

I, Kthanid,

***welcome you to the Courtyard, little
one.***

A curious place to meet, is it not? To you, this may be a frightening, alien realm caught between space-time, but fear not; you are always safe in my home, and if the Others wish to harm you here, they must dare to face me.

Mortals do not ordinarily arrive on my doorstep by their own volition, but you lust for answers, and I hold them all. You are spared the true weight of reality when surface-level scraps more than satisfy, but before I grant you the knowledge you crave, you must first suffer through my traditional spiel...

Unlike most of my kind, I find humanity to be simply fascinating; you are well aware of your own fickle mortality, yet choose to remain of a contradictory, self-sabotaging nature. Primal instinct and base desires still override higher reason and long-term strategy despite millions of evolutionary years behind you. You wage war over trivial politics, false deities, and abundant resources, slowly poisoning your little menagerie called Earth in pursuit of fleeting profit and sprawling empires.

The Others scoff at your pathetic antics, passing judgments rife with malice and indifference, but humanity's worst is not all that I see. While capable of the most cruel, wicked acts the mind can conjure, many choose

empathy over enmity, artistry over agony, healing over harming. This is where your species' redemption is found.

I speak of this to prepare you for what comes next. My interest in the human race—though mild and detached—is the only barrier between you and the Undoing; an ancient, petty feud flares once more between two slumbering forces, one watching above, one lurking below; pheromones of anger and bloodshed intrigue the Crawling Chaos himself.

I have seen everything.

Every choice. Every step. Every path.

Time seems linear and rigid, yet flows like water. Trillions of possible fates have flickered across my monitors, and while some endings are hopeful or fulfilling, most are wrought with pain, regret, and guilt. The Others destroy by careless coincidence, but The God of a Thousand Forms is deft, cunning, and trotting around your quaint little city right now.

You've spoken to him. You're friendly with him. You might even confide in him, the one who relishes not death and devastation, but madness and mayhem.

Hereon, you must be wary; Nyarlathotep works in ambiguous and unexpected ways. He is ultimately a pawn in larger games, though he acts creatively to fulfill his own wishes and that of the Blind Idiot God.

Know there exists a path to safety and security—a frayed strand of time where you are happy and free—but in many ways,

you have already died.

With that out of the way, what do you want to know?

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