

Whispers From The Void

Episode 2 - Of Fractured Illusions

NOT WORKER #2

Riiiiicharrrrrd....

RICHARD

You do not know me! Stop calling my name!

NOT WORKER #2

Riiiiicharrrrrd....

RICHARD

Oh fuck off would you?! Unless you'll tell me where the exit is, just fuck off!

RICHARD

Well? Got nothing to say? No taunting remarks?

NOT WORKER #2

There is no running from me... I will have your mind...

RICHARD

Why? Why my mind? Why me!?

NOT WORKER #2

You? Do not think of yourself as special. You merely got away.

RICHARD

Oh- Well I... [beat] you're going to have to keep searching for me, asshole.

{ }

(maniacal laugh) These are the echoes in your dreams, the weavers of fractured illusions as thus... Justice Margowski, Cesar Lebron III, Stephen Quinn, Leon Thurling, Erin Azakaela Redfire, Liv Smith, S.H. Cooper, John Corcoran, Avil Ly, Dela, Mariella Espinosa, Doug Grosser, and Ben Weeks.

RICHARD

What- what the fuck? Why?

RICHARD

Fine. I'll get out of bed.

RICHARD

Hey Jay. Are you awake?

RICHARD

Right- Jay doesn't drink coffee.

RICHARD

What the fuck was that- thing? You know who'd know?

RICHARD

Dick. You're doing it again.

RICHARD

Okay, so- oh! He's got a playlist on creatures.  
Let's see here... Nightgaunts, Deep Ones,  
Byakhees, K'n-yan, Atlach-Nacha, Moon Beast,  
Leng Spiders, Dimensional Shamblers. Wow and  
that's just the first season playlist. Well, guess I'll  
just start at the top.

RICHARD

Alrighty Alex, let's see if you have the answer.

ALEX STERLING

Hello everyone and welcome back to another  
episode of Whispers from the Void. This is the  
start of another long-running series we'll have on  
the channel. I will be diving deep into the beings  
and creatures that make up the world that these  
mysterious cults worship. I shall be joined via  
video call by our experts, as we delve into the  
enigmatic creatures that hide beyond our

comprehensible space. Today we start with the first of these on an ever-growing list.

ALEX STERLING

Nightgaunts first appeared in the works of H.P. Lovecraft and are described as such: eerie, faceless beings, with smooth, black skin, membranous wings, and a penchant for “tickling” their victims with their vicious talons. However, their origins can be traced back to older myths and legends. In many cultures, there are tales of nocturnal creatures that carry people off into the night, embodying our fears of darkness and the unknown. To delve deeper into this, let's hear from Dr. Connor O'Donnell, our expert in mythology and folklore.

DR. CONNOR O'CONNELL

Thank you, Alex. Nightgaunts are fascinating creatures that have permeated various cultural myths throughout history. While Lovecraft popularized them, their essence can be traced to ancient legends. In Babylonian mythology, there were creatures called Alû, faceless demons that would paralyze and suffocate their victims in their sleep. [beat] Similarly, medieval European folklore speaks of dark entities that abduct people at night, leading to tales of mysterious disappearances. These stories are not just confined to the West. In Japan, the Tengu are bird-like creatures that are said to abduct those who wander alone at night.

ALEX STERLING

But how do these myths manifest in different cultures? Dr. Anika Banerjee will shed light on this.

DR. ANIKA BANERJEE

Nightgaunts tap into our primal fears of helplessness and vulnerability. The idea of being taken against our will, of being at the mercy of an unknown force, is a powerful and terrifying concept. These creatures symbolize the loss of control and the invasion of our most private spaces—our minds and our dreams. For instance, in the Caribbean, there's a folklore about the "Soucouyant," a night creature that takes on a fiery form and attacks people in their sleep, draining their life force. These stories, although culturally specific, share a common theme: the fear of the unseen and the uncontrollable.

ALEX STERLING

Their presence in dreams and their ability to manipulate our subconscious adds another layer to their terror. Let's hear more from Raven Nightshade on this aspect.

RAVEN NIGHTSHADE

Nightgaunts are often seen as messengers or servants of darker powers. They navigate the realms of dreams and nightmares, crossing the boundaries between the conscious and the subconscious. In many occult traditions, they are believed to be omens of significant changes or warnings of impending danger. Their faceless nature suggests that they represent the unknown and the unknowable, making them all the more frightening. Dreams are a vulnerable space for many, a place where the subconscious mind processes our deepest fears and anxieties. Nightgaunts exploit this vulnerability, making their attacks not just physical, but psychological as well.

ALEX STERLING

In modern times, tales of Nightgaunt encounters continue to surface. These stories often reflect contemporary anxieties and fears. Dr. Connor O'Donnell, can you elaborate on this?

DR. CONNOR O'DONNELL

Certainly, Alex. Nightgaunts have found their way into modern culture through literature, films, and even video games. They embody our collective fears of the dark, the unseen, and the uncontrollable. For example, in the popular video game "Bloodborne," creatures resembling Nightgaunts appear as otherworldly beings that haunt the player. In literature, authors like Stephen King have incorporated similar entities into their horror stories, tapping into the timeless fear of being hunted by faceless predators. Their presence in popular culture serves as a reminder that some fears are timeless. They adapt to reflect our current societal fears, such as the loss of privacy in the digital age or the existential dread of climate change.

ALEX STERLING

But why do these creatures continue to resonate with us today? Raven Nightshade, your thoughts?

RAVEN NIGHTSHADE

Nightgaunts represent the archetype of the shadow—those parts of ourselves and our world that we fear to confront. They force us to face our inner demons and the darkness within. By exploring these stories, we can better understand our fears and perhaps find ways to overcome them. For instance, the facelessness of Nightgaunts can be seen as a metaphor for the unknown aspects of our psyche. Carl Jung's concept of the Shadow describes these hidden parts of ourselves that we refuse to acknowledge.

Confronting the Nightgaunt, then, becomes a journey of self-discovery and personal growth.

JASON

Fucking christ, Dick it's early. Turn that off...

RICHARD

It's ten in the morning.

JASON

Yes- early.

RICHARD

Yeah, I guess. You hungry?

JASON

I could eat.

RICHARD

Whata?

JASON

Fuck yes, was hopin' you were gonna say that.

RICHARD

Sweet, I'll get dressed in normal clothes and we can go.

RICHARD

So abou-

WHATA WORKER #1

Number 36?

RICHARD

Oh! That's me.

WHATA WORKER #1

Here you go.

RICHARD  
So, about last- yes?

WHATA WORKER #1  
Need anything else?

RICHARD  
Oh- uhm. No, no thank you.

RICHARD  
Okay so about last night-

JASON  
One moment.

WHATA WORKER #2  
Number forty-

JASON  
Yeah that's me.

JASON  
And I'll take some hot sauce please.

WHATA WORKER #2  
Here you go. Enjoy

JASON  
Thanks.

RICHARD  
So about last night...

JASON  
Yeah? What about it?

RICHARD  
It was... intense....



JASON

Not sure if that's what I'd call it, but sure.

RICHARD

What do you mean?

JASON

What do you mean, 'what do I mean?'

RICHARD

The warehouse?

JASON

Warehouse?

RICHARD

Yeah, the one across the street?

JASON

Oh- right. Yeah, what about it?

RICHARD

What about it?!- Jay, we broke into it last night.  
Saw a weird not baby hippo looking thing? The  
zombies that came after us?!

JASON

Okay, zombies sure, and I guess we were in a  
warehouse - I think - [**takes bite of food,**  
**between bites**], but what is this about a baby  
hippo? I don't think the game had anything other  
than hell hounds. Though, they *don't* look like  
hippos.

RICHARD

Game - I'm talking about the warehouse across  
the street. We- Okay, Jay, what exactly happened  
last night? Because I'm feeling crazy here...

JASON

Well. We went to *that* warehouse last night. You got spooked by some cops driving down the street, so we ended up going back to your place, where I kicked your ass all night long.

RICHARD

What...?

JASON

I mean I knew shooters weren't your best, but you could've at least got some practice in. Doubt it've done you any good.

RICHARD

Enough about the game Jason! Are you serious right now?

JASON

Okay man... Yeah, why?

RICHARD

You really don't know, do you? You don't remember what happened?

JASON

What? The baby hippo?

RICHARD

It's *not* a baby hippo. It looked like a baby- fuck! Jason, seriously!?

JASON

Yeah, seriously.

RICHARD

Jason, we saw people die last night! A weird alien hippo baby killed those warehouse workers. They attacked me last night. I almost died! You shot someone! And I now I'm seeing him in my dreams and I just-

{Jason pulls Richard to him.}

JASON

You watch your fuckin' mouth!

RICHARD

Jay- I didn't mean-

JASON

Shut the fuck up Dick. Whatever weird dreams you're having is just that. Dreams. Fuck this, I'm going home, I got work in a few hours.

RICHARD

Jay... I... I'm sorry...

{Richard looks down at his food and messes with it.}

RICHARD

Yeah... I'm not hungry any more...

RICHARD

And he's already gone... wow, that's fast.

{Richard begins to walk to his car and then sees a truck passing by with the same logo as the one he saw on the container last night.}

RICHARD

That- that was- it was! Fuck I gotta go!

RICHARD

See, I'm not crazy, you're crazy. *You're* the one who doesn't remember what we did last night. No, no, I'm not crazy. I didn't dream up some tentacle dream intruding monster! And *I* didn't shoot someone. Though It was to protect me. Yeah. And I mean, I guess, if we're being honest here, I'm kinda the crazy one right now. I mean I am talking to myself, in my car. And called him

the crazy one. Okay, yeah. That creeped me out.  
Stop talking to yourself Dick.

RICHARD

What the? Where did it go? It was right here. Fine.  
Whatever. I've *seen* the truck. Twice now. And  
whether Jay likes it or not he's seen it too. I'll just  
have to find the proof. Dick- yah. I know. Talking  
to myself again...

UBER DRIVER

So, how are we doing today?

JASON

Huh? Oh, uh. Yeah. Fine, I guess.

UBER DRIVER

That's good to hear! Busy morning today?

JASON

Look, not to be rude, I'm just not looking to talk.  
'kay?

UBER DRIVER

Understood. Apologies.

{The driver turns on the radio.}

JASON

Wait- what was that sign? Did you see that sign?

UBER DRIVER

Oh now you want to talk?

JASON

Yeah, well- hold up, where are we? That sign just  
said road. Cross section- street? The fuck?

UBER DRIVER

The GPS says this is the road home. I tend not to look at street names.

JASON

O-okay...

RADIO HOST

And that was "*You're Never Going Home*" by The Outer Beings. Next up, we've got "*Welcome to the Show*" by I Know What You Did Last Night.

JASON

Huh...? [pause] Wh-what..?

RADIO HOST

You're listening to Shadows in the Beat on [ ] where the music is always alive *and watching*.

**Music:** music starts to play.

JASON

*(kind of shook)*

Hey, uhm, [beat] can we turn off the radio?

UBER DRIVER

Not a Swifty? [chuckle] yeah no problem.

JASON

Wha- never mind.

UBER DRIVER

Gotcha.

{Jason pulls out his phone and begins to type.}

JASON

I Know What You Did Last Night...? No.. no those  
are just songs... maybe if I type band?

JASON

Okay, maybe.... I- [beat] Hey driver-

{Jason looks up from his phone and sees the driver in the rearview mirror. The driver no longer has a featured head. The head is a smooth, fleshy lump that sits on their shoulders.}

JASON

Wha- wha- wha- uhm. There- is- is there...? Mm-  
nope.

JASON

Hello? Hello?! Yo! Can you hear me?

JASON

No- course not. It doesn't have any ears- no eyes-  
no fucking face! Okay, okay, okay... No, get your  
shit together Jason. This isn't happening. This is  
just a bad dream. Right?

JASON

I don't like how I can feel your not eyes looking at  
me.. Fuck! Breathe, breathe. If it's just a dream,  
all I have to do is wake up. And if it's not a dream,  
then I need to go to the doctor. But there is no  
such thing as faceless people and I'm sure those  
band names were a bit for tiktok. I'm okay- I'm  
okay.

JASON

Yo! I thought that the radio was off!

JASON

What the fuck? It's off?

{The faceless driver slowly turns to look at Jason.}

JASON

Jesus!

UBER DRIVER

Excuse me! Can you get back in your seat before I kick your ass out?!

JASON

Uh- right. Sorry, just don't mace me...

JASON

There's no way it's already two. What the hell? It was barely twelve when we left...

UBER DRIVER

Yep. Time does fly.

JASON

Sorry again...

UBER DRIVER

Yeah.

UBER DRIVER

We are here. Now I better expect a 5 star review or I'm reporting you.

JASON

Y-yeah, thanks.

UBER DRIVER

We can rate you too ya know...

ALEX STERLING

Join us next time as we continue to explore the dark-

{Richard clicks over to the next episode, takes a sip of his coffee and then continues to type on his computer. The next episode of the Whispers from the Void Bestiary plays.}

ALEX STERLING

Welcome, dear listeners, to another episode of "Whispers from the Void." Today, we delve into the dark corners of the mythos to uncover the terrifying and enigmatic creatures known as the Byakhee. These otherworldly entities are not just figments of imagination but hold a place in the chilling reality that our show dares to explore. Joining me in this journey are our esteemed experts who will shed light on various aspects of these creatures. Let's begin.

RICHARD

Welcome, dear listeners, to another episode of "Whispers from the Void."

ALEX STERLING

The Byakhee are often described as nightmarish beings, part bird, part bat, with insect-like features. They are said to serve the Great Old Ones and can traverse the vast expanses of space and time. To understand these creatures better, we turn to Dr. Sarah Jacobs, our scholar of comparative religion, to discuss the groups that believe in or might want to summon the Byakhee. Dr. Jacobs, welcome.

DR. SARAH JACOBS

Thank you, Alex. The Byakhee are often associated with cults devoted to Hastur, the King in Yellow. These cults believe that summoning the Byakhee can bring them closer to their god, granting them power and favor. Historically, these groups have been small and secretive, operating on the fringes of society. Their rituals are complex and dangerous, often requiring human sacrifices or rare, esoteric materials. These cults believe that the Byakhee can serve as messengers or even transport them across the cosmos.



RICHARD

There's that name again...

ALEX STERLING

Can you tell us more about the specific rituals these cults perform?

DR. SARAH JACOBS

Certainly. One of the most notorious rituals involves the 'Chant of the Yellow Sign,' [beat] a litany that must be recited precisely at midnight under a gibbous moon. Participants often don robes emblazoned with the Yellow Sign and perform intricate dances to open a portal. The chant itself is said to be so disturbing that it drives listeners to madness, a testament to the power and danger inherent in these practices.

ALEX STERLING

Fascinating and horrifying. Now, to delve into the history and origins of the Byakhee, we have Dr. Connor O'Donnell, our expert in mythology and folklore. Dr. O'Donnell, what can you tell us about the origins of these creatures?

DR. CONNOR O'DONNELL

Thank you, Alex. The Byakhee's origins can be traced back to ancient texts such as the Necronomicon and the Pnakotic Manuscripts. These creatures are said to come from the star system of Aldebaran, serving as minions to Hastur. They are often summoned through intricate rituals that have been passed down through generations of cultists. The Byakhee have been described in various cultures under different names, always associated with death, madness, and the void. Their descriptions vary slightly, but the consistent elements are their

horrifying appearance and their connection to the Great Old Ones.

RICHARD

Oh- oh shit! Is this it?

RICHARD

Ankh Logistics? That's a bit on the nose isn't it? Let's see... yup. Houston based...

RICHARD

A relatively obscure shipping company, Ankh Logistics has recently made headlines by donating a significant sum to the Houston Museum of Natures Sciences. Generous contribution has helped fund the 'Forward to the Moon' exhibit? Okay? Featuring rare lunar artifacts and cutting-edge space exploration technologies- okay yeah. Interesting. And yup, there's the logo!

RICHARD

Okay, cool the museum closes at five, so that gives me- just about an hour and a half to get there and check things out. Sweet...

JASON

Weird, not usually this empty.

JASON

Hello? Is anyone here?

JASON

Anyone?

JASON

Who's there?!

JASON

Fuck! Get it together Jay... you're just hearing things. Just keep moving. Just keep-

{The elevator dings.}

JASON

I- I don't feel good about this...

{A shadow man is standing in the middle of the elevator.}

JASON

W-what is... what is that?

{The shadowy figure begins to make its way towards Jason.}

JASON

Oh what the- Fuck! Fuck... just, jesus...

{Someone places their hand on Jason's shoulder.}

JASON

Don't touch me!

RESIDENT #1

Well excuse me!

JASON

What? Wait where did-?

JASON

Yeah, fuck that, I'm taking the stairs.

JASON

Great, just gotta walk up four flights now.

{After reaching the first flight the sound of a second pair of footsteps seems to follow Jason, echoing just a few steps behind.}

JASON

Uhm- hello?

JASON

I didn't- hear the door open...

JASON

Who the fuck is there?!

JASON

Nobody's there? I've been spending way too much time with Dick, that's it. He's just got into my head is all.

JASON

Fuck that noise!

JASON

Fuck! Open you bitch!

JASON

Nope.

JASON

Wait- I'm missing a bullet? No that's not- not the time!

JASON

I'm ready you son a bitch.

{The steps and whispers suddenly stop as whatever it is rounds the corner. A woman, dressed as a waitress is running down the steps in a hurry for work.}

RESIDENT #2

Take whatever you want! Please don't shoot!

JASON

What the-? Oh fuck, I'm so sorry.

JASON

Please, go on. I'm sorry there was a misunderstanding...

RESIDENT #2

Th-thank you!

JASON

Well shit...

JASON

What was that?

JASON

Try not to think about it. And it won't bother you.

JASON

Shit!

JASON

Fuck no!

JASON

Come on, come on...

JASON

Yes!

{Jason slides down his door and sits down for a moment.}

JASON

I'm hungry.

RICHARD

Okay, okay. Forward to the Moon.... Forward to the- oh a map!

RICHARD

Forward to the moon... forward to the moon...  
forward to the- Fuck! Sorry...

RICHARD

But damn... it's on the lower level... just my  
luck...

{Richard stops at a plaque in front of the exhibit.}

RICHARD

"We choose to go to the Moon in this decade and  
do the other things, not because they are easy,  
but because they are hard..." Here I am...

LITTLE GIRL

Do you think I could be in there one day?

MOTHER

Of course sweetheart! You can do whatever you  
set your mind to.

LITTLE GIRL

I want to go to space! I wanna be an astro-not!

MOTHER

Then space you'll go my little astronaut.

RICHARD

What do I even look for? What kind of clue could  
I find here?

LITTLE GIRL

I'll go to the moon and bring you a rock bigger  
than this one mommy!

MOTHER

Okay muffin, I'll be waiting. Come on, we have to  
go get ready for dinner.

RICHARD

Okay, probably not in theoretical future  
missions... nor the astronaut gear...

RICHARD

Huh?

RICHARD

What is-

{A kiosk hums to life. A short patriotic fanfare plays.}

RICHARD

What in the-

KIOSK

John F. Kennedy, the thirty-fifth President of the United States, made an historic pledge to the nation and the world. His ambitious declaration aimed to land a man on the moon and return him safely to Earth before the decade's end. Tragically, President Kennedy did not live to see this dream realized, as he was assassinated in 1963.

RICHARD

Yeah that's one theory...

KIOSK

Despite this profound loss, the mission continued, galvanized by Kennedy's vision. This unwavering resolve was embodied by the American National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which strived to fulfill the mandate set forth by their fallen leader. Integral to this effort was Ethan V. Morgan, leader of the Society for Human Advancement

RICHARD

Society for Human... wait that looks like the shipping logo.

KIOSK

The Society for Human Advancement was not merely a benefactor but a pivotal partner in NASA's lunar endeavors. Their substantial contributions and documentation of the lunar missions were crucial. Without their support, the United States might not have secured its first-mover status in the space race.

KIOSK

In recognition of their significant contributions, the leaders of the Society for Human Advancement were each presented with a custom-designed spacesuit, akin to those worn by astronauts.

RICHARD

Wait- that looks like the one at the front.

KIOSK

Eugene Kranz, the revered second Chief Flight Director at NASA, acknowledged Morgan and his senior team as honorary astronauts. Their collective efforts were instrumental in achieving the monumental goals of NASA's Apollo program.

RICHARD

Spacesuits through the eras. Do not touch.

RICHARD

Oh yeah, here it is.

RICHARD

Property of the Society of Human Advancement... In unity, grasp the potential of tomorrow...?

RICHARD



Well... no one is around...

RICHARD

Oh? That's hard-

RICHARD

Wait- what?

RICHARD

No way- no Dick. Focus! You can't be excited... even if you just found a hidden passage in a museum! Fuck this cool!

RICHARD

There's got to be a lightswitch somewhere-

RICHARD

Oh wow, whose office is this? It's so... fancy...

RICHARD

Huh no dust on these books. Or the desk it looks like...

RICHARD

I mean, I guess.

{He starts to look over the desk, the pens, the paperweights, but before he looks over the book, something catches his eye.}

RICHARD

Is that..?

RICHARD

Holy shit it is! A 1920's cinématographe! No fucking way! Does the crank still work?

{Richard grabs the crank of the cinématographe and begins to turn it. As he does, the projector begins to hum to life.}

RICHARD

What is-

RICHARD

I- I can't stop. I can't -

FRANKY

How much longer do we have to wait? I'm tired already.

BUCKLEY

Shouldn't be much longer, I'm sure.

FRANKY

Dude, eerie.

BUCKELY

Shhh.

BUCKLEY

Vizier, good to see you again.

FRANKY

Hello sir.

THE VIZIER

An update.

FRANKY

Right. The shipment we have been waiting for should be arriving within the week.

THE VIZIER

Excellent. Make sure you notify me once it has arrived. It is imperative that we collect it as soon as it does.

FRANKY

Understood.

THE VIZIER

That is all from you Franky. You are dismissed.

FRANKY

Yes sir.

FRANKY

Thanks.

THE VIZIER

Buckley.

BUCKLEY

Yes sir?

THE VIZIER

When you leave here, I want you to tail him.

BUCKLEY

T-tail him sir?

THE VIZIER

Correct.

BUCKLEY

And do - uh what exactly?

THE VIZIER

See who he talks to. Make sure he tells the right idiots and once he is done and alone, I want you to kill him.

BUCKLEY

K-kill him, sir?

THE VIZIER

That isn't going to be a problem is it?

BUCKLEY

P-problem?

THE VIZIER

Because Phil over there deals with all my problems.

BUCKLEY

N-no sir. Not a problem at all.

THE VIZIER

Good. You've proven your continued loyalty to not only me, but the Order as well.

BUCKLEY

Th-thank you sir.

THE VIZIER

Continue on like this and you'll make scribe in no time.

BUCKLEY

Y-yes sir, thank you sir.

THE VIZIER

Now go, you have a job to do.

BUCKLEY

Th-thank you sir.

RICHARD

What was that? How did I see that? Were they talking about the container from the other day? Only thing I know for sure is that they were wearing the uniform of the S.H.A..

RICHARD

Great and it's almost closing time. How much time did I lose? Not important now. Let's see if I can call Jason.

RICHARD

Fine, let's go outside.

RICHARD

Awesome, reception is back.

RICHARD

Oh good, you answered. Was worried you weren't going to. Look, jay. You got time to talk?

JASON

Yeah, I got some time...