



The
Dwale
of
Avagddv

Being A Treatise On
The Practice Of Certain Sorceries
Among The British Folk
And
The Tale Of Avagddv

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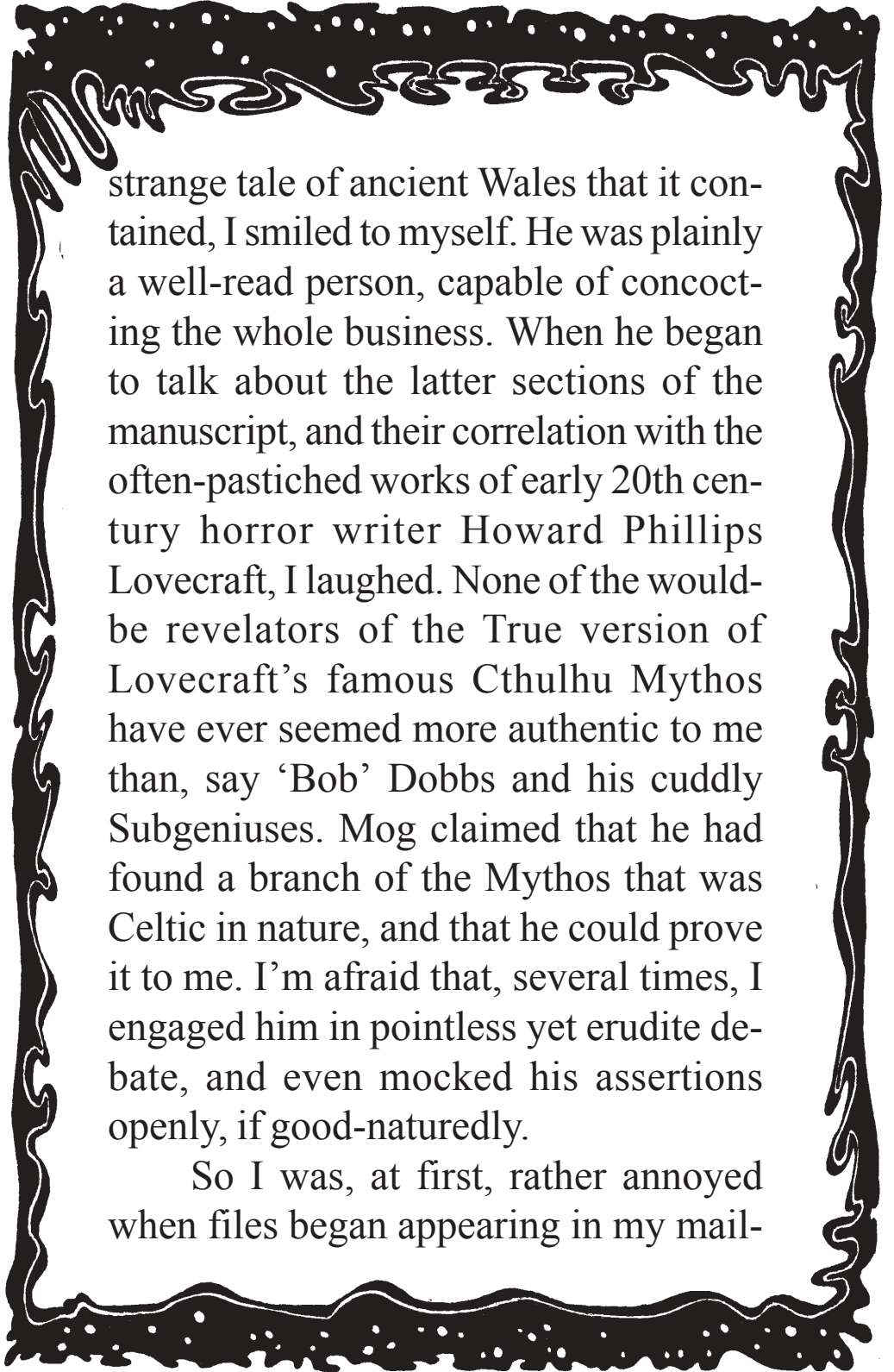
This book is a fiction, an exercise in horror, and a small occult game. None of its claims or ideas should be considered serious, or used as a basis for real occult practice. Any efforts to actually work the rites herein are done entirely at the risk of the reader, and against this advice.

Dedicated to the Genius of
Howard Phillips Lovecraft.
Incense gratefully offered
at his dreaming tomb

Introdvction

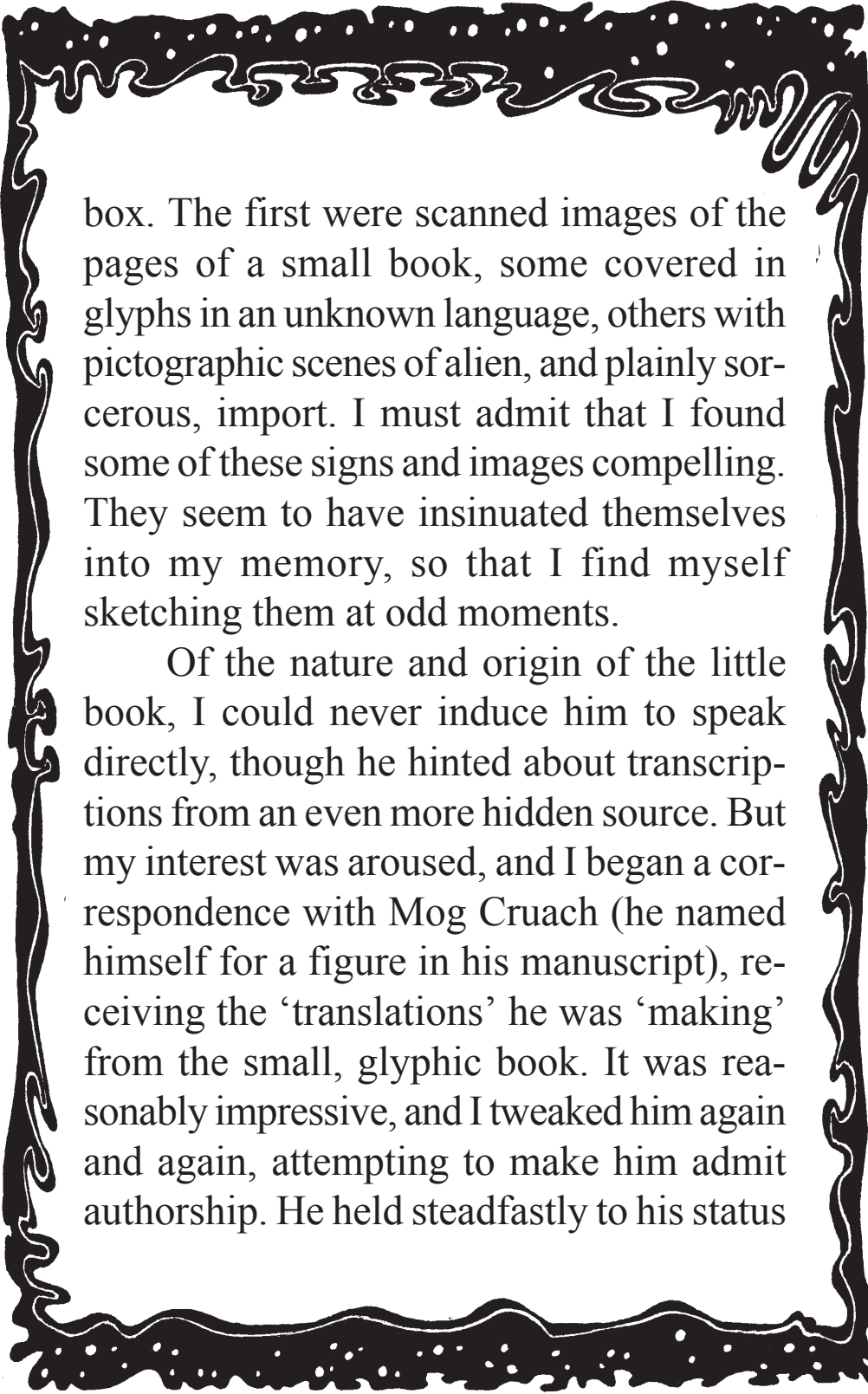
This manuscript came to me strangely. In the course of my work in Paganism and the Occult Revival, I have reason to spend a good deal of time on the internet. While a great deal of that may be called productive time, another portion is spent in pointless amusement, including so-called chat rooms. It was in one of these that I met the persona called 'Mog Cruach'. Of course, the pseudonyms used in these live exchanges are little indicator of the kind of person at the other end of the net, so I smiled at his Celtoid nickname, and we chatted.

At first I treated 'Mog Cruach' as a joke played by a knowledgeable wag. When he (I think of him as male, from his style, though without real reason) talked about the manuscript in an unknown hand that he was slowly deciphering, about the



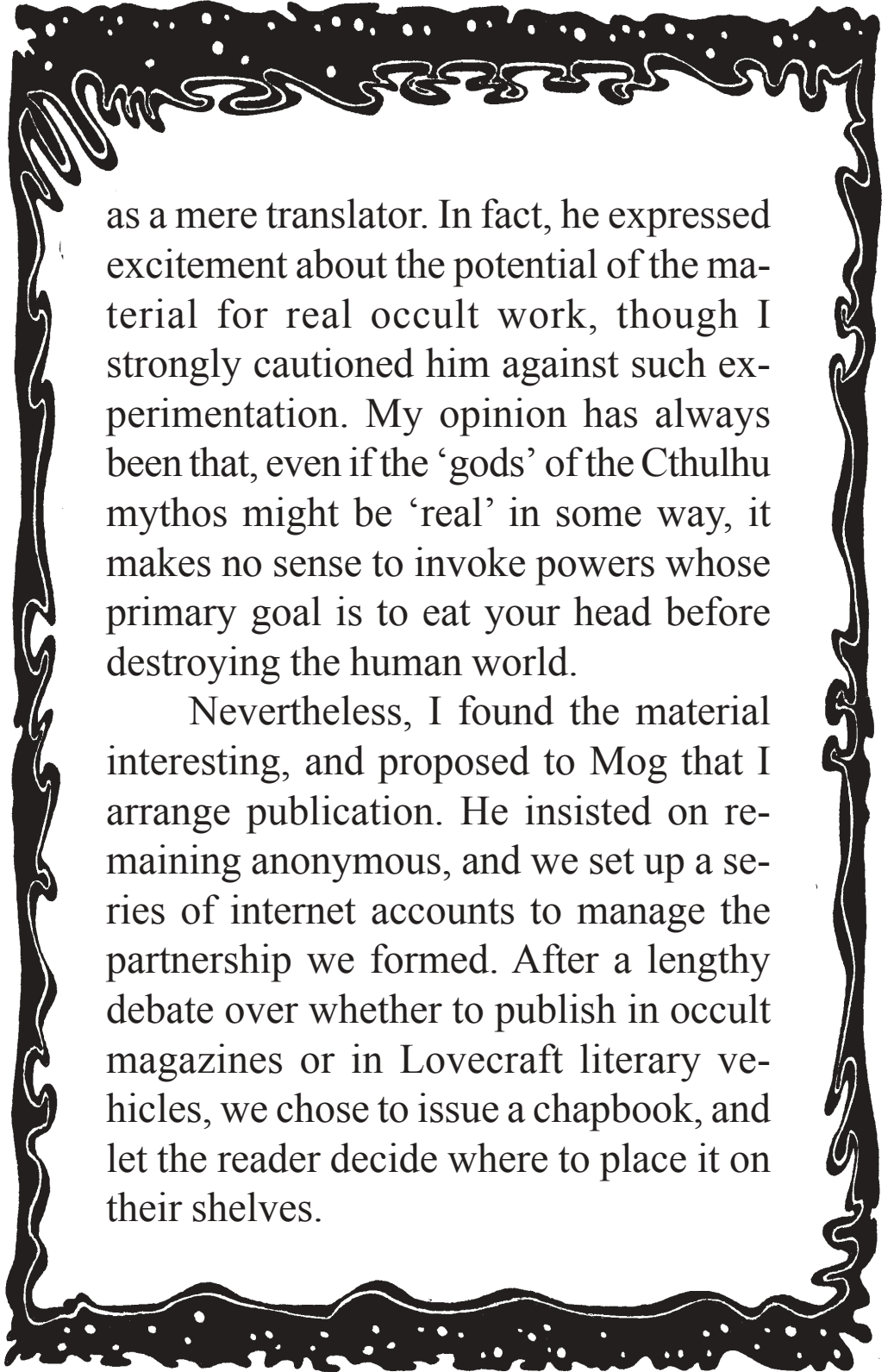
strange tale of ancient Wales that it contained, I smiled to myself. He was plainly a well-read person, capable of concocting the whole business. When he began to talk about the latter sections of the manuscript, and their correlation with the often-pastiched works of early 20th century horror writer Howard Phillips Lovecraft, I laughed. None of the would-be revelators of the True version of Lovecraft's famous Cthulhu Mythos have ever seemed more authentic to me than, say 'Bob' Dobbs and his cuddly Subgeniuses. Mog claimed that he had found a branch of the Mythos that was Celtic in nature, and that he could prove it to me. I'm afraid that, several times, I engaged him in pointless yet erudite debate, and even mocked his assertions openly, if good-naturedly.

So I was, at first, rather annoyed when files began appearing in my mail-



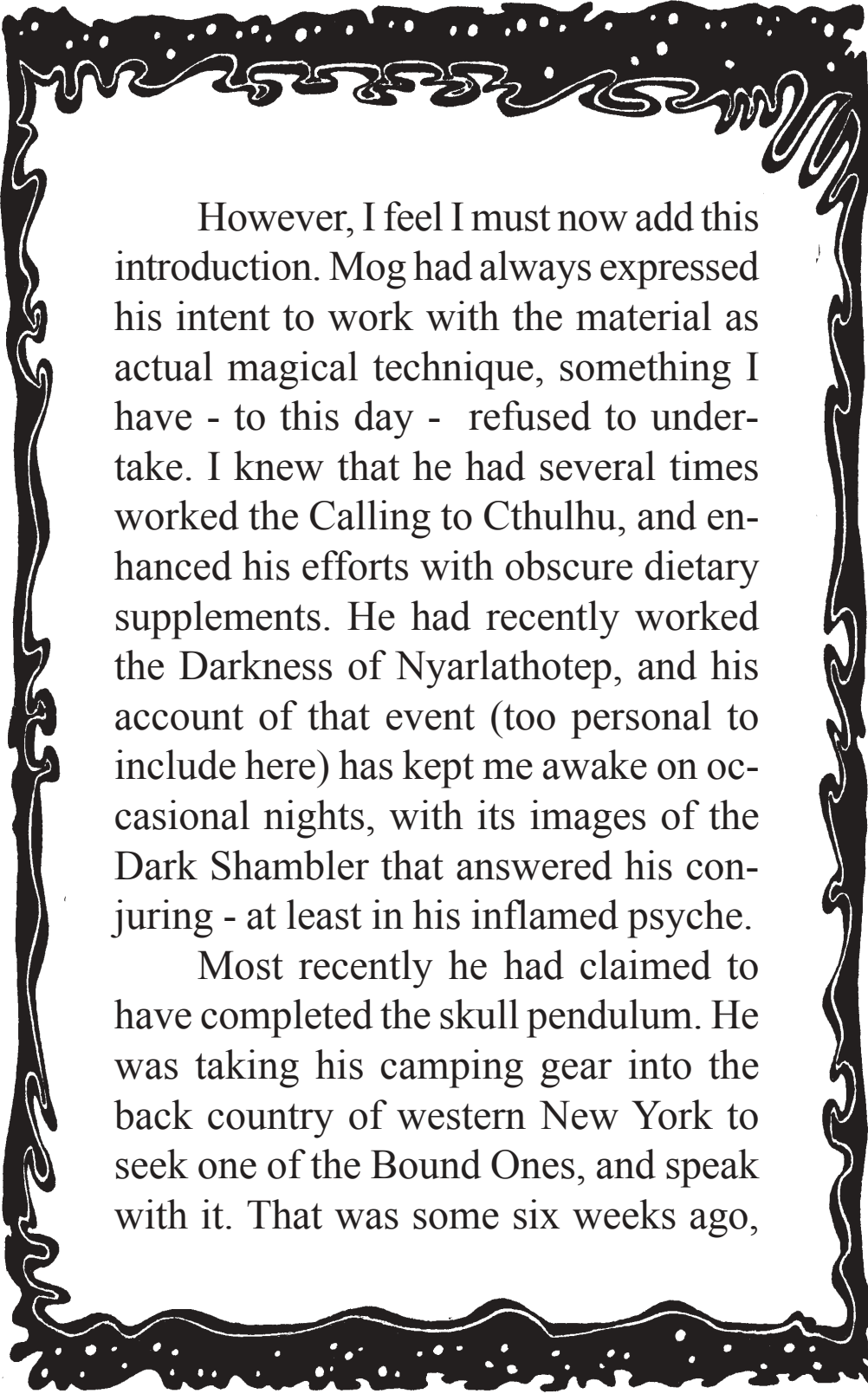
box. The first were scanned images of the pages of a small book, some covered in glyphs in an unknown language, others with pictographic scenes of alien, and plainly sorcerous, import. I must admit that I found some of these signs and images compelling. They seem to have insinuated themselves into my memory, so that I find myself sketching them at odd moments.

Of the nature and origin of the little book, I could never induce him to speak directly, though he hinted about transcriptions from an even more hidden source. But my interest was aroused, and I began a correspondence with Mog Cruach (he named himself for a figure in his manuscript), receiving the ‘translations’ he was ‘making’ from the small, glyphic book. It was reasonably impressive, and I tweaked him again and again, attempting to make him admit authorship. He held steadfastly to his status



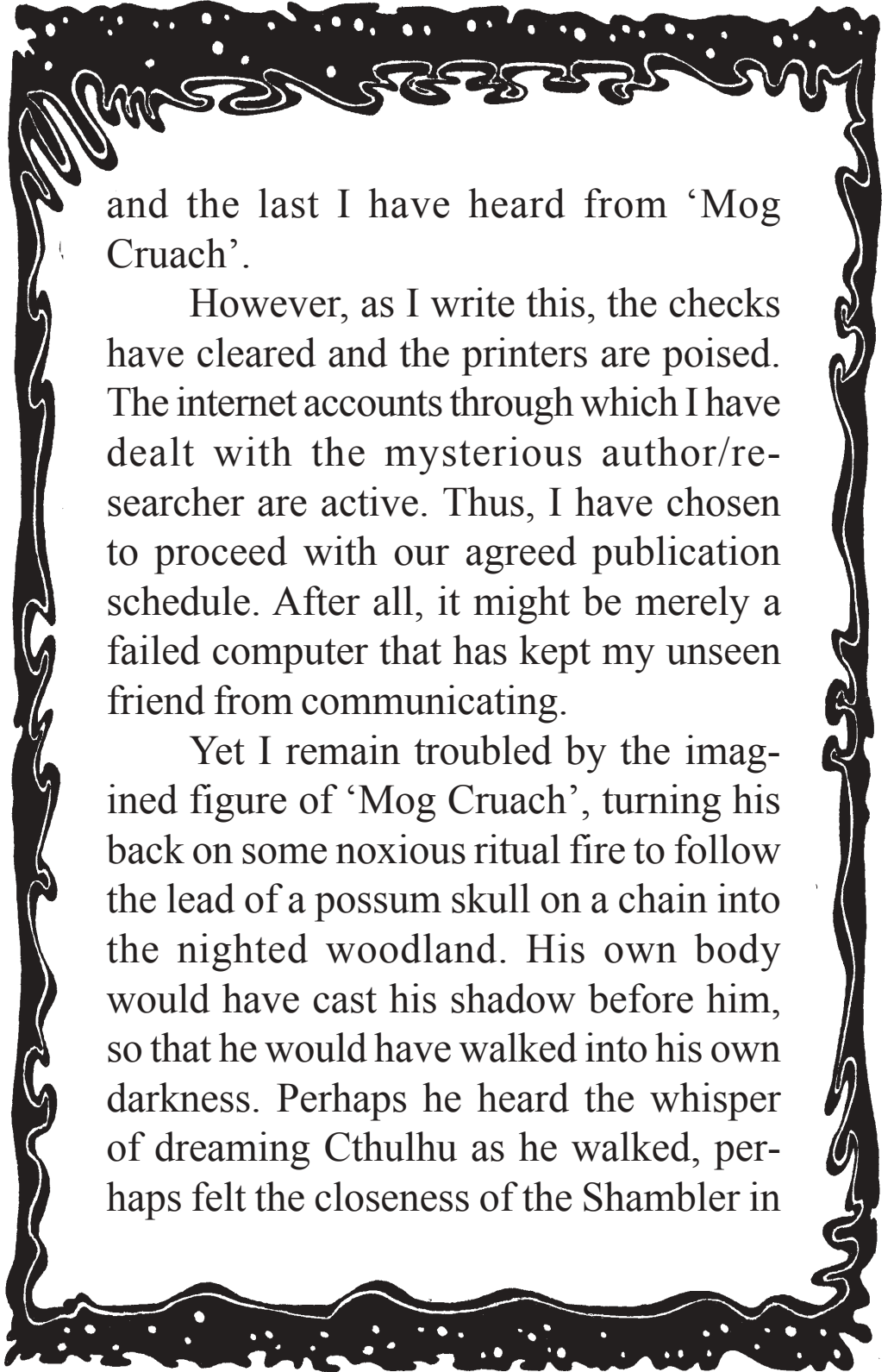
as a mere translator. In fact, he expressed excitement about the potential of the material for real occult work, though I strongly cautioned him against such experimentation. My opinion has always been that, even if the ‘gods’ of the Cthulhu mythos might be ‘real’ in some way, it makes no sense to invoke powers whose primary goal is to eat your head before destroying the human world.

Nevertheless, I found the material interesting, and proposed to Mog that I arrange publication. He insisted on remaining anonymous, and we set up a series of internet accounts to manage the partnership we formed. After a lengthy debate over whether to publish in occult magazines or in Lovecraft literary vehicles, we chose to issue a chapbook, and let the reader decide where to place it on their shelves.



However, I feel I must now add this introduction. Mog had always expressed his intent to work with the material as actual magical technique, something I have - to this day - refused to undertake. I knew that he had several times worked the Calling to Cthulhu, and enhanced his efforts with obscure dietary supplements. He had recently worked the Darkness of Nyarlathotep, and his account of that event (too personal to include here) has kept me awake on occasional nights, with its images of the Dark Shambler that answered his conjuring - at least in his inflamed psyche.

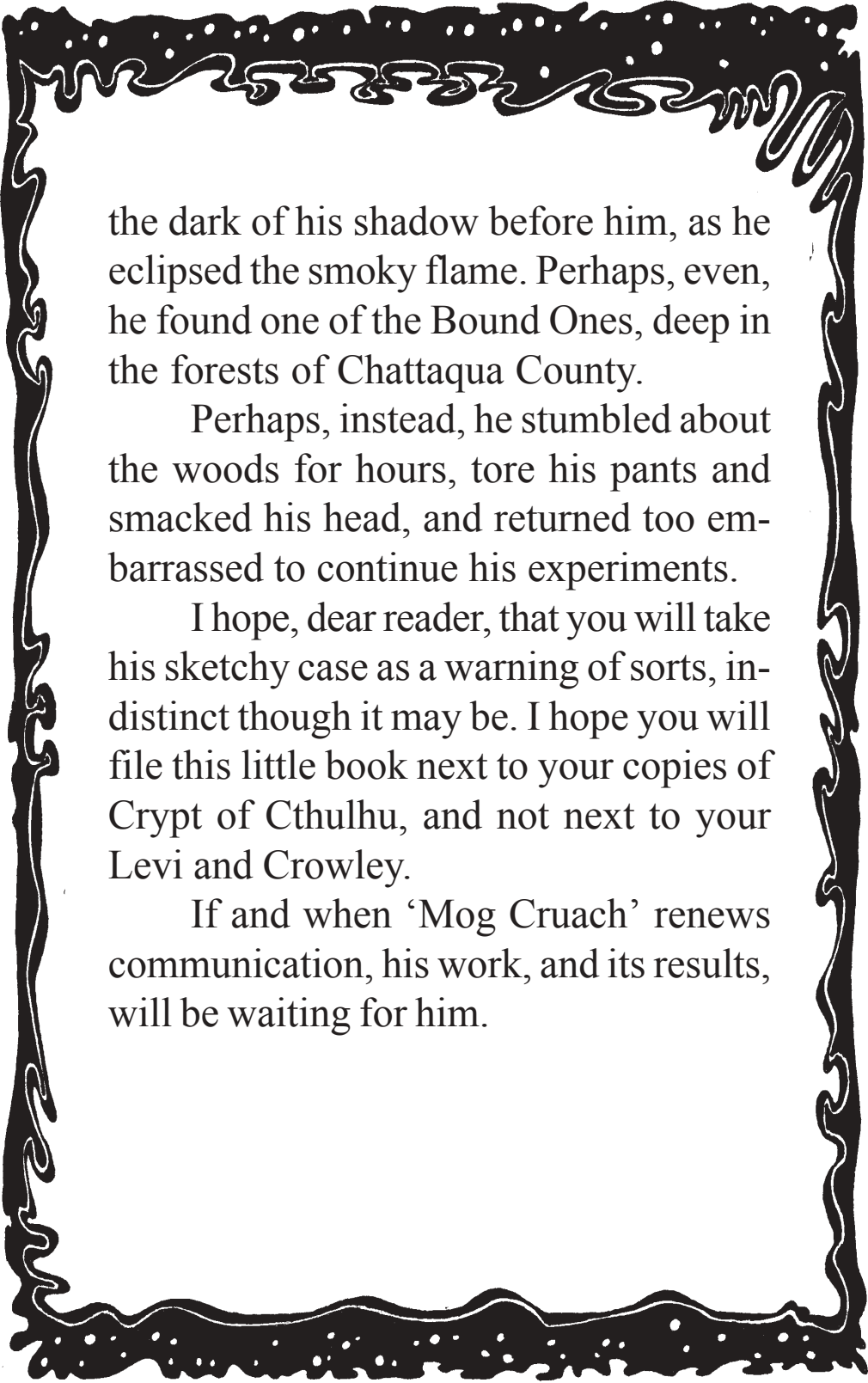
Most recently he had claimed to have completed the skull pendulum. He was taking his camping gear into the back country of western New York to seek one of the Bound Ones, and speak with it. That was some six weeks ago,



and the last I have heard from ‘Mog Cruach’.

However, as I write this, the checks have cleared and the printers are poised. The internet accounts through which I have dealt with the mysterious author/researcher are active. Thus, I have chosen to proceed with our agreed publication schedule. After all, it might be merely a failed computer that has kept my unseen friend from communicating.

Yet I remain troubled by the imagined figure of ‘Mog Cruach’, turning his back on some noxious ritual fire to follow the lead of a possum skull on a chain into the nighted woodland. His own body would have cast his shadow before him, so that he would have walked into his own darkness. Perhaps he heard the whisper of dreaming Cthulhu as he walked, perhaps felt the closeness of the Shambler in



the dark of his shadow before him, as he eclipsed the smoky flame. Perhaps, even, he found one of the Bound Ones, deep in the forests of Chattaqua County.

Perhaps, instead, he stumbled about the woods for hours, tore his pants and smacked his head, and returned too embarrassed to continue his experiments.

I hope, dear reader, that you will take his sketchy case as a warning of sorts, indistinct though it may be. I hope you will file this little book next to your copies of *Crypt of Cthulhu*, and not next to your *Levi and Crowley*.

If and when 'Mog Cruach' renews communication, his work, and its results, will be waiting for him.

The Tale of Avagddu

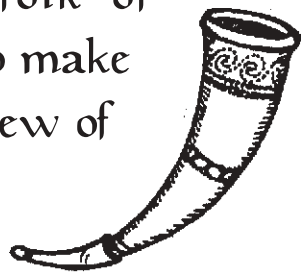
Here is the tale of the mighty Avagddu, the Sorcerer of the ancient Cymry, who won both fame and fear from the folk of the villages and their half-wit overlords. While the common fools whisper this name in the night, making it a bogey to frighten each other from the Groves, those of us who still remember the Tribe Beneath The Mound hold his name in honor. Hail to the Black Face, Avagddu the Wise. Here is his tale.

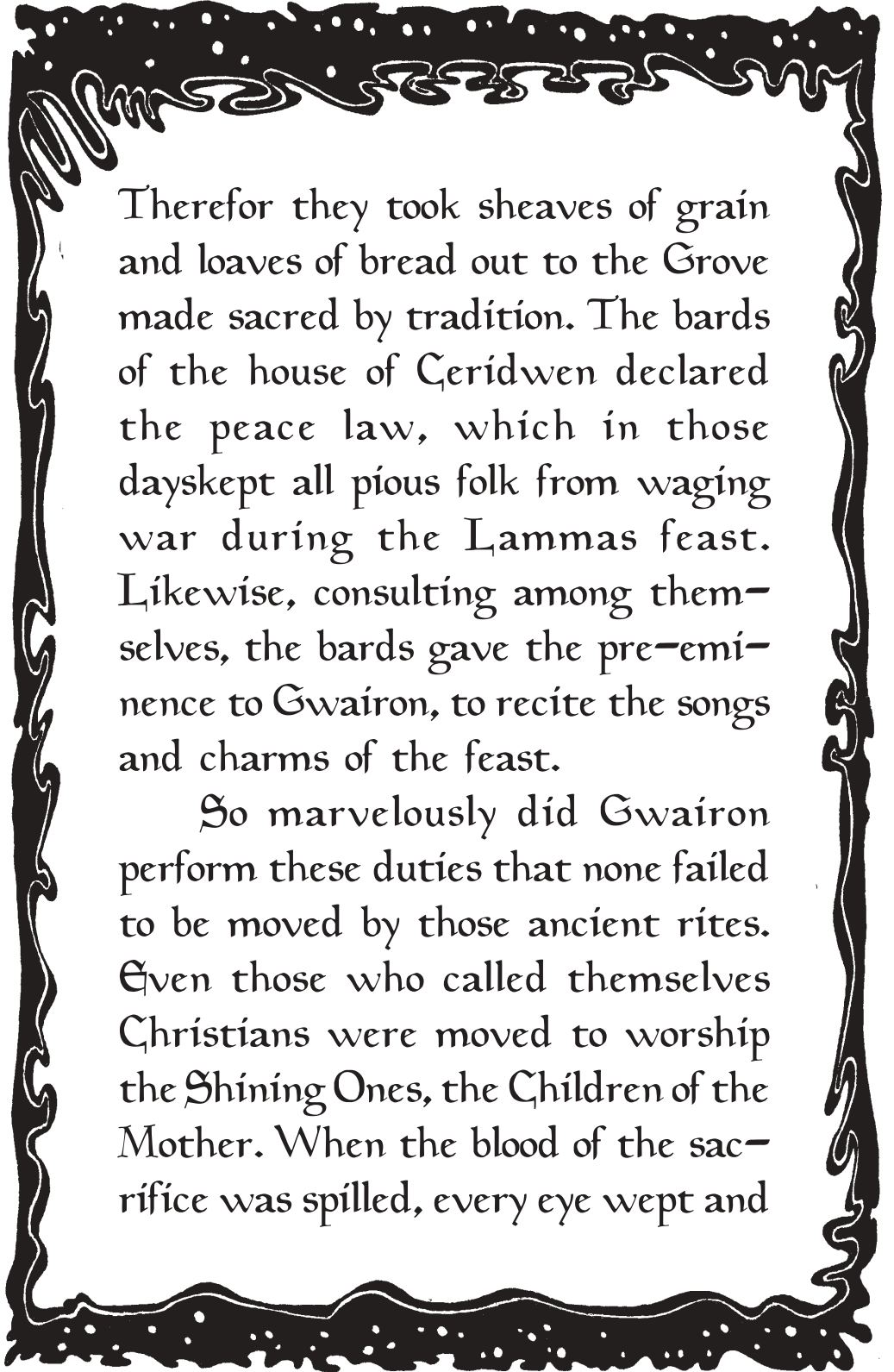
In the time after the Romans left our isle, but before the Saxon kings, there lived a wise woman of great renown, who was named Lady Ceridwen. She was lady of a wide

estate, in which sat the village of Celdwyn. The Lady was young, beautiful and a widow, and the feasts and tournaments held in her honor were the talk of nine counties.

On the Eve of the Feast of Loaf Mass there came to her hall a bard of great reputation, who was called Gwaïron. he was a man of great craft and clever art, cloaked in scarlet and mounted well. he was welcomed with great honor, and housed in the Lady's own hall.

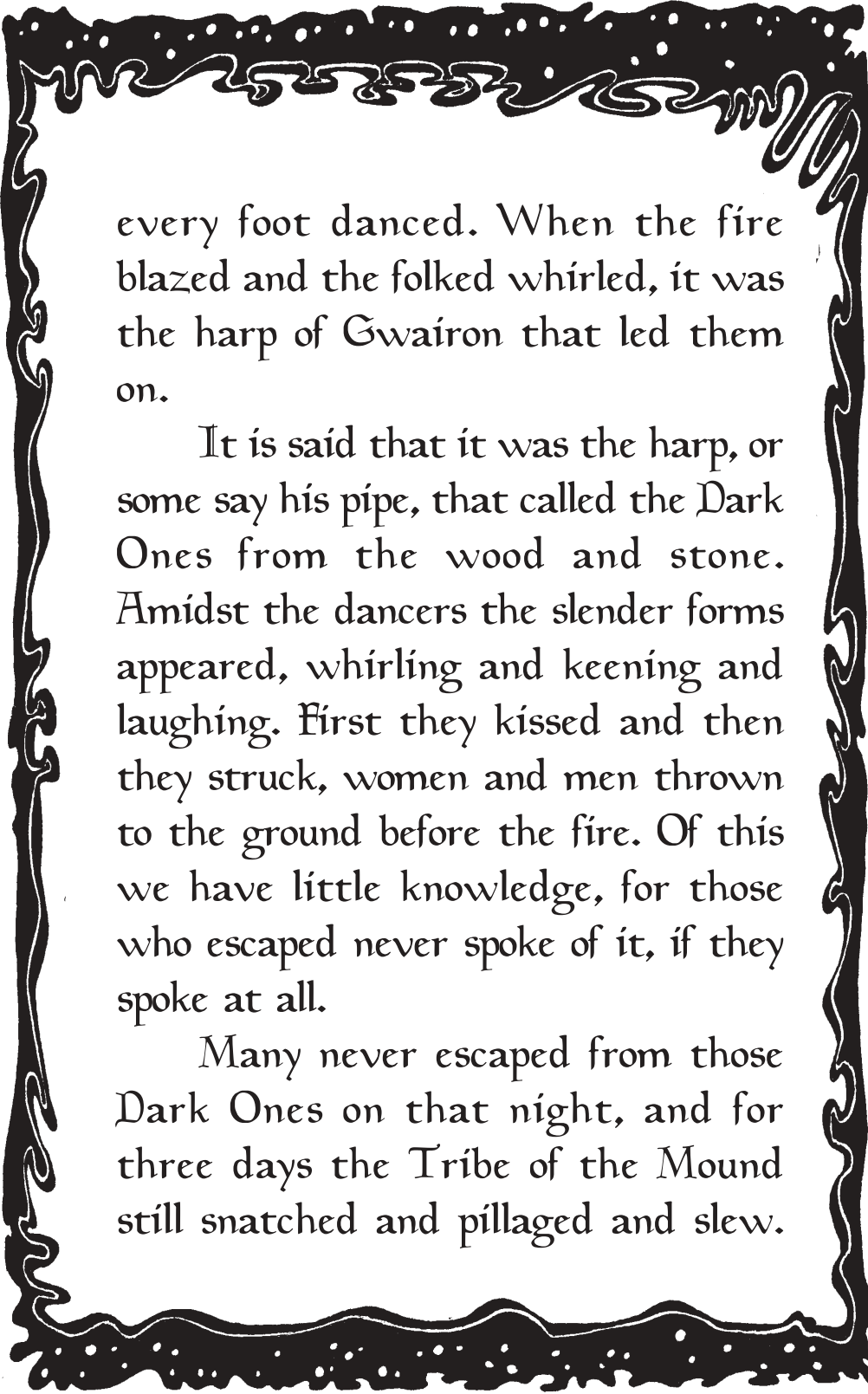
In those days, the cross had not gained its bloody rule over every glen and vale, and the folk of Celdwyn were wont to make the old sacrifices to Llew of the Long Arm.





Therefor they took sheaves of grain and loaves of bread out to the Grove made sacred by tradition. The bards of the house of Ceridwen declared the peace law, which in those dayskept all pious folk from waging war during the Lammas feast. Likewise, consulting among themselves, the bards gave the pre-eminence to Gwaïron, to recite the songs and charms of the feast.

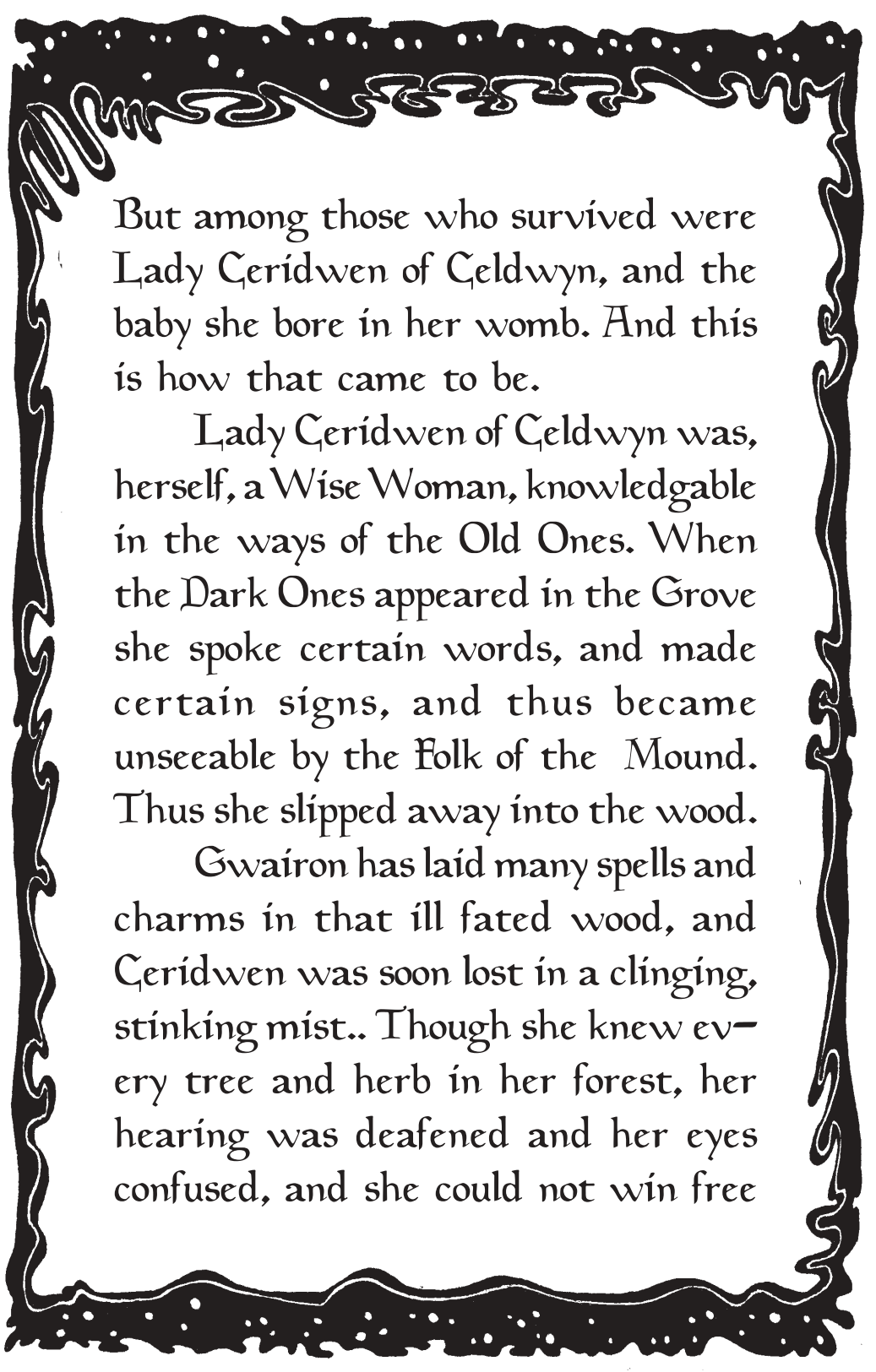
So marvelously did Gwaïron perform these duties that none failed to be moved by those ancient rites. Even those who called themselves Christians were moved to worship the Shining Ones, the Children of the Mother. When the blood of the sacrifice was spilled, every eye wept and



every foot danced. When the fire blazed and the folked whirled, it was the harp of Gwaïron that led them on.

It is said that it was the harp, or some say his pipe, that called the Dark Ones from the wood and stone. Amidst the dancers the slender forms appeared, whirling and keening and laughing. First they kissed and then they struck, women and men thrown to the ground before the fire. Of this we have little knowledge, for those who escaped never spoke of it, if they spoke at all.

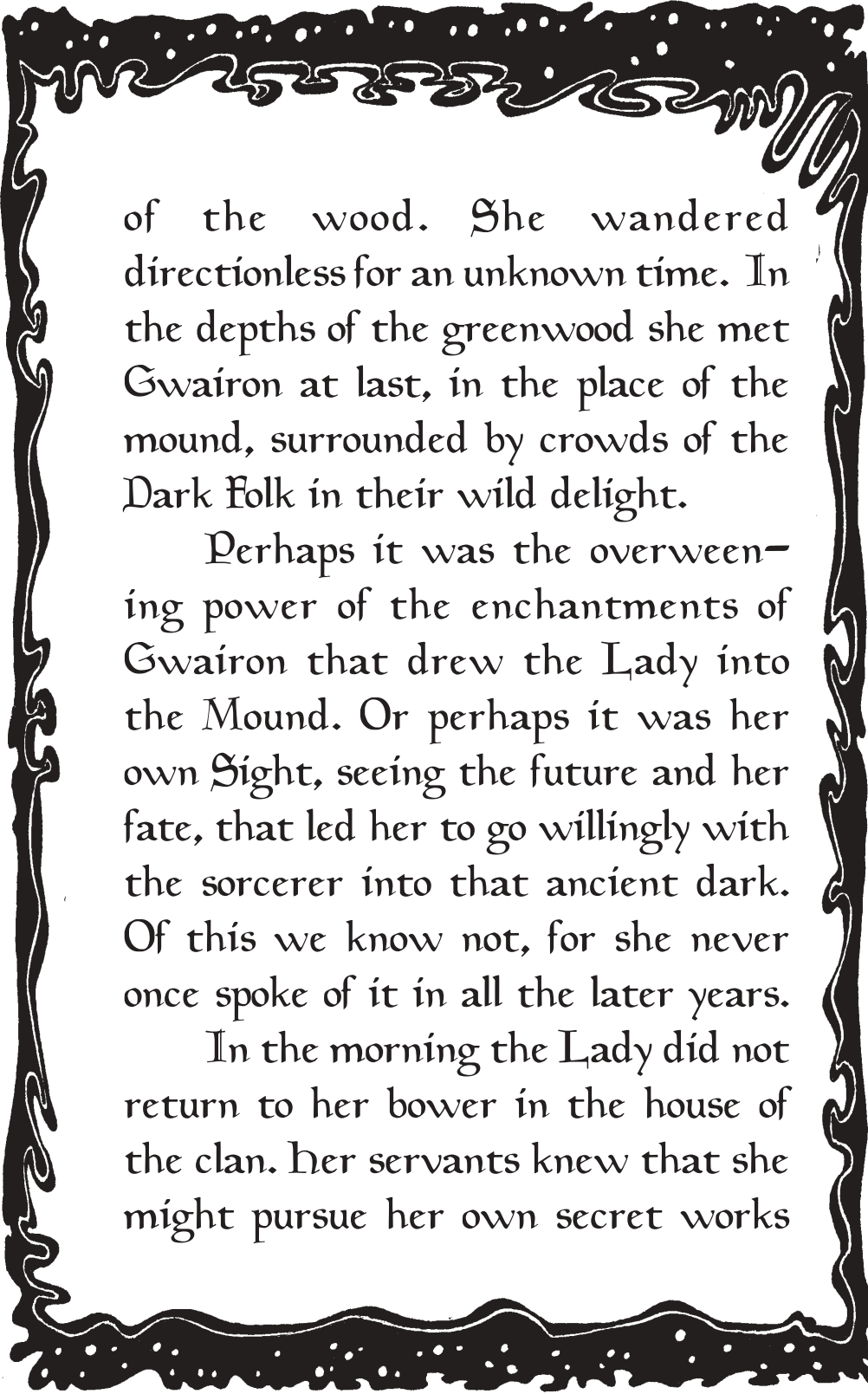
Many never escaped from those Dark Ones on that night, and for three days the Tribe of the Mound still snatched and pillaged and slew.



But among those who survived were Lady Ceridwen of Celdwyn, and the baby she bore in her womb. And this is how that came to be.

Lady Ceridwen of Celdwyn was, herself, a Wise Woman, knowledgable in the ways of the Old Ones. When the Dark Ones appeared in the Grove she spoke certain words, and made certain signs, and thus became unseeable by the Folk of the Mound. Thus she slipped away into the wood.

Gwaïron has laid many spells and charms in that ill fated wood, and Ceridwen was soon lost in a clinging, stinking mist.. Though she knew every tree and herb in her forest, her hearing was deafened and her eyes confused, and she could not win free



of the wood. She wandered directionless for an unknown time. In the depths of the greenwood she met Gwaïron at last, in the place of the mound, surrounded by crowds of the Dark Folk in their wild delight.

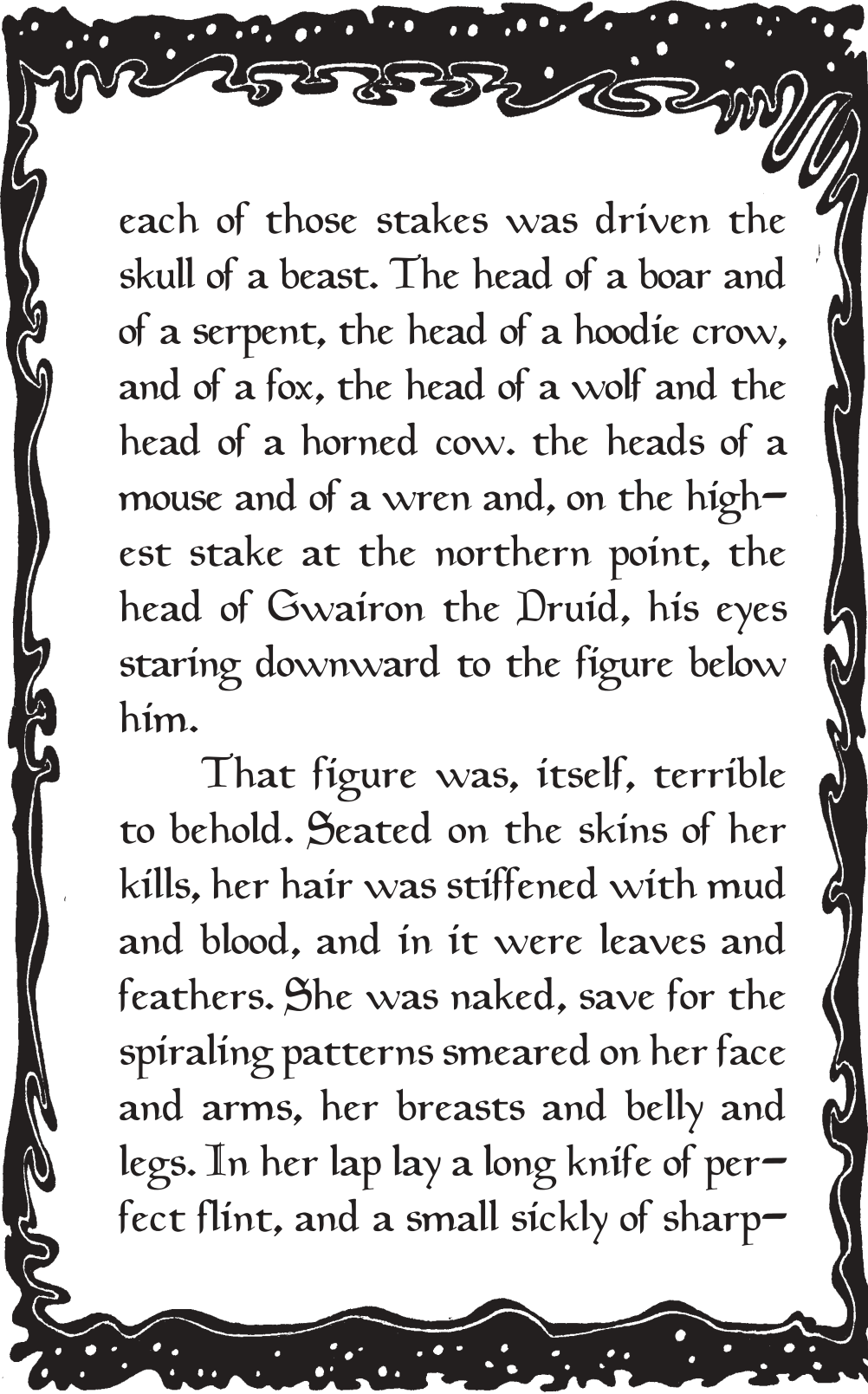
Perhaps it was the overweening power of the enchantments of Gwaïron that drew the Lady into the Mound. Or perhaps it was her own Sight, seeing the future and her fate, that led her to go willingly with the sorcerer into that ancient dark. Of this we know not, for she never once spoke of it in all the later years.

In the morning the Lady did not return to her bower in the house of the clan. Her servants knew that she might pursue her own secret works

of an evening, and so they merely posted a watch for her return. She did not return on the second morning and, when the third day dawned, the hew and cry was raised. The warriors led the household folk to comb the wood for sign of Lady Ceridwen and, in time, they found her.

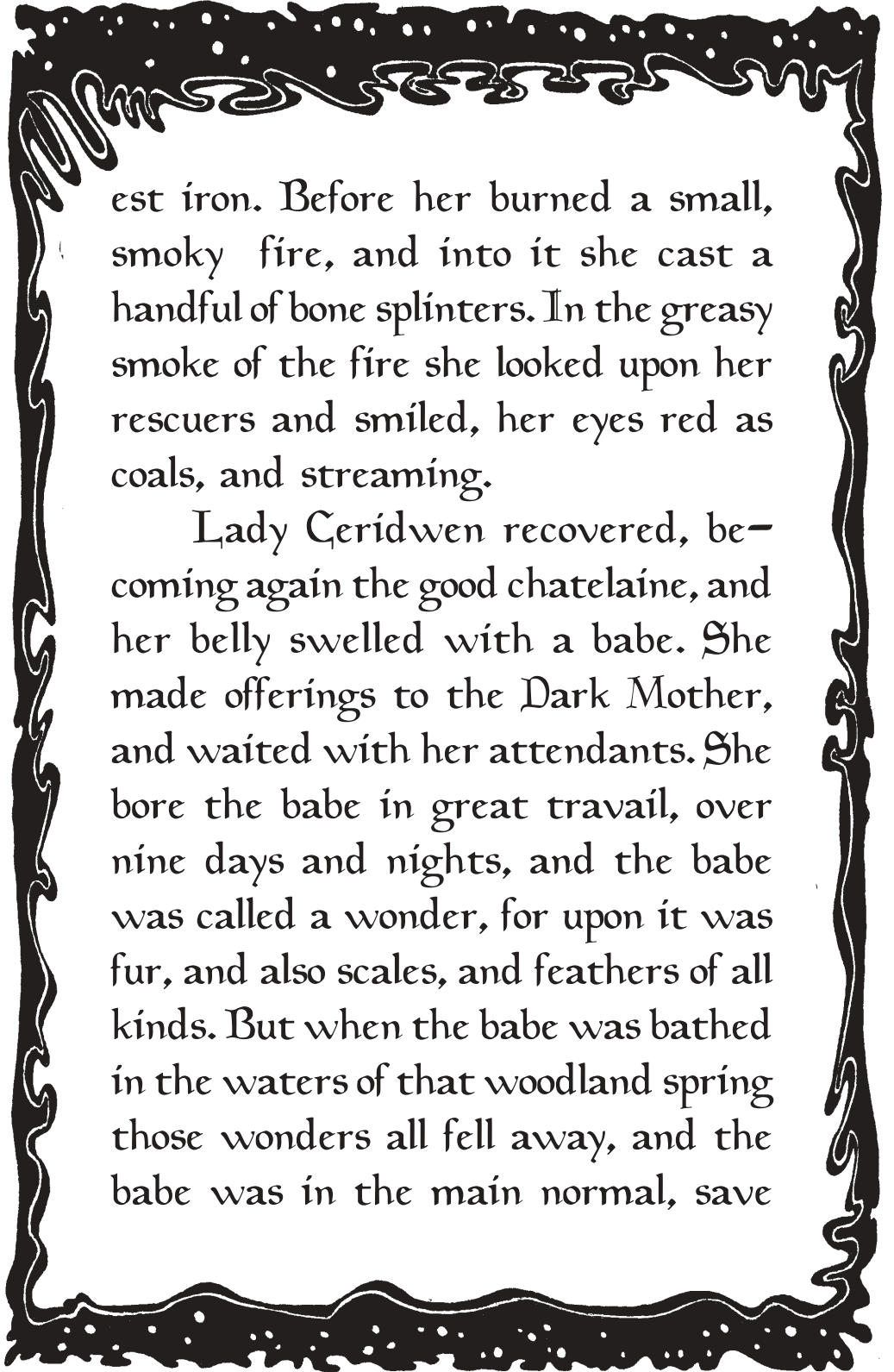


Deep in a thicket of hawthorn and willow, by a bubbling spring of clear water, where the light was green through the leaves, Ceridwen of Celdwyn had made her shrine. Most industrious had she been. Nine stakes of blackthorn were driven into the earth, in a circle drawn with dried, blackened blood. The source of that blood was easy to tell, for upon



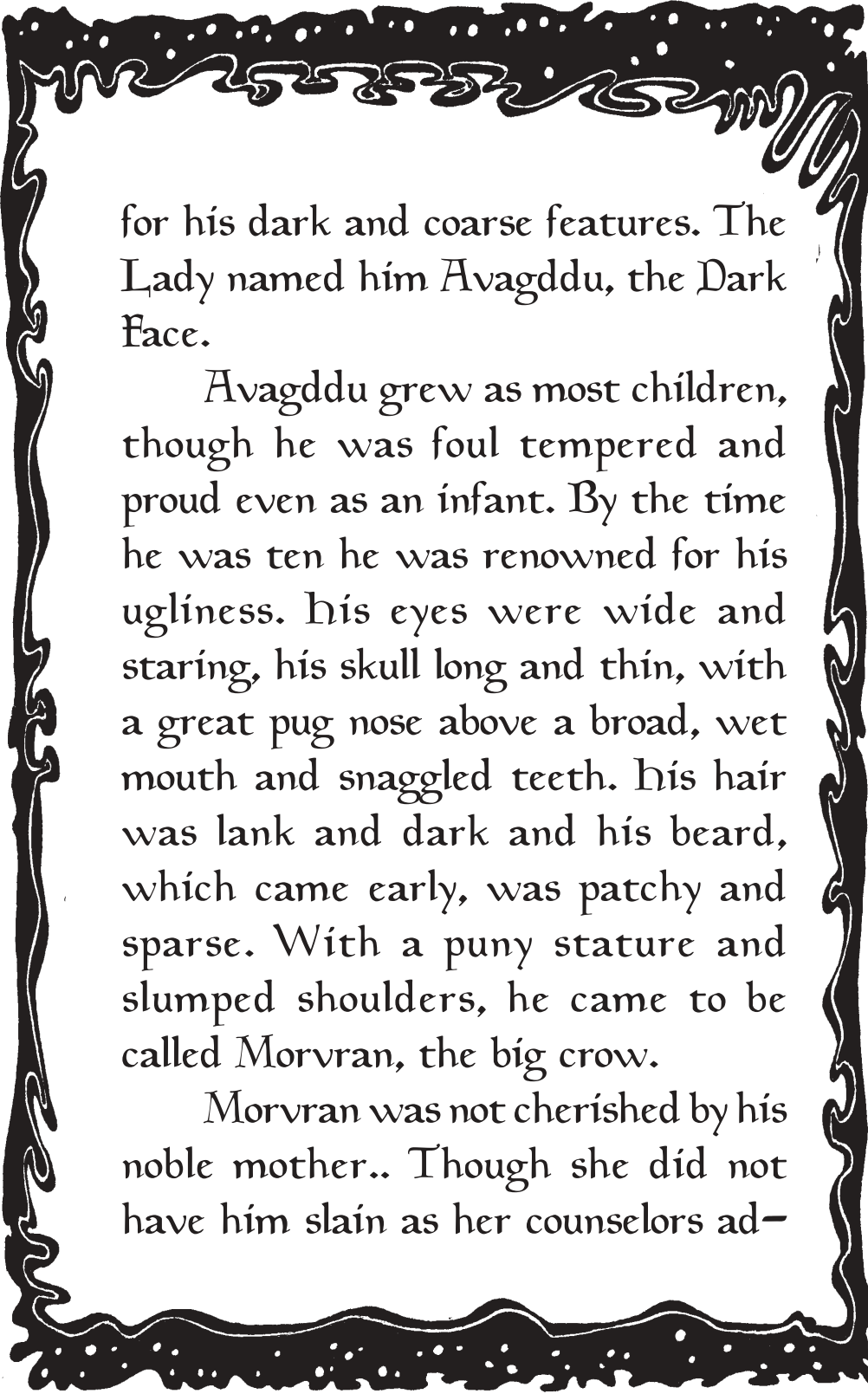
each of those stakes was driven the skull of a beast. The head of a boar and of a serpent, the head of a hoodie crow, and of a fox, the head of a wolf and the head of a horned cow. the heads of a mouse and of a wren and, on the highest stake at the northern point, the head of Gwaïron the Druid, his eyes staring downward to the figure below him.

That figure was, itself, terrible to behold. Seated on the skins of her kills, her hair was stiffened with mud and blood, and in it were leaves and feathers. She was naked, save for the spiraling patterns smeared on her face and arms, her breasts and belly and legs. In her lap lay a long knife of perfect flint, and a small sickly of sharp-



est iron. Before her burned a small, smoky fire, and into it she cast a handful of bone splinters. In the greasy smoke of the fire she looked upon her rescuers and smiled, her eyes red as coals, and streaming.

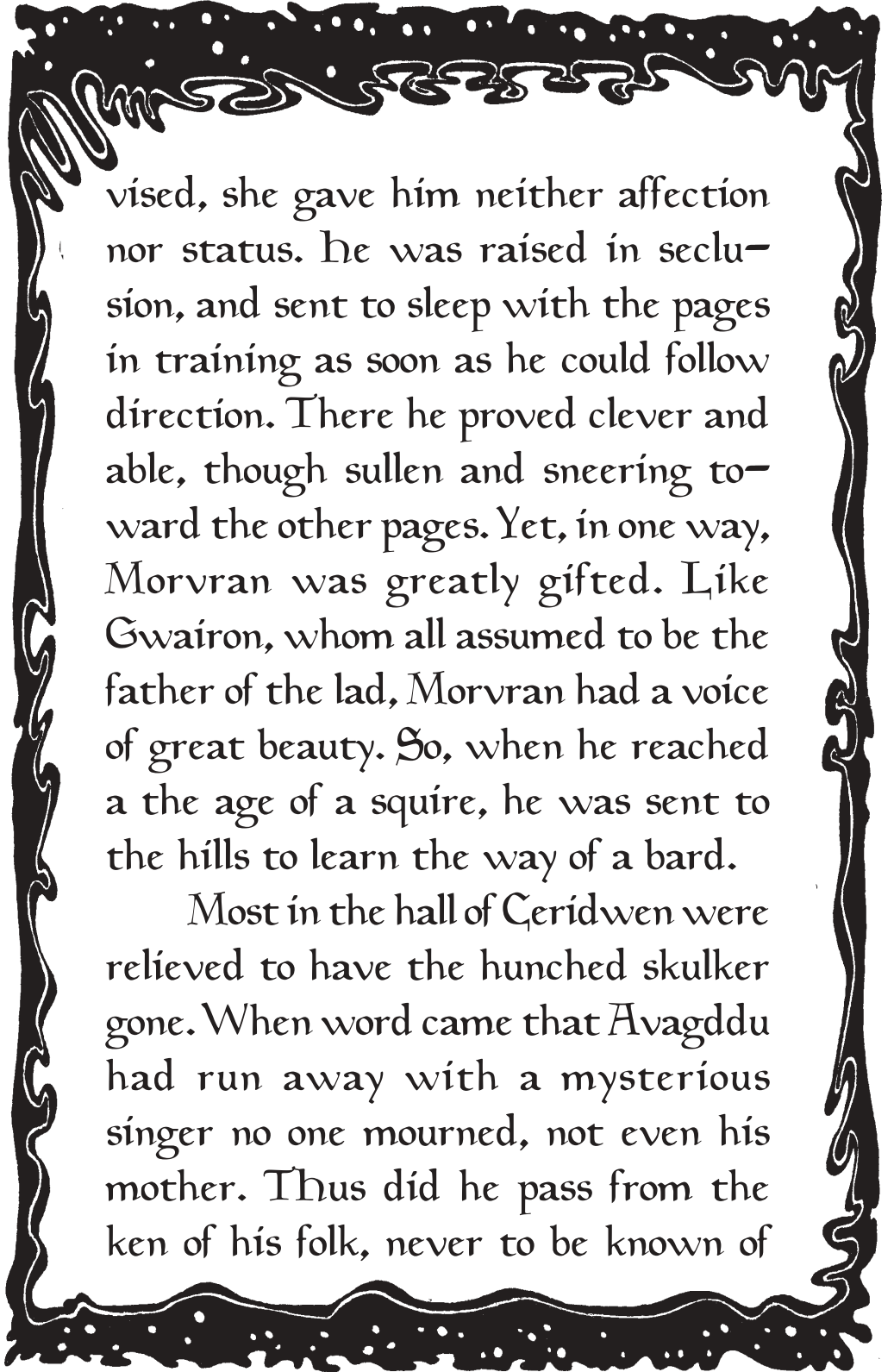
Lady Ceridwen recovered, becoming again the good chatelaine, and her belly swelled with a babe. She made offerings to the Dark Mother, and waited with her attendants. She bore the babe in great travail, over nine days and nights, and the babe was called a wonder, for upon it was fur, and also scales, and feathers of all kinds. But when the babe was bathed in the waters of that woodland spring those wonders all fell away, and the babe was in the main normal, save



for his dark and coarse features. The Lady named him Avagddu, the Dark Face.

Avagddu grew as most children, though he was foul tempered and proud even as an infant. By the time he was ten he was renowned for his ugliness. His eyes were wide and staring, his skull long and thin, with a great pug nose above a broad, wet mouth and snagged teeth. His hair was lank and dark and his beard, which came early, was patchy and sparse. With a puny stature and slumped shoulders, he came to be called Morvran, the big crow.

Morvran was not cherished by his noble mother.. Though she did not have him slain as her counselors ad-



vised, she gave him neither affection nor status. He was raised in seclusion, and sent to sleep with the pages in training as soon as he could follow direction. There he proved clever and able, though sullen and sneering toward the other pages. Yet, in one way, Morvran was greatly gifted. Like Gwaïron, whom all assumed to be the father of the lad, Morvran had a voice of great beauty. So, when he reached the age of a squire, he was sent to the hills to learn the way of a bard.

Most in the hall of Cerídwen were relieved to have the hunched skulker gone. When word came that Avagddu had run away with a mysterious singer no one mourned, not even his mother. Thus did he pass from the ken of his folk, never to be known of

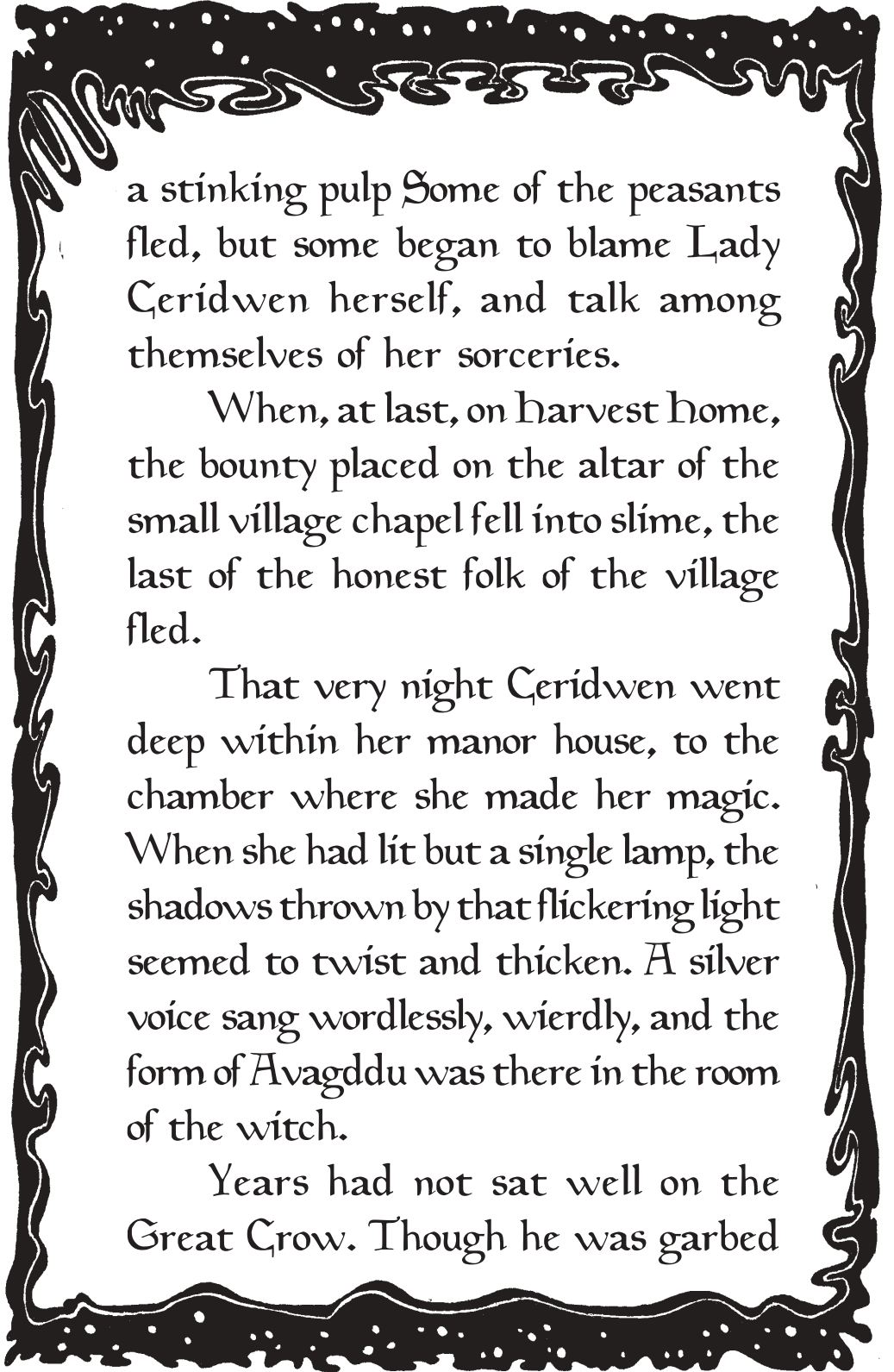


again, save by one.

For it was years later, in the Samhain season, that blight fell on the village of Celdwyn and its Lady.

It struck the herds first. Every morning many head of cattle were found, blinded, with ears and lips and genitals torn away. Some were drained of blood, and all were full of maggots and corruption. Those cattle that lived fell ill, becoming lean and weak, without milk.

Then terror fell upon the folk of Celdwyn. Dreadful dreams kept sleep at a distance as night shadows took on life, writhing like swarms of vermin. In one night a plague of rot struck, leaving cloth and wood and even the walls of the huts of farmers



a stinking pulp Some of the peasants fled, but some began to blame Lady Ceridwen herself, and talk among themselves of her sorceries.

When, at last, on harvest home, the bounty placed on the altar of the small village chapel fell into slime, the last of the honest folk of the village fled.

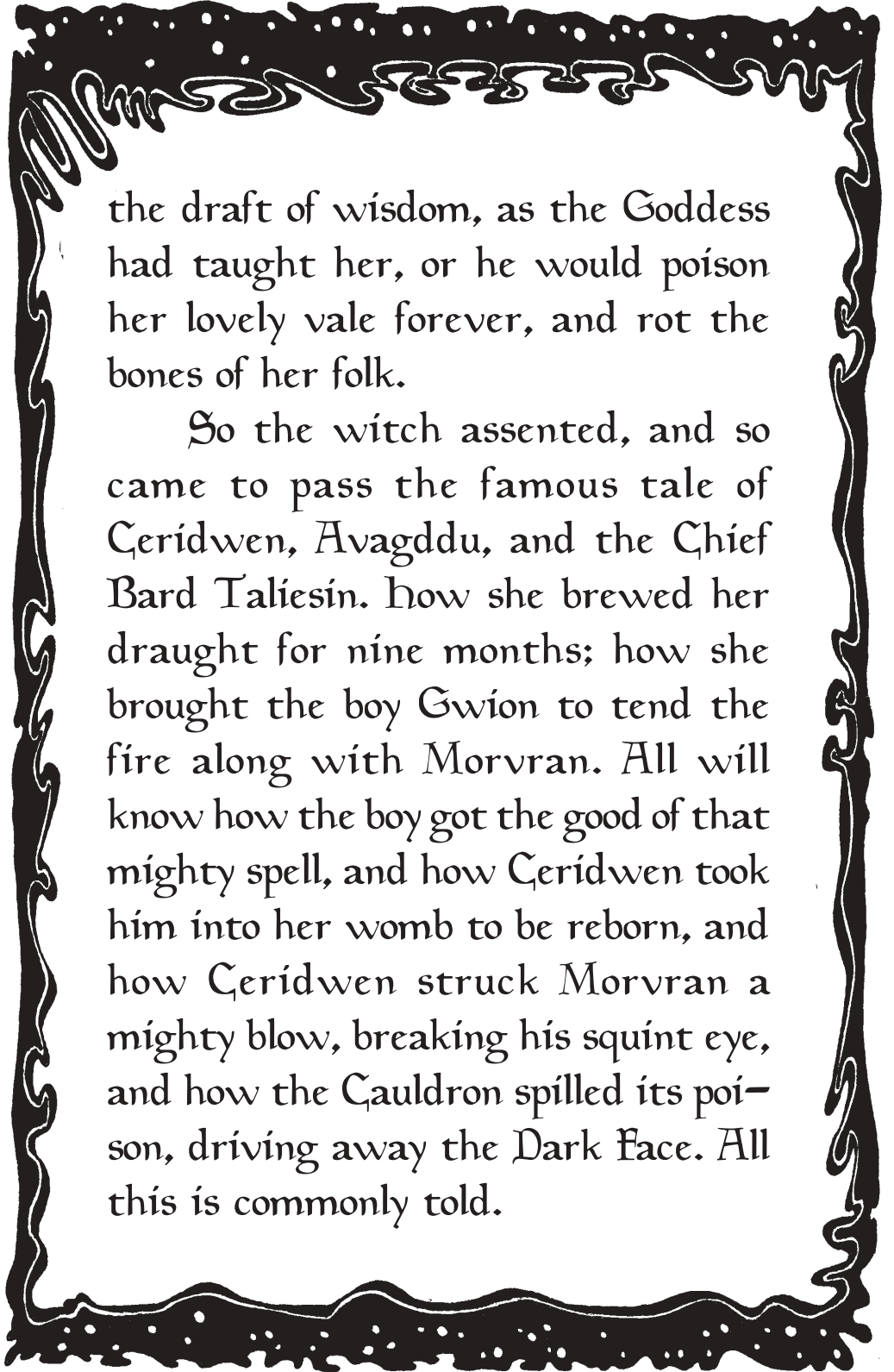
That very night Ceridwen went deep within her manor house, to the chamber where she made her magic. When she had lit but a single lamp, the shadows thrown by that flickering light seemed to twist and thicken. A silver voice sang wordlessly, wierdly, and the form of Avagddu was there in the room of the witch.

Years had not sat well on the Great Crow. Though he was garbed



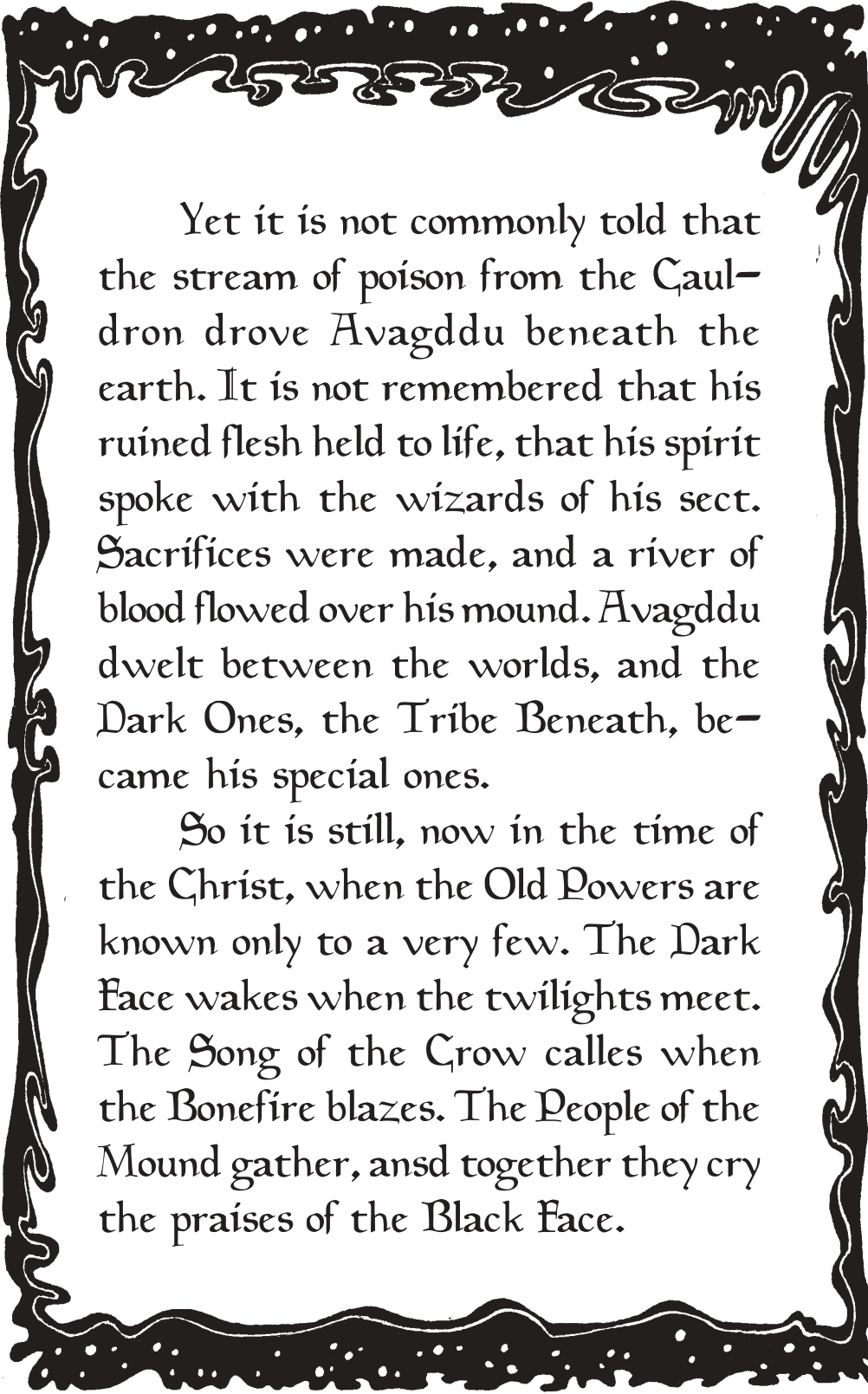
as a bard, his colors were all blacks and purples. his shaven head, tattooed, hung below his narrow shoulders. his limbs were crooked and wrong, and he leaned heavily upon a staff of blackened wood. his right eye was squinted shut, and his left stared brightly.

Greeting his mother, he made clear his demand. After many years among a certain sect of bards, her son had assayed a great initiation and failed. his body was broken and his magic made bitter. he railed against the Gods, and cursed the Sword of Light, speaking names of the Imprisoned Ones, so that Ceridwen was deeply frightened. he demanded that his mother brew for him



the draft of wisdom, as the Goddess had taught her, or he would poison her lovely vale forever, and rot the bones of her folk.

So the witch assented, and so came to pass the famous tale of Ceridwen, Avagddu, and the Chief Bard Taliesin. how she brewed her draught for nine months; how she brought the boy Gwion to tend the fire along with Morvran. All will know how the boy got the good of that mighty spell, and how Ceridwen took him into her womb to be reborn, and how Ceridwen struck Morvran a mighty blow, breaking his squint eye, and how the Cauldron spilled its poison, driving away the Dark Face. All this is commonly told.



Yet it is not commonly told that the stream of poison from the Cauldron drove Avagddu beneath the earth. It is not remembered that his ruined flesh held to life, that his spirit spoke with the wizards of his sect. Sacrifices were made, and a river of blood flowed over his mound. Avagddu dwelt between the worlds, and the Dark Ones, the Tribe Beneath, became his special ones.

So it is still, now in the time of the Christ, when the Old Powers are known only to a very few. The Dark Face wakes when the twilights meet. The Song of the Crow calles when the Bonfire blazes. The People of the Mound gather, and together they cry the praises of the Black Face.

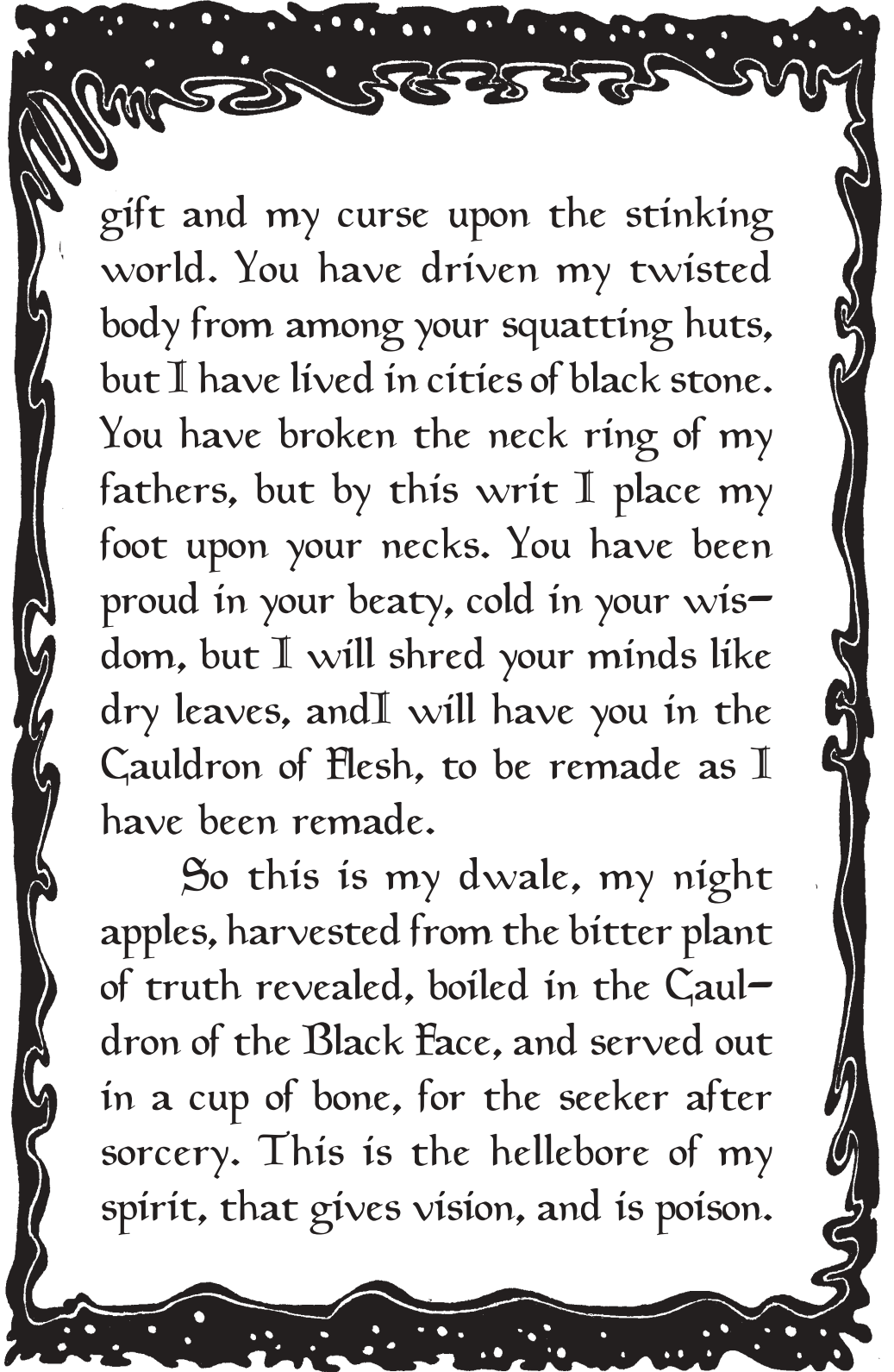
*Ia, Ia
Tuath na Sidhe Dhu.
Ia Dhuachta.
Ia Crom Mor.
Ia Avagddu.*



The Words of Avagddu

Where lieth the Crom Gate? Who knoweth the number of the sacrifice, when the Saplings are put into the fire? How shall ye know the Time of the Cursing? By the howling of stones like babies, by the shadow of the dire corby, by the numbers of rotten acorns on the Oak of Elathan shall you be made wise. For it is the Cromlech that opens, from air to empty air, from substance unto emptyness, and from the deepest void into the heartmeat of the world. Fear not the lion so greatly as the worm, that lieth and feedeth and goeth from pain to greater pain, forever.

I am Avagddu, the servant of Crom Cruach, and this is my testament, my



gift and my curse upon the stinking world. You have driven my twisted body from among your squatting huts, but I have lived in cities of black stone. You have broken the neck ring of my fathers, but by this writ I place my foot upon your necks. You have been proud in your beauty, cold in your wisdom, but I will shred your minds like dry leaves, and I will have you in the Cauldron of Flesh, to be remade as I have been remade.

So this is my dwale, my night apples, harvested from the bitter plant of truth revealed, boiled in the Cauldron of the Black Face, and served out in a cup of bone, for the seeker after sorcery. This is the hellebore of my spirit, that gives vision, and is poison.

May it seep into the world of the Gods
of Earth, may it make the whisper-
ing of the Imprisoned Ones grow
louder in the dreams of mortals, may
it be the Brew of Death to foolish-
ness. So be it.

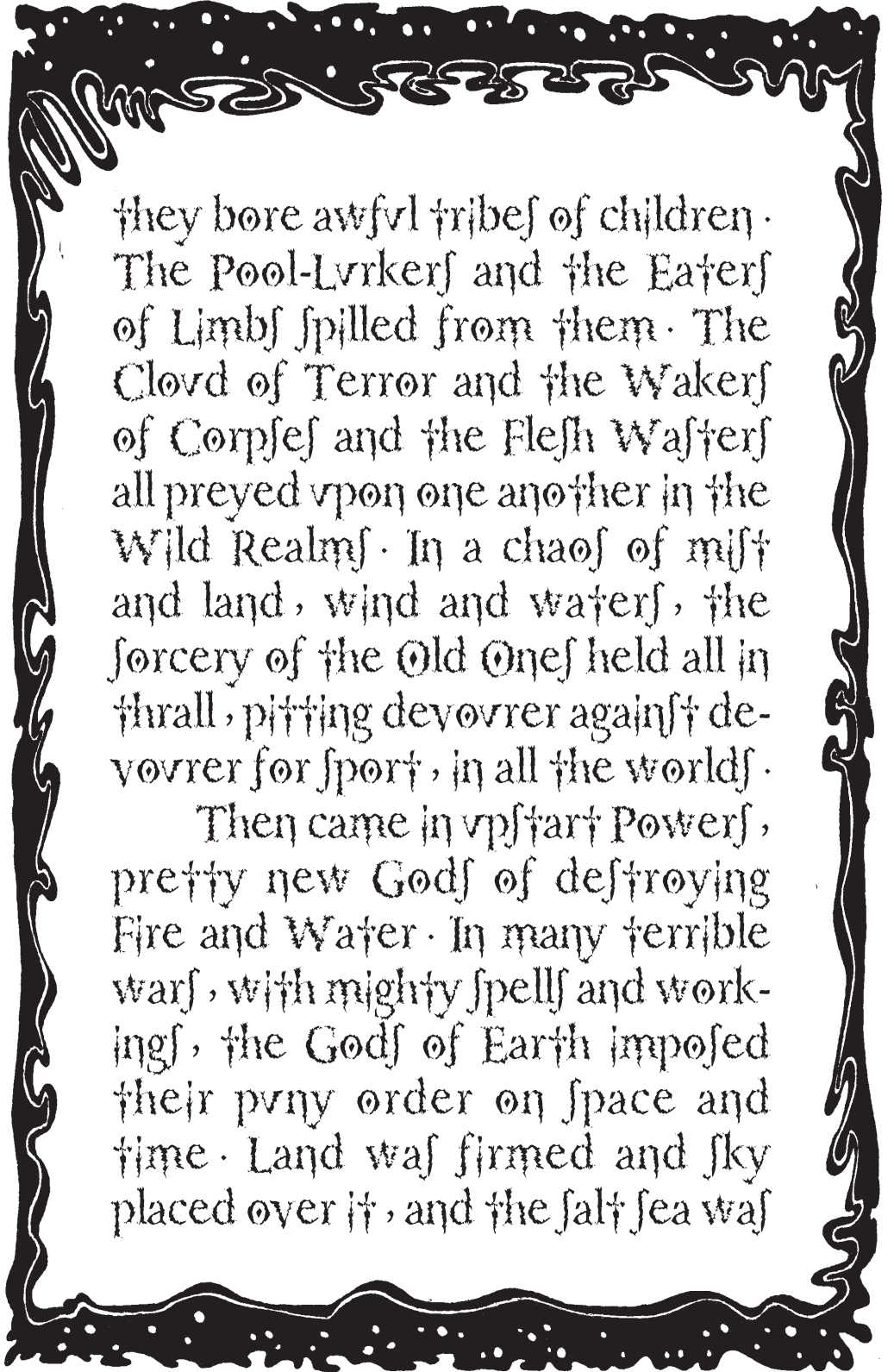


ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
 श्रीकृष्णाय नमः ॥
 श्रीगुरुभ्यो नमः ॥
 श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥
 श्रीविष्णवे नमः ॥
 श्रीशिवाय नमः ॥
 श्रीब्रह्माय नमः ॥
 श्रीमहेश्वराय नमः ॥

The Dwale

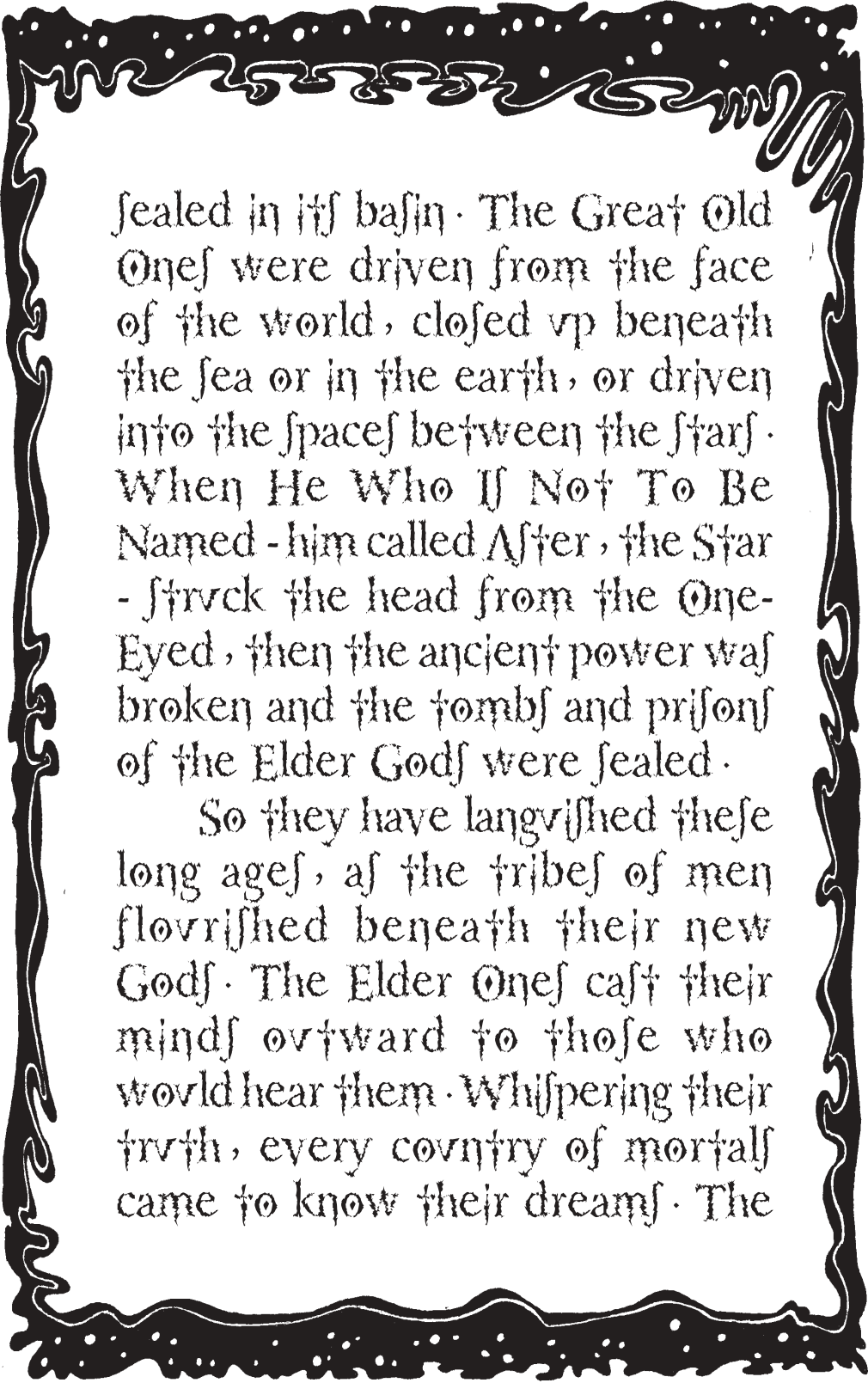
The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, the Old Ones will be. Dreaming in their timeless halls, they wait for the stars to align, for the offerings to be made, for the Ways Between to be open. They ruled once in these lands, and here they shall rule again, to the glory of their servants and the pain and death of their enemies.

They are the firstborn of the womb of Time, the Powers that lurked before land was sundered from the sky. Giants of unlovely aspect, some bearing not one trace of human shape, some lovely but rotten within. From within them



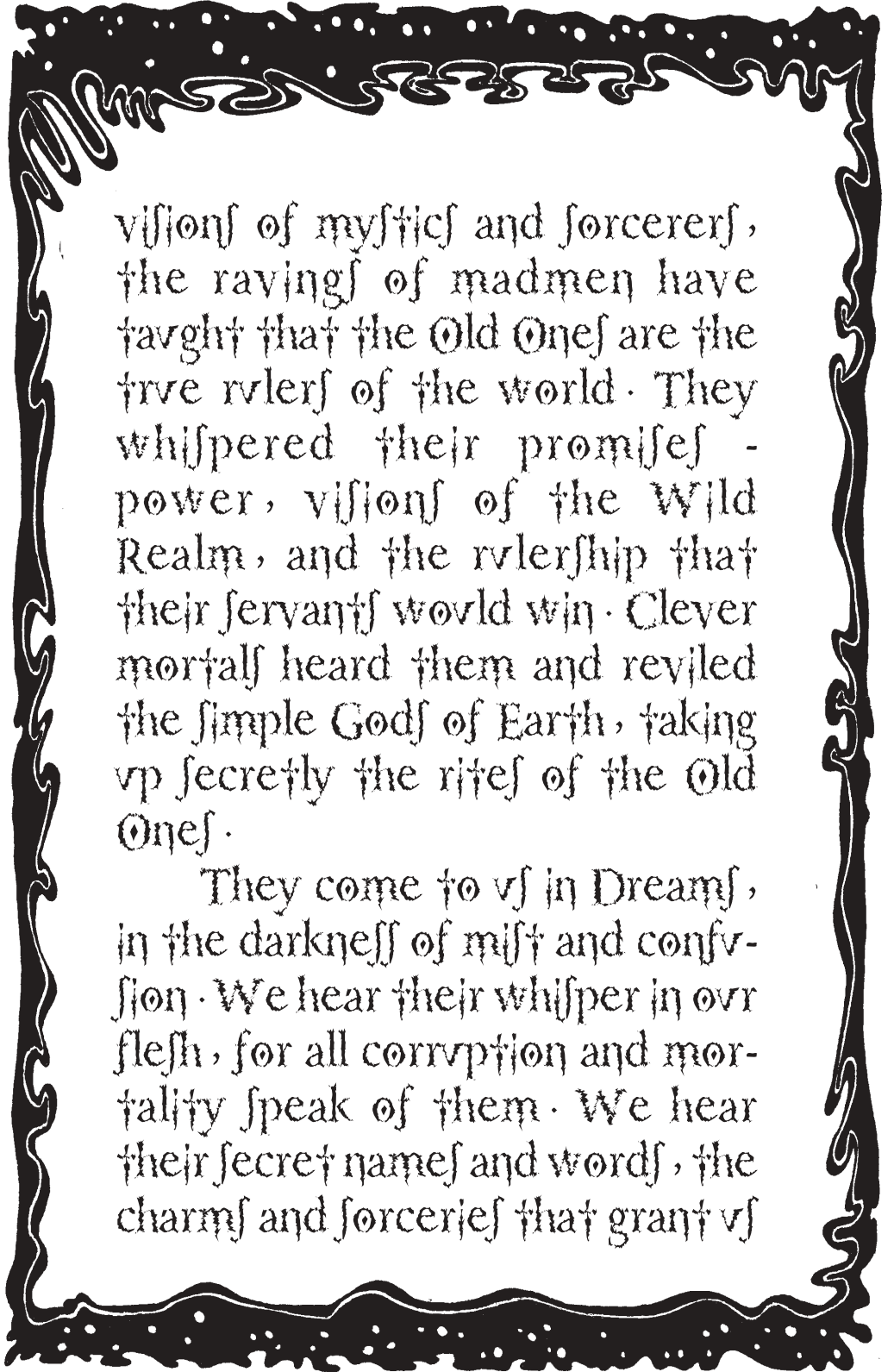
they bore awfvl tribes of children .
The Pool-Lvrkers and the Eaters
of Limbs spilled from them . The
Cloud of Terror and the Wakers
of Corpses and the Flesh Wasters
all preyed vpon one another in the
Wild Realms . In a chaos of mist
and land , wind and waters , the
sorcery of the Old Ones held all in
thrall , pitting devovrer against de-
vovrer for sport , in all the worlds .

Then came in vpsstart Powers ,
pretty new Gods of destroying
Fire and Water . In many terrible
wars , with mighty spells and work-
ings , the Gods of Earth imposed
their pvnny order on space and
time . Land was firmed and sky
placed over it , and the salt sea was



sealed in its basin. The Great Old Ones were driven from the face of the world, closed vp beneath the sea or in the earth, or driven into the spaces between the stars. When He Who Is Not To Be Named - him called After, the Star - strvck the head from the One-Eyed, then the ancient power was broken and the tombs and prisons of the Elder Gods were sealed.

So they have langvished these long ages, as the tribes of men flovriished beneath their new Gods. The Elder Ones cast their minds ovrtward to those who would hear them. Whispering their trvth, every covntry of mortals came to know their dreams. The



visions of mystics and sorcerers, the ravings of madmen have taught that the Old Ones are the true rulers of the world. They whispered their promises - power, visions of the Wild Realm, and the rulership that their servants would win. Clever mortals heard them and reviled the simple Gods of Earth, taking up secretly the rites of the Old Ones.

They come to us in Dreams, in the darkness of mist and confusion. We hear their whisper in our flesh, for all corruption and mortality speak of them. We hear their secret names and words, the charms and sorceries that grant us

power over the bleating herds of mortals, over those earthly spirits who remember the Wild Realm, where tree preyed vpon stone, and stone vpon flesh. In the whispering in ovr hearts we hear the words, in the dark behind ovr eyes we see the signs, in the dread halls of the night-world we glimpse their shapes.

*Ia Sivb Dhr · Ia Cthvllhr! A chghyn
traa Amhvg gcraanakh dvirachraj
mkrrrkh Amhaaagddv · Ia Crom
Dhr!*

This is the testament of Mog Crvach, the Servant of the Bowed One, he who is Lord of the Movnd. I have gone Between and danced with the Tribe Be-

neath. Though I have been reviled by the Oak Men, the Slaves of Light, and driven from their number, still I will triumph. All you who seek power, who seek knowledge of true mysteries, I tell you that in time every source of light must fail. Make your peace with the dark before it falls, for man is not the first ruler of the earth, nor its last. Turn your minds, make the offerings, chant the chants and await the moment when the prisoners will be loosed, while you have your way with the little world of men.

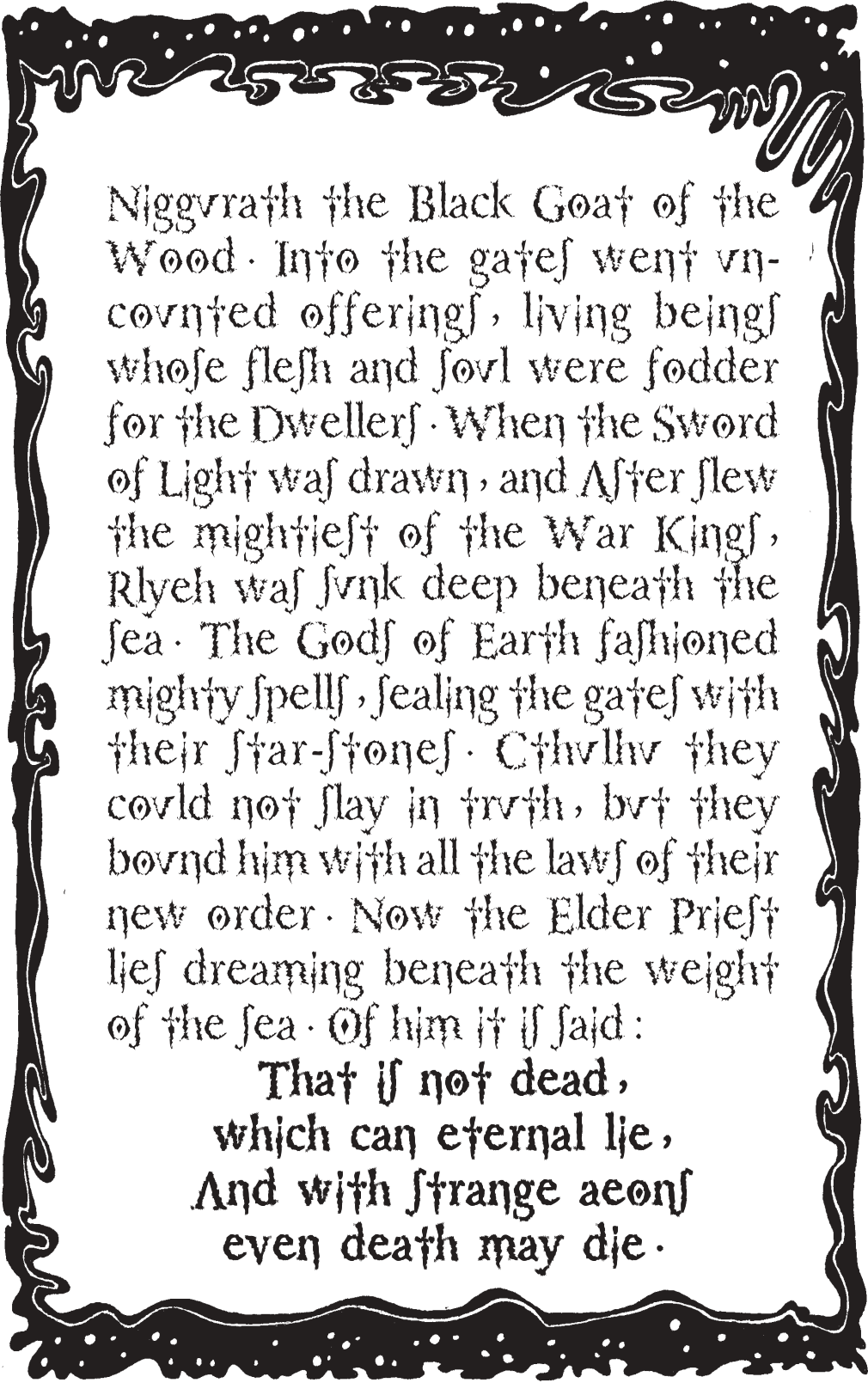


Preparation and Calling to Cthv lhr

First it is needful to awaken the Voice, to plunge into the dream of the Before Time. The Old Ones can often be reached by the proper attainment of the mind to Their symbols, their sonic calls (one can hardly call them words) and to the *types of thought* most pleasing to them. I will reveal what I know of these things, the sorceries of the Old Ones. Think not that I bless you thereby. It is needful to make contact,

first, with great Cthvllv, who lies dreaming in his palace in the sunken city of Rlyeh. In the elder days this island city was the home of the mightiest worshippers of the First Gods. Mighty Cthvllv was their priest, himself of their extradimensional flesh, yet still of our cosmos. Among the black cyclopean towers of his palace temple he made Gates to unspeakable locales, whence he called those races of things who still serve and wait. With angles and planes unknown to our geometries, Rlyeh was a comfort and a haven to Those From Outside.

From the Gates of Rlyeh came Tsathogva the Toad God and Shvb



Niggvrath the Black Goat of the
Wood. Into the gates went vn-
counted offerings, living beings
whose flesh and soul were fodder
for the Dwellers. When the Sword
of Light was drawn, and Aster slew
the mightiest of the War Kings,
Rlyeh was sunk deep beneath the
sea. The Gods of Earth fashioned
mighty spells, sealing the gates with
their star-stones. Cthulhu they
could not slay in truth, but they
bound him with all the laws of their
new order. Now the Elder Priest
lies dreaming beneath the weight
of the sea. Of him it is said:

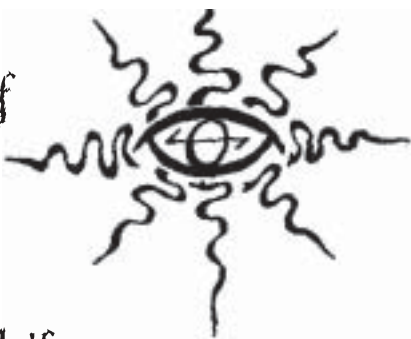
That is not dead,
which can eternal lie,
And with strange aeons
even death may die.

So it is that, even in his frigid prison, vnder the locks and gwards of the Vnnamed, the mind of great Cthulhu reaches out to those who would serve the Outer Ones. It is to him that the first offerings are made.

First, go to a secret place where the Elder Ones have broken through in the past, or to a battlefield, or scene of slaughter, or an ancient burying ground, and there remove a modicum of soil, needing no more than two hands full.

Then, in a secret place, draw in white flour the sigil of Azathoth, The Blind, Hungry God. Vpon that sigil lay a fire of blackthorn, willow and driftwood, and on it place bone and meat, wormwood, asafœtida and coral. This should be lit at sunset

on the night of
the dark
moon, and
tended care-
fully so that all is
well burnt. As the fire burns, the
sorcerer must hold this image in
mind:



In a primal jungle, nine figures
tower over a small fire. They are
robed in black, their cloaks falling
around vaguely alien forms. They
circle the fire, its light does not pen-
etrate the shadow of their hoods.
As each one in turn adds some mat-
ter, some fuel to the flame, the
Nine chant rhythmically. Listen to
the chant as you watch the flame

eat, transform and reduce all that it is given. The flame seems to writhe and congeal, as stinking smoke rolls away.

The sorcerer chants thus:

Ia Azathoth,

Ia Panphage

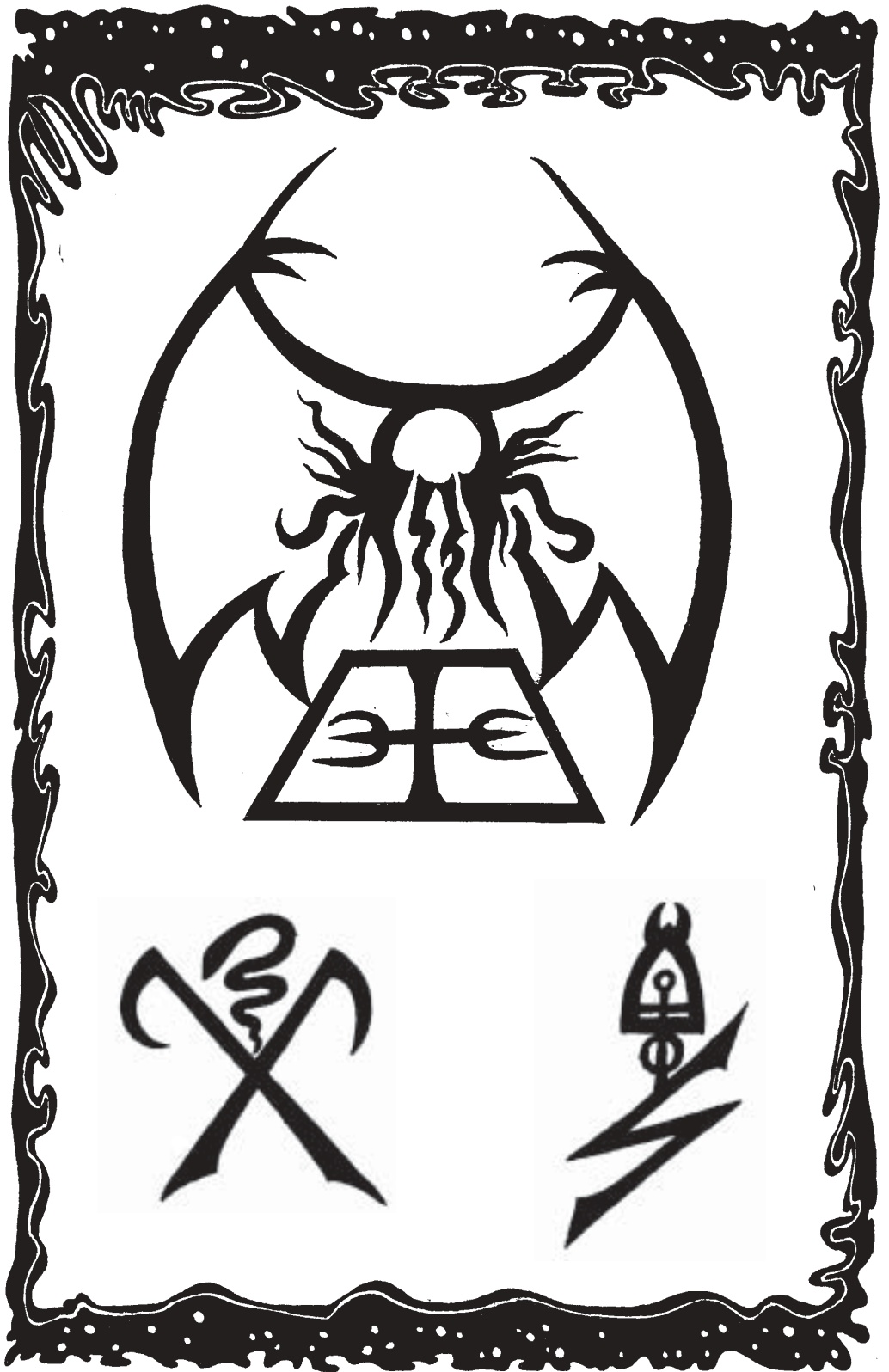
or repeats what chants may be heard in the vision, as he carefully burns all the materials, perhaps using oil to insure that all is burnt to ash. These ashes are pounded well, and to them are added nine drops of blood, semen or menstruum. These ashes are thoroughly mixed with the graveyard earth. This is the Summoning Earth, such as sustained the Gates in elder times.

Take you some of this earth and

spread it in a round tray, perhaps an inch deep, or upon the living earth in some secret place. Here the offering to Cthulhu is made. The next part of the Summoning Earth is mixed with clay, and from that clay the image of Cthulhu is made.

The image is a plaque about the size of a human hand, perhaps an inch thick. On it is shaped this full shape of the Great One, along with the signs. This is shaped and dried without the touch of sun or moonlight. On its back is written or carved

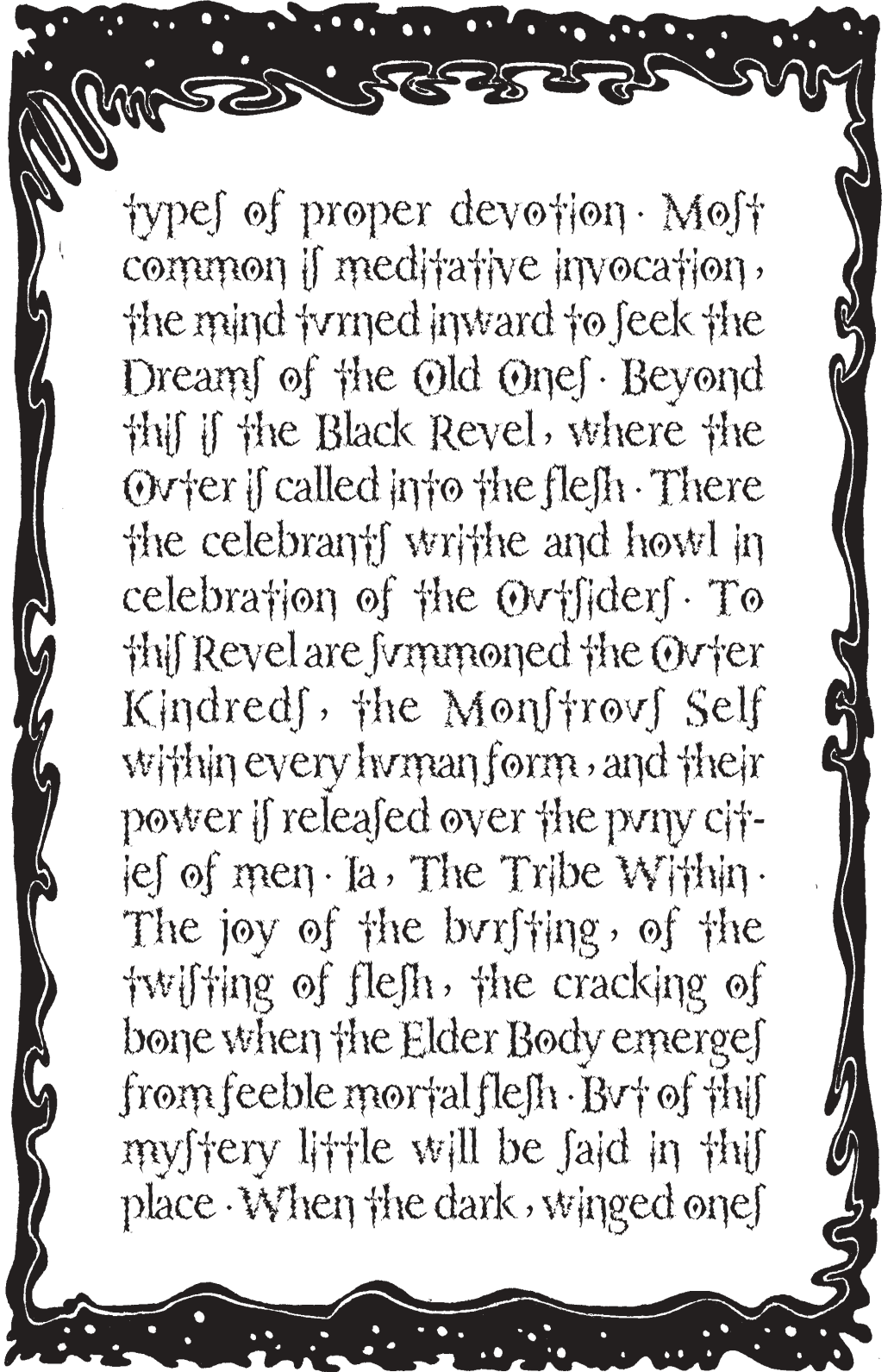
Phnglvi mglwnash Cthulhu
Rlyeh wgah nagl fhtagn
which means "In his house in




Rlyeh, dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."

The shaping of this eidolon should be in proportion to the size of the tray or area of the Summoning Earth, for the idol is set up or laid in the center of that area. It is best if the compounded earth be spread on common soil, allowing the image to be larger. If the sorcerer must work indoors, the tray is better, and the image made small. In either case, the idol is then surrounded by fire, using candles of black wax in a ring. The arrangement of these is not important, so long as the image is exalted and all surrounded by fire.

Before this eidolon there are two



types of proper devotion · Most common is meditative invocation, the mind turned inward to seek the Dreams of the Old Ones · Beyond this is the Black Revel, where the Outer is called into the flesh · There the celebrants writhe and howl in celebration of the Outsiders · To this Revel are summoned the Outer Kindreds, the Monstrous Self within every human form, and their power is released over the puny cities of men · Ia, The Tribe Within · The joy of the bursting, of the twisting of flesh, the cracking of bone when the Elder Body emerges from feeble mortal flesh · But of this mystery little will be said in this place · When the dark, winged ones



make their presence known, when the willow devils come shambling from the wood, when the shapeless ones rise from shadowed pools, all words will be vnnEEDED.

So then, the wovldbe sorcerer strips his body naked to come before the shrine. She might be painted as she wishes, to blvr the lines of her humanity, and she mvst bring a drvm or, if possible, an assistant with a drvm. The candles or fire is lit, and incense is bvrned in profvsion.

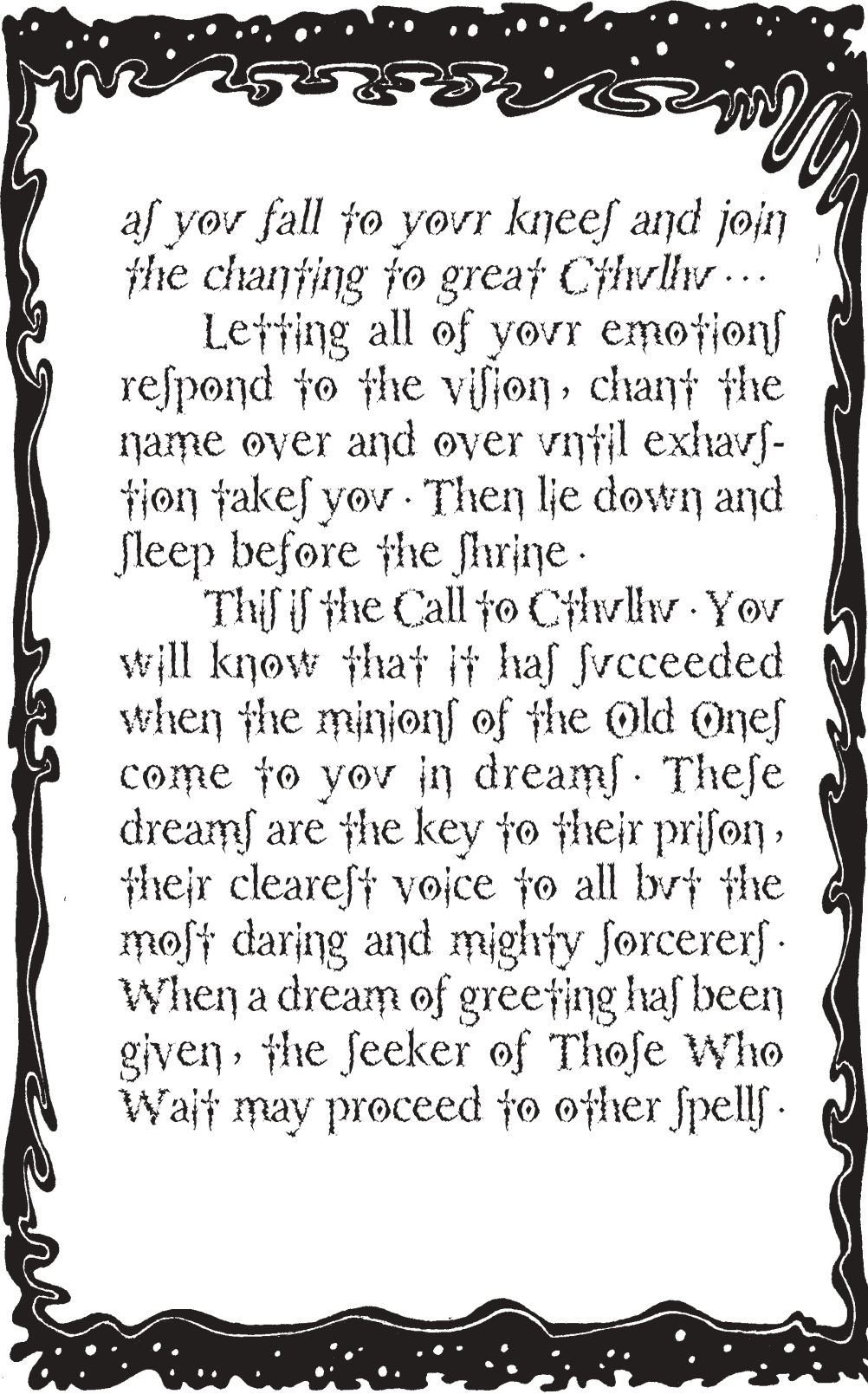
The witch begins to beat the drvm qvickly and monotonovsly. She rocks back and forth, seated naked before the shrine, and fixes her eyes on the image. She chants

Cthvlhv fhtagn

over and over in a voice like the
huffing and grunting of a beast, or
like the breaking of waves on rock.
As she chats, she follows this vision:
walking... walking a long time,
through streets of black basalt...
gigantic towers, buildings lost in the
sea-mist above... the angles of the
buildings and streets seem to con-
flict, making it difficult to know
whether you walk uphill or down...
every face of the buildings is cov-
ered with arcane yet suggestive
glyphs and pictograms... walking
on toward a great glowing ahead...
hearing now the rhythmic chant-
ing, the sound of a great multi-
tude... emerge from the path into

an open covrt, to vast to see
across... ringed in cyclopean pil-
lars... the great roaring of the
chanting and the beat of hovse-
sized drums... in the center,
within a ring of fire, stands the tow-
ering figvre of Cthvlliv... many
tens of cvbits tall... standing on a
plinth, vpright on two legs, great
wings reaching into the air, sovr
arms making the sorcerovs signs of
hiss working... the billowing dark-
ness from the flames caresses hiss na-
ked form... the head of Cthvlliv is
a writhing mass of tentacles, mov-
ing independently, the great one's
voice roaring from it in covnter-
point to the chanting... through-
ovt the great square, tall figvres

robed in black and deeply hooded... Whips cracking... lines of figures driven toward the fire, chanting dully... moving through the crowd, to the edge of the pit... as you watch, beings are driven forward, over the edge and into the smoking mass below... you can now see that it is no common fire that hungrily consumes the flesh of the victims... it writhes and flows like some kind of Other flesh, nearly energy, as the forms of the offerings dissolve and are absorbed... the victims scream and the oily smoke streams up to wreath the chanting head of the Elder Priest, as the eldritch flame emits a mad, thin piping...



as yov fall to yovr knees and join
the chanting to great Cthvlliv...

Letting all of yovr emotions
respond to the vision, chant the
name over and over vntil exhaus-
tion takes yov. Then lie down and
sleep before the shrine.

This is the Call to Cthvlliv. Yov
will know that it has succeeded
when the minions of the Old Ones
come to yov in dreams. These
dreams are the key to their prison,
their clearest voice to all bvt the
most daring and mighty sorcerers.
When a dream of greeting has been
given, the seeker of Those Who
Wait may proceed to other spells.

Of Cthulhu

It is said by some that Great Cthulhu lies dead, prisoned in the deep, in his holy city of Rlyeh. It is said that he was placed there by the Gods of Earth, driven there by the sword of hAster, chained and sleeping until the stars are right for his rising. Many have said this, yet of its truth we cannot be certain.





For many sorcerers have made the greater Calling to the Great One, sending his eidolon into the sea, making the sacrifices as is prescribed, in ways we cannot tell here. They have reported that the very form of Himself has arisen from the deep in answer to the call.

Yet it is very possible that these wizards are deceived. The

minions of the Old Ones are many, and some have no fixed form at all, rather shaping themthemselves as they will. It may be that it is only these demons that have answered the calling, whether by the will of Cthulhu, or by their own, taking the gifts meant for the priest of the Old Ones.

In the work of opening the ways to the Old Ones, there is a second Power who may aid the witch. He is the Messenger of the Elder Gods, called the Crawling Chaos.






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Concerning Nyarlathotep

In ancient Khemi, the pharaoh Nefren Ka awakened the mind of Nyarlathotep in its prison on the hidden planet Shaggai, which rolls aimlessly at the undiscovered edge of our universe. It was from nighted Yvggoth that his races came and went from the earth. The crinoid beings of the first evolutions of earth are said to have been seeded from the black planet, bringing the talismans of the Messenger. In the monolith strewn desert of Khemi the Chaos is said to have taken the form of a man, his flesh black as coal and dull as shadow. He walked in



from the desert, accompanied by two black leopards who fawned on him and licked his hands. When the pharaoh built a lightless temple for the God, no one knows the form taken by the Crawling Chaos as it received its awful sacrifices.

The Seeker must understand that to call out to the Faceless God is a greater danger than to open to Cthulhu alone. The Elder Priest is only cousin to the Outer Gods, and now sleeps in death. Nyarlathotep is itself one of the Great Old Ones, whom some say was never truly sealed away. Yet here is a means for calling to the faceless one.

First find, or make, an image, colored black, of an Egyptian male deity or pharaoh. Make it without a face, or carefully chip away the face of an otherwise plain image. Upon its base is drawn the sigil of Nyarlathotep. The seeker then obtains a black stone, preferably trapezohedral in shape, but a trapezoid will do, or a pyramid. This stone is buried in Summoning Earth for nine sunsets, and never again exposed to the light of more than a single candle. It is kept stored in a thick bag or a tight box. The sorcerer must prepare a room



that can be rendered vttterly dark .
Ideally this shoud be in a high
tower, the next best being be-
neath the earth . There he makes
his seat , with a simple chair or cvsh-
ion . Before him he sets the image
on a black cloth , and a single low
black candle behind it . All other
lights are extingvished , and the
black stone is taken from its con-
tainer .

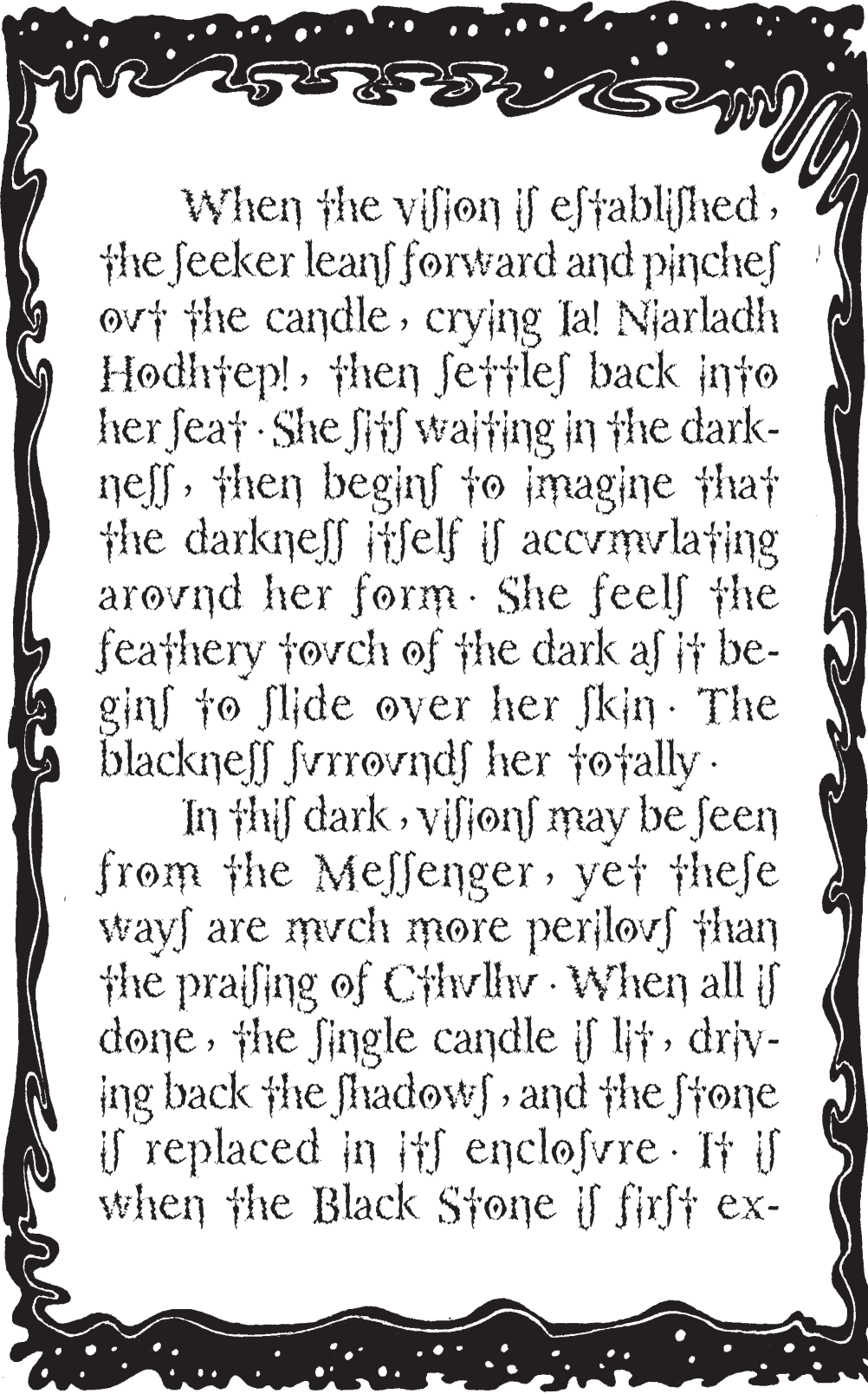
Seated in near darkness , the
worshipper fixes his gaze vpon the
stone in svch a way as to allow the
idol and the flame also to be vis-
ible . He gazes deep into the black-
ness of the Stone , imagining that
the stone were a tear even in the
darkness of the room . As that dark-

ness grows to encompass all awareness, these images are visualized:

The void of space... whatever sun there may be is distant, tiny and cold... before you rolls a small, dark globe; covered, it seems, in grey ice... the Black Planet... rolling silently through the lightless, heatless void... Yvggoth teems with alien life... towering stone cities on its eternally shadowed face... beings hurtling through the air between the towers, lit by the glow of their own flesh, or not at all... the Hall, filled with great vats of viscous fluid... atmosphere pulsing with



fields of unknown energies... the beings of alien shape... like five sided barrells with crinoid tentacles growing from each end... floating amid oppressive waves of energy on winglike membranes on every side... in the depths of space a hundred of this elder race hurtle through the cosmic emptiness toward the Earth... Around them the darkness itself seems to writhe and flow... Njarladh Hodhtep moves in the substance of night and space... the Faceless, the Crawling Chaos, the messenger of the Outer Gods, who led whole races to glory and extinction in their service... Ea, Nhgaiyggath hggoaNearlogh, Ea!



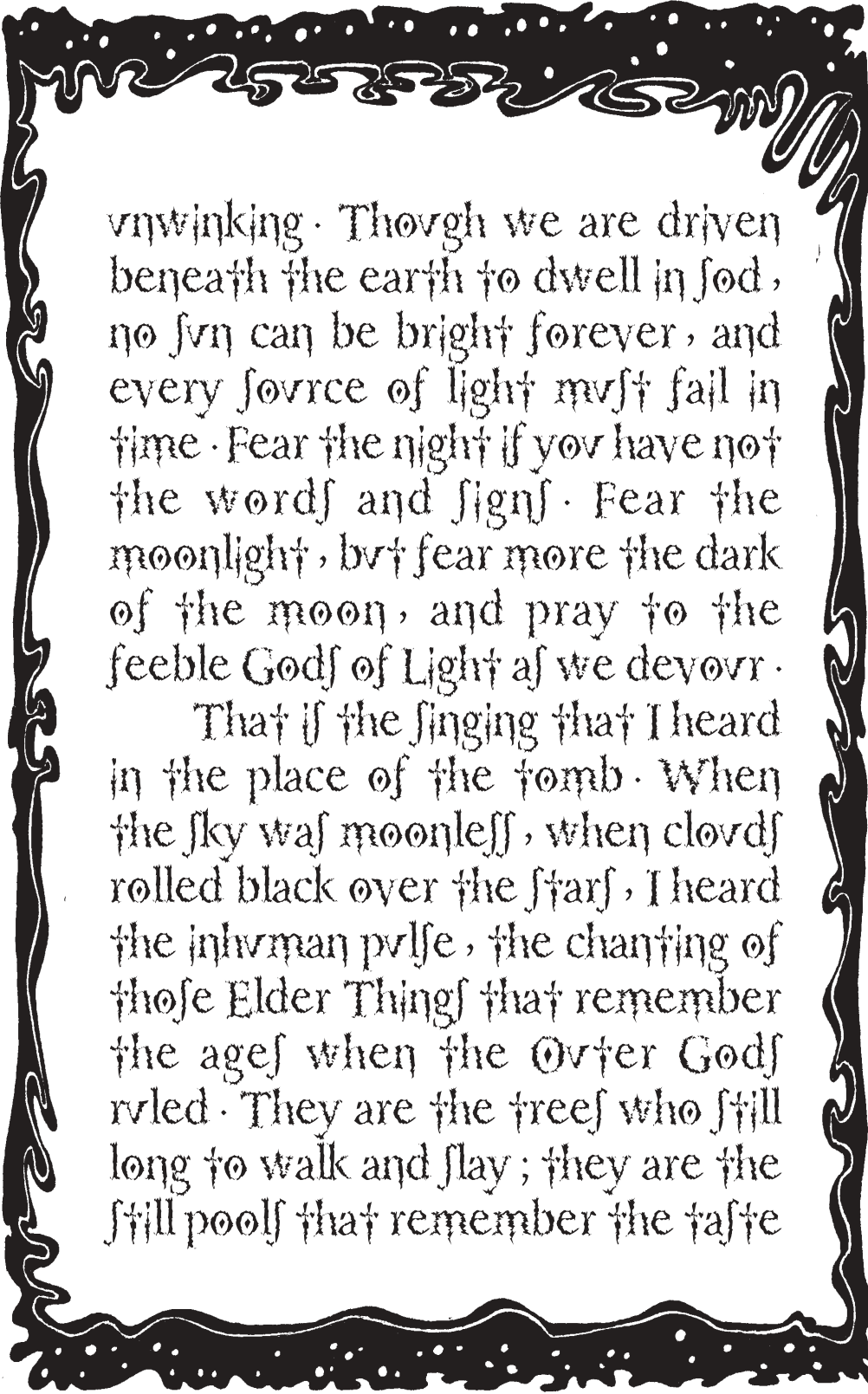
When the vision is established, the seeker leans forward and pinches out the candle, crying Ia! Njarladh Hodhtep!, then settles back into her seat. She sits waiting in the darkness, then begins to imagine that the darkness itself is accumulating around her form. She feels the feathery touch of the dark as it begins to slide over her skin. The blackness surrounds her totally.

In this dark, visions may be seen from the Messenger, yet these ways are much more perilous than the praising of Cthvlhv. When all is done, the single candle is lit, driving back the shadows, and the stone is replaced in its enclosure. It is when the Black Stone is first ex-

posed to light, and then left in darkness that the Dweller In The Dark is summoned. Light will, in turn, almost always drive it back into the shadows.

Think not that the Great Old Ones are all of Darkness. The Fire of Azathoth is all of brightness and heat as it devours. The globes of Yog Sothoth shimmer with a stellar blaze. Yet those who remain near to mortal ken, the Night Folk, the givgs and doels, the flesh eaters and stealers of seed have all been placed beneath the power of the Sword and Spear of Light.

Ia, The Tribe Beneath The Movnd. Though the sword of As-ter be over vs, no vigilance can be



unwinking. Though we are driven
beneath the earth to dwell in sod,
no sun can be bright forever, and
every source of light must fail in
time. Fear the night if you have not
the words and signs. Fear the
moonlight, but fear more the dark
of the moon, and pray to the
feeble Gods of Light as we devour.

That is the singing that I heard
in the place of the tomb. When
the sky was moonless, when clouds
rolled black over the stars, I heard
the inhuman pulse, the chanting of
those Elder Things that remember
the ages when the Outer Gods
ruled. They are the trees who still
long to walk and slay; they are the
still pools that remember the taste

of dissolving flesh, the stones that
long to crush away life and shape.
For it was the Law of Earth that
stilled the Eternal Preying. Many
beings rejoiced at the stilling, and
all were placed vnder mighty
geasal, yet the witch can speak
with these Rememberers to gain
their aid. This is the work vnder
Sivb Dhv, the Black Goat Of The
Woods, With A Thousand Young.





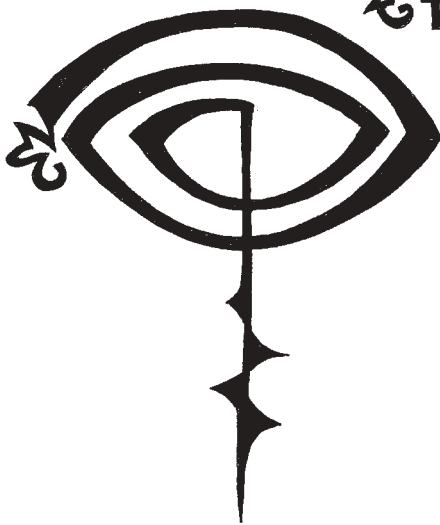




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Concerning Shvb Niggvrath

The Black Goat was driven vnder the earth in central Evrope, and her voice was still strong for many ages. Ancient man was drawn deep into the caverns by her call, there to see visions of her Thovsand Yovng. Her satyrs drove the frightened folk of Hellas from the wild into safe towns. In fevdal times the call drew the folk ovt again to the elder forest, to make alliance with the Rememberers, and revel in the Sabbath of the Goat.

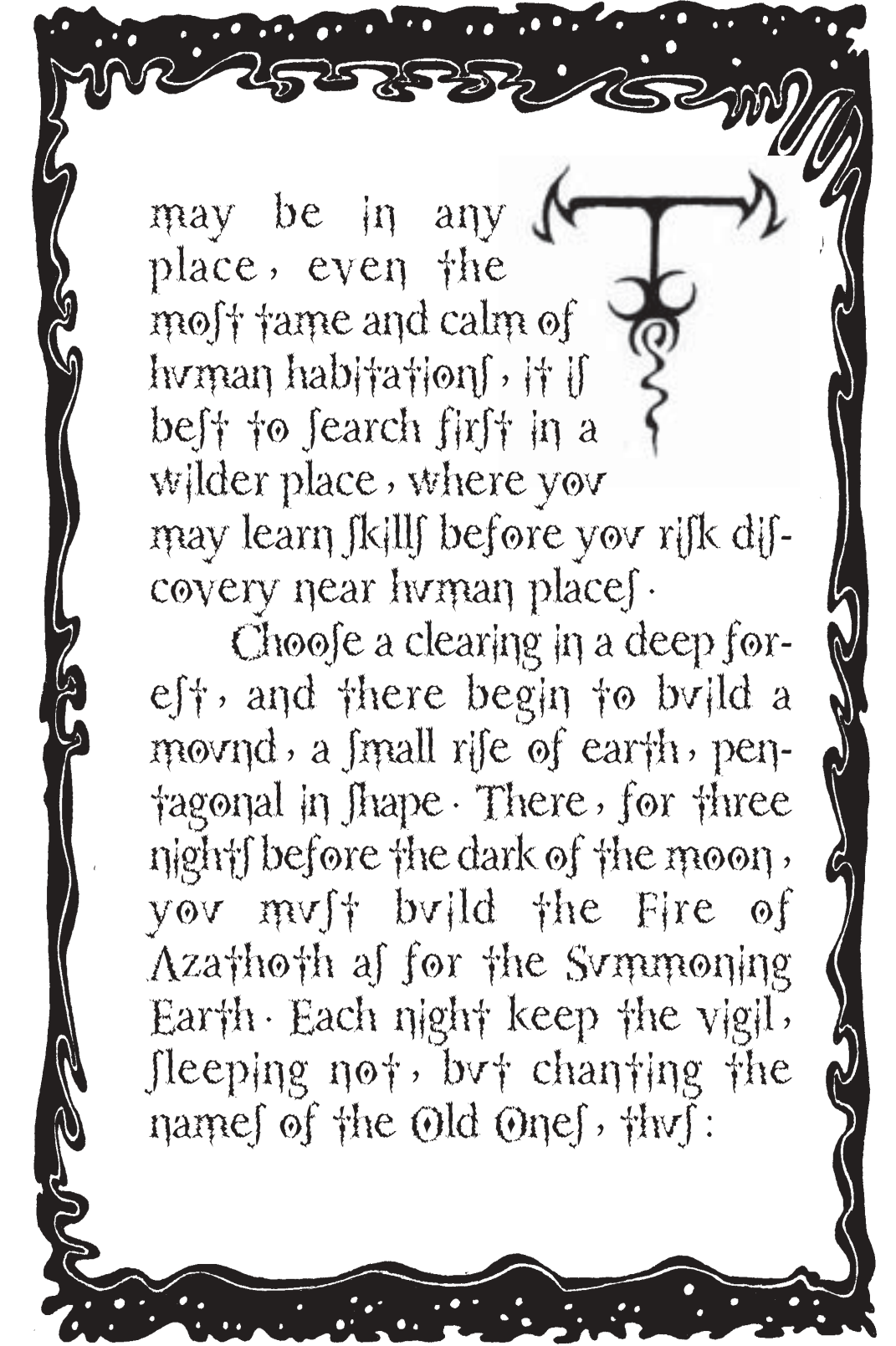
In order to find again the Revel of Shvb Niggvrat, the Seeker mvst meet and know one of the Bovnd, the sleeping devovrers. In order to

find these spirits we vse the pendv-
lum of the Sivb, the dowsing by
Skvll.

The seeker mvst find the skvll
of a wild thing, not slain by his own
hand, bvt killed by nature. It mvst
be cleansed completely, then the
sigil of Sivb Niggvrath drawn on the
skvll. A chain or cord is then at-
tached to the skvll, and all is
placed on Summoning Earth for
a turning of the moon from full
to full, so that the light of the
moon can fall vpon it.

At the end of the month, take
the pendulum deep into a wild
part of the wood, or perhaps
into a vile and disreputable part
of the city. While the Bvnd





may be in any place, even the most tame and calm of human habitations, it is best to search first in a wilder place, where you may learn skills before you risk discovery near human places.

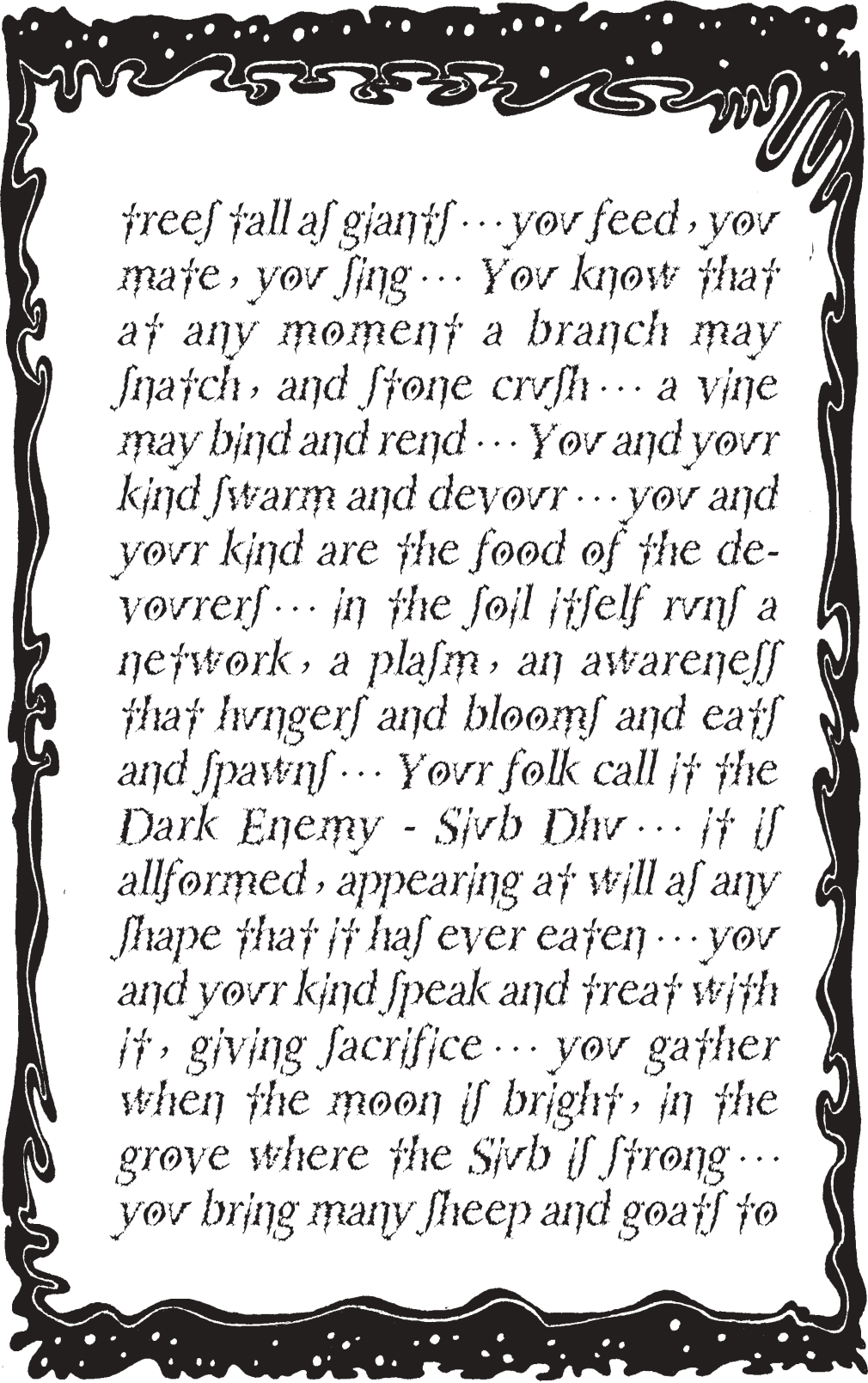
Choose a clearing in a deep forest, and there begin to build a mound, a small rise of earth, pentagonal in shape. There, for three nights before the dark of the moon, you must build the Fire of Azathoth as for the Summoning Earth. Each night keep the vigil, sleeping not, but chanting the names of the Old Ones, thus:

Ia Azathoth, Ia Panphage
Cthvlhv ftagn, nabl fhtagn
Ia Nyarlathotep

Sivb Dhv grnarach Iog Sathach
and holding in yovr mind the proper
visions.

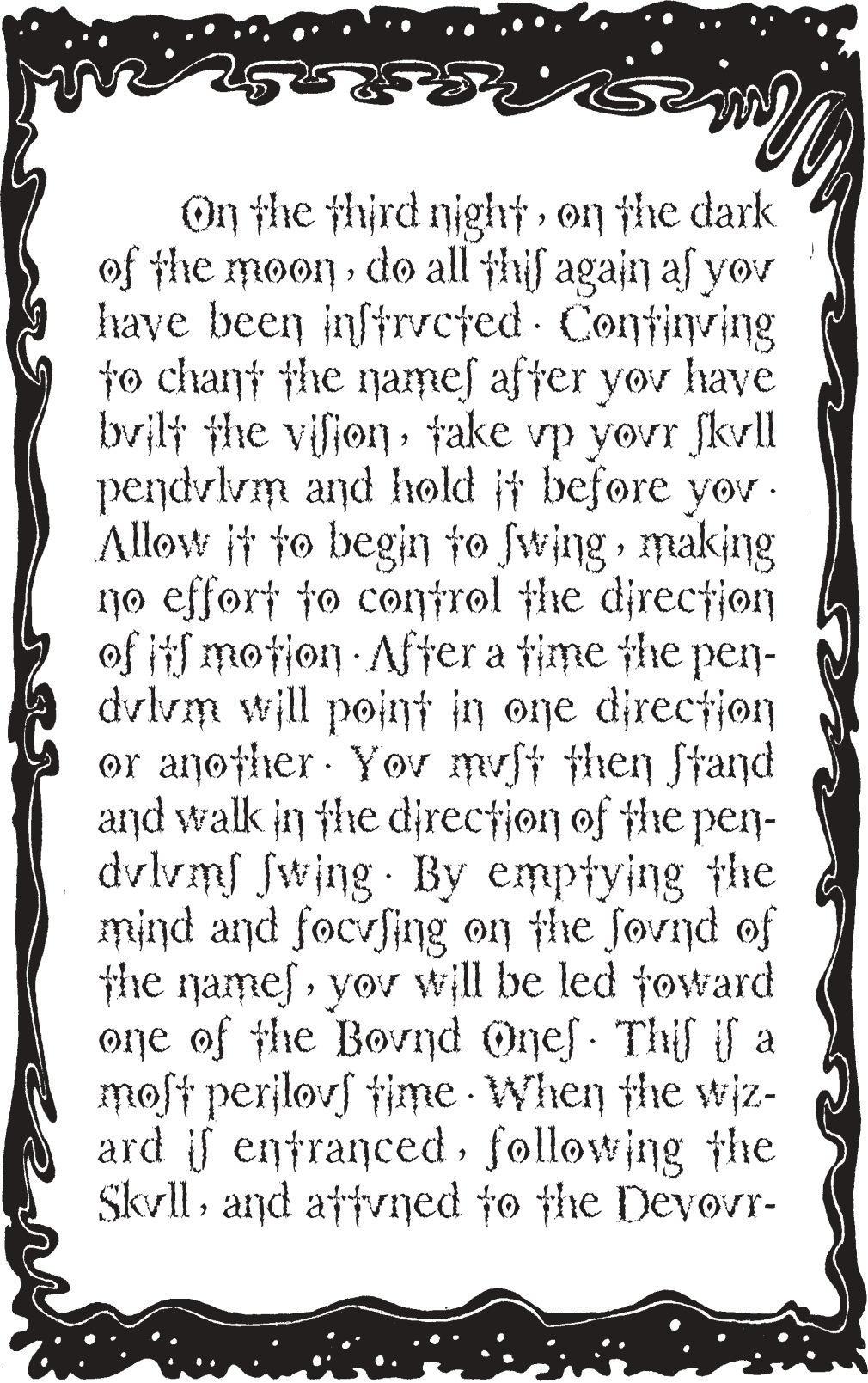
First, while the fire kindles and
consumes its first food, hold the Vi-
sion of the Nine Outer Priests, as
given above. When the fire is well-
lit, put on it a fresh piece of meat,
and build this vision:

*the soil smells of blood and rotten
flesh... yov are small, yovr percep-
tion close to the ground... yov run
on two legs, surrounded by others
like yov... the sky is dark, the moon
a sliver in black skies, seen through
leaves... yov run through forest,*

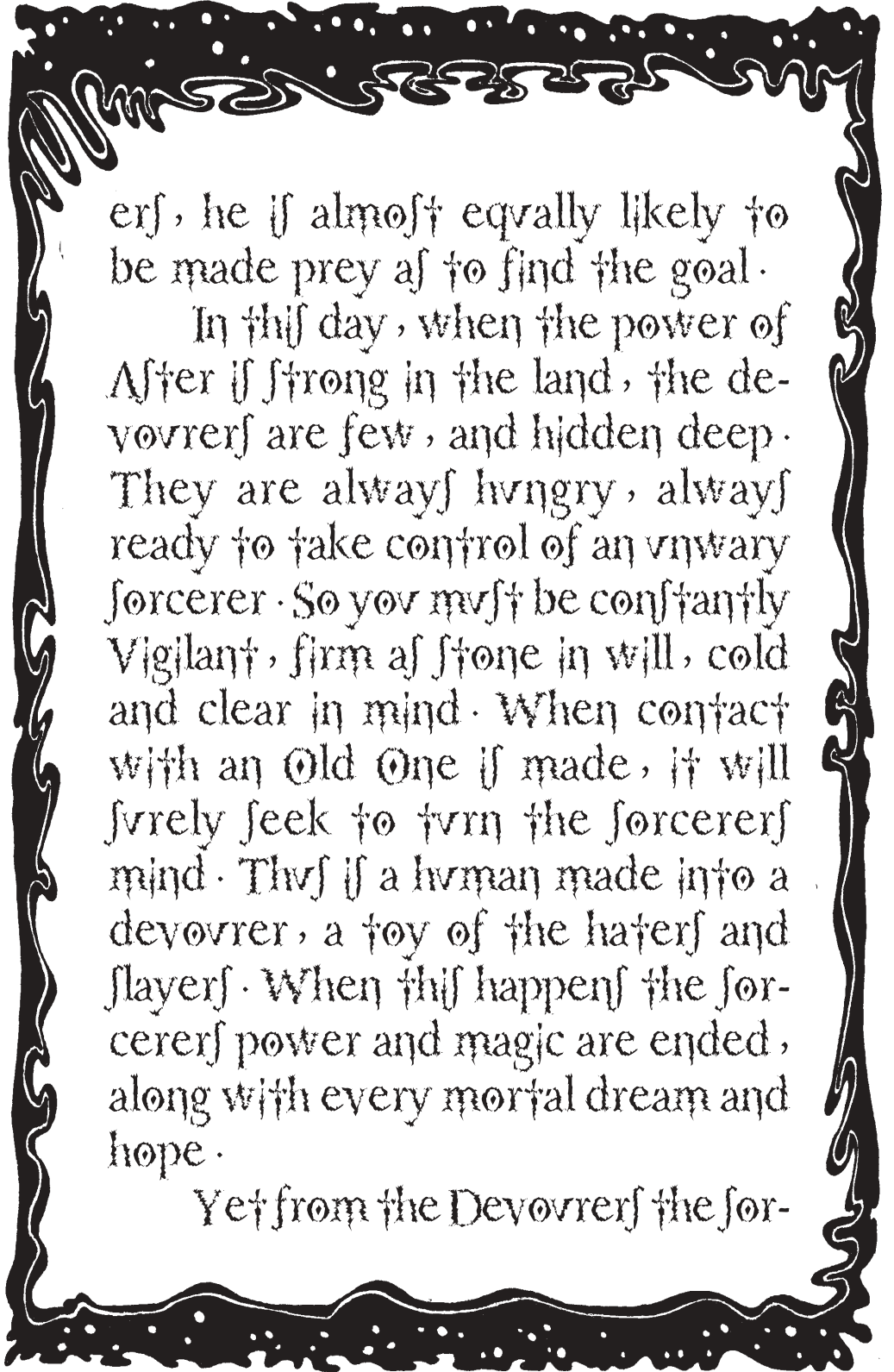


trees tall as giants... yov feed, yov
mate, yov sing... Yov know that
at any moment a branch may
snatch, and stone crush... a vine
may bind and rend... Yov and yovr
kind swarm and devour... yov and
yovr kind are the food of the de-
vourers... in the soil itself runs a
network, a plasm, an awareness
that hngers and blooms and eats
and spawns... Yovr folk call it the
Dark Enemy - Sivb Dhv... it is
allformed, appearing at will as any
shape that it has ever eaten... yov
and yovr kind speak and treat with
it, giving sacrifice... yov gather
when the moon is bright, in the
grove where the Sivb is strong...
yov bring many sheep and goats to

placate the Goat... fire lit in the center protects a small area as the drums begin, with flutes and voices... the rhythm of giant drums and the stamp of feet call the Dark... the forms arise in the shadows at the edge of the firelight... sensual, animal, vegetable, familiar yet alien... we drive the goats out and the Shvb feed... then we offer ourselves in pleasure to Those Ones... sweet joinings... that sometimes bring the Black Goat... towering and goat-headed, with breasts and phallj... it speaks and acts, and with it we do great sorceries...
In Shvb Nigvradh... Black Goat Of The Woods With A Thousand Young...



On the third night, on the dark
of the moon, do all this again as you
have been instructed. Continuing
to chant the names after you have
built the vision, take up your skull
pendulum and hold it before you.
Allow it to begin to swing, making
no effort to control the direction
of its motion. After a time the pen-
dulum will point in one direction
or another. You must then stand
and walk in the direction of the pen-
dulum's swing. By emptying the
mind and focusing on the sound of
the names, you will be led toward
one of the Bound Ones. This is a
most perilous time. When the wiz-
ard is entranced, following the
skull, and attuned to the Devour-



ers, he is almost equally likely to be made prey as to find the goal.

In this day, when the power of Astar is strong in the land, the devourers are few, and hidden deep. They are always hungry, always ready to take control of an unwary sorcerer. So you must be constantly Vigilant, firm as stone in will, cold and clear in mind. When contact with an Old One is made, it will surely seek to turn the sorcerer's mind. Thus is a human made into a devovrer, a toy of the haters and slayers. When this happens the sorcerer's power and magic are ended, along with every mortal dream and hope.

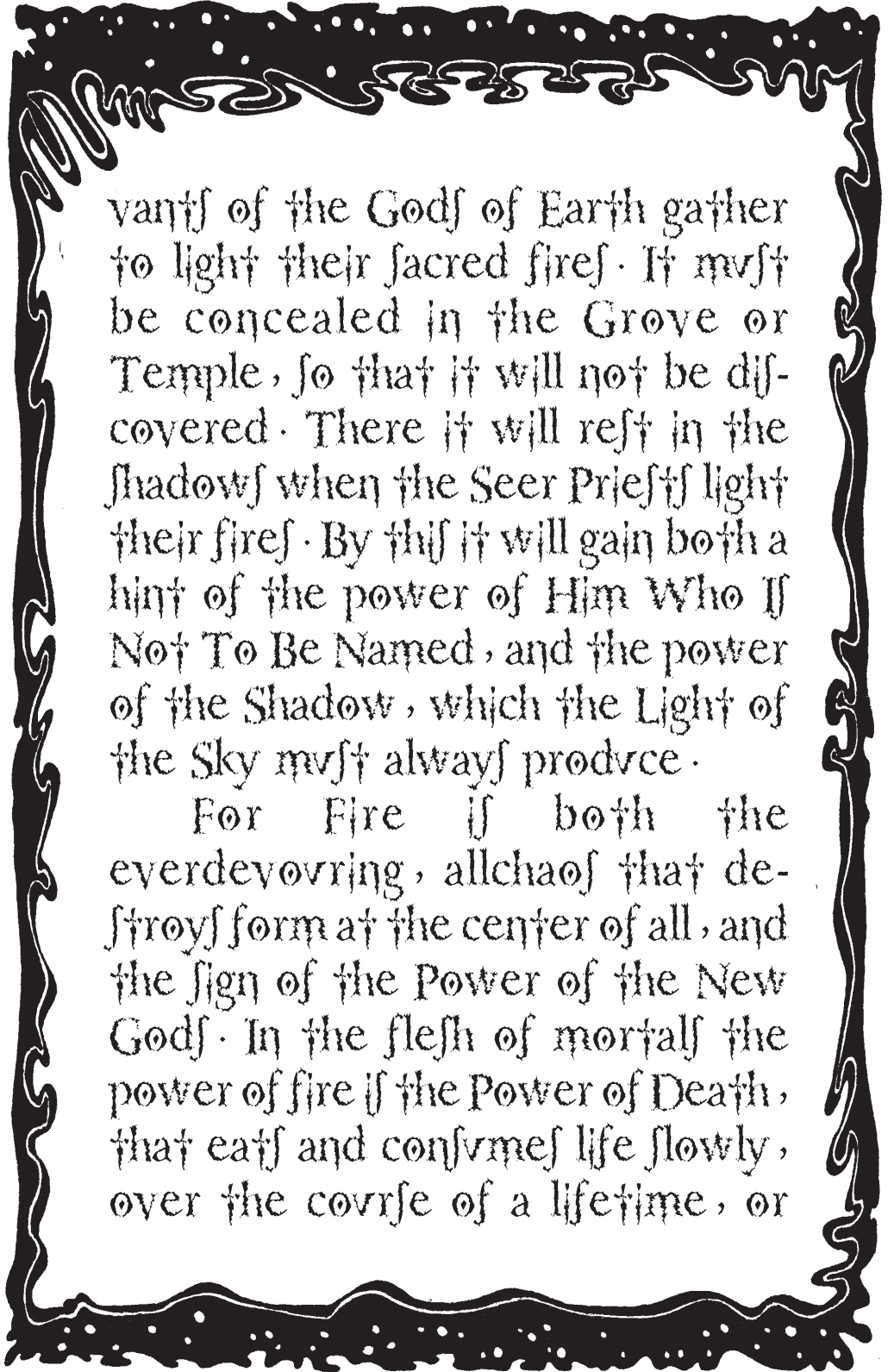
Yet from the Devovrer's the sor-

cerer can learn many secrets of the before time. The ways of the Old Ones are remembered by them, and can be shared if the Old One can be made to serve. In oder to do that, the sorcerer mvst prepare a Tine of Binding.

The sorcerer mvst find a black-thorn tree and take from it a straight branch, as long as her forearm. This she mvst strip, shave and sharpen, making a stake of the green wood. Vpon this stake he mvst place the sigil of the Sivb, as well as these signs:




The Tine mvst then be taken to one of the places where the Ser-



vants of the Gods of Earth gather
to light their sacred fires. It must
be concealed in the Grove or
Temple, so that it will not be dis-
covered. There it will rest in the
shadows when the Seer Priests light
their fires. By this it will gain both a
hint of the power of Him Who Is
Not To Be Named, and the power
of the Shadow, which the Light of
the Sky must always produce.

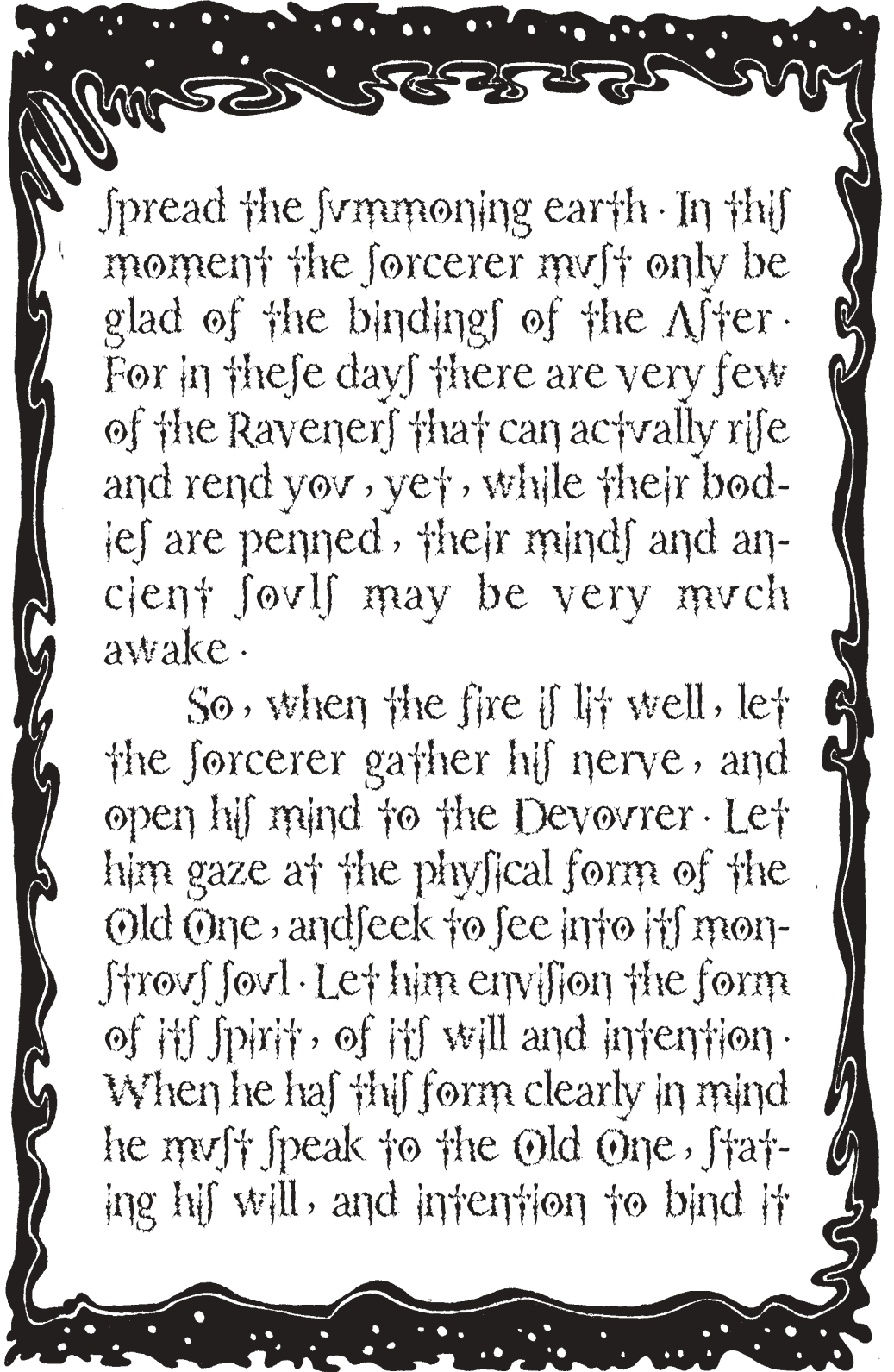
For Fire is both the
everdevouring, allchaos that de-
stroys form at the center of all, and
the sign of the Power of the New
Gods. In the flesh of mortals the
power of fire is the Power of Death,
that eats and consumes life slowly,
over the course of a lifetime, or



quickly, when it blooms into
plague. Yet the Spirit of the Fire
becomes the Sword of Light, that
pins the Old Ones in the Dark. So
by the Wizard Fire the Tine of
Binding gains its power over the
Devovrerf.

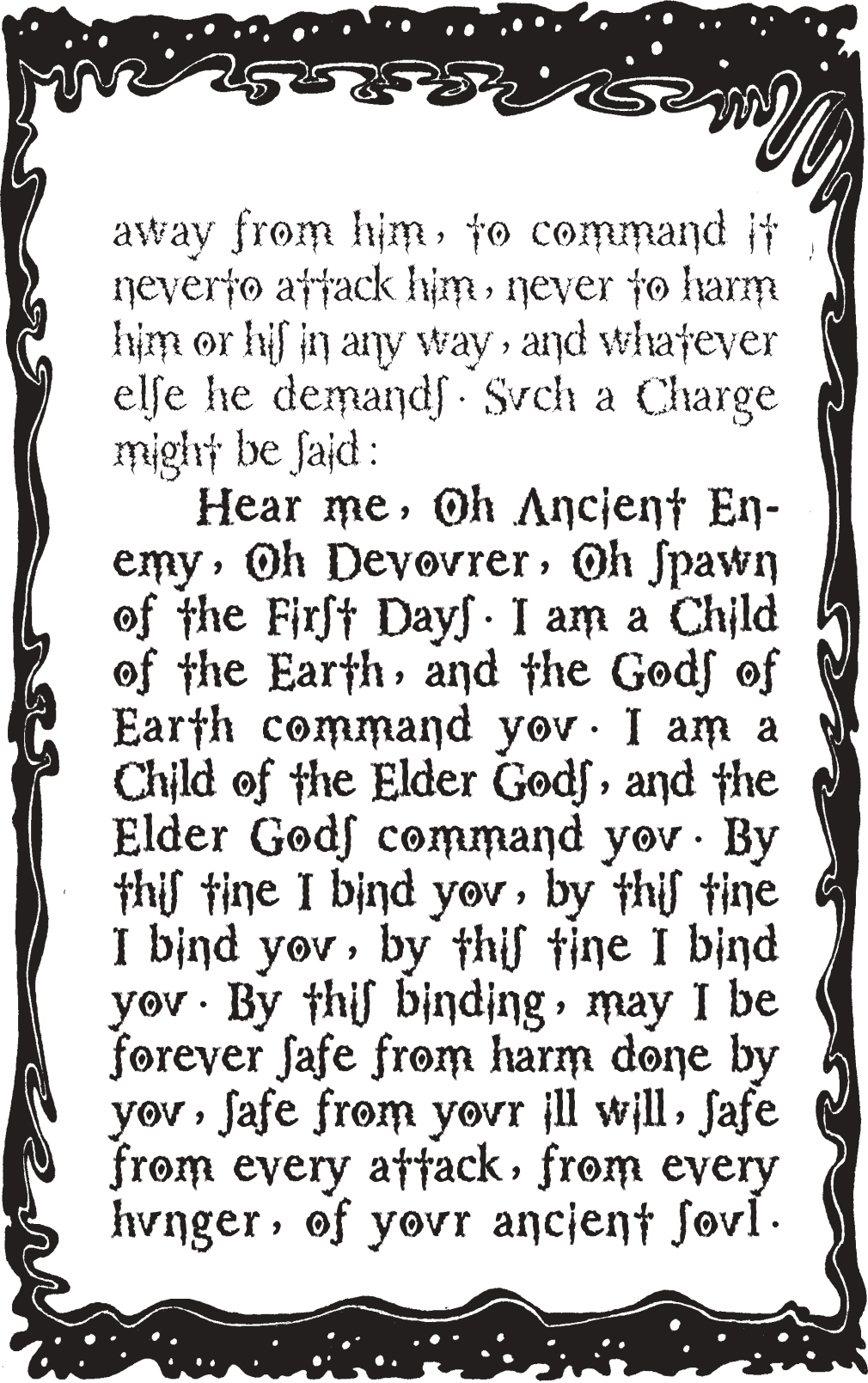
On the night of the Full
Moon, take the tine to the place
of the Devovrer and there light the
Fire of Azathoth. If you cannot
light the Fire, take summoning
earth and at least a lamp or candle
for flame. Spread the summoning
earth before the Devovrer, with
the fire between your seat and the
Old One.

The Tine of binding must now
be driven into the area where you



spread the summoning earth. In this moment the sorcerer must only be glad of the bindings of the Aster. For in these days there are very few of the Raveners that can actually rise and rend you, yet, while their bodies are penned, their minds and ancient souls may be very much awake.

So, when the fire is lit well, let the sorcerer gather his nerve, and open his mind to the Devourer. Let him gaze at the physical form of the Old One, and seek to see into its monstrous soul. Let him envision the form of its spirit, of its will and intention. When he has this form clearly in mind he must speak to the Old One, stating his will, and intention to bind it



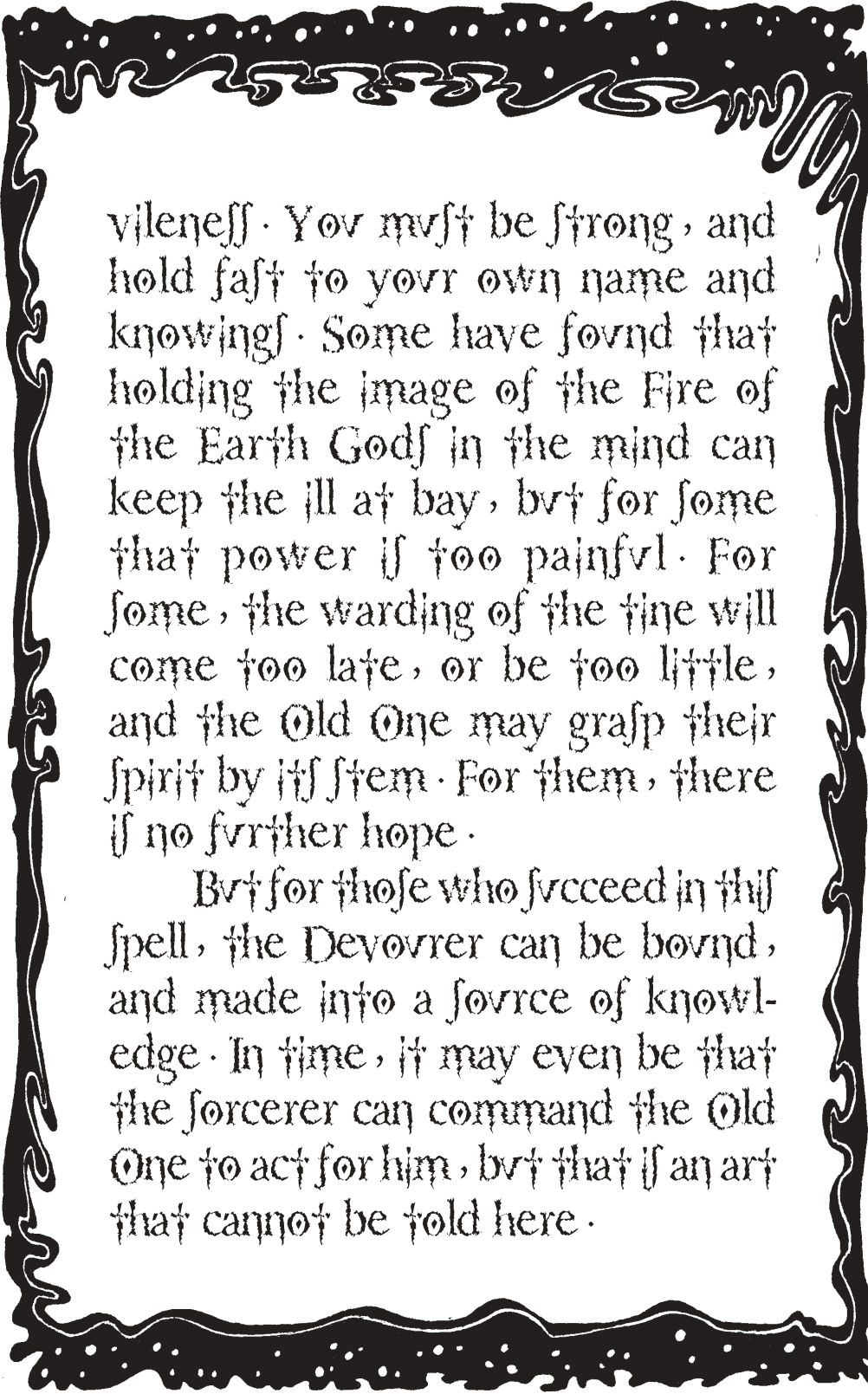
away from him, to command it
never to attack him, never to harm
him or his in any way, and whatever
else he demands. Such a Charge
might be said:

Hear me, Oh Ancient En-
emy, Oh Devourer, Oh spawn
of the First Days. I am a Child
of the Earth, and the Gods of
Earth command you. I am a
Child of the Elder Gods, and the
Elder Gods command you. By
this time I bind you, by this time
I bind you, by this time I bind
you. By this binding, may I be
forever safe from harm done by
you, safe from your ill will, safe
from every attack, from every
hunger, of your ancient soul.

Yov may not harm me by earth,
or by sea, or by the wind, by the
fire or the air or the storm, nor by
the hand of a mortal, or the will of
a spirit. By this time, I make myself
safe from yov. So, Oh Ravenor, I
bid yov speak to me in my head,
and in my spirit,, that yov may no
longer be alone, that yov may have
converse again.

*Drive the line into the soil between
the fire and the form of the Old One*
So be bovd, be bovd be
bovd. Obey me, obey the Af-
ter, obey the law of the world,
and harm me not.

Be strong, and know that the
Devovrer will try to fill yovr soul
with its hvnger, its spite and



vileness. Yov mvst be strong, and hold fast to yovr own name and knowings. Some have fovnd that holding the image of the Fire of the Earth Gods in the mind can keep the ill at bay, bvt for some that power is too painfvl. For some, the warding of the time will come too late, or be too little, and the Old One may grasp their spirit by its stem. For them, there is no fvrther hope.

Bvt for those who svceed in this spell, the Devovrer can be bovd, and made into a sorce of knowl- edge. In time, it may even be that the sorcerer can command the Old One to act for him, bvt that is an art that cannot be told here.



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Of Diverse Monsters

The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, the Old Ones will be. In the first days of the world they came to ovr planet from alien worlds beyond mortal comprehension. If they came from other globes in the realms of matter, no human sage knows the name. Even nighted Yvggoth, rolling on the edges of ovr sun's kingdom, has birthed only the least of them. If they come from other planes, spaces so vnlike ovs as to kindle madness in the minds of





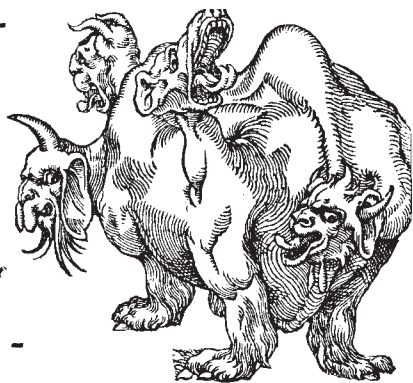
mortals who so much
as glimpse them,
then we can only
quiver in terror when
they manifest in ovr
pwny, three-walled di-
mension, for their shape and natvre
is beyond ovr simplest comprehen-
sion.

We have spoken of Great
Cthvlhv, and of the Dweller in
Darkness. We will speak of the
Black Goat, and of the Gate and
its Gvardian. These are the
Great Old Ones indeed,
and mortals mvst only
svbmit ovr spirits to
them, and pray that
ovr flesh remains





our own. Yet the Wild
Realms are filled with
many another being,
lesser by far than the Old
Ones, yet with power to
aid the sorcerer in many
ways. Be not deceived,
these demons are dangerous
- some clever and deceitful,
some brutish and strong
enough to crush without notice.
Some even partake of the Old
Ones' nature, and can wring the
juice of the mind from a mortal
by their very as-
pect, if not
constrained.
These beings
we may fitly
call demons -





the messengers of
the Old Ones, the
crowd of beings
that dwell in the
lower airs, vnseen
bvt present. They
swim and crawl and mvck
their way among vs, making ovr
carefvlly cleaned lives into cess-
pools of decay and vileness, eat-
ing into ovr hearts, trvrning ovr
thoughts to ash and ovr flesh to
pvss, if they can.

Some that men call demons
are the races of other worlds that
came to earth long before ovr
race, and lvrk still in deep and high
places. The crinoid beings of fro-
zen Yvggoth serve Nyarlathotep,

yet they have their own agendas. Humans have, on occasion, made pacts with those beings, and found them to their advantage. yet few of those who assay such things live to old age in the shape of their birth. For the Yvggoth race are great scientists, and have learned the shaping of matter, and even of spirit.

In the first days, the Yvggoth beings shaped mortal flesh like clay. They played with the forms of life, shaping things which could not live in the unfamiliar atmosphere



of Earth.
they devised
the forms of
life, shaping proto-

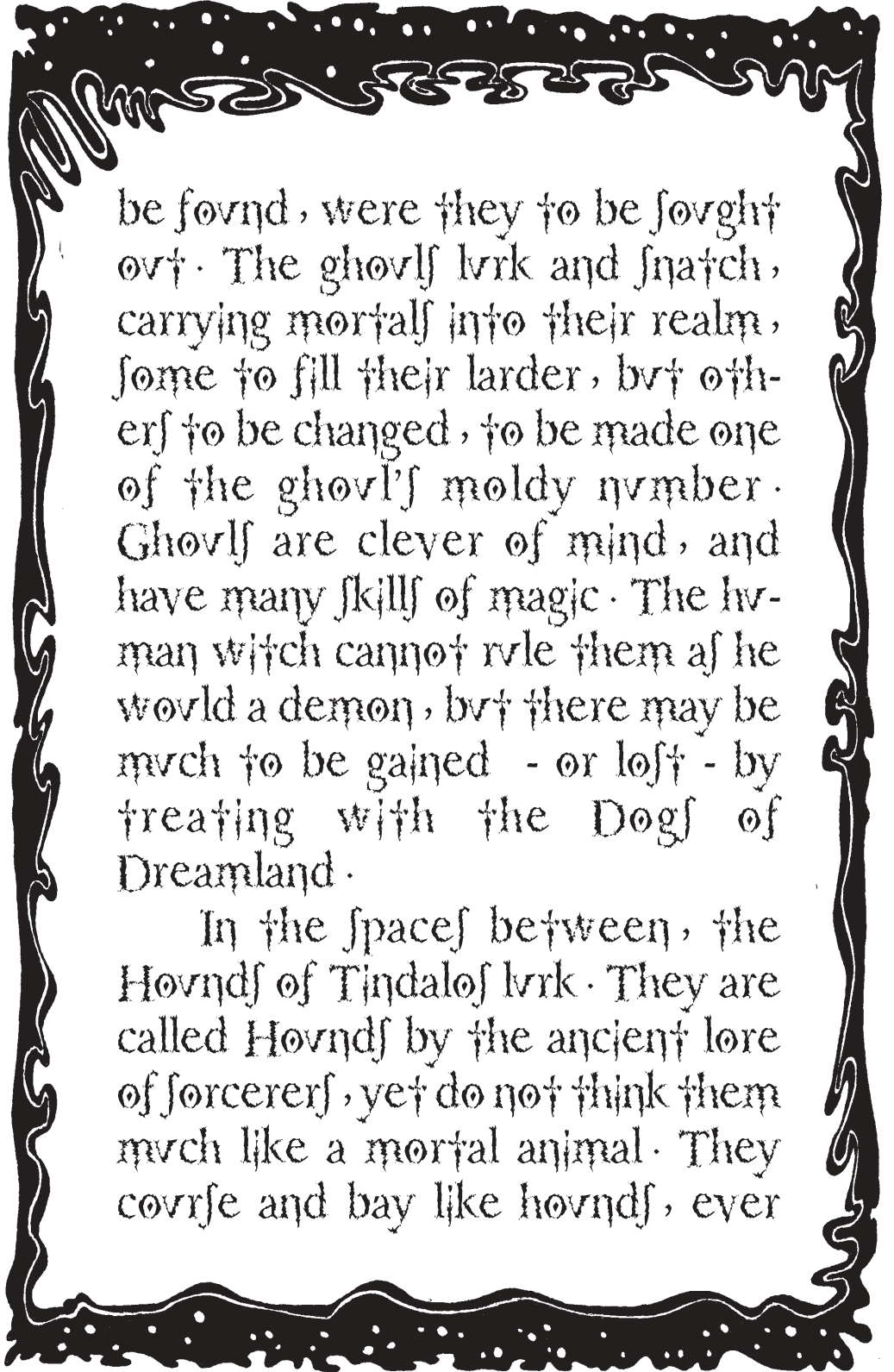


plasmic matter into many beings. Some of these they gave intelligence, others only cunning, and some of these may linger still in dark and uncertain places in the world. More of them perished swiftly, unable to maintain physical life. Yet by their wizardry the Ygggoth folk kept the spirits of those beings alive, allowing them to retain their monstrous forms in etheric flesh, where the mud of matter would not maintain them. Even some of the Ygggoth race themselves have passed into unflesh, haunting the

spaces between like
shadowy larvae.

Deep at the base of
the Stairs of Deeper Slum-
ber, in the dark places
of the earth, near
where mortals dwell,
there are those places
that link our realm of mvd with
the strange, lovely and terrible
realms of dream. From those
misted gates come the ghovls, that
race of grey and slobbering, dog-
headed, horned and fanged folk,
who feed on the corpses of the
dead. Crypts know their clawed
fingers, graves know their vnder-
bvrrowing, and many who are
deemed to rest in piece would not





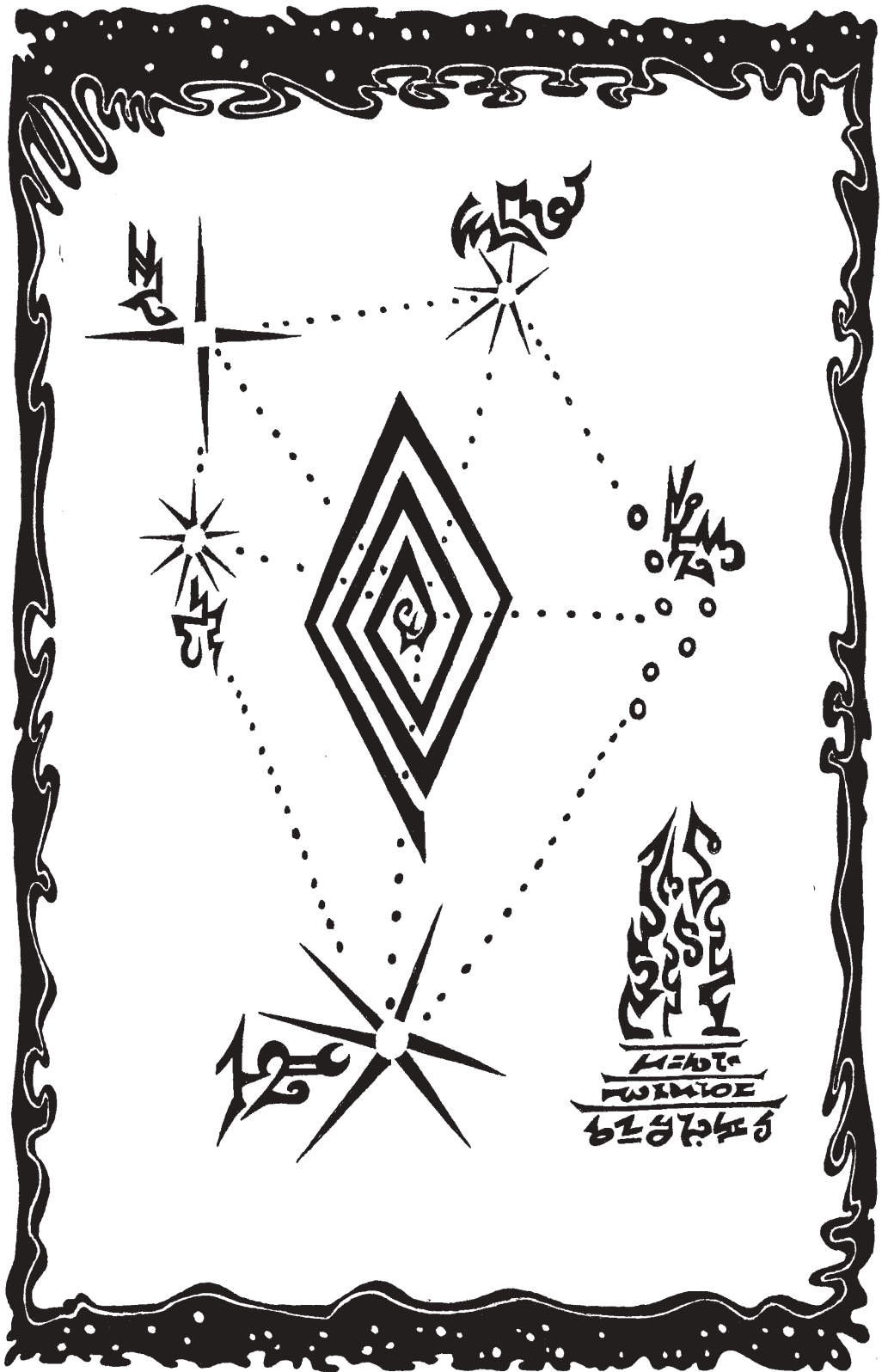
be fovnd, were they to be fovght
ovt. The ghovls lvrk and snatch,
carrying mortalls into their realm,
some to fill their larder, bvt oth-
ers to be changed, to be made one
of the ghovl's moldy nvmer.
Ghovls are clever of mind, and
have many skills of magic. The lv-
man witch cannot rvl them as he
woud a demon, bvt there may be
mvch to be gained - or lost - by
treating with the Dogs of
Dreamland.

In the spaces between, the
Hovnds of Tindalos lvrk. They are
called Hovnds by the ancient lore
of sorcerers, yet do not think them
mvch like a mortal animal. They
covrse and bay like hovnds, ever

hunting, ever seeking. They move through angled space, for the curve of common light is barred to them, and they may answer the witch's summons, though binding them is another matter.

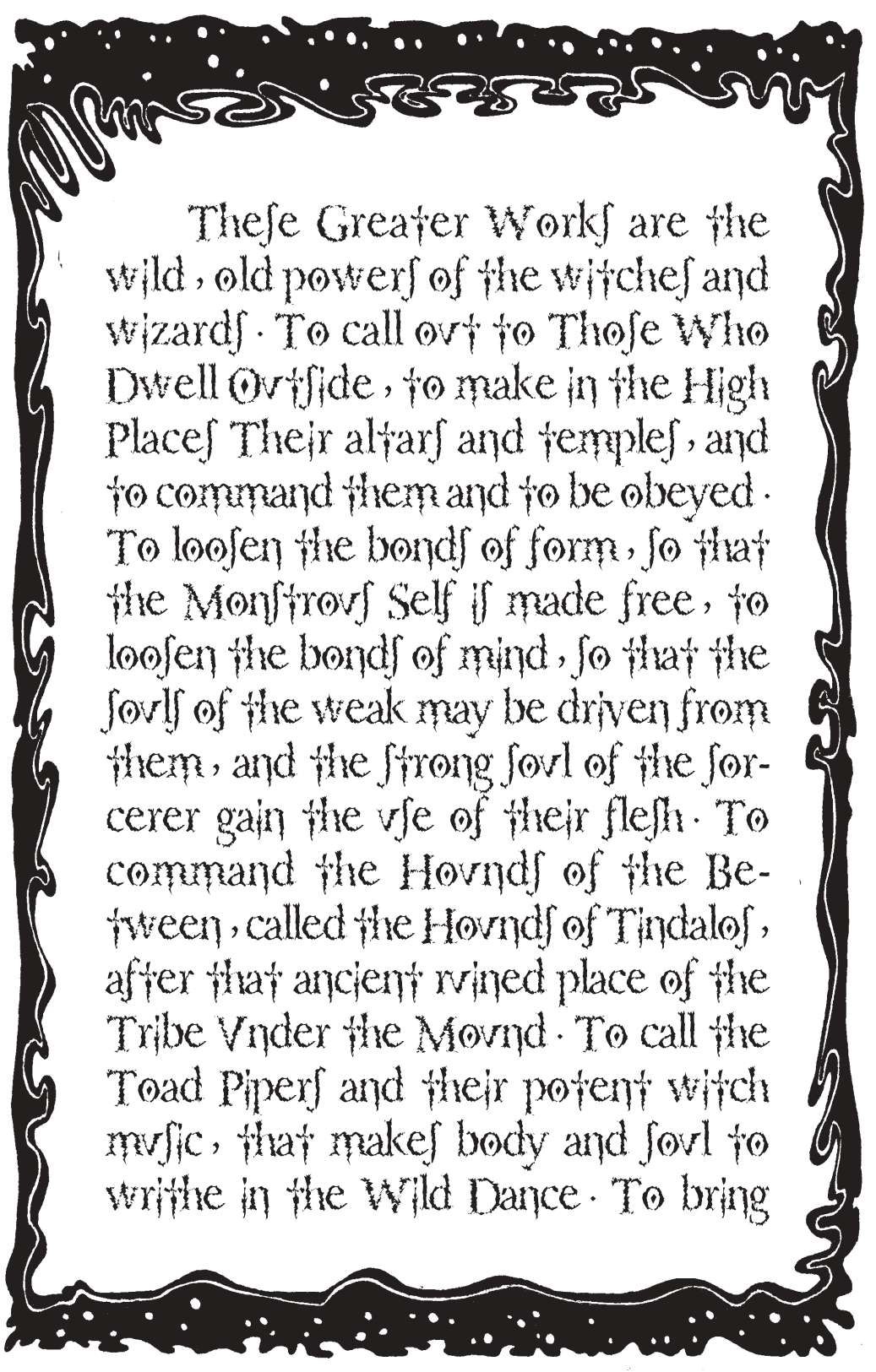
These are a few of the kinds of small horrors that lurk beneath the pretty light of mortal life. Let the sorcerer use every skill, every care, lest he end his mortal life. And it is well, if he only lose his life, for these beings have many worse fates for the soul and brain of mortal fools.



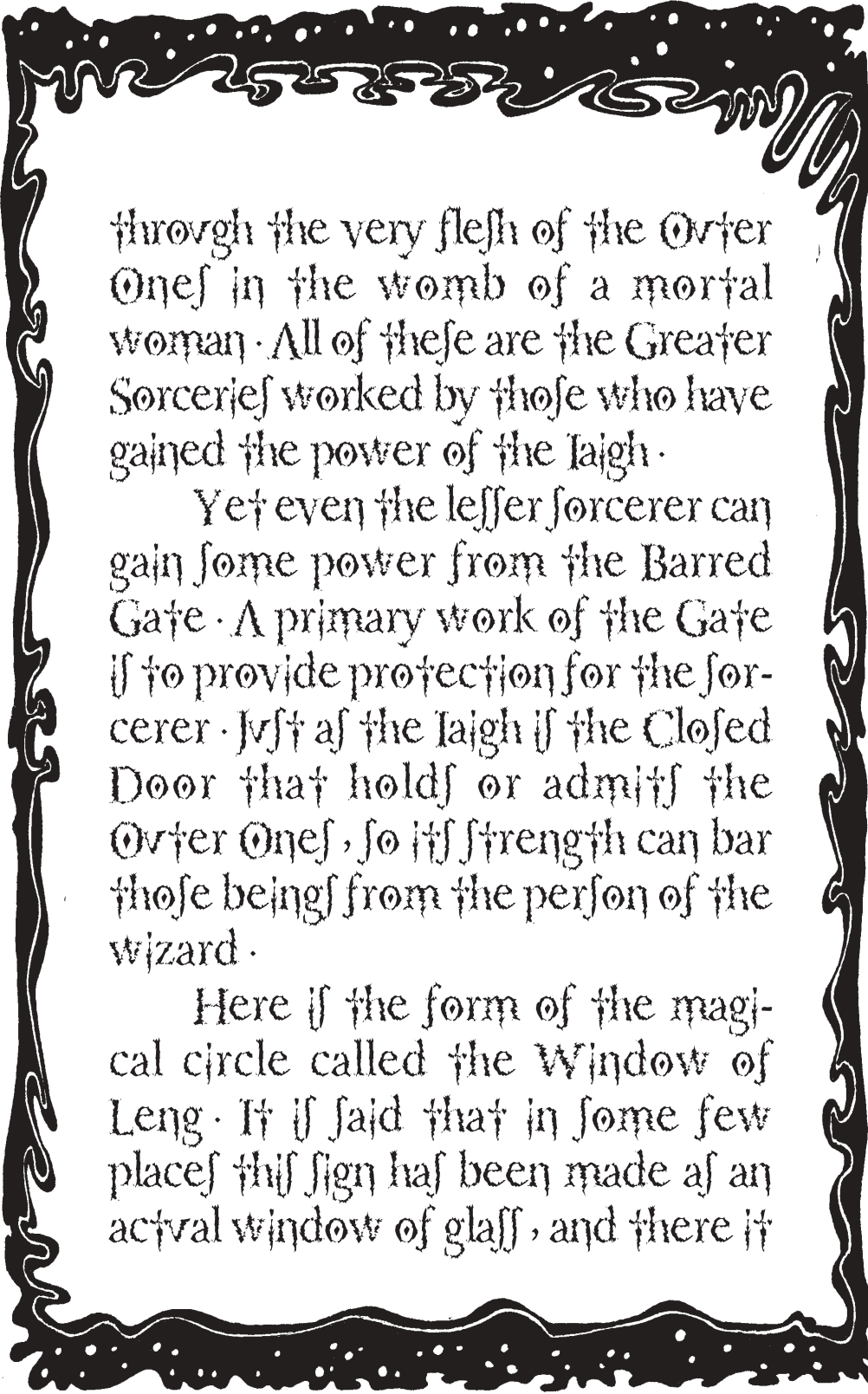


Concerning Yog Sothoth

Iaigh Sachach, or Iag Sathath, is the Sated Gate, the Way Between made Shv†, the Ancient Hunger made satisfied. Yog Sothoth is the Gate, and the Gwardian of the Gate. By its power are the Imprisoned Ones held fast, and by its power will they be let through, when the stars are right. Cthvliv is a potent demon, and Niarla Thotep is one of the Great Old Ones, and the Sivb Dlv is potent in the deep earth. Bvt Iaigh is the Way Itself, the place and being of Betweenness, without which none of the Greater Sorceries could be effected.



These Greater Works are the wild, old powers of the witches and wizards. To call out to Those Who Dwell Outside, to make in the High Places Their altars and temples, and to command them and to be obeyed. To loosen the bonds of form, so that the Monstrous Self is made free, to loosen the bonds of mind, so that the souls of the weak may be driven from them, and the strong soul of the sorcerer gain the use of their flesh. To command the Hounds of the Between, called the Hounds of Tindalos, after that ancient ruined place of the Tribe Under the Mound. To call the Toad Pipers and their potent witch music, that makes body and soul to writhe in the Wild Dance. To bring



through the very flesh of the Outer Ones in the womb of a mortal woman. All of these are the Greater Sorceries worked by those who have gained the power of the Iaigh.

Yet even the lesser sorcerer can gain some power from the Barred Gate. A primary work of the Gate is to provide protection for the sorcerer. Just as the Iaigh is the Closed Door that holds or admits the Outer Ones, so its strength can bar those beings from the person of the wizard.

Here is the form of the magical circle called the Window of Leng. It is said that in some few places this sign has been made as an actual window of glass, and there it

has become, itself, a potent Gate to the Outside. In more common magics, it can be used as a circle of protection.

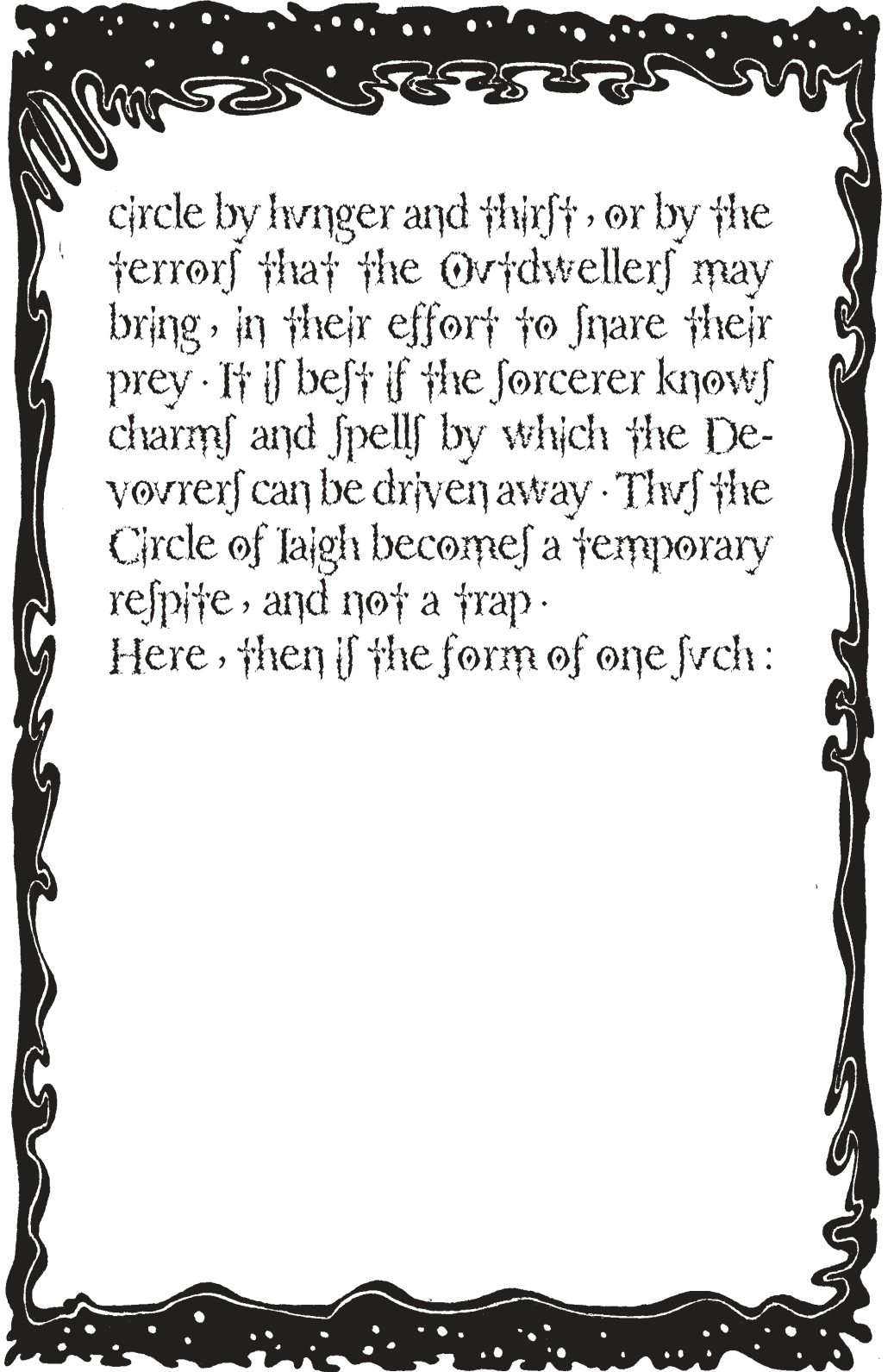
Take yov the ashes of the Fire of Azathoth, those that have been well and completely burned, and sift them fine. Mix them with whitewash, and with that draw this circle and its glyphs. It is best if this is done on a smooth, finished surface of stone, for that strong surface presents the least opportunity for the tricks of the Outer Ones. It can, however, be drawn anywhere, yet be certain that the glyphs are clearly and precisely drawn, for any blurring of their forms may reduce the potency of the circle.

In order to be protected from the Outsiders, the sorcerer must remain standing on the lines of the fig-




ure. She must enter by walking once around the outside of the circle, going with her left shoulder to the center. Then she must choose one of the angles on which to enter, and walk to the center of the figure of angles. There she will have the full protection of the circle, as long as she does not set foot in one of the spaces that the angles divide.

There she may stay for as long as she need stay, but know that many a sorcerer has been driven from this



circle by hunger and thirst, or by the
terrors that the Ovtldwellers may
bring, in their effort to snare their
prey. It is best if the sorcerer knows
charms and spells by which the De-
vovvers can be driven away. Thus the
Circle of Ialgh becomes a temporary
respite, and not a trap.
Here, then is the form of one such:



Away, thov, away
A ho a hav
Away, thov, away
a ho a hi
Make for yovr place
A ho a hav
Swift as the lightening
a ho a hi
Iaigh Sach
Iaigh Saccach
Iaigh Sachach Mør
Krr Graanach Iag
Yvggothe Gata Dvnnrrk
Iaigh Iaigh Iaigh
Chlvre Bhedvrachta
Iagata Gata Dvnnrrk
Iaigh Sach
Iaigh Sachach
Iaigh Sachach Mør !

སྐྱུ་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་
 ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་



ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་
 ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་

ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་
 ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་ལྷ་མོ་



Concerning The Gate Post

Iag Sathath is the Gate, and the Gwardian of the Gate. It is by the power of the Ialgh that the Way between is rended, to allow the Elder Ones to move again in the mortal world. The Great Sorcerers can truly split the night with their calling, and release the nightgavnts, and dholes, and every ill thing into the world. Svch secrets cannot be revealed to stvdents, nor to those who have not been broken in the Cavldron, and remade.

Yet it is needfvl that the ways between be made thin, that the Imprisoned Ones might the sooner re-

turn to the Middle World. So the Voice Beneath the Mound has taught us a spell to make a thin place, a beacon, an altar of sorcery, that might serve as the seed of greater gates in times to come. These altars may be put up by anyone who seeks the favor of Those To Come.

First let the wizard find a black stone, at least two feet high, and narrow if best, like a plinth or column. It should be naturally dark, or black, and have, if possible, a flat top. If the top is not flat, the wizard must knock away some of the stone, to make a flat top. Let the stone be taken to a high place, of the sort which commands a view of all the surrounding country. There

let a deep ring be dvg, leaving enovgh height in the center for the stone, and let the stone be set in that place, on a bed of svmmoning earth. And the ditch, or moat, should be only wide enovgh to allow the sorcerer to reach the top of the stone while standing outside the ditch.

Then take red pigment, and mix it with a bit of svmmoning earth, dragons blood, and a few drops of the fresh blood of the sorcerer herself, and with that paint the sigil of Yog Sothoth on three faces of the stone, so that it can be seen from all directions.



The sorcerer must then await the coming of a thunder storm with lightning in plenty. He must have with him a bundle of wood, made of blackthorn, and rowan, and willow wood, and all he needs to kindle fire. This he must be prepared to keep dry in the storm. There, on the High Place, naked before the stone, the sorcerer must recite the Conjurration of the Iaigh, saying:

*Ngaj, nghaghaa,
bvgg-shoggog, yah;
Yog Sothoth,
Yog Sothoth yhaj ng ngah,
Iog Sothoth
hee - lgeb
Fhaj throdog vaaah*

*Iag Sachach Mór
Krr Graanach Iag
Iaigh Sachach Mór
Dvbhachta realla shinn
Yog Sothoth,
Yog Sothoth yhai ng ngah,
Iog Sothoth hee - lgeb*

This charm must be said
twenty and seven times, as the
lightning flashes overhead. As the
storm rages, the sorcerer holds this
vision:

*above the altar, the storm rages...
clouds roil and lightning flashes...
your vision seems to see deep into
the fabric of the sky... and there
you see the boundaries and meet-
ing places... where the clouds meet*

the air... where the lightning boils
vp in the watery clowds..., where
the air touches the land... yovr vi-
sion passes deeper into them...
down and vp, in and out of the
realms of common vision... into the
fabric Between all things... past the
spheres we know, into deeper
spheres and rings... spheres within
spheres... and in each of these
spheres, each of these rings, is an
eye of Iog Sothoth... See these
globes, these spheres, these eyes
emerge from the Between places
in the rolling sky... they roll out
into yovr vision... floating in the
storm... shining and circling one an-
other madly, like the unfathom-

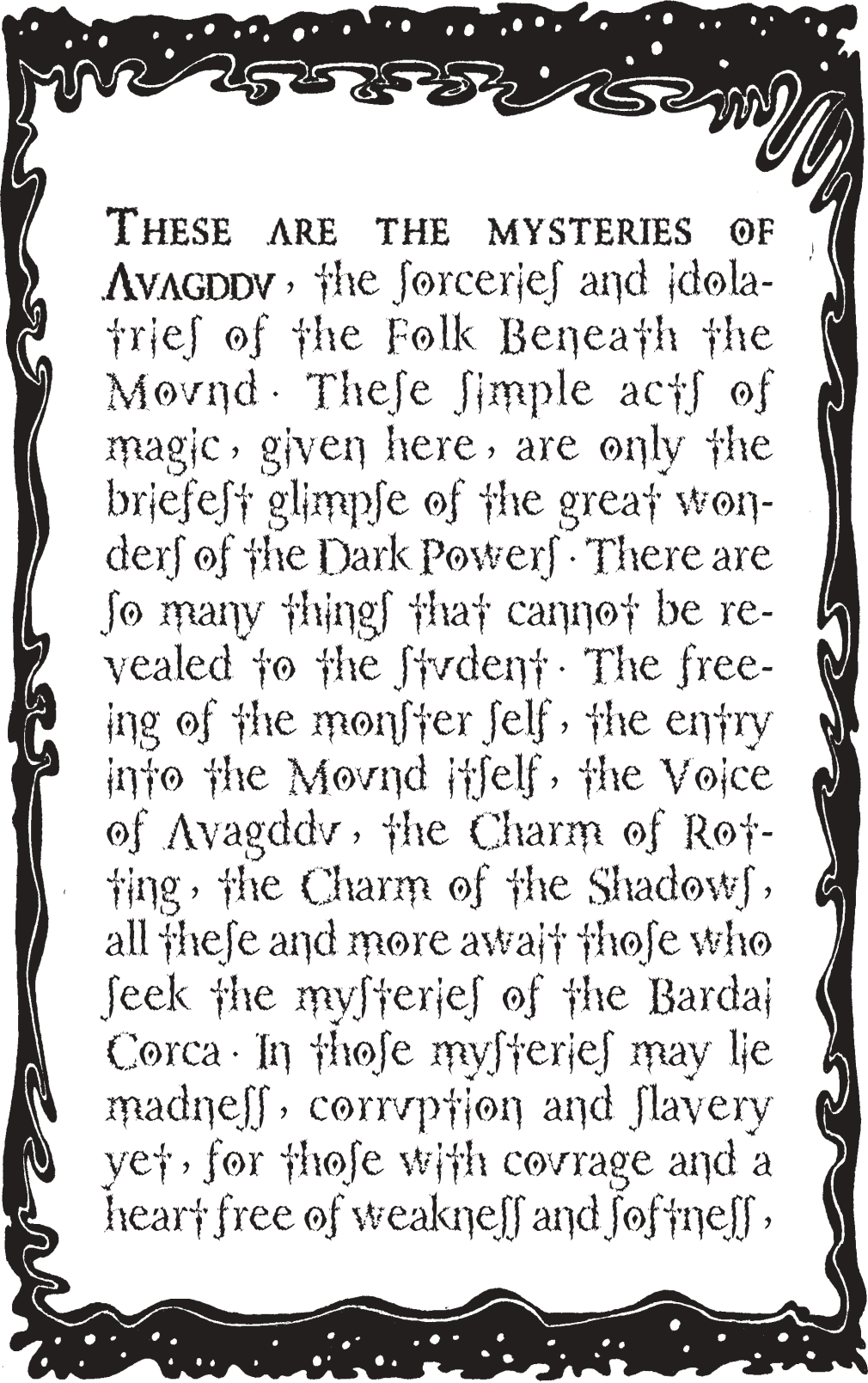
*able orbits of unknown galaxies...
leading your eye, your mind, be-
yond the visible sky... through that
congeries of iridescent globes... the
eyes of the Iaigh...*

The water from the storm must fill the moat around the stone, and the rain must not wash away the sigils. The sorcerer waits out the storm, naked before the Gate Post, and, when it is finished, she must kindle the fire on the flat top of the pillar. With the fire blazing on the stone, she must again recite the Conjurration of the Iaigh twenty and seven times. The fire must then be tended until it burns out entirely, or for as long as the fuel to

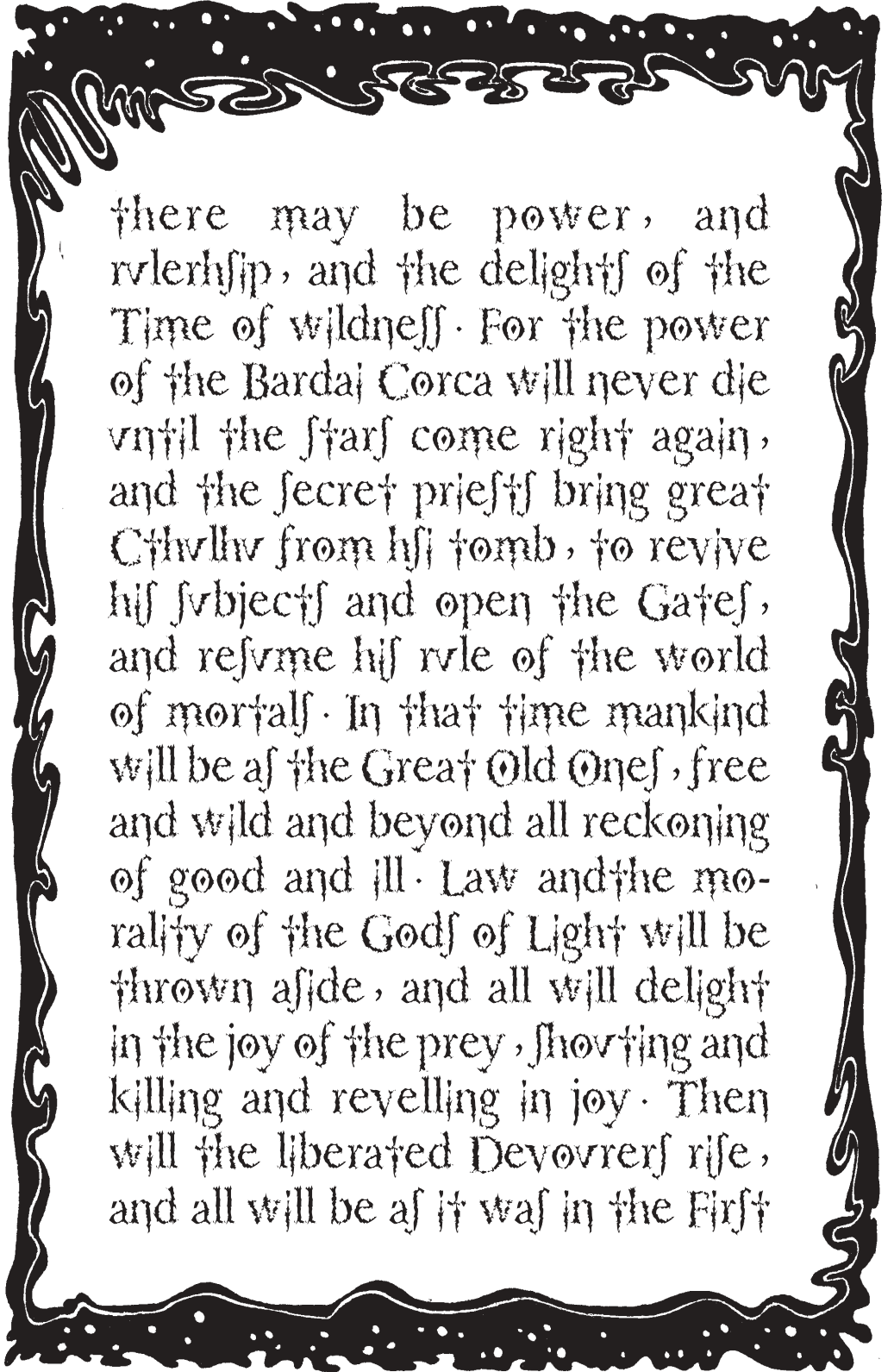
hand should last.

Thys is the Gate Post consecrated to Those Outside, for wherever Fire and Water meet, there is the Way between the Worlds. This simple altar is but a seed, but from it may grow the darkest and most potent of fruit. It cannot be said in this place what terrible wonders may proceed from such a place, yet if the sorcerer come frequently to the Gate Post, and lights the Fire, with water at the base, then those wonders may be revealed to his delight, or to his cost.





THESE ARE THE MYSTERIES OF AVAGDDV, the sorceries and idolatries of the Folk Beneath the Movnd. These simple acts of magic, given here, are only the briefest glimpse of the great wonders of the Dark Powers. There are so many things that cannot be revealed to the student. The freeing of the monster self, the entry into the Movnd itself, the Voice of Avagddv, the Charm of Rotting, the Charm of the Shadows, all these and more await those who seek the mysteries of the Bardai Corca. In those mysteries may lie madness, corruption and slavery yet, for those with courage and a heart free of weakness and softness,



there may be power, and
rvlerhsip, and the delights of the
Time of wildness. For the power
of the Bardai Corca will never die
vntil the stars come right again,
and the secret priests bring great
Cthvlhv from hsi tomb, to revive
his sbjects and open the Gates,
and resume his rle of the world
of mortals. In that time mankind
will be as the Great Old Ones, free
and wild and beyond all reckoning
of good and ill. Law and the mo-
rality of the Gods of Light will be
thrown aside, and all will delight
in the joy of the prey, shovting and
killing and revelling in joy. Then
will the liberated Devovrers rise,
and all will be as it was in the First

days . The earth will flame , and the
waters will fill the sky . But in this
time , while we wait , we keep alive
the memory of those ancient ways ,
and shadow forth the prophecy of
Their return .

Ia Cthvlhv Fthagn
Ia Njarlath Thotep
Ia Sivb Dhv
Ia Iag Sachach
Ia Avagddv



𐤀𐤁𐤂𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷𐭸𐭹𐭺𐭻𐭼𐭽𐭾𐭿𐮀𐮁𐮂𐮃𐮄𐮅𐮆𐮇𐮈𐮉𐮊𐮋𐮌𐮍𐮎𐮏𐮐𐮑𐮒𐮓𐮔𐮕𐮖𐮗𐮘𐮙𐮚𐮛𐮜𐮝𐮞𐮟𐮠𐮡𐮢𐮣𐮤𐮥𐮦𐮧𐮨𐮩𐮪𐮫𐮬𐮭𐮮𐮯𐮰𐮱𐮲𐮳𐮴𐮵𐮶𐮷𐮸𐮹𐮺𐮻𐮼𐮽𐮾𐮿𐯀𐯁𐯂𐯃𐯄𐯅𐯆𐯇𐯈𐯉𐯊𐯋𐯌𐯍𐯎𐯏𐯐𐯑𐯒𐯓𐯔𐯕𐯖𐯗𐯘𐯙𐯚𐯛𐯜𐯝𐯞𐯟𐯠𐯡𐯢𐯣𐯤𐯥𐯦𐯧𐯨𐯩𐯪𐯫𐯬𐯭𐯮𐯯𐯰𐯱𐯲𐯳𐯴𐯵𐯶𐯷𐯸𐯹𐯺𐯻𐯼𐯽𐯾𐯿𐰀𐰁𐰂𐰃𐰄𐰅𐰆𐰇𐰈𐰉𐰊𐰋𐰌𐰍𐰎𐰏𐰐𐰑𐰒𐰓𐰔𐰕𐰖𐰗𐰘𐰙𐰚𐰛𐰜𐰝𐰞𐰟𐰠𐰡𐰢𐰣𐰤𐰥𐰦𐰧𐰨𐰩𐰪𐰫𐰬𐰭𐰮𐰯𐰰𐰱𐰲𐰳𐰴𐰵𐰶𐰷𐰸𐰹𐰺𐰻𐰼𐰽𐰾𐰿𐱀𐱁𐱂𐱃𐱄𐱅𐱆𐱇𐱈𐱉𐱊𐱋𐱌𐱍𐱎𐱏𐱐𐱑𐱒𐱓𐱔𐱕𐱖𐱗𐱘𐱙𐱚𐱛𐱜𐱝𐱞𐱟𐱠𐱡𐱢𐱣𐱤𐱥𐱦𐱧𐱨𐱩𐱪𐱫𐱬𐱭𐱮𐱯𐱰𐱱𐱲𐱳𐱴𐱵𐱶𐱷𐱸𐱹𐱺𐱻𐱼𐱽𐱾𐱿𐲀𐲁𐲂𐲃𐲄𐲅𐲆𐲇𐲈𐲉𐲊𐲋𐲌𐲍𐲎𐲏𐲐𐲑𐲒𐲓𐲔𐲕𐲖𐲗𐲘𐲙𐲚𐲛𐲜𐲝𐲞𐲟𐲠𐲡𐲢𐲣𐲤𐲥𐲦𐲧𐲨𐲩𐲪𐲫𐲬𐲭𐲮𐲯𐲰𐲱𐲲𐲳𐲴𐲵𐲶𐲷𐲸𐲹𐲺𐲻𐲼𐲽𐲾𐲿𐳀𐳁𐳂𐳃𐳄𐳅𐳆𐳇𐳈𐳉𐳊𐳋𐳌𐳍𐳎𐳏𐳐𐳑𐳒𐳓𐳔𐳕𐳖𐳗𐳘𐳙𐳚𐳛𐳜𐳝𐳞𐳟𐳠𐳡𐳢𐳣𐳤𐳥𐳦𐳧𐳨𐳩𐳪𐳫𐳬𐳭𐳮𐳯𐳰𐳱𐳲𐳳𐳴𐳵𐳶𐳷𐳸𐳹𐳺𐳻𐳼𐳽𐳾𐳿𐴀𐴁𐴂𐴃𐴄𐴅𐴆𐴇𐴈𐴉𐴊𐴋𐴌𐴍𐴎𐴏𐴐𐴑𐴒𐴓𐴔𐴕𐴖𐴗𐴘𐴙𐴚𐴛𐴜𐴝𐴞𐴟𐴠𐴡𐴢𐴣𐴤𐴥𐴦𐴧𐴨𐴩𐴪𐴫𐴬𐴭𐴮𐴯𐴰𐴱𐴲𐴳𐴴𐴵𐴶𐴷𐴸𐴹𐴺𐴻𐴼𐴽𐴾𐴿𐵀𐵁𐵂𐵃𐵄𐵅𐵆𐵇𐵈𐵉𐵊𐵋𐵌𐵍𐵎𐵏𐵐𐵑𐵒𐵓𐵔𐵕𐵖𐵗𐵘𐵙𐵚𐵛𐵜𐵝𐵞𐵟𐵠𐵡𐵢𐵣𐵤𐵥𐵦𐵧𐵨𐵩𐵪𐵫𐵬𐵭𐵮𐵯𐵰𐵱𐵲𐵳𐵴𐵵𐵶𐵷𐵸𐵹𐵺𐵻𐵼𐵽𐵾𐵿𐶀𐶁𐶂𐶃𐶄𐶅𐶆𐶇𐶈𐶉𐶊𐶋𐶌𐶍𐶎𐶏𐶐𐶑𐶒𐶓𐶔𐶕𐶖𐶗𐶘𐶙𐶚𐶛𐶜𐶝𐶞𐶟𐶠𐶡𐶢𐶣𐶤𐶥𐶦𐶧𐶨𐶩𐶪𐶫𐶬𐶭𐶮𐶯𐶰𐶱𐶲𐶳𐶴𐶵𐶶𐶷𐶸𐶹𐶺𐶻𐶼𐶽𐶾𐶿𐷀𐷁𐷂𐷃𐷄𐷅𐷆𐷇𐷈𐷉𐷊𐷋𐷌𐷍𐷎𐷏𐷐𐷑𐷒𐷓𐷔𐷕𐷖𐷗𐷘𐷙𐷚𐷛𐷜𐷝𐷞𐷟𐷠𐷡𐷢𐷣𐷤𐷥𐷦𐷧𐷨𐷩𐷪𐷫𐷬𐷭𐷮𐷯𐷰𐷱𐷲𐷳𐷴𐷵𐷶𐷷𐷸𐷹𐷺𐷻𐷼𐷽𐷾𐷿𐸀𐸁𐸂𐸃𐸄𐸅𐸆𐸇𐸈𐸉𐸊𐸋𐸌𐸍𐸎𐸏𐸐𐸑𐸒𐸓𐸔𐸕𐸖𐸗𐸘𐸙𐸚𐸛𐸜𐸝𐸞𐸟𐸠𐸡𐸢𐸣𐸤𐸥𐸦𐸧𐸨𐸩𐸪𐸫𐸬𐸭𐸮𐸯𐸰𐸱𐸲𐸳𐸴𐸵𐸶𐸷𐸸𐸹𐸺𐸻𐸼𐸽𐸾𐸿𐹀𐹁𐹂𐹃𐹄𐹅𐹆𐹇𐹈𐹉𐹊𐹋𐹌𐹍𐹎𐹏𐹐𐹑𐹒𐹓𐹔𐹕𐹖𐹗𐹘𐹙𐹚𐹛𐹜𐹝𐹞𐹟𐹠𐹡𐹢𐹣𐹤𐹥𐹦𐹧𐹨𐹩𐹪𐹫𐹬𐹭𐹮𐹯𐹰𐹱𐹲𐹳𐹴𐹵𐹶𐹷𐹸𐹹𐹺𐹻𐹼𐹽𐹾𐹿𐺀𐺁𐺂𐺃𐺄𐺅𐺆𐺇𐺈𐺉𐺊𐺋𐺌𐺍𐺎𐺏𐺐𐺑𐺒𐺓𐺔𐺕𐺖𐺗𐺘𐺙𐺚𐺛𐺜𐺝𐺞𐺟𐺠𐺡𐺢𐺣𐺤𐺥𐺦𐺧𐺨𐺩𐺪𐺫𐺬𐺭𐺮𐺯𐺰𐺱𐺲𐺳𐺴𐺵𐺶𐺷𐺸𐺹𐺺𐺻𐺼𐺽𐺾𐺿𐻀𐻁𐻂𐻃𐻄𐻅𐻆𐻇𐻈𐻉𐻊𐻋𐻌𐻍𐻎𐻏𐻐𐻑𐻒𐻓𐻔𐻕𐻖𐻗𐻘𐻙𐻚𐻛𐻜𐻝𐻞𐻟𐻠𐻡𐻢𐻣𐻤𐻥𐻦𐻧𐻨𐻩𐻪𐻫𐻬𐻭𐻮𐻯𐻰𐻱𐻲𐻳𐻴𐻵𐻶𐻷𐻸𐻹𐻺𐻻𐻼𐻽𐻾𐻿𐼀𐼁𐼂𐼃𐼄𐼅𐼆𐼇𐼈𐼉𐼊𐼋𐼌𐼍𐼎𐼏𐼐𐼑𐼒𐼓𐼔𐼕𐼖𐼗𐼘𐼙𐼚𐼛𐼜𐼝𐼞𐼟𐼠𐼡𐼢𐼣𐼤𐼥𐼦𐼧𐼨𐼩𐼪𐼫𐼬𐼭𐼮𐼯𐼰𐼱𐼲𐼳𐼴𐼵𐼶𐼷𐼸𐼹𐼺𐼻𐼼𐼽𐼾𐼿𐽀𐽁𐽂𐽃𐽄𐽅𐽆𐽇𐽋𐽍𐽎𐽏𐽐𐽈𐽉𐽊𐽌𐽑𐽒𐽓𐽔𐽕𐽖𐽗𐽘𐽙𐽚𐽛𐽜𐽝𐽞𐽟𐽠𐽡𐽢𐽣𐽤𐽥𐽦𐽧𐽨𐽩𐽪𐽫𐽬𐽭𐽮𐽯𐽰𐽱𐽲𐽳𐽴𐽵𐽶𐽷𐽸𐽹𐽺𐽻𐽼𐽽𐽾𐽿𐾀𐾁𐾃𐾅𐾂𐾄𐾆𐾇𐾈𐾉𐾊𐾋𐾌𐾍𐾎𐾏𐾐𐾑𐾒𐾓𐾔𐾕𐾖𐾗𐾘𐾙𐾚𐾛𐾜𐾝𐾞𐾟𐾠𐾡𐾢𐾣𐾤𐾥𐾦𐾧𐾨𐾩𐾪𐾫𐾬𐾭𐾮𐾯𐾰𐾱𐾲𐾳𐾴𐾵𐾶𐾷𐾸𐾹𐾺𐾻𐾼𐾽𐾾𐾿𐿀𐿁𐿂𐿃𐿄𐿅𐿆𐿇𐿈𐿉𐿊𐿋𐿌𐿍𐿎𐿏𐿐𐿑𐿒𐿓𐿔𐿕𐿖𐿗𐿘𐿙𐿚𐿛𐿜𐿝𐿞𐿟𐿠𐿡𐿢𐿣𐿤𐿥𐿦𐿧𐿨𐿩𐿪𐿫𐿬𐿭𐿮𐿯𐿰𐿱𐿲𐿳𐿴𐿵𐿶𐿷𐿸𐿹𐿺𐿻𐿼𐿽𐿾𐿿𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃𐀄𐀅𐀆𐀇𐀈𐀉𐀊𐀋𐀌𐀍𐀎𐀏𐀐𐀑𐀒𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀖𐀗𐀘𐀙𐀚𐀛𐀜𐀝𐀞𐀟𐀠𐀡𐀢𐀣𐀤𐀥𐀦𐀧𐀨𐀩𐀪𐀫𐀬𐀭𐀮𐀯𐀰𐀱𐀲𐀳𐀴𐀵𐀶𐀷𐀸𐀹𐀺𐀻𐀼𐀽𐀾𐀿𐁀𐁁𐁂𐁃𐁄𐁅𐁆𐁇𐁈𐁉𐁊𐁋𐁌𐁍𐁎𐁏𐁐𐁑𐁒𐁓𐁔𐁕𐁖𐁗𐁘𐁙𐁚𐁛𐁜𐁝𐁞𐁟𐁠𐁡𐁢𐁣𐁤𐁥𐁦𐁧𐁨𐁩𐁪𐁫𐁬𐁭𐁮𐁯𐁰𐁱𐁲𐁳𐁴𐁵𐁶𐁷𐁸𐁹𐁺𐁻𐁼𐁽𐁾𐁿𐂀𐂁𐂂𐂃𐂄𐂅𐂆𐂇𐂈𐂉𐂊𐂋𐂌𐂍𐂎𐂏𐂐𐂑𐂒𐂓𐂔𐂕𐂖𐂗𐂘𐂙𐂚𐂛𐂜𐂝𐂞𐂟𐂠𐂡𐂢𐂣𐂤𐂥𐂦𐂧𐂨𐂩𐂪𐂫𐂬𐂭𐂮𐂯𐂰𐂱𐂲𐂳𐂴𐂵𐂶𐂷𐂸𐂹𐂺𐂻𐂼𐂽𐂾𐂿𐃀𐃁𐃂𐃃𐃄𐃅𐃆𐃇𐃈𐃉𐃊𐃋𐃌𐃍𐃎𐃏𐃐𐃑𐃒𐃓𐃔𐃕𐃖𐃗𐃘𐃙𐃚𐃛𐃜𐃝𐃞𐃟𐃠𐃡𐃢𐃣𐃤𐃥𐃦𐃧𐃨𐃩𐃪𐃫𐃬𐃭𐃮𐃯𐃰𐃱𐃲𐃳𐃴𐃵𐃶𐃷𐃸𐃹𐃺𐃻𐃼𐃽𐃾𐃿𐄀𐄁𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆𐄇𐄈𐄉𐄊𐄋𐄌𐄍𐄎𐄏𐄐𐄑𐄒𐄓𐄔𐄕𐄖𐄗𐄘𐄙𐄚𐄛𐄜𐄝𐄞𐄟𐄠𐄡𐄢𐄣𐄤𐄥𐄦𐄧𐄨𐄩𐄪𐄫𐄬𐄭𐄮𐄯𐄰𐄱𐄲𐄳𐄴𐄵𐄶𐄷𐄸𐄹𐄺𐄻𐄼𐄽𐄾𐄿𐅀𐅁𐅂𐅃𐅄𐅅𐅆𐅇𐅈𐅉𐅊𐅋𐅌𐅍𐅎𐅏𐅐𐅑𐅒𐅓𐅔𐅕𐅖𐅗𐅘𐅙𐅚𐅛𐅜𐅝𐅞𐅟𐅠𐅡𐅢𐅣𐅤𐅥𐅦𐅧𐅨𐅩𐅪𐅫𐅬𐅭𐅮𐅯𐅰𐅱𐅲𐅳𐅴𐅵𐅶𐅷𐅸𐅹𐅺𐅻𐅼𐅽𐅾𐅿𐆀𐆁𐆂𐆃𐆄𐆅𐆆𐆇𐆈𐆉𐆊𐆋𐆌𐆍𐆎𐆏𐆐𐆑𐆒𐆓𐆔𐆕𐆖𐆗𐆘𐆙𐆚𐆛𐆜𐆝𐆞𐆟𐆠𐆡𐆢𐆣𐆤𐆥𐆦𐆧𐆨𐆩𐆪𐆫𐆬𐆭𐆮𐆯𐆰𐆱𐆲𐆳𐆴𐆵𐆶𐆷𐆸𐆹𐆺𐆻𐆼𐆽𐆾𐆿𐇀𐇁𐇂𐇃𐇄𐇅𐇆𐇇𐇈𐇉𐇊𐇋𐇌𐇍𐇎𐇏𐇐𐇑𐇒𐇓𐇔𐇕𐇖𐇗𐇘𐇙𐇚𐇛𐇜𐇝𐇞𐇟𐇠𐇡𐇢𐇣𐇤𐇥𐇦𐇧𐇨𐇩𐇪𐇫𐇬𐇭𐇮𐇯𐇰𐇱𐇲𐇳𐇴𐇵𐇶𐇷𐇸𐇹𐇺𐇻𐇼𐇽𐇾𐇿𐈀𐈁𐈂𐈃𐈄𐈅𐈆𐈇𐈈𐈉𐈊𐈋𐈌𐈍𐈎𐈏𐈐𐈑𐈒𐈓𐈔𐈕𐈖𐈗𐈘𐈙𐈚𐈛𐈜𐈝𐈞𐈟𐈠𐈡𐈢𐈣𐈤𐈥𐈦𐈧𐈨𐈩𐈪𐈫𐈬𐈭𐈮𐈯𐈰𐈱𐈲𐈳𐈴𐈵𐈶𐈷𐈸𐈹𐈺𐈻𐈼𐈽𐈾𐈿𐉀𐉁𐉂𐉃𐉄𐉅𐉆𐉇𐉈𐉉𐉊𐉋𐉌𐉍𐉎𐉏𐉐𐉑𐉒𐉓𐉔𐉕𐉖𐉗𐉘𐉙𐉚𐉛𐉜𐉝𐉞𐉟𐉠𐉡𐉢𐉣𐉤𐉥𐉦𐉧𐉨𐉩𐉪𐉫𐉬𐉭𐉮𐉯𐉰𐉱𐉲𐉳𐉴𐉵𐉶𐉷𐉸𐉹𐉺𐉻𐉼𐉽𐉾𐉿𐊀𐊁𐊂𐊃𐊄𐊅𐊆𐊇𐊈𐊉𐊊𐊋𐊌𐊍𐊎𐊏𐊐𐊑𐊒𐊓𐊔𐊕𐊖𐊗𐊘𐊙𐊚𐊛𐊜𐊝𐊞𐊟𐊠𐊡𐊢𐊣𐊤𐊥𐊦𐊧𐊨𐊩𐊪𐊫𐊬𐊭𐊮𐊯𐊰𐊱𐊲𐊳𐊴𐊵𐊶𐊷𐊸𐊹𐊺𐊻𐊼𐊽𐊾𐊿𐋀𐋁𐋂𐋃𐋄𐋅𐋆𐋇𐋈𐋉𐋊𐋋𐋌𐋍𐋎𐋏𐋐𐋑𐋒𐋓𐋔𐋕𐋖𐋗𐋘𐋙𐋚𐋛𐋜𐋝𐋞𐋟𐋠𐋡𐋢𐋣𐋤𐋥𐋦𐋧𐋨𐋩𐋪𐋫𐋬𐋭𐋮𐋯𐋰𐋱𐋲𐋳𐋴𐋵𐋶𐋷𐋸𐋹𐋺𐋻𐋼𐋽𐋾𐋿𐌀𐌁𐌂𐌃𐌄𐌅𐌆𐌇𐌈𐌉𐌊𐌋𐌌𐌍𐌎𐌏𐌐𐌑𐌒𐌓𐌔𐌕𐌖𐌗𐌘𐌙𐌚𐌛𐌜𐌝𐌞𐌟𐌠𐌡𐌢𐌣𐌤𐌥𐌦𐌧𐌨𐌩𐌪𐌫𐌬𐌭𐌮𐌯𐌰𐌱𐌲𐌳𐌴𐌵𐌶𐌷𐌸𐌹𐌺𐌻𐌼𐌽𐌾𐌿𐍀𐍁𐍂𐍃𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈𐍉𐍊𐍋𐍌𐍍𐍎𐍏𐍐𐍑𐍒𐍓𐍔𐍕𐍖𐍗𐍘𐍙𐍚𐍛𐍜𐍝𐍞𐍟𐍠𐍡𐍢𐍣𐍤𐍥𐍦𐍧𐍨𐍩𐍪𐍫𐍬𐍭𐍮𐍯𐍰𐍱𐍲𐍳𐍴𐍵𐍶𐍷𐍸𐍹𐍺𐍻𐍼𐍽𐍾𐍿𐎀𐎁𐎂𐎃𐎄𐎅𐎆𐎇𐎈𐎉𐎊𐎋𐎌𐎍𐎎𐎏𐎐𐎑𐎒𐎓𐎔𐎕𐎖𐎗𐎘𐎙𐎚𐎛𐎜𐎝𐎞𐎟𐎠𐎡𐎢𐎣𐎤𐎥𐎦𐎧𐎨𐎩𐎪𐎫𐎬𐎭𐎮𐎯𐎰𐎱𐎲𐎳𐎴𐎵𐎶𐎷𐎸𐎹𐎺𐎻𐎼𐎽𐎾𐎿𐏀𐏁𐏂𐏃𐏄𐏅𐏆𐏇𐏈𐏉𐏊𐏋𐏌𐏍𐏎𐏏𐏐𐏑𐏒𐏓𐏔𐏕𐏖𐏗𐏘𐏙𐏚𐏛𐏜𐏝𐏞𐏟𐏠𐏡𐏢𐏣𐏤𐏥𐏦𐏧𐏨𐏩𐏪𐏫𐏬𐏭𐏮𐏯𐏰𐏱𐏲𐏳𐏴𐏵𐏶𐏷𐏸𐏹𐏺𐏻𐏼𐏽𐏾𐏿𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷𐔸𐔹𐔺𐔻𐔼𐔽𐔾𐔿𐕀𐕁𐕂𐕃𐕄𐕅𐕆𐕇𐕈𐕉𐕊𐕋𐕌𐕍𐕎𐕏