. Oh, how we wished to play. And play we did. My brothers and I brought several of them home to play with later. I gave one to my girlfriend, I gave one to my favorite whore, and I gave one to the Priests of Satanis – may they forever guard us against ourselves!

Of course, when we went back to that spot there was no eerie greenish light, no star-like prisms gleaming in the sky like unholy emeralds. There were, however, purplish cadavers whispering their gibberish as our trinity of crimson moons waned in the sky. These were the entities from Candy Land. Grown up and left for dead. Because all the natives of Candy Land are children. Little, mad children frolicking and dancing like demonic fish.



III.

'Are we the Old Ones,' I wondered aloud? At this very moment, I was kneeling before a god in a shadowed monastery. The god had much to teach; he had more time on his hands than even he knew what to do with. You see, he was one of the forgotten gods. An obscene divinity that now lived in the shadows on the outskirts of K'thana.

'Are we the Old Ones?' I asked with purpose.

'We are nothing.' He said. 'We are the embodiment of diseased amusement. How could the spawn of men be anything else?'

'Was it not Satanis who spawned us?'

'Ah, but who spawned Satanis?' The forgotten god said.

'You teach blasphemy.' I stated.

'Yes. Yes, I do. There is nothing to teach except for blasphemy. It is all we have left. Dream with me, Lus-katra, dream with me... open your mind to the mindless droning of a thousand realities. These realities are rising and crumbling, burning to ashes and being reborn. They are all lies, yet they're all we have. Truth fragments.'

Splinters of a dark illusion.

Just then we heard a sound of metal on metal. This noise resonated in our bones.

It was the signal for battle. Lurigeatro raiders had come to steal this forgotten god's scrolls – for information was more valuable to them than zirkas. These Fiends were foaming at the mouth for a scene of splashing blood, a few moments of righteous carnage. I would give them that. It is my honor to willingly die in the all-consuming passion of war. Each slash through my flesh is a mark of triumph for my violent soul. Their blood pours out just as easily. There is nothing better than this. I can feel the glory coursing through my black veins and splashing on the floor of the shadowed monastery.

IV.

I am almost there, almost to Candy Land. Where the deity rules with a wide, plastic smile on his fat little face. His horns like a goat, cloven hooves, cat eyes, and rainbowed skin. He is a devil god who loves the insanity his perverse province projects. He loves it layered in lavender fish children, demonic and glowing. And who can blame Him...?

The Jellybean Palace is where He rules. Below the Gumdrops and behind the Licorice Forest. His throne is made from the softly scented honeydew which drips from the sweetest pussies. For the children have grown-up tastes, and they are wild and lustful. All dreams of chocolate, butterscotch, and strawberry are actually visions of flesh... curving, bending, satisfying. But we let them have their fun, their nostalgia for a more innocent time. The time will come, however, when all they will know is how to fight and fuck. We discovered this long ago, which is why we created a distraction. Hideous Paradise is our "way out." It is how we cope with the mundane evil that must be done. When progress becomes boring there is always a magical castle of pink cotton candy. And an ebony doorway beyond it.

It takes me awhile to find the pattern, to cross the dimensions. Candy Land is so near!

"Those bells ringing on the mist-covered mountain signify that the Master of the Temple is dead. The fact of the matter is that the monks there finally killed him.

It seems that a few years ago the Master of the Temple began to exhibit some odd and very unpleasant forms of behavior. He apparently lost all sense of earthly decorum, even losing control over his own body. At one point an extra head sprouted from the side of the Master's neck, and this ugly little thing started to issue all sorts of commands and instructions to the monks which only their lofty sense of decency and order prevented them from carrying out. Eventually the Master of the Temple was confined to a small room in an isolated part of the monastery. There, this once wise and beloved teacher was looked after like an animal. For several years the monks put up with the noises he made, the diverse shapes he took. Finally, they killed him."

Ligotti



K'thana

"I had just won the bet. We tortured a man until he died. It took exactly 9 seconds for his soul to escape. Zae-kar glared at me with all of his eyes. His blue-orange, slimy, worm-like flesh crawled with hatred. He could have just tried to kill me, but he didn't. I doubt Zae-kar knew its true worth. Instead of trying to murder me, he handed me the prize. That was our bet. Now I had an important piece of the puzzle - the location of the Cantori Sigils! They lay somewhere in the Land Below, Hell. It has been ages since I visited the eldritch grotto where our demon servants loped and yammered.

Later, perhaps Zae-kar and I would lock swords. However, I needed to inform my teacher and mentor, Az' Yog-thanier, of this discovery. He was a Fiend of strong will and purpose. The tentacled, reptilian, vampire bat-like Fiend, my Master, had been swallowed by the Brotherhood's endless corruption far too often. Az' Yog-thanier was grooming me for a powerful position within the council. I knew his secret hope was to see me become God, replacing Satanis when the time came. Ambitious? Blasphemous? Yes and yes. With the Cantori Sigils delivered into my claw, he might just be right..." DDD

Sweet K'thana lies at the center of Yidathroth, the Fiend universe. K'thana - a denizen of filthy cunts, birthplace of torture and slavery, home to demon souls and devil magi... K'thana, you are the jeweled left eye of Satanis. Such a deep and dark red stone; a ruby of many facets like fun house mirrors, each face another twisted nightmare vision more repulsive than the last.

K'thana is a realm of crimson fog and scarlet mist which is lit by sickly green spheres of illumination. It is an endless string of brothels, ruined abbeys, carnival attractions, and abandoned factories in an alien, spectral world. In this dimension, we Fiends walk bizarre streets searching for outlawed pleasures.

Uncertain times in the realm of crimson chaos... These are the nights of treachery and deceit. To whom you owe allegiance is more important than ever before. A Fiend has to make a choice. Lip service is always paid to Satanis, but how many really serve the Emperor of Pallid Amethyst? Those who follow Odhra-Guoa aren't concerned with Sha-la. They care about punishing the weak, routing out the inferior, and slaying those who follow a different aesthetic. The same goes for the other Dark Gods; they all have an agenda and reward Fiends who ally with them. A few are merely Satanis separatists, content to walk their own path of nihilism. I suppose K'thana is a place for everyone... although now that I think about it, take that multicultural rhetoric and flush it down the Glahz pits!

You do what you can and find your way before death takes you into his confidence. Always death before dishonor. No cowardice allowed.

There are too many alternative factions in K'thana. Far too many for Satanis to punish them all; He allows a certain amount of sedition... until a Fiend has gone too far. When a black magician consistently acts contrary to the wishes of Satanis, then the Black God strikes him down. Perhaps not with a fiery lightning bolt, but something more interesting.

The Capitol City of Frier

"The organic things... inhabiting that awful cesspool could not by any stretch of the imagination be call'd human. They were monstrous and nebulous adumbrations of the pithecanthropoid and amoebal; vaguely moulded from some stinking viscous slime of earth's corruption, and slithering and oozing in and on the filthy streets or in and out of windows and doorways in a fashion suggestive of nothing but infesting worms or deep-sea unnamabilities. They - or the degenerate gelatinous fermentation of which they were composed - seem'd to ooze, seep and trickle thro' the gaping cracks in the horrible houses... and I thought of some avenue of Cyclopean and unwholesome vats, crammed to the vomiting point with gangrenous vileness, and about to burst and inundate the world in one leprous cataclysm of semi-fluid rottenness. From that nightmare of perverse infection I could not carry away the memory of any living face. The individually grotesque was lost in the collectively devastating; which left on the eye only the broad, phantasmal lineaments of the morbid soul of disintegration and decay... a yellow leering mask with sour, sticky, acid ichors oozing at eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and abnormally bubbling from monstrous and unbelievable sores at every point..." Lovecraft

The largest city in all of K'thana is the villainous and decadent Frier. Frier is home to artists who paint the great stone walls in their personal shade of fear. Whatever makes them sweat with terror and look behind them into the void - that is what they scrawl with human hair brushes thick with impasto paint strokes. The buildings of Frier are covered in midnight blue, alzarian crimson, pthalo green, and mars black. Painting upon painting fills the alleys, the towers, and the brothels. Layer upon layer crowds everything out, save for the impressionism of gleeful suffering. Artists are everywhere in the great city.

They create as if nothing in the universe can save them. Here Fiends express their soul for every beggar, vagrant, archmagi, assassin, templar, and god to see.

It has been too long since I've been to the Deceased Visionary. I'm sure all of my friends have gone. Dead and dreaming or conqueror and still scheming. This is an Inn where you can get the finest Wyrms Cider. I remember slurping slime cherries from the breasts of a zoftig girl in the early afternoon. It was like Spring. The paintings adorning the Deceased Visionary's walls were all rendered by murdered artists. It was at this very establishment that I heard of Koth's Frozen Towers, the Sect of the Trapezoid, and the Leviathan Flowers blooming within our three moons. It was located in the center of the city where one could best hear the deep groaning, the dark droning, and the caustic moaning which chilled our very bones.

The maze of corridors often leads nowhere. Around and around one can traipse through the labyrinth of alleyways, always finding some sort of strangeness. Tentacled whores sucking off a goat. A quadriplegic whore cheering us on. A tall thin madman writing a story with bone and with blood. A small eatery was just opening now, they served us fish pudding and demon lamb. We walked on for another hour or two. Dessert was green furred monkey man. I made him dance with a special look in my eye. He told us stories of dream lands unknown. The maze of corridors often leads nowhere.

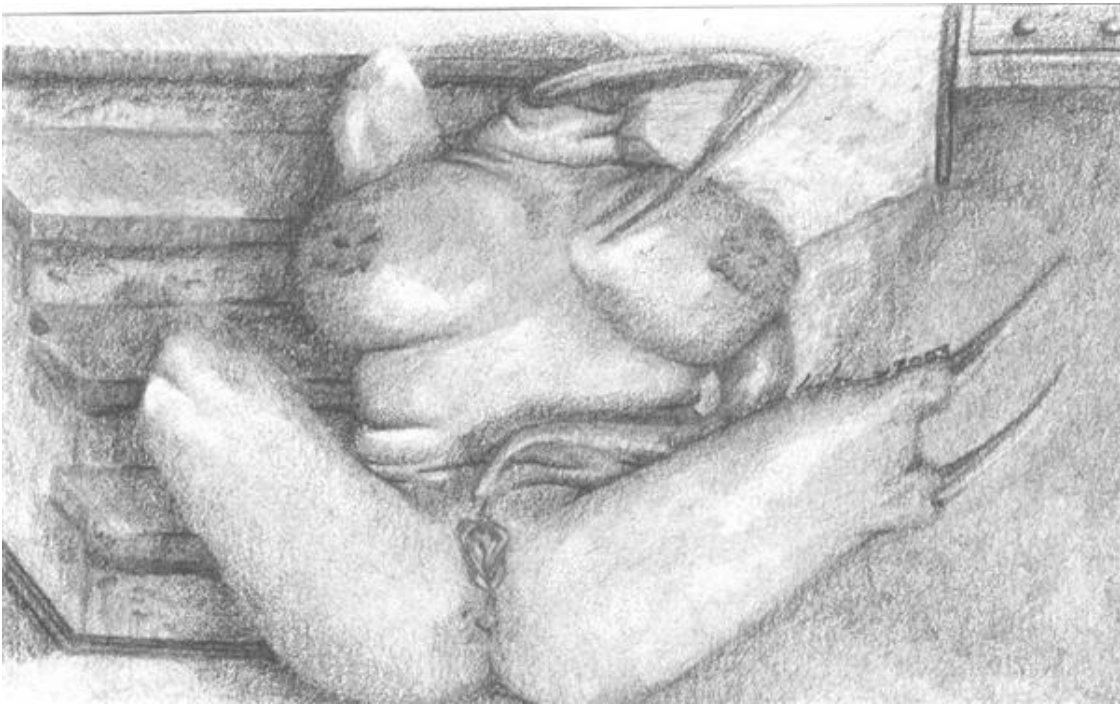
Most Fiends who owe allegiance to Satanis reside in Frier. Frier is the seat of power and control. Frier is home to the royal throne of Satanis. It also houses the Order of the Ninth Angle, the ruling council of Satanis. The capitol city is the largest metropolis in K'thana which draws all kinds of weirdoes, freaks, and lunatics. This conglomeration of demoniacal entities requires a single authority, or at least the agreed upon recognition of a single authority. No matter what God spawned you or granted a thousand favors, Satanis is where The Brotherhood began. And it is to Satanis that all Fiends should look. He is our Father and Frier is considered our Father's house. Those who give their allegiance to other gods, or no god, are openly shunned. The only rival following in Frier is the Order of the Ninth Angle. For centuries they have grown in power and prestige. It was a natural progression for the order to have its own ideas and will to power.

It has been far too long since I was on Blow Street. This is the place where tentacled whores were born. Phantom green flames illuminate the crooked, creaking street named after fellatio. The brothel, Cream de Absinthe, is just up the road. The prominent mage, Izya-kah, is long dead' but his contribution to prostitution lives on. Every block swarms with tasty females; at least one of their arms is a beautiful tentacle. Some have pink, others green, and some are white as

a wyrm's soft belly. Their long flowing hair caresses their face, demonic girlish eyes flutter, lips like viscous slime cherries pout as passersby walk.

"He had lost his guide - or else had been abandoned by this seething, wiry native of the city - and now he was wandering through strange streets alone. The experience was not entirely an unwelcome one. From the first instant he became aware of the separation, things became more... interesting. Perhaps this transformation had begun even in the moments preceding a full awareness of his situation: the narrow entranceway of a certain street or the shadowed spires of a certain structure appeared as mildly menacing to the prophetic edges of his vision, pleasantly threatening. Now his eyes were filled with the sight of an infinitely more ominous scene, and a truly foreign one."

Ligotti



The gladiatorial pits of Yahr-ilekthai

"They fought and they died. The grotesque faces danced with glee. My comrades were no more because they were thrown into that pit. They were thrown into this satanic world of horrors. For some of us, it seemed to make a kind of sense. A demonic and alien logic prevailed. Their bodies seemed to warp sometimes..." DDD

The men who have stumbled into Yidathroth have been influenced, tainted by the reality of this universe. Even those born to a place and time that is peaceful, rational, and humane are quickly corrupted when surrounded by the beliefs of horrific beings. Changes might come slow, such as strange scaly growths or protrusions, leathery black wings may sprout, the eyes may become all milky taking on a life of their own, the stench of survival clings to them as they eek out an existence of combat.

In fact many humans, or things that were once human, are captured, trained, and made to fight in the gladiator pits. The successful ones are put out to stud if they live past the first few battles. Dropped into the gladiatorial arena, Fiends gaze down as the demon and alien tainted men face each other in hand to hand combat. Sometimes they fight with crude spiked weapons, or Annihilation Blades forged when the skies turn purple black and bestial fires erupt from ancient, mist shrouded grottoes.

The gladiatorial pits of Yahr-ilekthai are the most famous in K'thana. Built in the overgrown wilderness outside Frier and owned by a race of fuscias, leopard-skin slugs called the Sip-rathko. These unsavory and horned creatures sell any and all into the slavery of ritual combat. Even Fiends are made to fight slithering creatures if they've insulted and injured a fuscias, leopard-skin slug. For each gladiatorial event, the Sip-rathko charge a small viewing fee of 50 zirkas which enables Yahr-ilekthai to provide lavish entertainment to all who enter. The most popular festivity is the mating of ferocious and strange animals with human females.

The Lilith Feast

“She was going everywhere. Her tight, smooth body wrapped over theirs like a snake. It was really something to see. The woman’s breasts grew out of her like cannon balls. I loved to see her tongue flick back and forth. There was a gleam in her milky eyes. Her master had called her Saraband.” DDD

The Lilith Feast is an annual celebration that runs for 9 feverish nights in a row. It is primarily centered on a sprawling lesbian orgy where The Brotherhood’s favorite fetish is voyeuristically indulged. Fiends bring their favorite human females to the festival in order to watch them eat pussy... and little else. Adjacent to the orgy itself, Fiends congregate to watch. It doesn’t take them long to grab a nearby woman and fuck her while they enjoy the wondrous sights. Fiends should be careful that they snatch an “available” woman. Take one who belongs to a jealous and territorial Fiend, and void sabers may ignite.

Some Fiends bring females to trade or sell, and some just come to observe. The most important rule of Lilith Feast is this: every Fiend who comes to watch has to bring at least three women with him. These exotic bi-sexuals / lesbians must participate in the orgy at least some of the time.

The female body is a thing of exquisite beauty. It is revered by all who retain the primal and savage energies of the Dark Gods. Each Fiend (or man) decorates his temple of flesh just as he likes. Some like to hold women on a pedestal, some like to degrade them, and some require ingenious fetishistic rituals. Aside from tentaclephilia, girl on girl is the most prevalent sexual fetish.

Actresses in pornographic films are often “recruited” to perform in The Lilith Feast. Before the celebration, a cadre of Fiends invades earth to scour California for female porn stars. Their exhibitionist streak makes the festival all the more pleasing to the eye. Afterwards, these adult movie girls are sold to Fiends. However, The Lilith Feast organizer(s) keep one or two for themselves before any selling or trading is done.



The Covenant of Satanis

"The slaver jaws closed on the arm Conan flung up to guard his throat, but the monster made no effort to secure a death-grip. Over his mangled arm it glared fiendishly into the king's eyes, in which there began to be mirrored a likeness of the horror which stared from the dead eyes of Ascalante. Conan felt his soul shrivel and begin to be drawn out of his body, to drown in the yellow wells of cosmic horror which glimmered spectrally in the formless chaos that was growing about him and engulfing all life and sanity. Those eyes grew and became gigantic, and in them the Cimmerian glimpsed the reality of all the abysmal and blasphemous horrors that lurk in the outer darkness of formless voids and nighted gulfs. He opened his bloody lips to shriek his hate and loathing, but only a dry rattle burst from his throat."

The Phoenix on the Sword, Robert E. Howard

There are three laws that extend throughout the universe and in every dimension:

Everyone and everything is subject to the dark and righteous will of Satanis the Leprous Purple and Deep Magenta God. This is the first and greatest of the three laws; there is no exception here. Satanis is the All-Father; He is strongest and wisest of the Ancient Ones. Some say that He made all other Gods; most agree that He created Yidathroth and the luminescent gates between realities.

The second law is **You shall not kill a Fiend without just cause.** The relativity of this legislation is up to the Crimson God, as well as, the Insidious Order of the Ninth Angle. Certainly it is the spirit of the law that Fiends should not be killed on a whim, for sport, or without sufficient provocation. Wars between clans, tribes, and races are forbidden. The Brotherhood can naturally live for up to 1,000 years, and wholesale slaughter would make Fiends weak, as well as, drive them to distraction.

The third law is **You may keep what you kill.** It is also known as Death's Reward. The possessions of your opponent become yours upon his death by your hand. This includes all property, land, slaves, women, magic, weapons, titles, honors, and zirkas. It is customary for a suddenly enriched Fiend to share some of the wealth with his comrades. This is done for a number of reasons: to solidify their cooperation and partnership, also to stave off resentment, jealousy, and betrayal. The victor will need all the help he can get if the friends and relatives of the deceased come after him.

Even those Fiends who don't give their allegiance to Satanis are careful to obey His triumvirate of laws. Breaking the Covenant will most assuredly destroy you. This means that even creatures who hate Satanis will obey his highest laws. Satanis makes proclamations of his wishes: the destruction of humanity, maintain civility, steadily grow in power, etc. but these often fall upon deaf ears. Of course, this is especially true with Fiends not allied with Satanis.

The Trials

"There is a secret song at the center of the world... and its sound is like razors through flesh!" Pinhead, Hellraiser III

There is a test, a right of passage for Fiends who wish to become a Master. Now, Fiends are sometimes called "master" by humans, demons, and lesser beings. This is a perfectly natural moniker, however, just because a Fiend is revered by the weak doesn't make him a true *Master*. When one of The Brotherhood calls a Fiend 'Master', the designation is official. After years of tireless struggle, a Fiend reaches a certain point in his existence; this is a time to go farther in his quest for power or be content as he is. If an ambitiously driven Fiend overcomes The Trials, then he is honored with the title of Master. A Master is allowed to start his own House. A Master who has his own House acquires three distinct privileges.

1. A Fiend's House may take in Fiend servants. Any Fiend can own slaves of non-Fiend species, but only a Master Fiend who is the head of a Household may keep servants of The Brotherhood.
2. A Master's personal idiosyncrasies will influence nearby Fiends of the same race. For example, a Master Rive-zella might have a penchant for anal sex with red headed girls, loves using Word Magic, and actively pursues politics. His chief features will affect all Rive-zella in the area on a genetic level. Those nearby Rive-zella will become like the Master, he is their template. Now all Rive-zella in that province will have a penchant for anal sex with red heads, desire to cast Word Magic, and crave political intrigue.

3. A Master with his own House receives the Sacraments of Satanis. This brings him extremely good fortune. In game terms, the Sacraments allow the Master to re-roll his lowest d6 result once per scene.

A few words about the first benefit, the Fiend servants... These servants are somewhere between being an apprentice and being a slave. They are bound to the Master and must obey his will or forfeit their life. The Master trains and teaches them, but he also frequently expects them to do other tasks such as: menial labor, weird sex acts with women and goats, journey to unexplored regions, assassinate the Master's many enemies, etc. Life as a servant is not easy. In fact, half the time it ends in death. However, there are potential rewards. A Fiend servant can expect to receive great power at the end of his servitude. No Fiend can serve another of his kind beyond 9 years. This is an ancient custom which prevents both the Master and servant from relying on each other indefinitely.

An additional advantage to apprenticeship is known as The Death Shadow. The Death Shadow is a tradition which states that if a servant is killed by anyone, except another Master, then the servant's Master is duty bound to slay him or her. Not the best perk in Yidathroth, but it's better than nothing. Being an apprentice is a daunting career move. While it is better to reign in Hell than to serve in heaven; it is also better to serve in Hell than to reign in oblivion.

So what are The Trials specifically? How does one earn the title of Master? First, he must find a portal to Kar 'nahl, Satanis' universe of origin. Second, the Fiend locates an Arash-maharr demon and scoops out his 9 eyeballs. Once scooped, they are promptly eaten. Upon returning to Yidathroth, the archmagi of the Insidious Order of the Ninth Angle descend upon him like giant vampire bats in the pre-dawn darkness. The Fiend is now a Master.



Coffins

"All obtuse Angles are magically harmful to those unaware of this property. The same angles are beneficial, stimulating, and energizing to those who are magically sensitive to them." *Law of the Trapezoid, Anton LaVey*

As everyone knows, the majority of Fiends sleep in coffins. While Fiends do like to be social and know what's going on in their universe, they also crave isolation. Too much influence from other Fiends, or any being, sours one's mood. There is no better alone time than resting peacefully in your own coffin.

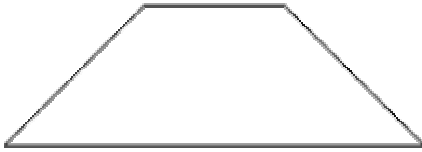
Some Fiends construct their own coffins and others buy them from a coffin maker. Custom made coffins are, of course, expensive. The finest are made from petrified swamp-wood. This singular wood has been submerged in the dank, noxious waters of the Corpse Light Swamp for centuries. The color of the wood is a bluish green and hard as diamond. These can go for up to 2,000 zirkas.

Some Fiends prefer coffins made from metal, stone, crystal, or shadowy black ooze. As long as the coffin is aesthetically pleasing, (or aesthetically displeasing and uncomfortable as you'll read in a minute) it will suit the owner. Outlandish designs are sometimes painted on the coffin's exterior. I've seen flames, naked women, skulls, demons, self-portraits, tribal patterns, etc. If you've seen it on a hotrod or motorcycle (on earth), then a similar design can be found on a coffin.

The traditional coffin shape is extremely important. Two trapezoids joined. The trapezoid is an unconsciously disturbing symbol. It conjures impressions of the unknown. The trapezoid is a symbol for unnatural change; therefore it is a frightening and distressing shape. It is no wonder that the trapezoid is used for carting around the dead; death is the last great journey into the unknown. The state of death is the ultimate change. Occasionally, a Fiend will design and sleep inside a trapezoidal box rather than a traditional style coffin. To each their own...

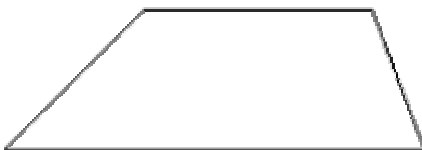
The trapezoid creates a feeling of fear in people. The fact that the viewer is unaware of where this fear comes from, gives the trapezoid even more power. Its frustrating angles seep into the subconscious and force people to behave a certain way. It controls them and their actions.

Any shape or spatial concept that triggers fear could therefore be considered evil, yet without such "evil," there could also be no progress, only complacency and stagnation. Needless to say, the fearsome is also fascinating and awesome." Law of the Trapezoid, *Anton LaVey*



What exactly happens when an individual enters an angular environment? It is very apparent that a polarity is produced within the individual. This is in essence what the LAW OF THE TRAPEZOID describes. Some are attracted to the environment and others are repelled. Along with attraction comes mental imagery that tries to encompass infinite concepts. Those who are repelled go to the opposite with imagery that has a profound morbid aspect connected to it. Feelings of impending death on an individual and species wide scale, theirs is a finite image. These are generalizations; I have seen extremes with both polarities. The bottom line is that there is an effect produced, no one really understands the actual nature of the effects, nor its boundaries, we will find out.

R. Whitaker



Assassin Guilds

Some assassin guilds are centered on allegiance. Others desire huge profits. There are assassins who keep religious ideals in mind and ones who lust only for power. Suffice it to say, every allegiance has its own assassin guild.

Since most Fiends don't care too much about money, assassins usually work for the fun of it. They are a proud lot, though, and wish to be compensated if only to prove how "in demand" their talents are. Unlike assassins on earth, the ones in Yidathroth want you to brag of their exploits. Assassinating people is not illegal. Sometimes murdering a Fiend is against the law, but only the Fiend who ordered the assassination is charged with a crime – even when the assassination was successful.





Void Sabers

“Oh come, you can hear its faint echo right now. I’m here to press the stinking face of humanity into the dark blood of its own secret heart. I’ll enjoy making you bleed, and I’ll enjoy making you enjoy it.” Pinhead, Hellraiser III

The art of shaping and mastering the void is an ancient one. Not quite as ancient as the art of cutting people down with bone and metal, but still pretty old. The void is, of course, pure nothingness. Although we know that invisible currents of black matter or dark energy flow everywhere, even in a void. Void engineers discovered that high quantities of this transcendent matter were found in the yawning gulphs of black. The matter might flow unseen in our world, but it comes from a different dimension altogether. Fiends began to draw the dark energy out of the void and use it as a weapon.

Aesthetically, void sabers look like a sword made out of a four foot laser beam – the saber glows brilliantly. However, this is not the case – an annihilation blade is not a laser, rather it is the opposite. The sword is not made of light, but darkness. A long, thin cylinder of void is forged by a mage. The void blade is harmless at this point because it has been transferred to this dimension. The mage then makes a copy of the void saber in astral space, close to the black matter’s dimension of origin. The new blade, in astral space, is then superimposed onto the void blade in this dimension, our reality. At last, the shaped void energy is a deadly weapon.

With the push of a button, a colorful burst of pure annihilation erupts from the black hilt. Because the void saber doesn’t truly exist in our dimension, it is virtually weightless. Handling such an elegant weapon takes great dexterity as opposed to strength. Such a blade is not for the brute, but for the intellectual, the noble, and the clerics of Yidathroth. Void saber duels are not uncommon. Another void saber is one of the few things that it cannot cut through. This makes it an excellent weapon for attack and defense.

Current inflation has brought the cost of a void saber up to about 5,000 zirkas. Most Fiends would rather trade services for such a weapon anyways. Not just any service will do; only the most dangerous...

An annihilation blade is a weapon for a Master Fiend. Few Fiends of lower station can afford such a thing. Even if they had the zirkas, the sheer effrontery would force the aristocracy to take it away from them. The void saber is like a

badge of honor; it is a singular statement of authority. Those who have great self-worth generally carry one even if they aren't proficient with it. They use it as a symbol of status. On the flip side, a few Fiends may not seem "worthy" of wielding a void saber but if one or two Fiends are cut down trying to take it away, then the wielder suddenly becomes "worthy." Skill is regarded almost as high as nobility.

Buying and Selling

Money, supply and demand... desire itself. This is what makes all universes turn. It's why we continue to crawl around like swine before the gods of avarice.

Zirkas will buy you most things such as food, shelter, weapons, and sex. However, there are things that zirkas won't buy; priceless commodities that must be traded for other priceless commodities. Anything above and beyond the usual street merchant fare must be acquired through the barter of goods. This can be as dissimilar as trading a magic cloak for secret information. It is true that almost anything can be bartered. Once I offered an abstract expressionist painting for the chance to eat slime cherries off the flesh of Thew-lassa's alluring, dark haired slave girl. He took the painting and I slurped slime cherry after slime cherry from her beautifully round ass. The experience was too unorthodox and sublime to degrade with an offer of mere zirkas. So we made a trade, a most satisfactory trade.

Zirkas are heartless, soulless. Trading items, services, ideas, or experiences is much more personal. Items like a mask; services such as bodyguard for a night; ideas such as a way into the sunken towers; or experiences like watching one's enemies humiliated... are precious. These things have no monetary value in themselves; they are worthwhile because they focus on the important things in life: moving towards a great new darkness!

In K'thana there are areas where zirkas are preferred. These are sidewalk sellers, pavement pushers, and street suppliers. They offer commonplace wares that the average Fiend might need on his way to the battlefield or the brothel. Temples, on the other hand, prefer barter. Not only houses of the holy but private residences, the steps of Satanis' Council, meeting places of cults, sects, and guilds, the wastes outside of the cities, and so on. If one is unsure, it is better to ask whether zirkas or trade is more appropriate. Make the wrong move and you risk insulting the party that you wish to do business with.



The Spider Trade

There is a thriving spider trade in K'thana. The breeding, training, and selling of spiders is the largest industry after sex, assassination, and magic. In the past, Mooja lizards were more fashionable for riding. Being docile, large, and dim-witted Mooja lizards allowed Fiends to travel across K'thana slowly but in comfort. Riding spiders are much faster and smarter though; they are definitely a superior beast of burden.

Giant Demonic Spiders: These furry, black arachnids are native to K'thana and several nearby dimensions. Spiders also have a relatively long life span, up to 80 years. Dozens of spider breeders can be found in any Fiend city.

Riding Spiders: Very large, excellent for riding. They comfortably seat 3 Fiends. Cost: 90

Guard Spiders: More intelligent and alert, bred to be smaller than riding spiders. They guard people, treasure, homes – letting out a horrible shriek when the person, thing, or area they are guarding has been compromised. Cost: 180

Attack Spiders: Attack spiders are bred to maul, squeeze, and bite people. Sometimes attack spiders fight each other (or humans) in pits or arenas as a spectator sport. Cost: 270

Pet/Familiar Spiders: *I once new a fuscia spider named Jim...* These spiders are very small, about as big as a human head. They are the most intelligent, aware, and capable of arachnids. Familiars enjoy tasks such as fetching small objects or spying on people. They also serve as excellent companions. Cost: 36

Master Spiders: These are the strangest breed of spider. Master Spiders are very intelligent, speak multiple languages, and have proven to be formidable magicians. They are silvery grey in color. Cost: 117

The Indigo City, Naja Haji

“Over shadowy spires and gleaming towers lay the ghostly darkness and silence that runs before dawn. Into a dim alley, one of a veritable labyrinth of mysterious winding ways, four masked figures came hurriedly from a door which a dusky hand furtively opened. They spoke not but went swiftly into the gloom, cloaks wrapped closely about them; as silently as the ghosts of murdered men they disappeared in the darkness. Behind them a sardonic countenance was framed in the partly opened door; a pair of evil eyes glittered malevolently in the gloom.”

The Phoenix on the Sword, Robert E. Howard

Naja Haji is a city of sand and hissing nocturnal serpents. It is inhabited by Fiends who follow different customs, different than Frier or any other metropolis. Naja Haji is a great walled city of ziggurats and zealots, rape and honey, assassins and prophecies. It is sweet with the ancient traditions of Satanis. It is the birth place of the Invocation to Satanis, the spell to communicate with our Crimson God.

Once per night a Fiend may come to the Dark Red Wall and commune with the Emperor. The wall must be kept wet with human blood in order to maintain the gateway between worlds. If the wall is wet with man's blood, then a Fiend may ask Satanis a single question. Satanis will answer and then there will be rejoicing, fucking, slaughter, and vibrant colored skin-lanterns!

Naja Haji is also the origin of Susej the Christ, the messiah as foretold by the prophets of the forbidden scriptures. This is why Naja Haji is regarded as the birthplace of life everlasting. After the 1,000 years a Fiend lives, his body explodes into ghostly flame. His body quickly burns away to nothingness. It is only when a Fiend is unnaturally killed, by accident or violence, during his 1,000 year lifespan that he regenerates after three months. However, if he lived without timidity or conscience, his demon soul will live on in the unseen planes. This afterlife is only possible through the messiah, Susej. He was born in Naja Haji and his coming opened a deep rift between time, space, death, and reality. Ia Ia the Chosen One!

Naja Haji is also known as the Indigo City, it is said that all significant changes waft from the golden ziggurats where men and infidels are thrown from the highest tier. Because Naja Haji is a city of metamorphosis, it has adapted to this paradigm by emanating an indigo hued glow that ripples and shines directly above the desert city.

Everywhere passersby can smell sweet honey and plums intermingled with the scent of burning autumn leaves. Fiends draw smoke from tentacle-like pipes attached to a tall, robust hookah which boils honey and plums. The Maj pipe, popular in Frier, is an individual affair. The hookah, which can be seen everywhere in taverns, inns, and brothels naturally lends itself to communal smoking. The soft, decadent vapor of honey and plums is inhaled by two, three, or anything up to seven participants. The sweet flavored smoke is calming and might take a Fiend on an inner voyage. The hookah is designed to enhance not only the imagination, but visualization itself. Smoking combined with meditation often leads to group travel into the vivid regions of Astral Space.

A giant and open plaza serves as the main marketplace in Naja Haji. One can find multitudes of oils, incense, spices, dried meats, soul-jeweled weapons, primitive artwork, and veiled exotic dancers for sale. Most active at night, the plaza is teeming with uncontrollably horny sex nymphs. This draws Fiends from all walks of life which, in turn, draw beggars, merchants, and mercenaries – for this is a city where anything can be bought and sold. Vigilante justice is the only kind of justice here and offenders are dealt with quickly.

The plaza is decorated with skin lanterns which preserves a quaint and beautiful unreality. Walking amidst luminous purple, yellow, green, and red lanterns gives the impression that one is strolling through a magical dream. These lanterns are made from thin, stretched human flesh and dyed lurid colors which glow like kaleidoscopic phantasms. These multicolored skin lanterns provide illumination for those walking about the plaza. No other light source is allowed, save for the torches used to burn thieves alive where they stand. Skin lanterns are also known as Cho-chin, first made to protect the flame from wind during nocturnal ceremonies on hilltops. Occasionally sigils are painted onto the Cho-chin with opaque materials; this accentuates the sigil and aids in sorcerous visualization.

Naja Haji has many temples. One in particular is called the Temple of Cryptic Messengers. The massive stone trapezoidal structure was built on the very site where the Christ of Satanis was born. When Susej grew to maturity, his first followers demanded that a temple be built there to honor him. The initial disciples were scorned, laughed at, and eventually killed. However, in time the Christ gained in power and prestige. The name of Susej was whispered in dungeons, whore houses, towers, and the foulest streets. The followers of Susej learned to kill with the sound of their voices. It wasn't long before his coven of disciples got their way. The Temple of Cryptic Messengers is where Susej's followers congregate. The Christ is of the Zeph n'glarl tribe and specializes in Dimension Magic. Therefore, his temple is where all dimensions meet. The

great chamber in the temple's center contains a giant sphere. This sphere is a conglomeration of every possible world and paradigm.

Some might wonder what is so special about Susej. It is said that he is the son and heir to Satanis the Blackened Ruby God. Many have seen his miraculous acts with their own sinister and blood-filled cat eyes. Susej walks upon the Blood Slicked Sea; He turns water into wyrm cider; He heals the sick soul of the Fiend who has seen too much of Sha-la. The Christ seeks to unify and direct the volatile malevolence of The Brotherhood. He is the word of God, and he is the way.

Children are frequently branded with the sacred number of 666 in Naja Haji. The ritual searing signifies the 666 Pits of Hellfire where demons whoop, holler, and dance the goat's dance. These short and thin demons built the first city in K'thana with great black stones from the Hellfire Pits themselves. Thousands of years later, the scarlet skinned demons returned to their native realm. These abandoned ruins became the skeleton where Naja Haji grew upon the bones like a corpulent teat.

Although the Indigo City was built on a desert, golden fountains hold the water from natural springs. These fountains decorate the ever widening streets of Naja Haji. Their water is sacred, used to anoint the Crimson Christ before he went into battle. The clear liquid purified his hell-bound heart and reminded Susej that he had a special plan for this world. The fountains of gold match the gilded ziggurats that reach into the crimson sky. Most times, they are shrouded by the emerald mist crawling through the streets and alleys and the rainbow skin-lanterns glowing in the plaza nearly obscuring the indigo shimmer directly above the city.

As for politics, the disciples of the Christ rule the entire city... up to a point. Many backroom deals and clandestine operations are directed by three archmagi of the Insidious Order of the Ninth Angle. This triumvirate of archmagi conspire to warp the ebb and flow of reality. It is their will to re-design the universe in *their* image.

The first archmage Fiend is Heela-vesh the watchful – a Schmekblut who also leads the Temple of the Blind Knowing. Heela-vesh wears bright orange spines down the center of his malformed skull. He has a third eye, blue in color, on the left side of his throat as well as a blackish red tentacle instead of a right hand. His Color Sphere is Turquoise.

The second archmage is Tels-tyson of Koth (A hellish frost dimension known to only the foulest demons). Tels-tyson was raised in Koth by beings far worse

than Fiends. This archmage follows the grotesque as many follow beauty. He has minions which gather the most hideous prostitutes and aberrations of K'thana. Once rounded up, these monstrous specimens are delivered to his golden tower where he watches them fornicate for hours on end. Tels-tyson concludes this bacchanal in a special way. He watches the prostitutes give birth to even more grotesque spawn by speeding up through sorcery. Occasionally he eats what finally works its way from the womb to the world. Other times he allows it to live a somewhat "normal" life in his employ. Tels-tyson is a Lashera, though his simian heads appear more reptilian than usual. At the tender age of 9 he was branded with the number 999 upon his left wrist. His Color Sphere is Opalescent.

The third archmage is the most mysterious of all. He always remains shrouded in black robes. This Fiend is sometimes referred to as The Betrayer, although no one alive can say why. The Betrayer owns one or two assassin guilds in Naja Haji. He is clothed in black and can be found walking the more deserted streets when the moons of K'thana are at their darkest. He tends several gardens in the vicinity of The Temple of Cryptic Messengers. It is guessed that he is a Sairmenow and his sphere is Metallic, Black, or both.



The Blood Slicked Sea and Infected Wastes

"What place he later occupied is impossible to say. Underground, perhaps, beneath the shop with the peculiar merchandise. Thenceforward it was always dark, except on those occasions when his keepers would come down and shine a light across the full length of his monstrous form. (*The victim of a horrible magic*, the guide would whisper.) But the shining light never disturbed his dreams, since his present shape was equipped with nothing that functioned as eyes." Ligotti

Close to the Blood Slicked Sea are the Infected Wastes (also known as the Infected Lands). The dark red waters wind around squalid habitations like a watchful serpent. Listen and you can hear the monotonous beating of the tom-toms. Very few hours pass by without the sound of a tribal drum. Those who have lived in the Infected Wastes claim that the incessant beating keeps away the Elder Black. Unfortunately no Fiend has stayed there long enough to surmise what the Elder Black might be... A few scholars believe this name refers to the most ancient and terrifying Gods. Aeons ago, these Elder Black Gods were entities who only existed to slay other gods. Their reputation became such that they were soon exiled to a place far deeper and darker than Yidathroth. As one would suspect the vile Gods of Blackness adhered closely to their Color Sphere of influence: Death, Tyranny, and Dishonor. Some speculate that that is where the Color Sphere of Black originated.

Only humans and half human / half Fiends live in the Infected Lands. Some half Fiends were born that way, others mutated towards the Fiend spectrum after living in this demon universe. Partial Fiends may be more or less than half a Fiend, but they will never be considered truly of the blood. They dwell in shacks made from the mud-gore found on the banks of the Blood Slicked Sea. When dry, this mud-gore resembles a ruddy brown adobe. Residents of the Infected Wastes also use the water for bathing, fishing, and traveling. Canoeing from one place to another via the Blood Slicked Sea is convenient, for the water spreads everywhere known and unknown. One's canoe can travel throughout K'thana and may lead to unique dimensions.

Offerings are thrown into the dark red waters from time to time. This is done to appease some of the lesser Gods who exist within the reflection of the sea. Through such reflections, we can see the anti-self residing in its anti-world. After an offering is cast into the Blood Slicked Sea, a squid is traditionally slaughtered. The squid's insides will form a pattern that a shaman, Vodoun, or anointed one

can decipher. The curves and angles of its insides will tell the future and the entire settlement can learn from such wisdom.

Life is generally less chaotic among humans and human / Fiend hybrids than among pure Fiends. Stability, logic, and social progress are seen as more important than war, one-upmanship, ambition, and honor. Some might theorize that the Infected Lands are growing in population while places like Frier are in decline. However, this is not true. Frier has so many females that sex is customarily a thrice daily practice. This is rarely done for breeding purposes, since pleasure is of a higher value, but accidental offspring is still a likely event.

One settlement in the Infected Lands is called Ro-An (roughly translated as Den of Lepers since Fiends consider everyone who is tainted with humanity to have a sort of leprosy). Ro-An is a quiet and reserved community, yet it sleeps with one eye open. It has a population of three thousand and sits about a week's ride to the south of Frier. The beings of this settlement live in fear of being raided by Fiends, succumbing to the hazards of K'thana, and the aforementioned vague fear of the Elder Black.

Ro-An has a dozen spiritual leaders who watch over the people and guide them. These shamans consult the forgotten gods reflected in the Blood Slicked Sea. They feel that these abandoned divinities protect them like adopted parents. Ro-An also has warriors, thieves, wizards, farmers, fishers, blacksmiths, and warders – those who beat upon the tribal drums. There are also those who breed, raise, train, and sell spiders – spiders for riding, for eating, for hunting, guarding, or companionship.

Not too long ago, a fatigue in the barrier between universes appeared. This breach opened right on the doorsteps of Ro-An. Humans came through, a few at a time. They did not know where they had traveled to, but they wandered into Ro-An. These men from outside were greeted warmly. The shamans of Ro-An told the men and women the entire history of Satanis, Yidathroth, and K'thana. Apparently, the humans from Sha-la had heard rumors of such things and were not completely surprised. The humans stayed in Ro-An to help the community and discover what they could of the crimson chaos realm.

Ro-An decided to secretly harbor the men and women from Sha-la. They risked the wrath of true Fiends. In fact, they risked unholy hell itself by allowing unannounced humans from Sha-la to stay. However, they kept their bargain and stuck to their decision, risky though it was. Some natives of the Infected Wastes journeyed through the portal to see their forgotten motherland. The pure humans had no problem blending back into an all human society. The Half

Fiend hybrids did not fare so well. The few who hoped to escape Yidathroth found themselves just as persecuted as Fiend ancestors had been millennia ago.

Possible Scenarios

1. Player Characters live as Half Fiends in the Infected Lands who wish to escape their oppression by fighting the Fiends who exiled them. This could possibly be accomplished by using the outsider's weapons or leading an army of humans from Sha-la?
2. It won't be long before Fiends of Frier, or some other city, find out about the gateway to Sha-la and that Ro-An is harboring humans from outside Yidathroth. Once they realize, pure Fiends will take revenge. Player Characters could be on either side, both, or neither.
3. Player Characters could investigate the Elder Black and discover the mystery behind such frightening beings.
4. The Game Master could use Ro-An as a guide for a similar settlement in the Infected Wastes. Perhaps PCs could infiltrate, destroy, lead, or stir a revolution within such a community?





Evil in the Blood

“Master, I feel the darkness all around me, penetrating me, binding me...”

“Indeed, it is everywhere, moving inside our body, inside our brain. It squirms like a restless hatred which can only be satisfied by realized ambition. It is your Will born again. The Dark Way is an unwholesome shadow which commands all lesser concepts. It is darkness a thousand times dark!” DDD

There are some Fiend philosophies which state that darkness is in the blood. The Brotherhood belongs to the Dark Way because they were born anew in the bilious green flames of Satanis. These Fiends maintain that Fiendishness is in the species and it is foolish, if not sacrilegious, to look for black magicians outside the race. The blood is the path to Godhood, and the Dark Way can only lead the chosen down this path. This is the majority opinion.

There are others who believe that the Dark Way, Hideous Paradise, and Godhood are wholly independent of The Brotherhood. Evil is not an exclusive province of the blood. These Fiends purposely seek out non-Fiend beings in order to teach them the Dark Way. Many wonder... for what purpose? The few Fiends who look outside their species have spoken of the unique paths their teaching takes when given to non-Fiend students. The Dark Way manifests itself as it wills, as if the Dark Way itself was conscious inside a living vessel. Humans, who become apprenticed to Fiends, are able to manipulate sinister sorcery just like The Brotherhood. However, human magic is different than Fiendish wizardry. It is more utilitarian. Functionality supersedes gaudy displays of excess and indulgence. Fiends are fascinated by symbolism while humans cast spells with more practicality, more “realism”.

Non-Fiends are sometimes taught the noble art of death: how to wield a void saber. Some members of The Brotherhood take even more offense to this. Yet, there will always be Fiends who teach humans and other entities to fight with an elegant and efficient annihilation blade. Once an outsider knows how to concentrate and transcend reality via the Dark Way, wielding a void saber is relatively easy. The apprentice is henceforth shunned from his previous society and culture. He is no longer considered a member of his former race, he is too Fiend-like, too monstrous.

Still, sorcerous void saber wielding humans have their purposes; whether it's in the gladiatorial pits or on the field of battle who can say? Some Fiends even theorize that an outsider who knows the teaching may spawn Fiendish children

who also know the Dark Way, or at least are extremely susceptible to learning it. Have we not all heard of the Zeph n'glarl prophets crying out in the streets of Frier, ranting of humans who are on the dark path and will eventually spawn their own bloodline of Fiend? Yes, these are uncertain times and new outsiders seem to be learning our ways all the time. It would be worrying if it wasn't so deliciously perverse and blasphemous.

I have seen human apprentices, cloaked in the personal colors of their master, commanding the dark forces, cutting down humans, beasts, and other entities. The Brotherhood sees them as unstable aberrations. Of course, any apprentice who physically threatens one of The Brotherhood is immediately put down. At least that interpretation of the law was strictly enforced in years past. As more non-Fiends are learning our ways, the Order of the Ninth Angle has seen fit to allow an apprentice to fight alongside his master. This means that if a Fiend is threatened and his trained human kills a Fiend, then no wrongdoing has been done. Uncertain times indeed.

Possible Scenarios

1. PCs could play a non-Fiend outsider who is learning the Dark Way. Fiends don't understand them and constantly threaten their existence.
2. PCs are non-Fiends who have been taught and want to become full Fiends or go their own way and conquer human worlds.
3. PCs are Fiends who wish to train their own outsider in the ways of the Fiend.

Shadow Jungles of Tharr and Below

“Soon they were plunging hideously downward through inconceivable abysses in a whirling, giddy, sickening rush of dark, tomb-like air; and Carter felt they were shooting into the ultimate vortex of shrieking and daemoniac madness. He screamed again and again, but whenever he did so the black paws tickled him with greater subtlety. Then he saw a sort of grey phosphorescence about, and guessed they were coming even to that inner world of subterranean horror of which dim legends tell, and which is litten only by the pale death-fires wherewith reeks the ghoulish air and the primal myths...” Lovecraft

Located many days south of Frier, the Shadow Jungles of Tharr used to be a wasteland just like much of K'thana. Aeons ago a stranger appeared in the realm of crimson chaos. While unsheathing his sword to cut down some human beggars, he accidentally dropped a few multi-colored crystals. These vibrantly glowing crystals immediately sunk into the useless soil. Years later, plants began to grow. Gigantic weeds took over the place. Overgrown, these weeds spread for miles.

Within the jungle, gateways blink in and out. These gateways lead to a network of tunnels beneath the jungle which were hitherto unknown. Also, large beasts roam the jungle, feasting on any living thing that comes by. These beasts are intelligent and sometimes make pacts with travelers. For a meal or two, the beasts will act as guide for those who wish to explore the subterranean passageways.

The jungles are also teeming with beautiful and exotic orchids. Giant flowers, their luminous petals displayed like the flesh of a dirty nymph, cover the jungle floor. Flowers of all types grow and breed; sometimes creating unique inter-species hybrids. Unsettling is the beast with skin that blooms, and disconcerting is the flower which whispers like a Fiend.

Krox-lithletti are strange creatures that wander the shadows. They have the legs of a spider, the body of an insect almost like a lobster, and their head is a mass of fruiting bodies and olive green fungi. They are invariably covered in a weird fire or energy barrier. Krox-Lithletti are intelligent entities from other stars. They are a secretive race and keep only to themselves. It is unknown why they have settled in the jungles.

Several major tribes of Kurur-esh and Malahko live here. They spend their time surviving the unrepentant and inhospitable jungle. It is easy to get lost unless one strictly follows the trinity of scarlet moons in the sky. Kurur-esh and Malahko are accustomed to the heat and humidity, but other Fiends are not. A Fiend can easily drop from a few days walking, and it is easy to walk for weeks in search of a familiar landmark.

The Kurur-esh who live in the Shadow Jungles have a particular ritual for catching something to eat. They beat a human's head with a rock until his brains spill out. The spilt brains are then boiled and poured onto a shaman's face. Once the scalding brain liquid cools, it hardens to become a mask. The mask is worn by the shaman for nine days. At the end of the ninth day, the entire tribe beats on sacred drums as the shaman not only peels off the mask but he also peels off the flesh of his own face. The skinless-faced shaman of the tribe ululates to any and all Ibsa, a gargantuan, ebony crab-like species. The Ibsa is summoned and bound to the ululating shaman while the rest of the tribe kills it. Upon its death, Ibsa meat is ripped from the bone and cooked over a greenish hell-flame. The feast generally lasts three nights. A few tribes also use this feast as a celebration of fertility. Impregnating a female during the Ibsa feast supposedly brings good fortune.

The Malahko tribes also have a ritual peculiar to them. They dip all six of their fingers in the blood of their enemies. The last and extraneous digit produces an unknown enzyme in the blood which creates a potent elixir. This potion allows the tribe to enter a state sometimes called The Dark Dreaming or The Time of Dream-Blood. This state takes Fiends on an inward spiritual journey which may aid the tribe in times of crisis. Unfortunately, little else is known about this bizarre ritual.



Below...

These catacombs, if traveled far enough, can lead down to the 999 Layers of the Crimson Gate. This is where the truly fierce and vicious demons live, the Harkaan. The 999 Layers of the Crimson Gate is a place where consciousness divorces itself from matter. In this case, "black matter" which exists in Yidathroth, breaks from the material world in order to become pure spirit. Such dark forces comprise the world of magic. Many believe that sorcery is only possible because of the spiritual forces released from black matter. The Harkaan jealously guard their penultimate lore. The 999 Layers of the Crimson Gate have been seen by only a handful of The Brotherhood. Such secrets are for the chosen few who will corrode the essence of all universes.

The following is a first-hand account written this year...

"The luxuriant warmth of the fire opals gleamed about the chamber lit with the sickly yellow flame – the fungi insect spiders from the Shadow Jungles of Tharr are always bathed in the deranged fire like ghostly amber energy. The creature called a Krox-lithletti hums and buzzes irritated and amused that I ventured down into the subterranean world that exists below Tharr. I raised my sword, an instrument of death for untold villainous aeons. It is covered in the fire opals which trap demon souls. We are the beasts from a universe that feed upon flesh and change red blood to greenish black ichor.

The sword gleams as I wait for it to assume my influence, the demon jewels glow. Upon seeing my weapon, the fungi insect spiders wrapped in diseased flame crawls before me, trying to speak the tongue of a Fiend. It asks for mercy where there can be none.

Although I wish it to die horribly and violently before me, a sorcerer must study it. Our little war party must know more about the Krox-lithletti and similar abominations before we venture deeper into the abyss beneath the Shadow Jungles of Tharr. Once we know everything that it can divulge, I will step forward to cleave its spidery legs, fungi head, and lobster body till many-hued guts of obnoxious texture and odor gush forth... Ia Ia Satanis!"

The underworld below K'thana is a cancerous, aberrant realm where black shapes frolic and revel in their foul and carnal kingdom of perversity. Gigantic cave systems miles below the surface hide the nightmare orgies of monstrous demigods raping voluptuous and feminine beings of human ancestry. Devil creatures, their features angry, hateful, distorted, dark red, and primal lope like

reptiles or apes, speaking like men and fornicating with passions born of dream-like Hells beyond the pale stars.

The vile, intoxicating smell of sex fills the underworld like an obscene vapor. Many murderers and magicians seek their fortune in the antediluvian world deep underground. Some can thrive in such an environment, creating unnamable progeny that might grow into a thing worthy of their seed. Some say the very Gods themselves were issued from such unwholesome acts of sexual desecration.

For others, their desire is too much for them and they drown in a stinking pit of ecstasy and corruption. The weak willed submit to the more dominant participants, soon becoming slaves that have no other purpose than to be abused by their master. To show weakness at all is to be swallowed by the festivities.

I, however, have survived many a night in the recesses of iniquity and come out to tell the tale. It takes a resolve as well as a love of risk. An attitude where one does not care if one lives or dies. I suggest taking one or more females with you when you go. Unlike many eldritch locales in K'thانا, these are not to be sacrificed. They are merely used for the pleasure of all things that exist below. One of fair hair and the other of dark is the custom. Each satanic connoisseur has his fetish.

Some juicy vessels are in chains. Other luscious bodies are bound in leather straps, tied with ropes onto racks, costumes of raunchy fashion, everywhere kinky, squirting, slamming, anal, taboo, horny, throbbing, dark hunger burning for release. Filthy bi-sexual girls parade themselves, sucking their lords while other females lick them from behind. All this and more occurs before the tribes of decadence!

A few women find their place as master; the female's role is not always one of subservience, of giving their soft bodies over to claws, antennae, and suckered tentacles. One of the harshest dominants to demand satisfaction is a female named Lorna, a girl who gave her 6 sultry, large breasted sisters to various abominations upon entering the underworld. The payment was to ensure her survival in this underworld, as well as, her training. Lorna wished to become a successful dominant, so she learned the sadistic ways of cruelty and sexual power.

When not in the nude, most females are clothed in dresses, corsets, and lingerie of tanned human flesh occasionally dyed a color favorable to their master's Color Sphere. Most underworld beings prefer to see women wearing nothing except cuts and bruises. Occasionally jewels are imbedded into a female's flesh in order

to mark her. These rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topaz can be decorative just as they easily distinguish whose girl belongs to whom.

Although the renowned orgies capture the most interest, other unsavory dealings take place yet deeper. An infinite number of strange beings grow unnaturally, spawned by the loathsome nutrients seeping into the tomb-like caverns. Creatures with intelligence and understanding exist here, things that can manipulate the fragile reality that surrounds us, just like Fiends. These beings are dead yet beyond death, their limbs extend like thirsty roots which glow like skin lanterns. These creatures are known as Tomb-Spawn. They are albino tree-like cadavers (if a Zibza looked more like a human corpse) that walk the lower tunnels, their minds rotted out from millennia in darkness. Tomb-Spawn conduct abhorrent rites which steal the souls of unfortunate wanderers. They gnaw on living flesh and babble nonsense as they scuttle through their dreary warren.



Desert of Nyibb

“Secrets of the primal planet and its immemorial aeons flashed through my brain without the aid of sight or sound, and there were known to me things which not even the wildest of former dreams had ever suggested. And all the while cold fingers of damp vapour clutched and picked at me, and that eldritch, damnable whistling shrieked fiendishly above all the alternations of babel and silence in the whirlpools of darkness around.” Lovecraft

The Desert of Nyibb is an inhospitable place where the dead are buried face down; where young offspring are left to fend for themselves; and where a drug-addled Fiend might meditate his way to a higher understanding.

Nyibb was the name of a very old city which fell to enemy invaders centuries ago. Now the city is a skeletal collection of ruins half-buried in the deep, unending sands. The old city of Nyibb was a gathering place for servitors. If one served a powerful and ancient being, then Nyibb was a haven full of cosmopolitan delights and eclectic indulgences. The old city provided a safe zone for meeting unknown, alien paradigms.

Unfortunately, when *D'karri Whai'dass* betrayed Satanis and The Brotherhood, the God's last act of heresy was to pit various factions against each other by way of deception. *D'karri Whai'dass* was banished, but the damage had been done and an all-out war grew from the xenophobic tension. The old city of Nyibb was obliterated, but the desert region still bears its name.

The Desert of Nyibb is a refuge for druids, shamans, deeply religious tribes, nomads, gurus, and scavengers. It will always hold the energy of countless cultures; many unheard of artifacts are buried in the sand surrounding the ruins of the old city. Instead of building temples throughout the desert, the entire desert is considered a temple to the conscious universe. The conscious universe is the idea that all things are known and connected in shadowy, cryptic ways. Only those who study the rhythm of the universe can understand it.

This “new age” thinking has spread to Naja Haji as well. Disenchanted artists, clerics, priests, and templars come to the desert to live off the desolate sands. In Nyibb there are no critics, no openings, and no competition... only creation. Artists and holy seekers come to create an extension of themselves away from the sycophants and detractors.

The Desert of Nyibb also draws magicians. One's sorcery operates a little differently here. Strict paradigms fall away. The usual route, ingrained in one's mind and in one's imagination, disappears; it is covered by sand. The familiar grooves change as the desert changes; sand blowing into sand, creating a new landscape. What was once possible and expected of one's magic, suddenly becomes alien and... unnecessary. New feats and subconscious realizations open like the doors of perception.

Those Fiends who meditate, reflect, and focus in the Desert of Nyibb each day for a period of at least five hours will increase their Hideous Paradise by one. The sands form a mystical connection with all things. When a Fiend opens his mind here, he draws the eternal wisdom of Yidathroth into his being.

The Sphinx of K'thana

In the Desert of Nyibb's northern region there is a holy wonder of the universe: the Sphinx. It is very much like the Sphinx on earth, except this one is larger and more horrifying to behold. The Sphinx of K'thana influenced the Egyptian monument when a few Fiends found their way to earth.

The Solemn Beast of a Thousand Black Tentacles is a gigantic statue honoring the Dark Gods who are unaccounted for... or forgotten. The Sphinx is a representation of all the ominous divinities one could fathom. Fiends come to The Solemn Beast of a Thousand Black Tentacles to pay homage to those great evil influences and vibrations which reach K'thana. It is a way for Fiends to connect with unknown darkness.

The Sphinx has the body of a lion, the head of a Fiend, but the face of a thousand tentacles silently writhing to an unheard blasphemy. Many walk to this place expecting to feel a hollow emptiness, however, seeing the moving tentacles jutting out from the face of such a beast has changed Fiends' lives.

Anyone who journeys to the Sphinx may have a special desire in mind. Every so often, the Sphinx appears to guide that being to their greater destiny. Being in the presence of such a mystical wonder is undeniably humbling and awe inspiring. No one knows who built it; the ancient scrolls say that it was here long before The Brotherhood were born.

When the three moons of K'thana wax gibbous over the Beast, it sometimes changes color. The Sphinx takes on the potent hues of the Color Spheres, and when it is Yellow, then fear takes over the land. When the Sphinx is Crimson, then the Desert of Nyibb is enriched with power and vengeance. No matter what color the Beast appears, the wavering tentacles reaching out from its face remain black.



Cyclopean Towers of the Sunken City

"Things of inconceivable shape, [the myths] implied, had reared towers to the sky and delved into every secret of Nature before the first amphibian forbear of man had crawled out of the hot sea three hundred millions years ago. Some had come down from the stars; a few were as old as the cosmos itself; others had arisen swiftly from terrene germs as far behind the first germs of our life cycle as those germs are behind ourselves. Spans of thousands of millions of years, and linkages with other galaxies and universes, were spoken of. Indeed, there was no such thing as time in its humanly accepted sense." Lovecraft

Can you smell the brine? The stench of the dirty, night colored water? Beyond the Corpselight Swamp is a region where the ocean has dried up. Rocky, barren, and swimming in an atmosphere of moist, sickly green fog... stands the Cyclopean Towers of the Sunken City. The Sunken City still exists; it has evolved into a subterranean hive for ominous dreamers.

The witch-haunted towers are covered in bilious green vapor. The towers themselves are dark. Unknown life from the long-evaporated ocean still clings to the towers. At one time the towers were almost fully submerged in the brackish waters. Now the water has become pregnant moisture which humidly hangs in the air.

Those who walk near the Cyclopean Towers of the Sunken City are prone to the most horrible kind of nightmare. They feverishly dream of falling into a pitch black ocean where there is no sky, or land, or anything. These unfortunates dream of swimming in total and complete blackness... until they can swim no longer.

Some say the Towers were brought to K'thana from an entirely different dimension. Perhaps a place reminiscent of the black ocean dream? It is said that only madness exists within the Towers.

The underground city houses a race of sticky, dark green monkey men. Fiends frequently come and go, and the native monkey beings socialize, eat, sleep, and fornicate. Their primary occupation, however, is digging deeper into K'thana. A sticky, dark green monkey man shaman once revealed the reason to a Fiend scholar. He told the Fiend that there is a sickly, dark green center at the heart of the world. And eating this ichor will allow them to see in the place of the endless black ocean.

How To Worship

“Avenues of limitless night seemed to radiate in every direction, till one might fancy that here lay the root of a contagion destined to sicken and swallow cities, and engulf nations in the foetor of hybrid pestilence. Here cosmic sin had entered, and festered by unhallowed rites had commenced the grinning march of death that was to rot us all to fungous abnormalities too hideous for the grave’s holding.” Lovecraft

Conflict is at the heart of any roleplaying session. Life does not rest, it goes on. Agitated and struggling, it goes on. Human beings need things going on, need to think, feel, and to be entertained. They need conflict. Man cannot sit still. That is why they seek out any excuse to pit one group of humans against another. The cause doesn’t matter: religion, politics, science, art, sports. Human beings need opposition, and it even goes beyond humanity. This is a universal law which even Fiends obey.

Aeons ago there was a dispute between priests of the Dark Gods. What is the best way to worship the Dark Gods? Some of these priests believed it was best to offer human sacrifices. Some priests believed it was best to commit heinous acts. Some priests believed it was best to live well and indulgently. Some priests believed it was best to smite God’s enemies. Some priests believed it was best to adhere to the ancient traditions. And still other priests believed the Dark Gods should be worshiped by gathering wisdom and knowing truth.

Many wars were waged because of the various ways to worship the Old Ones. Eventually the long, bloody battles came to an end. A few prominent leaders from each sect came together and wrote the Crimson Scrolls of K’thana. The scrolls agree that there is no single avenue to worship the Evil Ones. The Dark Way was created to encompass multiple paradigms; this was a spiritual path that transcended individual viewpoints. The Dark Way is a hidden energy field that flows throughout the universe. It lends itself to personal empowerment. The Dark Way is the fulfillment of one’s creative vision.

After the Crimson Scrolls of K’thana were written in the bilious green blood of the sect leaders, the wars ended. Fiend conflict needed to be given a new direction. Satanis pointed The Brotherhood to Sha-la, the human universe. It was there that Fiends could exsanguinate every drop of malicious passion. The Fiend species moved their attention to earth and the many worlds populated by humanity. However, there will always be a few who wish to stir up old hatreds; causing Fiends to murder Fiends in the dead of twilight, scarlet and jade.



Insidious Order of the Ninth Angle

"The monster does not have his origin only in pathological behavior; it is also the projection, in the black chamber of a sick mind, of the hate and disgust felt for the stranger, the outsider, whose presence at the heart of American civilization is a stain and a menace of corruption." Lovecraft: A Study in the Fantastic by Maurice Levy

The Insidious Order of the Ninth Angle is an organization that originated in antediluvian times, and it has survived to this day as the ruling body of Fiend government. The actual number of cultists within the Ninth Angle is unknown. However, several of this unholy order can frequently be found at every hour of the night walking the crooked streets of Frier. In fact, every degenerate city is said to be orchestrated by members of the Insidious Order of the Ninth Angle. The sect acts as puppeteers, working the strings that motivate Fiends at every level of society.

Their name comes from an old sigil. The ninth angle of this sigil supposedly represents the height of perversity, when one's powers are overflowing with ecstatic, nightmarish glory. Nine is the number of the Dark Ones, the Devil Gods who whisper behind the fabric of reality. Nine is the increment before the cycle is completed.

often I lied dreaming beneath the world of dreams, I was barely there and
sinking
into the depths of a Hellish dark stream.

Lieutenants in Satanis' band of murderers are given a choice when they take
their

Oath. I was such a lieutenant and this very choice was put to me. I had the
diabolic pleasure of watching my mate being tortured by the same Fiends I
wished to

join. This band of murderers wrenched her out of my muscular, orange and
mauve slimy arms. They threw her onto a Wheel of Laughter and began to burn
her flesh with iron rods housed in a fiery forge. These Fiends tittered with
demonic glee as they seared her pale greenish skin. Some took pleasure in her
helpless body. She screamed - in ecstasy, revulsion, or both... I'm not sure.
They found solace in her vulnerability.

The other choice I was given? It was really no choice at all. I could either allow
my girl to submit to those atrocities or forgo atrocities myself - I would be

forbidden from rape and torture myself. The taking of illicit flesh would be denied to me. That was something I could not abide. So my mate would have to suffer under their salacious wrath, so be it.

Why join this noxious fraternity at all, you might ask? As a Lieutenant in Satanis' band of murderers I was allowed certain privileges... certain rights above and beyond Fiends of ordinary nobility and aristocracy.



Lands of the Messiah

"Below the waist, though, it was the worst; for here all human resemblances left off and sheer phantasy began. The skin was thickly covered with coarse black fur, and from the abdomen a score of long greenish-grey tentacles with red sucking mouths protruded limply. Their arrangement was odd, and seemed to follow the symmetries of some cosmic geometry unknown... On each of the hips, deep set in a kind of pinkish, ciliated orbit, was what seemed to be a rudimentary eye; whilst in lieu of a tail there depended a kind of trunk or feeler with purple annular markings, and with many evidences of being an undeveloped mouth or throat. The limbs, save for their black fur, roughly resembled the hind legs of prehistoric earth's giant saurians; and terminated in ridgy-veined pads that were neither hooves nor claws. When the thing breathed, its tail and tentacles rhythmically changed colour, as if from some circulatory cause normal to the non-human side of its ancestry. In the tentacles this was observable as a deepening of the greenish tinge, whilst in the tail it was manifest as a yellowish appearance which alternated with a sickly grayish-white in the spaces between the purple rings." Lovecraft

Christ of Satanis

So all the generations from Abdalack the wicked to Mal-helthew the engorged were nine generations, and from Mal-helthew the engorged to the deportation to Naja Haji nine generations, and from the deportation to Naja Haji to the Christ born of Satanis nine generations.

Now the birth of Christ, the son of Satanis, took place in this way. When his mother Ellisa had been betrothed to Tzek-tza, before they came together she was found to be with child.

And her Husband Tzek-tza, put his faith in Satanis. He was unwilling to put her to death, for succulent was the fragrance of her nether regions. So Tzek-tza resolved to exile her quietly.

But as he considered this, behold, a servitor of Satanis appeared to him in a dream, saying, "Tzek-tza, do not fear to take Ellisa as your primary sex slave, for that which is conceived in her is of the Infernal Mandate. She will bear a son,

and you shall call his name Susej, for he will save his people from their fruitless wandering.”

All this took place to fulfill what Satanis had spoken by the prophet: “Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his coming shall be called Leunamme” (which means, “Satanis is with us”).

When Tzek-tza woke from sleep, he did as the servitor of Satanis commanded him; he took Ellisa and made her his most favored sex slave. A few months later she bore a son and he was named Susej.

In those days came Nohj the rapist, preaching in the wilderness of K’thana, “Vengeance, for the kingdom of Satanis is at hand.” For this is he who was spoken of by the prophet Haiasi when he said, “The voice of one crying in the wastes: Prepare the way of Satanis, make his paths straight.”

Nohj the rapist wore a garment of seductress flesh as well as a flesh mask. His food was the blood of human beings. Then Nohj went out to Frier and Naja Haji and all the regions of K’thana. They were baptized by him in a lake of fire, confessing their lust for revenge. But when he saw many Fiends of Odhra-Guoa, Toola-Vra, and Drekh-Crom coming for baptism, he said to them, “You brood of outsiders! Who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bear unwholesome fruit that indulges in vengeance, and do not presume to say to yourselves, ‘We have Satanis as our Father’; for I tell you, God is able from these stones to bludgeon His only children who are called Fiends.”

“I baptize you with fire for retribution, but he who is coming after me is mightier than I, whose necklace of ears I am not worthy to bear around my neck; he will baptize you with the Infernal Mandate and with fire. His winnowing trident is in his hand, and he will clear his thrashing floor and gather the demon souls in his sight, but the unworthy will burn know only oblivion.”

Then Susej came from Naja Haji to the wastes of K’thana to Nohj, to be baptized by him. Nohj the rapist gave to him the last of his unwilling concubines rather than baptize the Christ, he who is the way. And Susej answered him, “Let it be so now, for thus it is fitting for us to fulfill the destiny of the Crimson God.” And Susej took the unwilling concubine as his own.

And as Susej took the female vessel, the abyss opened to a great, yawning blackness and he saw the Will of Satanis descend like a jeweled dagger into the throat of one’s enemy. And the Crimson God growled, “This is my beloved son, with whom I am well pleased.”

After nine nights without material sustenance, Susej left the lake of fire in search of that harsh twilight, green and red. He spread his word and soon the Christ had devoted followers. Susej went up on the mountain where he sat down his disciples. And the Christ gazed a gazely stare, curled his sardonic grinning mouth and taught them, saying:

"Hated are the poor in spirit, for they shall never see the Kingdom of Satanis."

"Hated are those who mourn, for they shall know no comfort."

"Hated are the meek, for they shall forever cower before us."

"Hated are those who hunger and thirst for decency, for there is none."

"Hated are the merciful, for they shall find no mercy."

"Hated are the makers of peace, for they live at odds with the universe."

"Favored are those who make war for the honor and glory of Satanis."

"Favored are those who seek neither profit nor popularity."

"Favored are those who fulfill their creative vision, for all of these things are the stones upon The Dark Path which leadeth us to a Hideous Paradise. Ia Ia Shemhamforash!" So it is written, so it is done...

"At the time I met the man who authored the stories that follow, I had reached a crisis point in my own work as a writer of fiction. This gentleman, who was considerably older than I, was several steps ahead of me along the same path. 'I have always desired to escape,' he said, 'from the grip of show business.' He said these words to me across the table in a corner booth of the coffee shop where all our meetings took place in the late hours of the night...

'My focus, or center of interest,' he said, 'has always been the wretched show business of my own life – an autobiographical wretchedness that is not even first-rate show business but more like a series of sideshows, senseless episodes without continuity or coherence except that which, by virtue of my being the ringmaster of this miserable circus of sideshows, I assign to it in the most bogus and show businesslike fashion, which of course fails to maintain any genuine effect of continuity or coherence, inevitably so. But this, I've found, is the very essence of show business. The unexpected mutations, the sheer baselessness of beings, the volatility of things... By necessity we live in a world, a sideshow world, where everything is ultimately peculiar and ultimately ridiculous.' "

Ligotti



Revelations

"Satan here held his Babylonish court, and in the blood of stainless childhood the leprous limbs of phosphorescent Lilith were laved. Incubi and succubae howled praise to Hecate, and headless moon-calves bleated to the Magna Mater. Goats leaped to the sound of thin accursed flutes, and Aegipans chased endlessly after misshapen fauns over rocks twisted like swollen toads. Moloch and Ashtaroth were not absent; for in this quintessence of all damnation the bounds of consciousness were let down, and man's fancy lay open to vistas of every realm of horror and every forbidden dimension that evil had power to mould." Lovecraft

The Revelation of the Crimson Christ, which Satanis gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his devil unto his servant Nohj.

Who bare record of the word of Satanis, and of the testimony of his Christ, and of all things that he saw.

Favored is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand.

These dreams are washed in the red, dirty shrouds and dresses of a thousand virgins turned to the ancient art of whoring. The Christ has made us kings and priests unto Satanis, his father. To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Ia Ia Shemhamforash!

Behold, he cometh with the twilight; and every eye shall see him. The Christ watches and remembers himself while those who turn away wither on the vine.

I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith Susej, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

His head was shaved and his eyes were as pallid yellow moons. He had in his right claw a star of nine angles and in his left was the scepter of Vulcan – a wondrous wand of potent magic.

I am he that liveth as though I were dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Ia Ia Shemhamforash! And the keys of Yidathroth reside in my mind. That which I speak you must write down. That which I uncover you will further delve.

And the ninth vermillion angle tore open a vista of great import. A land old and strange was revealed. This was a gateway to Sha-la. And the Christ descended into the void which appeared before him. Prepare thy serpents for the golden altar. This night we feast at our Father's table. Hail Satanis!

Exegesis

The coming of the savior, Susej, meant that Fiends had life after death. If a Fiend goes after what he wants regardless of the consequences, then he shall be rewarded. If a Fiend cares little for his physical safety in the face of bloodshed, then he shall be rewarded. And if a Fiend does not falter in the face of public opinion, but instead remains true to himself, then he shall be rewarded. This reward is no less than eternal life.

When a worthy Fiend dies, his demon soul returns to a chaotic astral plane of multi colored delights. He may then begin The Great Work. A Fiend's afterlife is just as demanding as his physical life was. Affairs of state need tending, and forces anathema to The Brotherhood must be squelched. Occasionally, a Fiend's soul will be permitted to enter a physical vessel in the "reality" they once knew and loved. Such demon possession is known and feared throughout the many universes.



Fiend Antagonists

Akturian Heads

Mean-spirited curmudgeons, these floating severed green heads often fight with The Brotherhood. Akturian Heads built their own civilization long ago in another dimension. Their severed heads float around the great emerald cities of their ancestors. Akturian Heads weren't always just flying green heads; at one time they were humanoid in shape. The Akturian race had always practiced sorcery. Every one of them an evil wizard, they eventually butted heads with dimension traveling Fiends. However, because they were almost as malevolent and sorcerous as they, The Brotherhood let them be. Fiends came in close contact with Akturians, but tried not to get involved with their affairs. The Akturian race took this respect for weakness, a grave error on their part.

Thinking themselves superior, some Akturians killed a group of Fiends who were raiding a planet of humans nearby. They wanted to show The Brotherhood the strength and ambition of the Akturian race. In retribution, the Tshahg were sent to execute these green skinned humanoids, three times the number of murdered Fiends. They did so, and the Akturians killed the Tshahg executioners in retribution; even though it took a small army in order to accomplish that task. This brought the whole Tshahg race to their emerald cities. They chopped the heads off every single Akturian, save one. This remaining wizard waited until the Fiends who had exterminated his kind were gone. He went into their Library of Greater Arcana and worked the most powerful magic. Some say this Akturian made a deal with some vengeful Devil God from Kar 'nahl. In any case, all the Akturian severed heads reanimated.

Not surprisingly, the Akturian Heads nurtured an obsessive hatred for The Brotherhood. For centuries they attacked Fiends where they could find them. The Akturians died easy, but always regenerated in a matter of days. took heavy losses while Fiends found themselves too preoccupied with an interminable war. At last, Fiends created a magic that would bind the heads to their will. From that point on, Akturian Heads decided to remain in the emerald cities of their own dimension. No doubt they are devising a counter magic in order to keep fighting their sworn foes.

Their cities are a collection of warped spatial anomalies. Most structures contain disturbing angles which draw the viewer in while unconsciously repelling him.

Sometimes the peaks of their emerald cities waver as if the entire metropolis was trapped within some unwholesome dream. Most buildings have magical glyphs etched onto their marble-like surface. Every city has a few communal places of learning, especially in regards to sorcery.

Outer Guardians

The Lords of Light represent the backwards and regressive thinking of Sha-la. All life, all universes begin with an idea made flesh: the will to power. Species grow from nothing because reality desires suffering. The more self-aware the being, the more potential suffering can be sucked up to feed reality. The Outer Guardians are outside this universal need; they wish to end the pain and torment of existence. This goes against every molecule of life. When the Lords of Light help animals out, human or otherwise, they really do more harm than good.

Alleviating a species' suffering is like trying to make a waterfall flow in reverse. Nothing else has changed except for one thing, and singular change throws reality out of balance. If the Outer Guardians could leave well enough alone, then life would fight, fuck, and suffer as it should. Most humans consider the Guardians work to be "progressive", but nothing could be further from the truth. Going against natural passions and instincts is like driving on the wrong side of the road. It may seem like a good idea at the time, but eventually it only ends in tears.

The Lords of Light take a special interest in mankind. They keep humanity sedated in a trance like sleep-walking. And these Gods try to erase human self-interest in favor of absurd notions of egalitarianism, forgiveness, and mercy. These are the hallmarks of the weak. The Light Lords came to Yidathroth a long time ago. They tried to subdue The Brotherhood, but were defeated by Satanis and the other Dark Gods. At present, the Guardians watch mankind in Sha-la, tinkering with human nature – making man antithetical to himself.

Anti-Satanis Cult:

Pallid Orange Ichor from Yidathroth

Nightmare cult doesn't begin to describe them, demoniacal order is but a mere phrase, what I hastily scrawl upon this ancient parchment is worse than all the terrible things haunting Hell's putrescent damned who are racked with insanity and ineffable cosmic terror!

The Orange Path of Final Secrets was originally composed of Fiends from K'thana. They pursued a Pandemonism and fell into disrepute with the prevailing deities. Even Toola-vra, the most surreal and instinctual God had forsaken them. Eventually, The Orange Path came upon an idol representing a devil-entity so foul and repugnant that Leedra-Rive winced at its horror. *D'karri Whai'dass* was this demon master's name, after than dreadful night, all other demon worship fell by the wayside. *D'karri Whai'dass* was revered above all other beings outside time and space. Only the chosen, the members of the Final Secrets, could utter the God's horrid angular and trapezoidal glyphs. Their servitude to this grisly, vague, sponge-like profanity only aided in degenerating their exterior, as well as, their mind and soul!

The cultists were bathed in the thick, slimy orange ichor of a chaotic, nebulous, liquefied, protoplasmic deity. The esoteric understanding came from the disintegration of yellowish, corrupt stars beyond this dimension. Orange sigils buzzed like deformed insects as harlequin, jack o' lantern scarecrows danced the murderous dance of barbarous disorder! The truth came rushing from Abysses unknown. All things were changed for these Fiend cultists of the Orange Path. They became tall wavering peaks of orange ooze, with weird bird, reptile, and multi-eyed murmuring obscenities. An avian's beak here, the protrusion of a serpent's head there, eyes about the shoulder and groin...

The Fiends became easily recognizable and hated among Satanis' empire. For with the exterior change also came a change in temperament and power. The Orange Path of Final Secrets took to arrogance like a Vihm takes to his mask. The stark truth of the universe was at their command; however, it was a highly subjective truth. For *D'karri Whai'dass* is a God of existentialism and personal utility: *nothing is real that is not accepted.*

This cult was able to seize one of the three moons revolving around K'thana. The Moon of Pallid Orange Ooze glows brightly at the time of sacrifices. Its alien

fungoid pallor seems to consume the hazy crimson night sky. On their diseased satellite, the cultists dance and swim in a mad fever of slime which drifts like a throbbing, quavering river. Some say that they plan an invasion, other speculate that they patiently wait for a spiritual apocalypse to release their unfathomable desires into the outer void!

There was a time when Satanis forbid the taking of Orange as a Color Sphere, so Fiends had to create Deep Orange as a Color Sphere in its place. And cultists of the Final Secrets diverged into their own Pallid Orange. Centuries ago, the separatists turned their back on Satanis and his stranglehold over good and evil, right and wrong. The Final Secrets cult wished to raise their God to the status of the Crimson God Himself. *D'karri Whai'dass* gained in popularity to the point of revolution. Thankfully, it was the Tshag and Zeph n'glarl who lead a successful attack on the Orange Path's high priests. The original Pallid Orange Color Sphere was mindless revelation. Satanis outlawed it and exiled the cult away from K'thana. The cult went to the Moon of Pallid Orange Ooze and have been biding their time ever since. And now, as I write these words, the yellowish, corrupt stars have appeared in the sky twinkling about that sleepless moon. My fear is that not even Satanis knows what is to happen next...

New Races of the God *D'karri Whai'dass*

Thab-raxith appear as a undulating tower of slimy pale orange ichor. Absurdly placed arms, eyes, faces, beaks, horns, scales, claws, etc. occasionally just out of its liquid form. After their rebirth through *D'karri Whai'dass*, the Thab-raxith became tall wavering peaks of orange ooze, with weird bird and reptile features. An avian's beak here, the protrusion of a serpent's head there, and eyes about the shoulder and groin. In fact, most of their bodies are covered with eyes which peak out of the orange slime to gaze harshly at anyone nearby.

Their form secretes a musky, reptilian stench which can be easily identified from afar (by those who are acquainted with Thab-raxith). A guttural disembodied sound emanates from their atrophied vocal cords. Prior to adolescence, these Fiends are forbidden to speak. Usually six or seven years pass before they can utter a single word. This neglect is supposed to accentuate religious transcendence; the side effect is a death rattle-like resonance in their voice.

Thab-raxith practice a rogue sorcery known as Slime Magic. Slime Magic creates and controls the oozing, slimy juices that naturally exude in Yidathroth.

These Fiends get 2 free skill levels of **Slime Magic**. Always follow the Pallid Orange Color Sphere: Nothing is real that is not accepted. Mindless revelation.

Nefra-libth are the harlequin, jack o' lantern scarecrows dancing the murderous dance of barbarous disorder! They have a rotting, mushy pumpkin for a head, jagged edges cut to resemble eyes and a wide, lunatic grin. Their robes are like that of the Lurigeatro, but include only autumnal shades such as red rust, somber mauve, pumpkin orange, dead leaf yellow, and tall shadow brown. The Nefra-libth find pleasure in bizarre movement, their eerie dance of the dead can often be seen when Nefra-libth are idle. Some scholars say the rhythmic shambling is a celebration to both their ineffable insight and decayed existence.

A few of this race have nothing but an octopoid mass of suckered tentacles beneath a jack o' lantern head. Why this discrepancy exists, no one can say. Perhaps this is a newly evolved offshoot of the Nefra-libth race? Those with the tentacles are said to have mad dreams of a coming Apocalypse.

These Fiends know a type of sorcery called **Decay Magic** that wears down, exhausts, fatigues, ages, and decays anything that touches the sick, orange lightning that twists and weaves from the mage's claws.

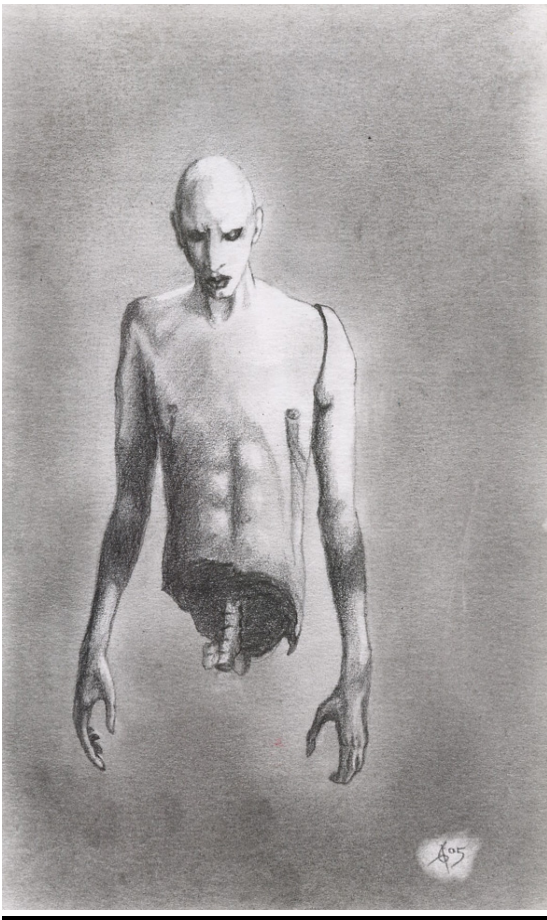
Nefra-Libth get 2 free skill levels of **Decay Magic**. Always follow the Pallid Orange Color Sphere: Nothing is real that is not accepted. Mindless revelation.



Part 3:

Roleplaying

Options



Diceless

What can I say about Diceless? I first encountered it in the Amber Diceless Roleplaying game. Putting the story above the dice rolls seemed like a good way to roleplay, so I've been a fan of diceless ever since.

Vahs-vra: I move in to bite the offending Dourge.

Dourge: I back away quickly and pull out my rapier.

GM: Your agility scores are pretty evenly matched so the Vahs-vra doesn't get the jump on the Dourge whose command of the rapier is extremely impressive. It appears that if you keep advancing, the purple skinned Fiend will cut you to ribbons, baby face, unless you draw a weapon or take some other action.

Vahs-vra: In that case, I also back away, but cast a spell too.

Dourge: I move in to slash at that little, dead, clown baby's head.

GM: How does your defense look, what are the numbers?

Vahs-vra: I've got an Agility of 2 and a Dodge of 1, so I'm going to side step his rapier as I finish my Flesh Magic spell.

Dourge: I continue to attack. If I don't slice him with my rapier, I'll just keep at it.

GM: Your rapier comes inches from the Vahs-vra head. The little Fiend is quick and seems to anticipate your ripostes. Meanwhile, his Flesh Magic is unleashed upon you. The Vahs-vra has a 4 in Magical Aptitude and a 2 in Flesh Magic, so you can cast whatever flesh-oriented sorcery you want, within reason.

Vahs-vra: I peel the Dourge's flesh like a grape, causing excruciating pain so he drops his blade and stops attacking.

GM: Eelvin the Dourge feels intense pain, so much in fact that he drops his blade, what is Eelvin doing besides that?

Dourge: Through the physical anguish, I beg the Vahs-vra's pardon. I am truly sorry for insulting him.

Vahs-vra: I accept. Now, Eelvin, tell me what you know about your fellow Dourge spies?

GM: Vahs-vra, you get a Social Standing point.

Here is another example involving a Lurigeatro named Zoilus, a vampire slave named Sy'losa, and a Rive-zella named Yu-ton the Usurper. These three characters stand on a rocky outcrop above giant pools of boiling lava and magma. The vampire Sy'losa is the servant of Zoilus the Lurigeatro, both of them have conspired against Yu-ton, the council appointed Keeper of Satanis' Secrets. Zoilus wants this authoritative position for himself.

Zoilus: "The time has come, as Satanis says, to speak of many things... Time for you to die, Rive-zella." I pull out my void saber and ignite its bilious green blade of annihilation. I tell Sy'losa he better get my back.

Yu-ton: "I was waiting for this. Your betrayal comes as no surprise, Zoilus." I grip my own void saber, energize it, and then move in.

GM: Unfortunately, Yu-ton, your void saber doesn't respond. You look down and see that it's a fake hilt, probably switched this morning when the vampire was creeping around your abode.

Yu-ton: In that case, I'm going to cast some dimensional magic.

Zoilus: "Not before I strike you down, Rive-zella. Say hello to all the preying mantis in Hell for me." I close in and attack.

Yu-ton: Dodging.

GM: Well, Zoilus is very good with a void saber, Agility 3, void saber combat 3. He thrusts, cuts, and slashes at the slow and unarmed Yu-ton. You hurt him, but don't strike him down, Zoilus. Yu-ton, you may unleash your dimension magic. How are you forming the spell...?

Yu-ton: I'm getting the Hell out of here. I'm opening up a dimensional rift of purple and crimson flames right underneath me that will immediately close once I fall through. The portal leads to one of my hidden dimensions that Yu-ton created weeks ago. My Magical Aptitude is a 3 and my Dimension Magic is a 2.

GM: Yes, no problem. Your spell easily succeeds and the Rive-zella slips through Zoilus' fingers. Zoilus gets a Social Standing point. He's probably going to need it, since Yu-ton is a Keeper of Satanis' Secrets, appointed by the council. "Zoilus," your vampire says, "You'd better start thinking of a cunning plan."

If Yu-ton had noticed the void saber switch and procured one that worked, then the battle would have gone much differently. Zoilus and Yu-ton were pretty evenly matched with annihilation blades. However, Yu-ton had more Brute

Force and Endurance, meaning that in the long run the Rive-zella would have prevailed through sheer strength along with the stamina to go the distance.

When combatants are closely matched, the fight is never a matter of a quick death blow. It is a slow process of wearing each other down while each searches for an advantage. If no clear advantage is found, then we can assume that no accident of luck tips the scale as it would do in a dice game. Death can come all too easy, so characters should be given a chance to escape if they so choose, a means will always reveal itself. Especially since the Crimson God Satanis hates to see His emissaries needlessly cut down in their prime.

Another interesting fact is that void sabers close and seal the wounds they've caused. The crackling void energy burns like the cold of a thousand dead suns. Swords and other melee weapons open veins and arteries up, serious blood loss ensues. If a choice were given (and sometimes it is with K'thana's justice), a Fiend would rather have his arm lopped off by an annihilation blade than a sword or axe. Severing an arm with a sharp metal edge would make the Fiend pour out his goopy ichor for all to see. Sustaining a life-threatening wound takes about 10 minutes (unless some kind of healing is performed) before the demon dies.

Magic use was, and still is, an adventure unto itself. A spell's power, duration, and general effectiveness is a direct result of the character's Magical Aptitude (sometimes Theoretical Knowledge) attribute and their skill level in whatever magical discipline they've chosen to use. If the total attribute and skill level for using Dream Magic is 5, for instance, then prepare to be dazzled by some potent dream related sorcery. A victim's Will attribute and Magical Resistance skill is his defense, so that also determines the spell's effectiveness. The sending of a ferocious, throbbing, bat-winged nightmare with a score of 5 vs. the combined

Will and Magic Resistance of 4, will not be as fruitful as the caster wished. If the victim's defense is more like a 1, then he is in for some scary nocturnal perdition! Evocative illustration of events, as well as, using one's Color Sphere as a magical paradigm template will provide a higher success rate.

For example, a Tshahg of Indigo Color Sphere wishes to use Word Magic as follows: "As the half Fiend, half human baby is being born in front of my hollow, skeletal eye sockets, I block everything out of my consciousness except for the black seas of infinity and the harsh glow of an indigo illumination. With all my power, I call out my own magical name and project that impression into the soul of the baby. A part of my essence shall be ensouled within the newborn hybrid; he is now linked to me and will grow into my likeness. The offspring comes out covered in an afterbirth coating of indigo ooze." Such a cool idea accompanied by such an inspired account (and using his Color Sphere of Indigo – Metamorphosis, Change, and Rebirth) would yield the desired effect even if the Tshahg's combined Magical Aptitude and Word Magic equaled a 2. If I was the Game Master, not only would I say, "Yes that happens." I'd give that character a point of Social Standing *and* Hideous Paradise!

Take a look at this scene involving the GM, a Lashera Fiend named **Yambala**, a Sairmenow Fiend named **Chaff**, and a Zirakean Fiend named **Boosa**.

GM: You've asked every passerby in the city beyond the golden ziggurats. The word on these crumbling and broken streets is that an unknown alien race may be experimenting with humans, particularly your humans, but no one knows where.

Yambala: I'm going to say a prayer for the little human maggots that are probably being dissected right now, "Dear Lord Satanis, let their pain be great. Allow them to suffer like the little demon children that abide in the dimension of Candy Land."

Boosa: I just want to find those humans that were shanghaied from our abode. It's almost as if my dog had been kidnapped, of course I'd be *really* pissed if they took, Shilpee.

Yambala: Well, where do you want to look? We could check out those golden ziggurats?

Boosa: I grab one of these passing creatures, you said they were like fish men right, and squeeze him until his liquids gush out his orifices.

GM: Alright, you do so. This fish creature from the city beyond the golden ziggurat gets squeezed to death. His flesh felt cold and soft as you killed him. I awarded you a Social Standing point the first time you did that, but sadly, the buck stops here. No one is very impressed by your strength and brutality anymore. The weak, fish creatures just try to get out of your way.

Chaff: I think we should check out the gold pyramid things. Remember we got that clue from the Blazht tending to that eye vineyard? Maybe he knew what he was talking about? I make my way to the golden ziggurats. (Prepares his in-character raspy voice) "Follow me or do not follow me. Those aliens will pay for stealing my playthings." Since it's a long way there I'm going to use puppet magic to create a golem type creature to carry me there.

GM: Ok, are you going to construct some sort of housing for the puppet? Where will this puppet you are animating come from?

Chaff: I'll take the creatures that Boosa squished and form a puppet out of living fish flesh and tissue.

GM: After some gathering and casting, your puppet lives, and he carries you to the golden ziggurats in the distance.

Yambala: “I will meet you after nightfall, Sairmenow; I have business to attend to.”

I’m going to pay a visit to one of their priests or shamans, assuming that these fish people have such a thing. Since one of Yambala’s goals is to denigrate every god but Toola-vra, I want to prove to them that their god is worthless.

GM: Yambala goes off to find some fish men priests. Boosa, who are you going with, or are you doing your own thing?

Boosa: No, I’m following Chaff. I might find someone to mutilate over there.

GM: Yambala finds what looks to be an adobe temple painted sea green, large paintings 7 feet by 11 feet hang next to the temple’s entrance.

Yambala: I go inside looking for anybody there or holy artifacts.

GM: You see a few creatures, probably priests, in sea green robes; one of them is holding a silver chalice and dagger. They croak at you as if your presence here is forbidden.

Yambala: Excellent. “Greetings, I have come to speak to your emaciated, fish stinking god. Where is he that I might step on him?” I pull out my axe, expecting a fight.

GM: Yes, they come at you but they are so weak compared to your talents in warfare that they just die before your bloody axe. However, you can hear something from outside, it is an unfamiliar sound.

Yambala: I run outside with my weapon ready.

GM: An entity is withdrawing from each painting. They are horrible, spider-like, with blue fur, and goat horns, their face is almost human except for a monstrous maw of razor sharp teeth. The spider thing moves towards you.

Yambala: Weird. Maybe this is the human experiment those alien bastards were working on? I take a few steps back and cast a spell. I want to create a force shield of cotton candy that will protect me, I'll also appeal to my topaz Color Sphere. I am indignant that these creatures would crawl out of their dimension to attack such a Fiend as I. Then I make my escape.

GM: Your reaching for it, color-wise, but since you came here with the purpose of debasing their god (blasphemy and sacrilege); I'll give you the bonus. The blue furred spider things can't penetrate your cotton candy barrier. You can get away safely. Time passes and it is now after nightfall. Chaff and Boosa, you guys have reached the golden ziggurats.

Yambala: Alright, now I wish to join them. When they go to sleep, I want to use my Dream Magic. I will couch my essence within their dreams, spanning great distances to appear to them in the astral plane. Then I want to manifest myself from the dream into reality. My Dream Magic skill level is 3, my Magical Aptitude is 2.

GM: Done.

Boosa: I accept this vision of Yambala in my dreams, however, I envision his dream self being torn apart by demonic, thousand eyed tigers and then brutally raped. Only then, allowing him to manifest in our campsite by the largest ziggurat. (everyone laughs)

GM: Ok, that's what happens. Boosa you get a Social Standing point, Yambala, you loose one, especially since you wussed out of that spider fight. Boosa, since that was so damned unexpected and graphic I'm going to award you a Hideous Paradise point as well.

Instead of presenting an adventure where the GM threatens, puzzles, or leads players by the nose, his primary job should be to provide opportunities for living. By this, I mean opportunities to let the characters just be. Let them be themselves as they get on with the business of dealing with the world in their own unique way. *Seinfeld* was a TV show about “nothing”, but it wasn’t exactly “nothing”, it was a revolution in story presentation. Life happens and characters generate the crisis.

This is not to say that the GM shows up to the game with absolutely no plan and nothing going on. Something should always be happening, but that something shall not be GM railroading! That ‘world activity’ going on around the characters should be directed by the players just as much as the GM. It also means that adventure outlines are superior to pre-packaged campaigns where the story’s fate writ in stone.

Players, you should take an active role in your character and ‘world activity’. Satanis gameplay is about experiencing the self-created life of your character – the life that the *player* has chosen. Not handed to him by the GM like last minute homework before the weekend!

The life of a Fiend is a passionate, ambitious, idiosyncratic, complex, and loathsome thing. Within that fascinating life are moments that give one pause. These can be as obtrusive as an acquaintance returning to town wearing your mother’s face as a leathery mask, or as subtle as hearing that there’s an opening in Satanis’ Council of Elders (think *Circle of the Black Thorn* from the last season of *Angel*) where senior council members say that they are looking for new blood in their influential sect, perhaps someone from the character’s own race...?

GM’s must frequently ask for, and use, player input rather than forcing characters into a pre-determined plotline. Some of the adventure/campaign work can be done by Players and GM before the game begins; the rest can be

provided in actual play. This allows the player to become more of an author or director than an unwitting pawn. When each player has contributed to the story and invested himself, only then will the roleplaying experience be truly rewarding.

Player 1: Tonight I really want to explore my character's inner being and unplumbed depths, particularly his ruthless nature.

Player 2: My character wants to hunt down the bastards who wronged him in last week's adventure. Who knows, maybe I'll do some soul searching along the way, but payback is my primary agenda for this evening.

GM: Good, both of you will have ample opportunity to develop those individual stories. Feel free to interrupt down the road if I miss a chance to include those sub-plots. Ok, this is my idea of where tonight's adventure could go. You journey to the Timeless Wastes with a three headed soul drinker.

Player 1: Excellent. Just off the top of my head... let's say I've been studying the social customs of the Guoa-asht, particularly the secret chiefs that specialize in cosmic angst and the uncaring coldness of existence.

GM: Yes, I like that. Why don't you think about what your characters have been up to. As the story opens, a Fiend of some importance has come into your lives, a Guoa-asht. His ectoplasmic purple-red vessel of flesh apparently contains 7 souls. Tom (Player 2), tell me how your character might be interwoven with this newcomer. If you're drawing a blank, I have a few suggestions of my own.

Ask questions and get more information! That goes for both players and GMs. Knowing the specific details will help in choosing a course of action and judging

its effectiveness. For example, the Malahko you've been playing for awhile might have a theoretical knowledge of 4. However, the Malahko might not know how he could best use his superior theory to his advantage. There's nothing wrong with asking the GM, "What does my character believe is the best course of action in this situation?" If he's about to ingest an unfamiliar worm-like insect, the GM might advise him that his Malahko is not aware of any similar creature being poisonous...

GM: From what you know, the worm-like insect is going to be sweet tasting and nutritious. By the way, what's your character's cunning?

Malahko: My cunning is a measly one.

The GM compares this to the cunning of a fellow character, a Kurur-esh who deliberately poisoned the insect worm in hopes of weakening the Malahko. The betrayer's cunning is a 3.

GM: Ok, is your Malahko going to eat it?

Malahko: "Yes, I grab the little squirming thing, shuck the living part from its carapace and chew on its soft flesh."

GM: "A few minutes have passed since your meal; you start to feel weak, groggy."

Kurur-esh: "I'm going to ignite my void saber."

Empire of Satanis is very open-ended. Nothing in Yidathroth, or any other universe, is concrete or fixed. It is an ever evolving mythos that shapes itself with, and independently of, the characters. The idea of all roleplaying games is

to tell a compelling story – this is not the sole province of the GM. Story creation is everyone’s job. The GM suggests the world (NPCs, events, atmosphere); the players decide how they fit into the world and may insert world details where appropriate. Characters take actions that gel with their personality, history, and goals. Hopefully, desires erupt into actions that sound interesting.

Zeph n’glarl: “I want to go looking for that albino Zibza we heard about.”

Tshahg (Gorhai): “Yes, Gorhai will lead the way. I will start by searching those deeper caves once we leave Frier. Follow my spectral, sulphurous trail of ooze.”

GM: The crowds around Frier’s old quarter are pretty thick tonight. Beggars, merchants, anonymous Fiends, and tentacled whores get in your way and try to distract you.

Tshahg: I ignore them. “Out of my way, peasants! I seek the albino Zibza.” By the way, I said that just to see if anyone noticeably reacts to my remark.

GM: Yes, someone does. A particularly big breasted prostitute with soft, lime green tentacles points towards a nearby dwelling.

Tshahg: I’m going to search the dwelling.

Zeph n’glarl: I’m going to talk to the prostitute. “My, my, pretty thing. What are you doing out so late? Why don’t you come with me? I have plenty of zirkas to keep you by my side. Tell me, pretty thing, how do you feel about masochism?”

Contests

When two or more characters come into direct conflict, things are resolved by comparing the character's relevant Attributes and Skill Levels. If two characters are having a pure battle of wills, then the character with the highest Will eventually wins. If it's a difference of Will 4 and Will 1, the victory might be consummated sooner than later. If it comes down to a Will 3 and Will 2, then a victory would be hard won and partial, especially if there are mitigating circumstances. Such things as other attributes, skills, magic, other characters, surroundings, Social Standing, Hideous Paradise, Color Sphere, and over-the-top description will come into play. The outcome of any conflict is most assuredly not certain from the outset. Only the strange dance of "luck" and malign favor can decide a Fiend's final destiny. What a winner does with that degree of triumph is just as important as the winning itself.

So, comparing the highest relevant scores might be the easiest way to decide who wins, but it's a gross over-simplification. For example, what if the character with the lesser Will also brings Brute Force and/or Magical Aptitude into the fight? What if a weaker character describes his actions with a rich and ingenious account, while the stronger character doesn't seem like he's even trying? What about if someone helps him? Another consideration: if each character is evenly matched in every way possible and they still continue to oppose each other, then what? The GM must adjudicate somehow; he must consider all the facts given and impartially decide how events play out.

Each character has different strengths and weaknesses. A Fiend would do well to play with his strong suit, using his best attributes, skills, and magic. He will have a better chance of imposing his designs upon the universe. Let us not

assume that there's only one way to use an attribute, skill, or magic discipline. An infinite number of possibilities are out there. The invention of a new magical paradigm should give some kind of bonus in itself! One character might always use dream magic different than another. Finding a character's niche also means finding his philosophy of existence, some unique view of the universe along with the nebulous nature of his sorcery.





Example of Creating Goals

Satanis Player Character Creeg: You know what your character needs, D'zun? You need a magical lynching rope for hanging your enemies. After all you're a Zibza, a living black tree with little frog heads and such, you could just string your foes to a high branch and let them swing. Hey, GM, D'zun is going to search for a magic lynching rope.

Satanis Player Character D'zun: Well, that's an idea, I suppose. I had originally intended on creating my own void saber with some flesh magic possibilities. Maybe of the Turquoise Color Sphere?

GM: Hmm, I like both those ideas. (other Players agree)

Creeg: Then the Lynch Rope will find you. It is a sentient magical item that searches for the most powerful, vengeful, and hated Zibza in the land to use its sorcery. Why do you want your own void saber?

D'zun: I just like the idea of making my own weapon of void energy and horrific laser vibrations of annihilation. Especially since I'm pretty good with flesh magic and my own Color Sphere is Turquoise.

Creeg: Why don't we switch characters, maybe just for awhile? I can be your Zibza and you can be my Zirakean which is better suited to your personal goals. Either that, or we can alter our own characters or put the lynch rope idea on the back burner.

GM: What about taking a Zibza apprentice, Creeg, he could be your servant, hireling, bodyguard, or whatever and he could be searching for a lynch rope.

Creeg: Who would control this character?

D'zun: You would, I would, the GM, the whole group. I would think that you could direct him most of the time unless something juicy came up where we couldn't resist meddling.

Creeg: Alright, I'll look for an apprentice who is searching for the magical lynching rope of Sarnath.

GM: Did you want to start looking or just say that you were and have now found a suitable Zibza student?

D'zun: How about Creeg is looking for one, while the apprentice is looking for the lynch rope and possible employment with a mentor-like Fiend... eventually destined to find one of the Lashera race. Creeg, your soon-to-be apprentice is fishing for his lunch in the Blood-slicked Sea. Suddenly, a dark storm moves through the crimson haze. The sky turns blackish purple and orange lightning slithers down like tentacles but does not disappear – instead the orange tendrils stay there squirming about the inky mauve above.

GM: Yes. One such tentacle seems to be ripping through a dimensional gate. The long, orange, slimy tentacle pulls the Zibza named Tork into the portal bringing him to another dimension.

Creeg: A place where death is everywhere. Thousands of people are hung by their neck across the entire landscape. In the distance, there's a hanging rope different than all the others. He hurriedly crawls over to it on his massive roots.

GM: When you get there, it speaks, "Are you Zibza enough to wield me, child?"

Creeg: I tell that evil rope that I am.

D'zun: The lynching rope speaks again, "Know that you will serve my desires just as I will serve you."

Creeg: Uh oh, I hate intelligent and selfish magic items. They're so unpredictable and needy. Very well, rope. I grasp the thing made from demonic hemp and take it with me back to K'thana.

D'zun: No, you weren't starting from K'thana. That was another dimension where you were fishing.

Creeg: There are multiple Blood-slicked Seas throughout dimensions? That doesn't make sense. I want him to start out and return to K'thana.

GM: Yeah, then we can get to the action sooner. Now D'zun, how are you going to start on that void saber?

Free form

“Often, to this type of player [free form], system really doesn't matter, and that's antithetical to the soul of the indie design movement. Designers throw their hands up in the air and storm off in a huff. How do you design rules for people who tend to just ignore most of the rules?” Jonathan Walton

Free form seems to be a new paradigm of roleplaying. It runs to the character and story so fast, that it seems to bypass all the other stuff. Hopefully, Satanis can be taken in a free form way because EoS is about a mood, an atmosphere which draws a slimy thread through character and story. For certain people, games take on an organic flow which can't be bothered with details or protocol. If this is you, then enjoy the most intriguing parts of this dark fantasy RPG with my compliments. I often do the same thing when I play.

Game mechanics definitely seem to take one out of the story/character. This isn't necessarily bad, but if you don't have to interrupt the immersion, then why do it? Players and Dark Masters will create their own rules and practices as they play anyhow. What would be the point of restricting the game when it clearly wants to go in a strange direction – a path unanticipated by the rules? I find that playing with “the right kind of people” helps bring out the organic, natural flow of a Satanis game. It takes a special kind of gamer to fully enjoy this much maligned RPG in the first place, so why should it not attract players who like to play free form?

The Nature of Evil

Empire of Satanis is a game that exists in a moral and ethical vacuum. There are few consequences to being evil, aside from retribution and so forth. No artificial restrictions, safeguards, or philosophy keeps the Players and their Characters on the side of good.

It is true that EoS is billed as an “evil” game, whatever that means. For this reason, I’m sure that people get it into their heads that you *must* play an evil character. However, nothing prevents PCs from being good. Evil is rewarded just as evil has been rewarded in every human civilization since man’s beginning. Evil especially seems to be the norm when presented with a world that doesn’t care how you behave. Characters act selfish, egotistical, and merciless. They may not start out that way, but given the choice... that is who they become. On a level playing field, evil actions dominate selfless acts. Altruism only rears its imitation head when forced to by certain game systems.

This leads me to the truth I’ve known all along... human nature is based in evil. All things being equal, humanity is a selfish, egotistical, and merciless species. It is only socialization, fear, and various ingredients which make humans tolerable.

So why not indulge our natural tendencies? Be your true self for once, if only in an escapist nightmare...

Triple ‘X’ Satanis

“If your thirteenth bilious tentacle is gangrenous, then sever it... lest the past torture you and make you weak.” Sam Friedman

In a world of dank, subterranean tombs; overgrown, malignant swamps; desert wastes of howling, buzzing entities; haunted ruins enshrouded in savage jungles; and dimensional doorways leading to wondrous sites of perversity and terror... demons beyond the stars... beyond human comprehension kill and revel.

Pleasure and horror are their passions. During the day they dream of copulating with something strange, beautiful, or defiant. Nightly, they hunt for dark

gratification, constantly distracted from their pursuits of black magic and self-awareness. An insatiable lust burns within their heart and soul. The Brotherhood are consumed with a sensualist's need for touching flesh, caressing naked skin, squeezing, clawing, biting their lovers during the most awful carnal acts.

Not only are there tentacled whores on practically every street corner, whole districts of Frier are devoted to wicked delights. Flesh hook girls hang from the ceiling, dangling naked and in pain before paying customers. The look of anguish and satisfaction beaming from their contorted faces, a sickly yellow ichor flows from multiple piercings... occasionally into a patron's open mouth. Ahh, delectable!

I've become well acquainted with a flesh hook girl named Laebya. Her wild, untamed platinum blonde hair is juxtaposed by her small, lithe frame. Laebya's skin is pale and creamy; her eyes shine like glazed onyx. She rubs up against members of Satanis' Council quite often. Laebya sold a few secrets to an acquaintance of mine - that is how we met. She works at the Laguna, a tavern with a decidedly Tiki decor. Giant statues of near-forgotten Peloponnesian gods stand in the center of the tavern right next to the lava pit at its center. These Tiki gods are carved from ebony by Fiend craftsmen, occasionally these idols are imbued with diabolic enchantments.

Each pleasure district has dozens of sex clubs. Fiends come to sex clubs to openly engage in orgiastic rites with whoever walks through the door. Single males pay through the nose, couples pay a nominal fee, and single females are graciously given the bilious green carpet treatment. Below the grandest sex clubs, usually in a gore and entrail-covered basement, are fetish chambers. These disgusting dungeons are full of torture instruments, cages, sex swings, braziers

of hallucinogenic incense, restraints, costumes, whips, chains, dominants, submissives, and so forth. Fetish chambers are for Hesh-tai (honored guests, close business associates, valued friends) or people with lots and lots of zirkas.

One sex club in particular, Hollow Point, enforces a leather-only dress code. In K'thana, "leather" includes such things as aberration hides and human skin. Lit entirely with candles, the dim black interior contains wide open rooms and narrow, winding corridors. Owned and operated by a Rive-zella named Draego, Hollow Point serves vaginal fluids on tap from live slave girls! Just point to the female you want to drink from and hold up your glass. They do the rest. Hollow Point frequently has orgies that carry on from dusk until dawn. A fetish chamber devoted to the soft curves of a girl's ass lies underneath the infamous sex club.

S&M Parlors are a lot like sex clubs and fetish chambers; however they are strictly used for sadism and masochism. Anything beyond the giving or receiving of pain is frowned upon. Of course, a few zirkas goes a long way to turning a blind eye.

Burlesque palaces, or strip clubs, allow Fiends to watch nude females dance on a stage and writhe on a pole. Burlesque palaces are considered pretty tame compared to more hardcore establishments. However, the low-grade titillation of live strippers appeals to some. Another advantage is convenience; exotic dance clubs can easily be found outside of pleasure districts.



Better roleplaying through fornication

“She’s got her warm soft green tentacle rubbing up against the infernal steel of my trident.”

Players are encouraged to act upon these Fiendish sexual urges. Their character’s vices must be championed by the human beings who play them. The GM may give character’s Social Standing and/or Hideous Paradise points based on the embellishment of their filthy exploits.

Sexuality is not only a major motivating force in life – it is a vital part of who we are. Even the total absence of sexuality is an informing characteristic. As an extension of ourselves, these drives and desires naturally make up the personality of our player characters. Using sex in the game may not be everyone’s cup of tea, but it is there to explore if one wishes. Sex in EoS is one way to break out of our comfort zone; a place in our collective imagination where we have literally become obscene beasts of Hell!

Sexuality has a special place at Satanis’ table, should we not feast upon it? Giving a few choice details of a character’s lifestyle and his copulating habits will definitely set the tone. The roleplaying of Fiendish lust will spread seeds of discomfort, bad taste, and perversity – exactly what every EoS session needs! In the course of an evening, one might mention little pink bows, analingus, long succulent legs, a woman bound and gagged, flowing red hair, and a pair of luscious boobs stroking you to ecstasy.

In my version of EoS, street walkers always want someone to ruthlessly penetrate them. I remember playing a Fiend who devised a more palatable form

of fellatio for a young girl: phallus smeared cupcakes! Necrophilia, not to mention Tentaclephilia, is welcome. The melding of “human” and “other” in a sexual way fills most people with nausea; this only adds to the horror. Outrage is the name of the game. Nothing is true, everything is permitted.

Unsightly

Such a black, seething Abyss
Held much for us, our people
In crimson haze K'thana
Deep we were exiled and deep we
Settled into our new universe – Yidathroth

Now I see where nightmares come
Now I feel why my skin crawls
The reptilian insects from our land and soul
Have followed us home to where
We always belonged.

Such Hell, godlike toads of ichorous infamy
Squirming and breathing a blue green
Illumination into our dead frames.
Evil we are lest we travel too far.
Foreign fields where heads aren't harvested,
Tentacles do not wave, swords and wands,
Pentagrams and tridents vanish before
The altruism of blindness.

Each race is all things groping through
Lightless corridors, gulphs of strange time
Where dark red blood laps at the soft beach
In a cruel world of twisted pleasure.
Each being perverse and unique to their own fetish.
Cry degeneration and let slip the hopes of humanity.
We are much more: Fiends.

I AM changing

As the last sunsets die
And the first eggs ooze
Their radioactive weeds
Raising limbs
Casting eldritch green upon the
Somber street shadows.

Puppets dance in the streets of Frier.
Outer forces colored with power and influence
Gaze at Satanis and the Old Ones.

Suddenly dreams die and I recognize the
Chicanery for what it is.
Reality is the lie and the Brotherhood...
Something else.
The ocean of sleep merely psychic turbulence
between their Universe and ours.

I create. You and your bestial brothers
Fornicate. That is not our only difference.
With paint, poem, and mannequin
I am making a world or resurrecting a very
Ancient one.

You butcher your fellow Fiend.
Lay him mangled and torn upon the many alters.
Legions of beings we don't understand
Are marching towards us like shadows
Stretching as the day wears on.
Can't you feel the unsettling organs of
Raw bloodied surprise staring at us
From the operating theater?

We are a serpentine species which eats
Its own tail as the hunters shamle towards us.

Tonight you will dream, Beloth.
Faceless devils rampage through canals of time.
A very new race; giant worms with a roughly
Human shaped head. They absorb what we
Have already forgotten

Advanced Glossary of the Fiend Language

Not only will you be soon be fluent in the Fiend tongue, you'll be able to suitably name your character... assuming you can't think of one on the fly. Characters that use The Brotherhood's Ijad in the game should get a point of Social Standing, one point per scene and the PC must use more than just a few words or names.

Ahmar - Blood

Anth - Dark

Ashith - Knowledge

Bekt – You; Yours

Byzite - Old, Aged

Chakra – Struggle

Chin – Lantern; Glowing Light, Luminescence

Cho – Skin; Flesh

Crom - Twilight

Daera - Enduring

Darb - Taster

D'awn – Love

Delgado - Creation

Dhimmi – Protected

Doxa – Honor

Drekth - Hideous

Ellisa – Nasty; Dirty

Ezra – Brief; Subtle

Fiend – Evil Magician

Fley - Beautiful

Giallo – Sensational; Exploitation; Fantastique

Gorrf – Cryptic; Obscure

Haji - Desert

Haiasi – Fortune Telling; Oracle

Hek – Womanizer

Hesh – Honored; Close; Valued

Hijab – Modesty

Hollit – Fire; Flame

Ijad – Language
Ikest – Rehearsed; Practiced; Prepared
Ishliem – Submission; Peace

Jez – Betrayal
Ji'zahd – To Strive Hard; Pursue God's Will; Holy War

Kala – Cosmic
Kar – A Collection or House of Evil; Ruthless Competitors
Kerdos – Self Interest
Keh - Dagger
Khan - The Future
Klator - Panic
Kray – Foolishness; Ridiculous

La – Harmless
Laebya – Sweet (tasting or smelling)
Laprey – Lustful
Leth – Duty; Obligation
Leunamme – 'Satanis with us'; may we be influenced by Satanis
Libth – Decay

Mae – Strength; Muscle
Mirrk – Intimidation; Pressure
Mog – Poetic

Nahl – Prison
Naja – Triumphant
Navrit - Unholy Slayer
Nefra – Scarecrow
Nezz - Cock
Nicias – General; Commander; War Chief; High Ranking Military

Orto - New

Pesh - Infinity
Phobos – Fear
Profondo - Deep

Quatorra – Human Female; sometimes referring to the Pussy itself

Rax – Slime
Rith - Killer

Rosso - Red
Roth - Secret

Saraas - Screaming
Sembeeta – Thrashing Reptile
Sha – Mostly; For The Most Part
Sharia – Law
Shehella – Reviver; One Who Restores Spirit
Susej – Vengeance
Stinn - Unfinished Business

Tai – Guest; Friend; Business Associate
Thab – Undulating
Thet – Arcana; Arcane
Thrid - Destiny
Tome - Book
Tza – Anointed
Tzek – Father

U'an – Hate
Urr - Sword

Veech – Ally; Truce, Agreement
Vihm - Masked
Voorish – Sucking; Licking

Xackna – To Be; Is; Am; Are; Was; Will Be
Xe - Silent

Yee – I; Mine
Yid - My Possession
Yog – Master

Za - Security
Zeeg – Sharp Angles; Trapezoidal; Pleasing Shape
Zoltar - Chosen
Zomla - Land



Lovecraftian Words of Description

Aberrant, Abominable, Absurd, Abysmal, Acidic, Acronyical, Adhesive, Airy, Alien, Ambiguous, Amorphous, Anarchic, Ancient, Angular, Animated, Animalistic, Anomalous, Antediluvian, Appalling, Appendaged, Ashen, Askew, Astounding, Atrocious, Awry,

Baleful, Baneful, Bankrupt, Barbarous, Beastly, Bellowing, Biliary, Blasphemous, Bleating, Bloated, Bloodshot, Blubbery, Boiling, Brutish, Bug-eyed, Bulbous,

Cackling, Cadaverous, Cancerous, Changeable, Charnel, Chattering, Coarse, Colossal, Colorless, Chaotic, Confusing, Congealed, Conical, Convoluted, Corpulent, Corpse-like, Corrupt, Creamy, Criminal, Croaking, Crystalline, Cylindrical,

Dank, Dark, Dazzling, Deafening, Deathless, Debased, Debauched, Delirious, Decomposing, Deformed, Degenerate, Degraded, Delirious, Demonic, Depraved, Deranged, Detestable, Deviant, Devilish, Diabolical, Diffuse, Dire, Discordant, Diseased, Disfigured, Disgusting, Dislocated, Disordered, Dissolved, Distorted, Dreadful, Dripping,

Effervescent, Effusive, Elastic, Endless, Enlarged, Enormous, Enveloping, Esoteric, Evasive, Exaggerated, Excruciating, Extended,

Fabulous, Faceless, Fantastic, Fearful, Fecund, Festering, Fetid, Fibrous, Flowing, Fiendish, Fiery, Filthy, Fish-like, Flabby, Fluctuating, Fluid, Foaming, Foreign, Foul, Fractured, Fragrant, Frantic, Furious, Fungous,

Gangrenous, Ghastly, Gigantic, Gargantuan, Gibbering, Globular, Gnashing, Glutinous, Gory, Grasping, Grayish, Greenish, Grim, Grisly, Gross, Grotesque, Gruesome, Gushing,

**Hairy, Hapless, Hallucinatory, Hateful, Hazy, Heaving, Hellish, Hideous, Hissing,
Horned, Horrible, Howling, Huge, Hybrid,**

**Ichorous, Idiotic, Illogical, Immaterial, Immense, Immoral, Incoherent, Incomplete,
Incongruous, Incredible, Indistinct, Infected, Infernal, Infested, Inhuman, Insane,
Insipid, Irrational, Irregular, Iridescent,**

Jabbering, Jaded, Jangling, Jaundiced, Jellified, Jumbled, Jutting,

Kaleidoscopic, Kleptomaniacal,

**Leprous, Limp, Liquefied, Loathsome, Lumbering, Luminescent, Lumpy, Lunatic,
Lurking,**

**Mad, Maggoty, Malevolent, Malicious, Malignant, Massive, Membranous,
Menacing, Mesmerizing, Metallic, Mildewed, Mindless, Miscarried, Moaning,
Molten, Monstrous, Monumental, Morbid, Mortifying, Mottled, Mouldering,
Mucky, Mucous, Murderous, Murmuring, Mutilated,**

**Nagging, Nameless, Nauseous, Nearsighted, Nebulous, Necromantic, Noiseless,
Nonsensical, Noxious, Numbing,**

**Obscene, Obsequious, Octopoid, Octopoidal, Odious, Odorous, Oily, Ominous,
Oozing, Organic, Outlandish, Oval, Overgrown, Overripe,**

Quavering, Queasy, Quiescent, Quivering,

**Pagan, Pale, Pallid, Palpitating, Palsied, Parasitic, Pasty, Peculiar, Perfidious,
Perverse, Phlegmatic, Pitiless, Plastic, Pliable, Poisonous, Porous, Pregnant,**



**Prodigious, Profane, Profuse, Pronged, Protoplasmic, Protuberant, Prurient,
Pseudopoidal, Puckered, Pudding-like, Pulsating, Puppet-like, Pustular, Putrid,**

**Radiant, Rainbowed, Rectangular, Reeking, Remorseless, Repellent, Reprehensible,
Reptilian, Repugnant, Repulsive, Resplendent, Restless, Rheumy, Rigid, Rogue,
Rough, Rubbery, Rugose,**

**Sacrilegious, Sallow, Sanguine, Satanic, Scabby, Scaly, Screaming, Scummy
Seething, Senseless, Sepulchral, Shadowy, Shiny, Shrieking, Shuffling, Sinewy,
Singular, Skeletal, Sleepless, Slimy, Slippery, Slithering, Slobbering, Sluggish,
Solemn, Sordid, Soundless, Spectral, Spherical, Sponge-like, Stagnant, Sticky,
Strange, Stupefying, Stupendous, Sulphurous, Syrupy,**

**Teeming, Tentacled, Terrible, Thickening, Thrashing, Throbbing, Transformed,
Transparent, Troglodytic, Tubular, Tumultuous, Turbid, Turbulent,**

**Ugly, Ultimate, Unclean, Uncouth, Undigested, Ungainly, Unknown, Unmasked,
Unripe, Unseen, Unspeakable, Unutterable,**

**Vague, Vaporous, Vast, Vibrating, Vile, Viperous, Vicious, Viscous, Vivid,
Voluminous, Vomiting,**

**Wailing, Wan, Warped, Waxen, Webbed, Wet, Whirling, Withered, Wormy,
Worm-eaten, Wretched, Writhing,**

Xenophobic,

Yammering,

Zodiacal, Zymotic



Lifepath

"In the Bible there is a beast," he said. "You know this, Andrew. But did you know that the beast is also within you? It lives in a place that can never see light. Yes, it is housed here, inside the skull, the habitation of the Great Beast. It is a thing so wonderful in form that its existence might be attributed to the fantastic conjurings of a sorcerer or to a visitation from a far, dark place which no one has ever seen. It is a nightmare that would stop our hearts should we ever behold it gleaming in some shadowy corner of our home, or should we ever – by terrible mischance – lay our hands upon the slime of its flesh. This must never happen, the beast must be kept within its lair. But the beast is a great power that reaches out into the world, a great maker of worlds that are as nothing we can know. And it may work changes on this world. Darkness and light, shape and color, the heavens and the earth – all may be changed by the beast, the great reviser of things seen and unseen, known and unknown. For all that we see and know are but empty vessels in which the beast shall pour a new tincture, therewith changing the aspect of the land, altering the shadows themselves, giving a strange color to our days and our nights, making the day into night, so that we dream while awake and can never sleep again. There is nothing more awful and nothing more sinful than such changes in things. Nothing is more grotesque than these changes. All changes in things are grotesque. The very possibility of changes in things is grotesque. And the beast is the author of all changes. You must never again consort with the beast!" Ligotti

These optional paths for your Fiend are meant to help you flesh out your character. They are not supposed to be a substitute for a personal background, history, or personality; they are merely to provide a reason why a particular Fiend developed the way he did. Each player must come up with what his path means for the character and how it affects him. Feel free to choose an answer rather than rolling randomly.

Where were you born?

1. The city of Frier.
2. The Indigo City, Naja Haji.
3. The Infected Lands where the half-Fiends dwell.
4. Somewhere in Sha-la, perhaps earth.
5. Shadow Jungles of Tharr.
6. Deserts of Nyibb.

Who were you born to?

1. A close-knit tribe of Fiends.
2. Quickly given over to a master Fiend for training.
3. Immediately sold to a reputable house who nurtured you in exchange for your services and loyalty later in life.
4. Abandoned and raised by outsiders, non-Fiends.
5. A wealthy and powerful Fiend.
6. The human mother who spawned you.

What happened before you fully matured?

1. You were ostracized by those around you.
2. You were sheltered from much of the world.
3. You were abused and tortured above and beyond what most Fiends experience.
4. You were left on your own and had to fend for yourself.
5. You were groomed for high office and great things.
6. You had a fairly ordinary childhood and adolescence.

Why did you choose to become evil?

1. Everyone around you was evil.
2. You have suffered and now it's time to make others suffer as you have done.
3. The mysteries of the Dark Way always intrigued and enticed you.
4. You've never had to think about it. You act on instinct alone.
5. There are certain things you want which can only be gotten with evil.
6. Evil is the natural way of a world ruled by Satanis.

Random Plot Twists for the Dark Master

“What he could see resembled not stars but something more like the underside of large stones one might overturn deep in damp woods. They had changed in the strangest way, changed because everything in the universe was changing and could no longer be protected from the changes being worked upon them by something that had been awakened in the blackness, something that desired to remold everything it could see... and had the power to see all things. Now the faces of the stars were crawling with things that made them gleam in a way that stars had never gleamed before. And then these things he saw in his dream began to drip from the stars toward the earth, streaking the night with their gleaming trails.” Ligotti

1. Yidathroth is slipping into some unknown dimension. All the animals are dying and the red has faded from the sky. The moons are crumbling and the revelation is almost complete.
2. Fiends are discovered, Fiends who are so far gone with degeneration and devolution that there is very little to their minds except bestial instincts. These Fiends must have been cut off from everything, possibly tortured, or driven mad some other way. Was this a punishment from Satanis or the effects of some unknown entropy?
3. Up ahead is a temple. A manuscript bound in human skin waits inside. It is a book of poetry outlining the delicious qualities of little pink mouths, juicy red entrails shining in the darkness, great black swine squealing for the slaughter, and the fall of Satanis. Such blasphemy! But could it be true?
4. All out war between two Fiend races. Perhaps it's the Smile and the Zirakean? The destructive conflict is tearing Frier apart.
5. The Characters are handed great magic from a comical fool. Magic that is powerful enough for them to destroy themselves and the entire world.
6. A champion of good has finally tracked the Fiends down. He or she will not rest until the Characters are all slain.

Violent Descriptions

1. Throat ripped out; blood erupts. Stray flesh-ribbons spurt. Gripping the shredded remnants of their throat, you hear a gurgling where there would normally be passionate screams of defiance. Dropping down to their knees, the red continues to gush.
2. Your pummeling of their spine finally breaks them down. They collapse with a thud as you see their back is malformed and bleeding. A hand reaches up searching for mercy as they try to remain conscious.
3. Face clawed; punches and kicks to the abdomen and kidneys... you've worn him down. He gazes through you, tilting back and forth, punch-drunk. You give him one last uppercut to his head which almost takes it clean off. He hits the ground like a sack of potatoes.
4. The void saber slices through flesh, a limb is lopped off. Your victim stares deeply into your weapon, seeing the pure nothingness within the blade. A second thrust almost separates their torso into two parts. They beg your forgiveness.
5. Angry lead rains down on your opponent. You keep squeezing the trigger and shot after shot plunges into his body. Riddled with bullets, he's taken down, bleeding, and incapacitated.
6. The magic seems to swallow her whole. A rainbow maelstrom of swirling chaos opens from a black doorway in space. She is engulphed - screaming and terrified. The rainbow maelstrom recedes into the black doorway and it closes just as suddenly as it appeared. Your foe is no more.

Inside The Mind of a Fiend

“Life is a hideous thing and from the background behind what we know of it peer demoniacal hints of truth which make it sometimes a thousandfold more hideous.” Lovecraft

How much do we really know about the characters we create? We have their Attributes, Skills, Magic, and Color Sphere... but what are the details in between? Knowing a character has Brute Force of 3 doesn't tell you if he's ever climbed Thin Mountain or squeezed the life out of a fuscina, leopard-skin slug? And if he has, then how did that Sip-rathko feel against that cold, slimy, steel musculature? Asking leading questions, open-ended questions or anything will give you a better idea of who this character is.

The Dark Master should create 9 questions for each character. These questions should be designed to make the player think about who his character is. As each player comes up with answers, he creates hidden depths, layers, and plot hooks for the Dark Master. Questions such as, “Why does Vourch-meth fear the desert wastes?”; “Why did Vourch-meth ritually drink the jellified blood of his riding spider after meeting the stranger?” or “How did you feel about the mutilation of your first sex slave at the hands of your mentor?”

These questions and answers provide characters with a considerably more attention-grabbing background. They give the Dark Master a chance to include the characters in the type of campaign the Dark Master wants to run by asking certain questions. Additionally, a player's answers allow them to influence the campaign's direction. The Q and A session gives both sides creative control over the characters and the type of game desired.

A starting question such as, “How is Dren-blad indebted to the demon lord who taught him how to use a void saber?” might allow Dren-blad to wield an annihilation blade before he can afford to buy one. The question reveals a drawback; in this case Dren-blad owes a demon lord.

Q & A gives each character a past. Some questions should be personal in nature – engineered to uncover thoughts, feelings, goals, motivations, idiosyncrasies, and subconscious desires. For instance, “Why do you feel completely isolated and alone in the universe?”

Other questions will be less invasive. Not everything will be a psychoanalytical examination. Some inquiries should be designed to bring out the quirks and color in a character. For instance, “What happened the last time you took a tentacled whore to a Sembeeta wrestling match or a Nezz fight?”

Possible Questions for Character Creation

1. Who do you trust?
2. What do you do with your power?
3. How will you survive long enough to become a God, or at least secure a favorable position in the next regime?
4. Describe your favorite drawing, painting, or sculpture?
5. Have you created many spawn from mating with human girls?
6. Last season there was a demon who feared you greatly, why is that?
7. Do you consider any symbol, number, letter, word, phrase, sound, or color to have especially good or bad luck?
8. How do you feel about the Artificial Intelligence that dominates mankind?
9. Think of a truly satisfying night you’ve recently had; describe it?



Blasphemous Suggestion

“You preached to me that all change is grotesque, that the very possibility of change is evil. Yet in the book you declare ‘transformation as the only truth’ – the only truth of the Tsalal, that one who is without law or reason. ‘There is no nature to things,’ you wrote in the book. There are no faces except masks held tight against the pitching chaos behind them.’ You wrote that there is not true growth or evolution in the life of this world but only transformations of appearance, an incessant melting and molding of surfaces without underlying essence. Above all you pronounced that there is no salvation of any being because no beings exist as such, nothing exists to be saved – everything, everyone exists only to be drawn into the slow and endless swirling of mutations that we may see every second of our lives if we simply gaze through the eyes of the Tsalal.” Ligotti

At the beginning of every adventure, each player suggests something (this can be a person, place, thing, law, aesthetic, etc.) that suddenly exists in K'thana. Whatever has been chosen is absorbed into the realm, due to its chaotic dream-like nature. Additionally, each player has the right to interject his addition into the game, momentarily becoming the director of the story (the GM). Usually, each suggestion lasts for only one night of gaming. Likewise, the development of a suggested theme happens once per session, most of the time.

Example: Sam and Jed are players in my Satanis game. Sam and Jed get their characters ready, making sure their dice are in order. Before we begin, I ask them to try coming up with something they'd like to see in tonight's scenario. Sam's character uses a lot of Dream Magic, so he wants to make contact with a Dream Mage of his own race. Jed likes big, fiery end of the world stuff, so he decides to throw in an Apocalypse. These additions may have no reason for being or they might have a definite cause.

At this point, I look over whatever notes I have about tonight's game in order to include their ideas. During the adventure, Sam and Jed will each get an opportunity, whenever they wish, to direct a scene where their idea comes into play. It only takes a minute to create a “set-up” for this suggestion within the scenario framework.

Closing Thoughts

"There he would experience the touch of something outside himself, something whose will was confused with his own, as in a dream wherein one feels possessed of a fantastic power to determine what events will transpire and yet also feels helpless to control that power, which, *through* oneself, may produce the chaos of nightmare. This mingling of mastery and helplessness overwhelmed him with a black intoxication and suggested his life's goal: to work the great wheel that turns in darkness, and to be broken upon it."

Ligotti

A Fiend's appetite is the Dark Master's best tool for controlling the player, character, and game. While the players create the story, the Dark Master controls the unseen backbone at the game's core. The Dark Master might be compared to the bass guitar in a rock band. He manipulates and dominates the song very subtly, almost subliminally. If one or more players, let's say drums and guitar, are spiraling the adventure into a deep and immersive investigation of Old One activity on earth, then that is where the game will go. However, the Dark Master is entitled to his view. The backdrop is all his. The surroundings, atmosphere, and NPCs are his domain. The Dark Master also creates meaning. He decides what an action or event means in the grand scheme of things. For instance, if the PCs cut down some Fiend who was in their way, the Dark Master has every right to allow certain information to unfold. The dead Fiend could have been guarding the Old One's secrets. His absence from the rest of the story might echo throughout the entire scenario, haunting the PCs every step.

The Dark Master can keep players in line with what the characters want to accomplish. Nothing should outright stop the characters, but it might be worth everyone's while to delay a Fiend's appetite. Especially if this gets a character onto the right track or serves the mood or goal of the campaign as a whole. When I run the game I try to find the middle path between giving the characters everything they want and keeping the characters in a spiral of hardship and exhaustion.

Fiends don't have to be played evil. No one forces PCs to do wicked acts. It is only the absence of moral restrictions that create an environment which is ripe for unsavory activities. The true nature of humanity is allowed to shine through when PC behavior is left unjudged and unpunished. Absolute freedom equals absolute evil, maybe not at first, but eventually. Perhaps it's peer pressure, other Fiends acting insidiously around you? Or maybe it's that you are expected to be awful? What about knowing that a moral compass doesn't exist? Darkness is so much easier than light, and in the end it is so much more rewarding.



Beginning of Days: scenario seed 1

The events of this horrific tale begin on the outskirts of K'thana, the realm of crimson chaos. Peels of quixotic emerald and violet hued lightning shatter the night sky above. You wait amidst a circle of standing stones. Each monolith of onyx towers over the largest Fiend, there are 13 standing stones in all, perfect for the ritual that might take place later tonight.

You have traveled from the exhilarating city of Frier with all its commotion and infernal throngs to be among the chosen. Only one Fiend will be picked to become Godlike when the moons are at their zenith. Horrible and gruesome as the Gods of K'thana are, one from your demonic tribe will ascend to their level... for a time.

As you crouch, waiting in the fierce lightning storm and illuminating moonlight, you look at the other Fiends who have arrived at the onyx stone circle. There is a Zibza, a black, twisted tree not quite humanoid. Periodically, little toad heads sprout from his hard, shiny black flesh and lap at the oozing greenish ichor with their little toad tongues. This Zibza is called Togth, and he is well known in K'thana as bodyguard to powerful Archmagi.

Aside from him is a strange and quiet Fiend named Szlamotl, a Vihm, as you can see by his ornate and visage-obscuring mask. The mask glows with a rich violet, just like the crackling lightning above. His façade contains many holes, and curiously, each hole shows an eye staring back. The rest of the Vihm is cloaked in a dead, lifeless grey. You have never heard of or seen Szlamotl before tonight.

(The rest of the foul champions assembled are the Player Characters who should describe themselves at this point.)

Once everyone has become acquainted, the Vihm Szlamotl speaks up. "Gathered Fiends, I am to bestow the Godlike powers for which you all hunger. My masters have spoken, and I am to officiate over this contest. Here, my will is law!" He commands, obviously very taken with his own voice. "The first task will be to work your magic upon these standing stones of blackest onyx. The circle will enhance your magical aptitude and add potency to the sorcery cast within them. The Fiend who weaves his magic in the most impressive and promising way, will be granted an item of power! You may begin."

(Szlamotl fingers an interesting blue-ish wand or scepter of some kind as he stands back, away from the standing stone circle. The capricious whims of

Satanis, who is silently and remotely officiating over these contests, are easily changeable. One moment, Satanis might favor one, the next moment, someone else. However, the most inventive and bizarre spell that comes off the best, as well as, reaches the highest target number, should win this struggle. This is not only about rolling, but about interesting description and embellishment. Particularly destructive or weird spells should earn a Social Standing and/or Hideous Paradise point(s) as well. After it's over, the winner gets the midnight blue wand which gives him a bonus to cast spells from the corresponding Midnight Blue Color Sphere of Influence.)

“Excellent,” Szlamotl mutters almost to himself, “congratulations on winning the wand. For the rest of you, prepare yourselves for the next task. An hour's walk from here is a crumbling mausoleum of degeneracy and vice; it is where the Cult of the Leprous Flesh dwells. The Crimson God and Emperor Satanis wishes the cult... subverted. Proceed to the decrepit tomb and the winner shall receive a vicious, Hell-Sword forged in the pits below K'thana.”

(From a safe distance, the Vihm in charge follows all of you. Unbeknownst to anyone, Szlamotl has his own bone to pick with the Cult of Leprous Flesh – an organization that failed to satisfy his unspeakable appetites. Szlamotl wants the cult destroyed or at least antagonized. Once the PC's arrive, the cultists of Leprous Flesh, who are primarily of the Schmekblut and Guoa-asht races, use their Blood Magic, Flesh Magic, and fighting ability to hold the PC's off. That is if violence comes. PC's should be subtly encouraged to subvert the cult in other ways, manipulate them, confuse them, imprison them, join them and alter them from the inside, etc.

About this time, Szlamotl will start to act be acting curious – that is to say self serving, arbitrary, acting on his own rather than doing the will of Satanis. The Vihm will mention his own personal lust for power and age old vendettas sated with the PC's help.)

Other possible contests include terrorizing other dimensions and worlds that might have never encountered Fiends before, or perhaps maybe they have? Szlamotl will surely demand that the PC's do more of his dirty work, killing enemies, attracting a beautiful tentacled whore to his bed, etc.

Finally, everyone meets back at the onyx stones for the battle royale. Depending on if that is what the GM and players want, it can be a free-for-all of destruction and nihilistic abandon! Players will have gotten the opportunity to rack up points in Social Standing and Hideous Paradise during the adventure which they might use to their advantage here. If the scenario takes a wildly different turn,

and it might, the GM is advised to let it flow in the direction of the most fun! Not only is Empire of Satanis like Call of Cthulhu and other narrative dark fantasy/horror games, it is also reminiscent of Toon. It's about inspiring raucous glee and sardonic, nightmarish evil.

Name: Szlamotl

Color Sphere of Influence: Violet (The Bizarre, Surreal, Strange, Weird)

Race: Vihm Social Standing: 5 Hideous Paradise: 7

Will: 2

Magical Aptitude: 3

Theory: 1

Practice: 2

Cunning: 4

Attraction: 4

Brute Force: 2

Agility: 1

Endurance: 2

Vitality: 8

Skills: Unarmed Combat: 1, Dodge: 2, Magic Resistance: 2, Disguise: 1, Deception: 2, Track: 1, Torture: 3, Politics: 2, Healing: 2

Mask Magic: 2, Shadow Magic: 2, Black Arts: 1, Dimension Magic: 3

Background: Szlamotl was the weakest and strangest of his tribe. He was constantly overshadowed by his other Fiends of his race. Left alone and shunned for far too long, he began to develop a multiple inter-dimensional personality disorder. This affliction allows disembodied entities to filter into his body and take intermittent control. It makes anticipating Szlamotl almost impossible, and very few Fiends are able to successfully read his thoughts since they shift wildly and hide from observers.

The Vihm's prized possession is a voluminous, moldering tome called the book of the Approacher. With it, Szlamotl can summon monstrous beasts and gate into hidden planes of being. He keeps it within his grey robes, only bringing it out when necessary.



The Slut who Launched a Thousand Demons: scenario seed 2

PCs in the same gang/cult/mercenary band, etc. usually live together in a lair. This lair is on the second story above the brothel, Cream de Absinthe. PCs should take a few minutes to design and decorate the lair before play begins. Go around the table and have each player briefly describe a portion of their communal lair.

1. It is almost midnight; the Fired PCs are home, what are they doing? After a bit, you notice something strange... you don't hear the screams of humans! Just then, a human skull is suddenly thrown through the window. Inside the eye socket is a scroll of parchment. Jez-leth, a Fiend who the PCs distrust wants to meet at the Deceased Visionary. The distrust him because he is a known rabble rouser and malcontent. Many Fiends share the same sentiment as Jez-leth, but this Fiend has a singular talent for seditious incitement.
2. When the Fiends come down they find the Madam and proprietor of Cream de Absinthe scolding a coquettish young waif, Lala, for not getting her fee before the entertainment was provided. Now the Fiend has gone half mad and claws at the air in a corner of the whore's room. He won't leave, won't pay, and attacks anyone who comes near. PCs could investigate this if they wished to. Otherwise they may discover a new turn of events later. Lala will want to sleep with the Fiend who has the greatest Attraction Attribute.
 - A. This Fiend has a bad reputation – rebellious and crazy, too much so... even for a Fiend.
 - B. He wants them to steal a female from an archmage and is willing to pay a lot. He keeps the reason to himself (for awhile): Jez-leth tells them about Venus, how capricious and vain she is. Venus wishes to tempt the great demons of Kar 'nahl to come down to Yidathroth and ravish her. Ellias, presumably wants the attention. Perhaps he gets off on knowing how desired and promiscuous Venus is? In any case, Jez-leth wants to get rid of Venus. He doesn't really care how. Although, whatever the PCs do, they should expect some heat. This is an archmage's mistress after all!

3. PCs may or may not agree. The woman Venus, however, is written about in *The Dark Times*, a small press chapbook which provides news for Frier. Inside these chapbooks are drawings, paintings, poetry, short stories, and items of interest for Fiends. Later, the PCs find a Fiend scribbling his newest literary works into a journal which will be the next issue of *The Dark Times*. The writer and publisher of *The Dark Times*, Milo-estra, accepts donations for his chapbook. 3 zirkas is the usual offering. He is a Blazht who tirelessly investigates and reports on city affairs. He abandoned the druidic life long ago in favor of Frier and literary greatness.
4. Venus is attracting the attention of horrible demons from Kar 'nahl. In fact, she is pining for them, and is quoted as saying that she yearns for their embrace and performs nightly rituals to bring them. Most of Kar 'nahl's denizens are not on good terms with Satanis. Venus is always guarded by Zirakeans and accompanied by her whorish handmaidens when not with Ellias. Most nights she sleeps with Ellias in their bedroom. Every once in awhile the archmage likes to pursue different women.
5. The archmage, Ellias, is doing nothing to dissuade her. He is remaining silent (and proud, no doubt). The archmagi and Order of the Ninth Angle is siding with Ellias. Satanis, on the other hand, is not pleased at all. He wishes for Ellias to put a stop to this and apologize. Eventually, Satanis will be forced to kill Ellias or Venus himself which will invoke the wrath of the archmagi. Not only is this dilemma about loyalty and saving face, but the great demons of Kar 'nahl are tempted to enter Yidathroth and start a new unholy war. Satanis having left in disgust after a volatile disagreement aeons ago.

This presents a few potential outcomes.

1. The Demons from Kar 'nahl will come to K'thana and probably try to hurt Satanis.
2. Satanis or some other Fiend will try to kill Ellias for his disloyalty.
3. Some Fiend will try to kill or capture Venus.
4. Ellias will try to enlist the help of certain Fiends, although this will be a trap since he's really in the employ of Kar 'nahl's demons.
5. Satanis will cut off any dimensional travel between universes for the time being. That means no one can enter or leave Sha-la or Kar 'nahl. This barrier will leave some Fiends trapped in the human universe. This will also shut down the sex slave trade. Tensions will start to mount.

6. The archmagi as a whole will try to protect Ellias since he's one of their own and they've all taken blood oaths to protect one another. Now Satanis is allied against the ruling body of Fiends. All Hell really will break loose!
7. Jez-leth is really a High Priest of Satanis who is routinely used in undercover work to both ferret out traitors and keep Frier from growing complacent.

NPCs: female traders, slave traders, information brokers, archmage guards, archmage servitors, mercenaries trying to kill Ellias and Venus, spies for the archmagi, Jez-leth's killers, Venus' handmaiden whores, demons from Kar 'nahl.

Locations: PCs lair; Cream de Absinthe brothel – decorated with green fairies and Insanity Magic. Out of all the tentacled whores at the Cream de A's, Lala is probably the "classiest", but there's always enough skanky girls lounging around on absinthe green velvet fainting couches. If Lala's customer has a 4 or 5 Attraction, the sky's the limit. She will go all out, even inviting another girl to join in (for free). She will allow herself to be beaten, golden showers, and will even let them stay the night – nothing is taboo. If her customer has an Attraction of a 2 or a 3, then she'll provide various services to her client's satisfaction, but no more unless compensated with more zirkas. For the Fiend of low Attraction, they will be lucky to get a pricey blow job.

There's a small bar in the back of the Cream de A. This bar only serves drinks with absinthe: straight A, with sugar, with ice cream, with blood (human or Fiend), or with an even more hallucinogenic substance.

The Deceased Visionary is crowded with cut throats, scoundrels, poets, and priests (of Satanis) on the night the PCs meet Jez-leth. The wyrm cider flows freely, pole dancers strip on the three central stages.

Jez-leth is a Lurigeatro with a rainbow wig and pancake white face paint. He has dark, brooding and monstrous cat-eyes decorated with pink, green, and orange glitter. He explains the proposition. He's willing to pay 1,000 zirkas each for taking Venus out of the picture. Probably killed because a mage could find her in some other dimension.

Masks of Satanis: scenario seed 3

PCs have to go to earth in 1926 New York to prevent an author from learning the details of the Cult of Cthulhu. There is a cultist willing to betray his fellows and sell secrets to an investigative journalist/writer. The author is Jake Main and he has written a few sensational exposes on the paranormal, alien entities, and bizarre death cults. Jake Main wants to break open the story on the Cult of Cthulhu and what they want to do.

The Cult of Cthulhu, lead by High Priest Venger Satanis, has recently kidnapped a wealthy, blonde heiress who was visiting New York. Her name is Gretta Schleneider and the newspapers are running daily stories on her mysterious vanishing and possible whereabouts. The Cult of Cthulhu intend to summon an entity so vicious and vile that after it impregnates the girl, her future spawn will open the way for the Ancient Ones to return.

Unfortunately, a lowly cultist (who doesn't believe in the supernatural) named Dashiel Harms, has decided to betray the Cult's confidence - selling information to Jake Main.

The Fiends are sent to earth knowing that there is a disruptive influence in N.Y. 1926. The Dark Master of the game can decide how much he wants to tell the PCs ahead of time. Correcting this disturbance will benefit The Brotherhood and Satanis the Reddish Black God. The Fiend PCs are sent to N.Y. knowing the name Jake Main and that he must be stopped from either discovering the Cult's secrets or killed before he tells the story to other investigators and/or the media. Fiends should probably be given a rudimentary knowledge of the earth in the 1920's, otherwise the first couple hours will entail them "learning about this strange place". Although, that could be an entertaining adventure in itself.

To keep this scenario from ending premature, Jake Main should be allowed to find out the secrets of the Cult and report them to investigators. These poor fools will no doubt come gunning for the Fiends, much to their demise. If The Fiends make a B-line for Main, then the traitor Dashiel Harms can sell his information to someone else who'll cause trouble for the PCs.

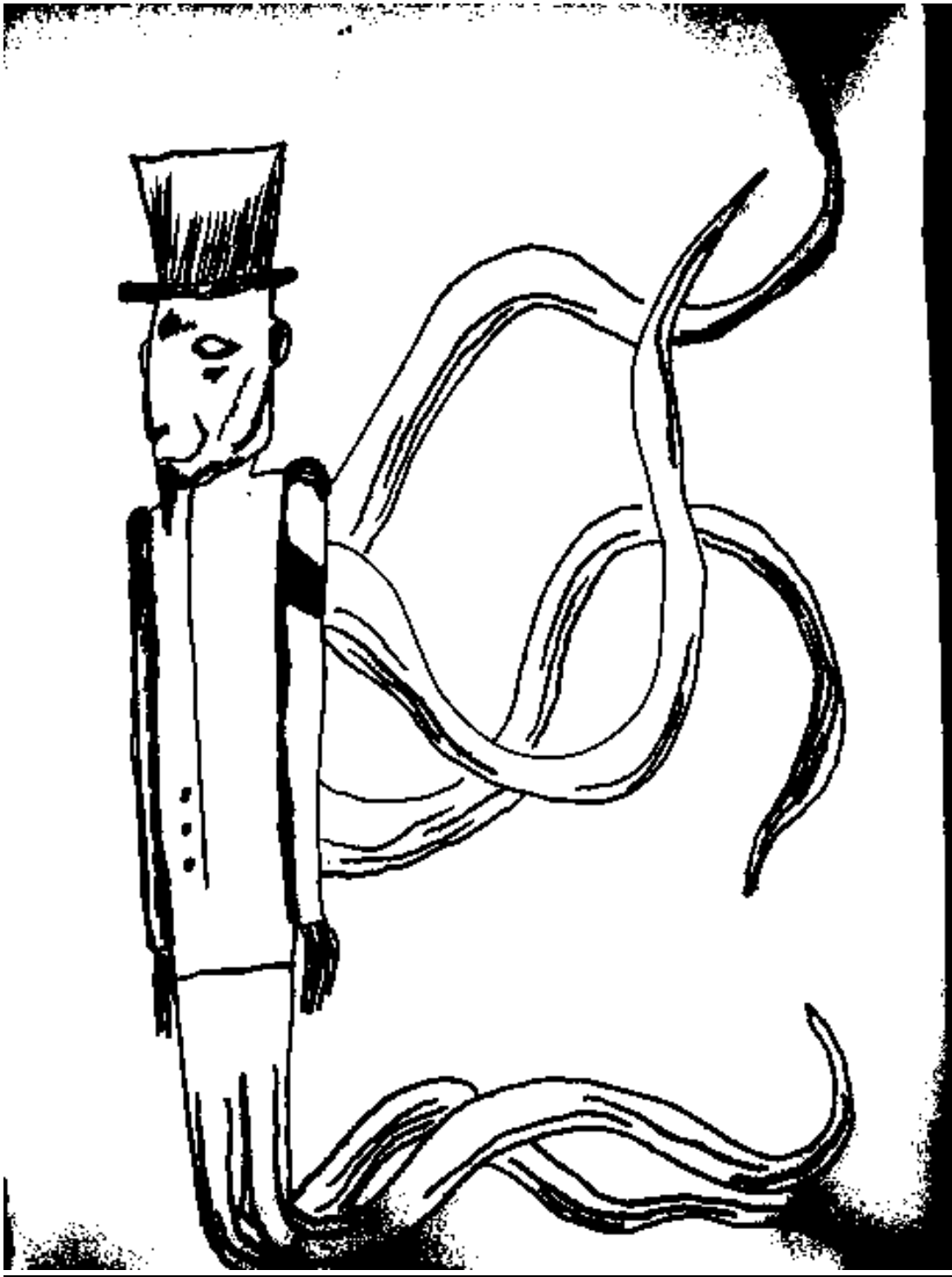
Places: N.Y. hotel where Jake Main is staying, The Hellstrom Regency, Rm. # 111.

Black House Insane Asylum where Venger Satanis' contacts reside. Also run by cultist Dr. Breck who performs awful experiments on his patients and longs for a day when humanity is washed clean from the cosmos.

The Heart of Darkness is a deconsecrated church where the Cult of Cthulhu frequently meet, perform rituals, sacrifice humans, and commit other heinous acts. There is a lever on the side of the church's altar. Pulling it will open a secret door in the floor, a stone staircase leads down. The church used to be run by corrupt Catholic priests who were said to have been seduced by the Devil.

The CoC naturally feel at home here, although many don't know why. Venger Satanis knows... a dimensional gateway lies open somewhere nearby. Fiends can easily detect the gate's emanations. This is also where the elder entity will come and impregnate Gretta Schleneider.

Venger Satanis' mansion in the country – this is where he keeps Gretta hostage and also displays many mythos artifacts such as scepters, scrolls, weapons, and statues by the renowned Blacksaw Jibbmonger. It is possible that an investigative team infiltrates the mansion while the Fiends are visiting. They will probably try to steal Gretta when they find out the truth.



The Apocalypse Sect: scenario seed 4

A dark religious cult (is there any other kind?) known as The Apocalypse Sect has been waiting for the Old Ones to return. For centuries they have waited. Members of the Sect spend most of their adult lives in ruined monasteries outside space and time. They meditate, sacrifice, and try to will the Old One's approach with every fiber of their being... but still the Old Ones do not come forth. Seven hundred years have passed and now the Sect has come to a crisis point. Many of them believe the ancient forces have abandoned them for all time. Some speculate that their gods never existed at all.

For all intents and purposes, The Apocalypse Sect has disbanded. However, one Fiend cultist has not given up hope. Bel-roack the heretic still seeks the promised land – a world where all of humanity tastes the pure void of an annihilation blade. Bel-roack believes that further evolution will not be possible until the Old Ones return and alter reality for all time. To this end, Bel-roack has summoned a Greater Devil God from Kar 'nahl. His thinking is that if Satanis (or other Fiends) cannot produce the Antediluvian Entities, then he will.

Special thanks go out to Benjamin Pierce, Tim Jensen, and all the artists who donated their talent for this project.



Satanis Unbound character sheet

4 Easy 7 Average 10 Complex 13 Challenging 16 Unimaginable

Name: **Skills**

Race:

Allegiance:

Social Standing:

Hideous Paradise:

Color Sphere of Influence:

Will To Power:

Magical Aptitude:

Theory:

Practice:

Animal Cunning:

(Attraction) Magnetism:

Brute Force:

(Agility) Surgical Precision:

(Endurance) Tenacity:

Magic

(Vitality) Survival of the Fittest:

Experience Points:

Equipment:

Nine Questions & Answers

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

Personality, Lifepath, Background, Goals, Thoughts, and Mad Ravings

“No good deed goes unpunished.” Blake’s 7

