



REVELATIONS OF GLAAKI – VOLUME XII

...for even the minions of Cthulhu dare not speak of Y'Golonac; yet the time will come when Y'Golonac strides forth from the loneliness of aeons to walk once more among men and the prelude to those days is even now upon us...

This simple notebook, labeled as the twelfth volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki* upon the cover, is a meandering treatise with no clear focus, or perhaps a futurist tone poem extended to a remarkable length. One image which the text returns to again and again, however, is that of Y'Golonac:

Beyond the gulf in the subterranean night a passage leads to a wall of massive bricks, and beyond the wall rises Y'Golonac to be served by the tattered eyeless figures of the dark. Long has he slept beyond the wall, and those which crawl over the bricks scuttle across his body never knowing it to be Y'Golonac; but when his name is

spoken or read he comes forth to be worshiped or to feed and take on the shape and soul of those he feeds upon. For those who read of evil and search for its form within their minds call forth evil, and so may Y'Golonac return to walk among men and await that time when the earth is cleared off and Cthulhu rises from his tomb among the weeds, Glaaki thrusts open the crystal trapdoor, the brood of Eihort are born into daylight, Shub-Niggurath strides forth to smash the moon-lens, Byatis bursts forth from this prison, Daoloth tears away illusion to expose the reality concealed behind.

In fact, whenever the text turns away from Y'Golonac, the language takes on the quality of an old man losing the track of his thoughts, only to sharpen again and thrust back towards the heart of the matter.

In the later pages of the book there enters a curious tension in the language and imagery the author employs around this central figure. Whereas before the figure of Y'Golonac was painted as a dark threat:

Through the cracks of Daoloth, the prurient corruption Y'Golonac wormed its way into the hearts of Tond. It was the syphilis of souls, gnawing like a mouse within a weevil-laden loaf of bread, leaving cysts of filth behind his greasy touch. And hearing the cries of Tond, Glaaki turned one of his three jaundiced eyes from the Render of Veils and saw the chancroid putrescence seeping through translucent quintan planes. He formed a net of chrome-cleared souls and wove a trap for foul Y'Golonac, building the immortal Wall and rendering him but the Prisoner of Glaaki.

The Prisoner of Glaaki had fomented the souls of Tond, weakened by the legacy of rending, the people faded; personalities stolen and history washed to sepia. They were the termite-tunnels through the Wall. Yet elsewhere, beyond that haunted, blasted world, the glistening ebony of Glaaki's bastion stands unsullied. Though always the Prisoner's thrusting, cyst-pulsing, ooze-soaked pustule neb tests the wall, its slathering tongue tasting for those who would feast on a conduit of vulgarity.

But in later passages this stark treatment is harshly juxtaposed with antithetical epithets:

From alveolus cysts that bubble moistly into the worlds, the holy blood of glorious Y'Golonac may be sipped. Those who would taste of the Righteous Blood, will become his puppets, acting out the vileness of the reviled Prisoner in the perversions of their flesh. Their piteous acts will weaken the Wall and grant the mighty Prisoner congress with those who writhe and thrust upon it.

BENEFITS OF SKIMMING

- Stability test (difficulty 4); on failure, investigator must go out and commit some heinous sin or lechery

BENEFITS OF PORING OVER

- Cthulhu Mythos +1 (if character has no ranks in Cthulhu Mythos)
- 4 dedicated pool points for Occult or Cthulhu Mythos related to Glaaki or Y'Golonac, but using it triggers a 2-point Mythos Stability test (delving into the book is disquieting, comprehending it requires a certain bending of thoughts)