

Bal-Sagoth

"Invocations Beyond The Outer-World Night"

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[The Testament of the Winds:]

Many thousands of years ago, they ruled the globe.
But the pressing fist of great power carried a heavy
price, and now their dominion has fallen beyond time
and shadow.
Look now, to the interior world...

[The Explorer:]

Ah yes, the ancient map (its true origin unknown...
mayhap crafted by the same vaunted cartographer as
the infamous Piri Reis map itself?) won in a game of
cards at Portsmouth Docks... a fortuitous hand indeed!
(This could eclipse even Blackthorne's discoveries in
Antarctica!)
Wagered by a grizzled mariner (in whose weary rum-
addled gaze gleamed the knowledge of something far
greater)...
Twin axial portals to the inner reaches... one at the very
polar pinnacle of the world, the other hidden beneath
the lost ice-bound megalopolis!
[See also: "In Search of the Lost Cities of Antarctica"]
Seeking answers to the cryptic riddles of the universe,
Secrets of the blackest (most impenetrable) deeps of
the umbra,
Wreathed in frozen shadow and ice-bound peril,
Subterrene halls of horripilated wonderment...
Tatsumaki Maru voyage north, ever north!
Cleave a path through the massing Arctic ice!
Agleam with all the colours of the aurora,
Far beyond Ny Alesund lies our goal.
Invocations and ideograms (dreams of the
Xtaxchedron?),
Conjuration of the inner world's (tenebrous) denizens,
And their star-spanning progenitors, spawned beyond
the outer-world night.
These darkling subterrene dominions, astir with
strange and terrible beings, sired by entities whose
genesis was far beyond the nighted void of our own
outer-world! The legacy of the First Ones, spawn of the
Mera! But, it is here written that one day, when even
the War of the Lexicon and the cataclysmic Great
Chaos War have faded to naught but distant memory,

a great conflict shall be waged between the forces of Order and the dread avatars of the Z'xulth. Vile fiends of the Outer Darkness, They-Who-Lurk-And-Breed-In-Limbo, the Dwellers in Eternal Shadow unleashed through The Gate to That Which Lies Beyond! The Black Galaxy disgorges its malignant horrors! Mankind shall suffer inestimably at the hands of these sinister black titans of maleficent Chaos!

These stygian pitch-black vaults are filled with batrachian devils,
Dire crystalline watch-dogs of the chasmed deeps,
(For the gleaming jewels of truth are not without their protection...)

Vril-gorged adamantine fiends of the threshold,
Spawn of the ersatz interior sun.
(Behold, a vast plasma-fueled crystalline illuminatory orb... a vril-sun rising!

And marvel at the colossal terra-forming machines of the First Ones!)

Quaere verum... Sic itur ad astra!

[The testament of the Winds:]

Far, far beneath the surface of this coruscating sphere,
at the very heart of our mysterious globe, lies the true path to man's dark destiny beyond the heavens...

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