

Necronautical

If you could comprehend the complexities of the cosmos...

If you could fathom the frightful forces of the dark...

If you could ponder how the harrowing howls of the hellish hordes might sound...

Then on this voyage, I'd implore you to embark...

'Tis a tour of toil and terror, a tour that takes no charted course,
Accept my offer if your certain, no time's allotted for remorse

So say your last goodbyes, and purge all second thoughts

Because you just might have what it takes, to steel yourself, stave off the shakes, and join the voyage of the Necronauts

So, come aboard this cursed cruise and take your time acclimatizing

Be assured this is no ruse,
I know you may find this surprising

But we at Whateley Necronautic Tours take pride in ailing ambiguity,
So go ahead and read our black brochures, our scruples reside... in perpetuity...

Now, if you're ready that is, let us begin...

First Stop: Feeding Grounds of the Great Snappy

Now consult your maps, you might perhaps perceive a patch bereft of ink for no sane soul has sought to test the waters round that abominable thing...

Cartographers keep their distance, many sailors are resistant to the prospect of becoming yet another merry meal, of the obscenity that grew from the deepest, and darkest of abysses...

A beast so alien, so black it would be suicide to try inflicting pain on it,
So many souls have tried and died, it always ends the same,
The strain on mental wherewithal aside... the very sight of this lumbering leviathan makes one wish that they were blind...

This terribly tentacle'd tenant it takes its time dispatching of resident reavers and raiders and wayward degenerates relishing every morsel of meat it can eat as it strangles boats at the bow, just how can you hope to escape? In this case it's considered a mercy to drown.

They've said to have seen ten thousand claws exuding from this beast and more beneath the carnal, crimson crust that scabs the waters round its murderous maw, the more you resist, the madder it gets, the

madder you'll go as it slowly digests you screaming and squirming, delighting in churning you up for its supper

They always taste better live. Seasoned with fear. Improves on the flavour. At least I'd wager that's why he does it

You may wonder why old Snappy isn't joining us right now for an evening snack, well the honest truth is... he is... we've bumbled buoyantly above his monstrous mass for the past 500 miles. The calmest waters in the world, he makes it that way, irresistible to sailors. At least it used to be...

There was a time when fleets of meat would sail these seas replete with surly snacks of so many varieties. Nowadays he'd be lucky to land a school of shrimp or the odd mollusc monarch...

But as gargantuan as old Snappy is, there's always a bigger fish, and our patron keeps this pelagic prowler in check. Bad for business serving tourists as appetizers. They make much better desserts. (Laughs jokingly but insidiously)

Just don't get too close to the sides of the boat, as one small slip, and the Great Snappy just might feed again...

Second Stop: The Headstone Archipelago

Once upon a tide, a prosperous island port, exultant in its infamy, caught the ire of a lord, whose occult inclinations, bore fruit to powers untoward...

This nest of thugs and fiends, it seems, we're upheaved in the night
By violent storms, that raged and tore, leaving nought but bones in sight

This tireless tempest took a toll, not merely on these blackguards' bodies but their souls, and as we meander through these direful isles, I'd recommend that you compose yourself

As while the devastation drawn upon this place has since relented, the corsairs caught in that calamity have been all but left deMEEnTED

(Channel your inner Tim Curry for deMEEnTED)

To be human is a dream to them, their blood infused with salt and brine, their hateful hollowed hearts consumed with malice and malign

And if you listen very carefully, you'll hear them... shrieking endlessly, a perpetual cacophony of acute, cosmarial cries

Cries for long lost livelihoods, and the death of days gone by, but don't be fooled they'd sooner carve out your heart than wistfully reminisce about old times...

So as we navigate this den of darkened thieves, carry on as you were, make no sudden movements, and don't forget to breathe

Fear not the baleful visages of these black and savage entities, for now it's time to test your will against the horror of their screams

These wailing wraiths will screech and scare, so make sure you're ready and do beware, it only takes the scent of fear to gain their ghoulisg gaze...

And once they've got you, well, let's just say... we don't give refunds to the dead, so relax, enjoy your stay...

The Headstone Archipelago, the place where dreams are made, if said dreams involve exsanguination and the occasional bloodied blade...

Third Stop: The Untethered Schism

Now ladies and lowlifes you're in for a treat, so unfold a chair, relax, take a seat

As you witness an unnatural wonder of the world, unfurl before your eyes, a surprise few can beat

If our calculations are correct, ah! Here we go

Watch now novice 'nauts, as the tepid, twilight air tears asunder...

Look to the heavens! Sweet and sublime, cracking, with the timorous turn of the tide

This time of day, this time of year, localized it shall appear, above the clouds a shroud that splits the sky from ear to ear to where all manner of monstrosities May lurk and leer appearing to the world like wanton wisps amidst the bridge from there to here

The black of night and light of day are drawn into the rift
It's quite a sight!
Wibbly, wobbly, warbling there, you see the blight it spews, stars it chews...

Now choose your splash vests carefully, there should be one for all of you?

Wherever ships may sail, where precious cargo they entail, the rift will rear its ruptured grin, spouting taint and sucking in

All seasoned souls and antique trinkets, even livestock why not take the blood that's offered?

There it shall appear, oozing abstract acids, and placid precipitates, nebulous tendrils, and ancient amalgamates

The schism bleeds ephemeral energies unearthing anything slightly anomalous, ominous, onerous, aurous or even cadaverous, amorous, anserous, cancerous fancy the chances of glancing a glimpse of the imporous, incubus, tentacles coiling the crack in the sky as you wince at the felfyre burning your eyes, defying your mind... and you wonder just why...

The schism chose you to die...

To survive a trip to the rift, would be a testament to one's unrelenting nature...

So congratulations to those of you who are left,
If you thought the schism was exciting, you have no idea where we're going next...

Final Stop: ...

We're nearing the end of the tour now, thank you all who stayed, we lost a few along the way but as they say...you've got to make do with what remains of the day...

There's so much more we wanted you to see...
It is indeed a travesty to miss the majesty of the Maelstrom of Mentality, where the weirdly whirling waters tug and pull at one's own sanity

Or to enjoy having tea with some eccentric eldritch entities, quaffing iridescent ichor as sirens sing salaciously

But unfortunately... all paths lead to here...

You've all been entertaining guests for sure
But now it's time we came ashore
And all of you faithful fellows felt the liberation of your just reward

Many have doubted the existence of this place for centuries, it's been abandoned for even longer, but it's real alright, careful as you step off the vessel
This city is a relic of the eons
This, an apocryphal acropolis of infallible invention, steeped in the aura of the Old Ones, did I forget to mention

There is one reigning resident amidst these xiphoid ziggurats, he clambers by, ten stories high beside triquetrous towers spiraling towards the sky

He ambles through these alleys, lurking behind, just out of sight, yet, in the corner of your eye...

And he has been looking forward to meeting you

You... individuals with such seasoned soulss...proven to have braved the abominable aberrations of the abyss, striking deep into dark waters, taciturn, taking no quarter

Steadfast seafarers staring into the face of Death declaring "no...", such life! Such irresistible life...you'll do quite nicely that's precisely why you're here...now be a dear and kneel before our patron, gaze in reverence! At his malevolent eminence!

The progenitor of all who came before, who will rise again once he has been restored...

Don't despair, your sacrifices will contribute greatly to our cause

We hope you've enjoyed the tour and that your imminent harvesting doesn't put a dampener on an otherwise delightful cruise

Do be sure to leave a review, criticism's where we thrive...

See you on the other side...

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