



Monria's history is vast and dark, and its evolution has been nothing less than consistent in revealing the secrets and mysteries that lie within. Mysteries always intrigue me, like riddles, or mazes filled with twists and turns that only take you back to the beginning where muddled thoughts hold you hostage until you find the correct path. Investigative research is much the same, except you're working with clues, and tips, and what ifs, and dark corners in the recesses of your mind where you know you placed important thoughts for safe keeping.

Perseverance pays off though, even if it only gives you something more to critically think about. Monria has been a continued work in progress, and discoveries have opened up a whole new world.

In The Beginning

When I first arrived on Monria, it was at the request of General Winslow Anderson, a 4-Star General who left his command on Earth at the *Intergalactic Space Mission Agency* (ISMA) to replace the retiring General in command of the military faction that had been established on Monria. I met General Anderson at ISMA when invited to get involved with [covert operations](#) for a planet that sits at the back of the universe. Research and investigative journalism has always been my niche, and when the opportunity to relocate to Monria and establish an archives and research center was offered, I jumped at the chance, even though I knew of potential dangers. Nov 2015 began my journey.

General Anderson was concerned about the disturbing occurrences happening on Monria and he wanted my help to dig deeper. The first colony established two years earlier by the Deep Space Extraction Corporation (DSEC) after discovering Monria was dwindling, and those who were left seemed to be a bit dazed and wandering the craters and caves. The team had been uncertain of what they had uncovered through their drilling and extraction efforts, and records show that they were faced with challenges unlike anything they had ever encountered before.

The team was still missing. The tale of Narissa Thompson's encounter in the underground cave where they had been exploring left everyone in fear of the unknown. While the rest of the team was quickly returning to the surface, Narissa took a final look around. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw something. It was just a glimpse, but she knew she saw something in the corner, in the darkness, not moving, just staring. She felt almost a penetration of thought into her mind, a buzz, a sound, a whisper, and then the words formed: *"We are the Church of Cthulhu; your companions should leave here. Only you may stay if you wish to see the marvels we have achieved over eons."*

Read the indepth history and mysteries of Monria in the [Official Monria Storyline](#) section at the forum.

What Is Known Up To This Point

Over time, it had been intimated by both Gothgorath, my undercover operative deep in the Cultist's camp, and Pinthas, Cthulhu's twin brother Kthanid, that I would learn things about myself that would change the course of how we deal with the continuing threats from the dark side. It has been years and I have yet to discover anything of significance.

After learning that four community members were actually Elder Gods (Malgar, Oberon, Pinthas and Shade) working on our behalf against the dark forces that challenged us as a colony, there has always been a question as to what else was out there that we didn't know about. Pinthas is the Leader of the Elder Gods and he and I have had numerous discussions, but he hesitated to tell me what he knew, and said that it would need to happen organically, but also when I was ready. I had no idea what the hell that meant, other than there was something about my past that I have no recollection of, and it was beginning to take its toll.

My frustration increasingly grew because I wanted to know if there was something more I could be doing to help the colony, even though we have been victorious in our battles against Decca and her evil dark forces of chaos. The dread I continued to feel was tied directly to her malevolent behavior. The rituals she's hosting is twisting the very fabric of Monria, corrupting its systems and turning colonists against each other with insidious whispers and dark promises. She tries her best to recruit colonists from *The Church of the Elder Gods*, but her efforts have failed except for a few whose minds were feeble and weak. She replaced the wine at the church with Maladrite Elixir, a mind control drink.

I was now lacking a definitive origin, and Earth no longer felt like home. In the shadowed corners of reality, the veil between worlds was growing thin. The vast, silent tapestry of the cosmos harbored a profound and chilling indifference, but for some unknown, and yet to be unraveled mystery, Monria became the destination for evil, along with dark forces possessing unimaginable magic with the properties to invoke submission to the point of mind control.

I had my own encounter similar to what Narissa Thompson experienced, although I wasn't in the underground caves. I wanted to rest for a bit because it had been a busy day, but when I began drifting off into sleep, a vision of the universe opened up. The sky looked alien, and I found myself suspended above the DSEC Forensics crater but not in body form, it was only a vision.

Part of the mountain plateau above the Monria Hub and abandoned mine was eclipsed in darkness with a faint glow that was getting brighter. It was hidden from normal view by the peaks that shielded the plateau from below. I felt suspended but had no sense of body. I couldn't move and felt an intensity in my surroundings.

The stars appeared enormously energized, and the golden pulsating orb in any other circumstance might have been inviting, but I had a strong feeling it was more ominous than innocent. I sensed a presence but saw no one. There was a slight thundering in the distance with swells of rumbling I was not familiar with. Then silence. A peacefulness enveloped me. My mind drifted with more calm, but I felt I was not alone. I was floating in a form of encapsulated darkness, wanting to wake but my efforts were futile. Although peaceful, I also felt a sense of impending doom.

I was quite disoriented and couldn't understand why this was happening, but then a faint buzzing began. It didn't seem from the environment, but within my head. It didn't grow louder, but kept a steady and slow resonance. The experience was now causing alarm for me, but I couldn't snap out of it, and I felt a restraint that I couldn't escape from. Then silence again, until I heard ...



A soft and almost melodic voice vibrating with urgency that began to speak ...

“Dark Moon, there is much to learn. The Monria colony will face further danger, but there are agents of support that walk among you. They are the Elder Gods once thought to be a dark force. That’s what those in the deep would have you believe, but the Elder Gods have fought alongside Monria’s community and its allies in the battles against evil.

They are the protectors who keep the Deep Ones in check, preventing them from rising out of darkness and controlling the Moon. Immortal in solidarity, fighting the dark forces that haunt and invade Monria. Their abilities allow them to transform into shapes that give them freedom to roam and infiltrate areas of the Moon that are hidden and dangerous. They are quite powerful against evil, but are not completely immune to Cthulhu’s effects.

Dark Moon, one more thing, as I must not overtax your thoughts. I want to spare you the intense pull of gravity back to wakefulness because in circumstances like this it’s potentially dangerous to be in such a suspended state of mind too long. Darkness will continue to rise from the deep. The forces of evil have been stirred by the ever-growing Moon colony. They fear extinction if Monria’s military, volunteers and allies become too powerful. The community’s resolve will be tested, and more attempts at mind control will be unleashed. It is best to resist at all costs, but then there will be times when effects are subtle and difficult to notice immediately.”

At this point, the vision began to fade. I became anxious because I had far too many questions, like why was I getting this telepathic transmission, and what was the actual message, other than a clear warning that Monria will continue to be in danger. Something seemed off, but I was determined in one way or another to get the answers I needed.

This was when I learned of the Elder Gods that walked amongst us, and then later learned who four of them were. We have yet to discover more, but I am certain they exist, and also certain there are other entities that work on our behalf with hopes that they will eventually be revealed.

I still needed answers and will arrange a meeting with Gothgorath. He is always more forthcoming and will share what I believe he is able to at this time. I had already learned my connection to Monria was far deeper than just an investigative research position to collect and document historical data. Also that General Anderson knew quite well what that connection was after years of working with me on other projects. I was beginning to feel more isolated, not understanding what all the secrecy was about. Goth and Pinthas had been telling me that I will learn why I am on this path, but now the General was also a part of this equation, and I need to know what role he has played.

If the reveal of my true identity was to happen organically, exactly what was it that would trigger such an event, and why isn’t Pinthas spilling the beans if he knows so much. It’s just all beyond my comprehension, and at this point, becoming more annoying as time passes. I feel almost helpless because information is being kept from me and shrouded in secrecy. However, despite an intense curiosity, I’m a bit fearful of what it will all mean once the cat is out of the bag ... *so to speak*.

I definitely need to catch up with Pinthas because this has gone on for far too long. I have no clue what is to happen organically, or if it’s an event, or a person, or something I discover in the course of my research work, or something that will appear when least expected. Even working with the current governing team across Monria, DSEC9 and Planet Toulán, it has not given me any clues, at least none that I am aware of, and now I am on a mission to find out the truth.

The Reveal

It was time to go back to the journal found in the ancient file cabinet in the DSEC Military Camp, then known as the West Crater. Perhaps I overlooked something, or there were clues that I missed when I first started to review the data and the artifacts. I've kept the journal secure in my office at the Monria Archives & Research Center (MARC) in the Cthylla Tower. I extracted it from the ancient file cabinet in a secret compartment at the front of one of the drawers. The cabinet had been taken to the DSEC Forensics Lab for documentation and safe keeping. Not sure this would count as organic, but I have to give it a go. As I walked into my office, I was shocked to see Gothgorath sitting there.



In the past, he knew when I wanted to have a chat, and would just show up at unexpected times. I became accustomed to him reading my mind. After a moment of silence, he began to speak.

"Good to see you again Dark Moon," Goth began, "I sensed that you required my presence, but another pot of this... 'coffee,' you call it?" Goth rumbled, eyeing the steaming mug in my hand with a mix of curiosity and disdain. He sat hunched in the chair clearly not designed for his imposing alien frame. "Your Earth concoctions are... peculiar."

I chuckled as I swirled my own mug. *"It's an acquired taste," Goth. "Much like the truth, perhaps?"* I leaned back as I smiled, always getting a kick out of my exchanges with Goth, but moments like this the energy needed to reach beyond just casual. *"Pinthas mentioned that my true identity needed to be 'organically discovered.' A rather poetic way of putting it, wouldn't you say?"*

Goth shifted, his glowing eyes narrowing slightly. *"Pinthas speaks in riddles more often than not, but in this instance, I understand his meaning. Forcing knowledge upon someone can shatter them. It must coalesce, be accepted, from within."* He paused, his gaze fixed on me. *"And now... it seems to have coalesced for you. Do you still believe you are from Earth, Dark Moon?"*

"Well, I thought I was, but for some time now, I have felt... displaced. Like a piece of a puzzle forced into the wrong spot." I began to feel more vulnerable expressing my inner thoughts to Goth.

"My memories are still fragments, like shattered glass reflecting a distant sun, but the feeling, the knowing... it's undeniable," I shared. "You are an alien, Goth, this much I know, but my origins... they are lost to me." As I sat observing the expression on his face, I don't know if I wanted to hear his response, or just leave it alone for now.

Goth suddenly shifted after a quiet repose of thought, then nodded slowly, a strange understanding dawning in his eyes. *"Lost, perhaps, but not erased. I sensed it, the resonance, though I could not place it. A power, dormant, yet immense."* He leaned forward, his voice dropping to a low rhythmic growl. *"For eons, I have fought against the encroaching shadows. You spoke of dark forces on this moon. What if your fight has been far, far longer than you realize?"*

My hand trembled slightly as I sat my mug down. *"I've always felt this innate compulsion, this drive to uncover, to protect, to fight against what felt inherently wrong. Not just the petty squabbles of Monria, but something grander, more ancient."* I closed my eyes for a moment, images flickered behind them – not distinct, but feelings of vastness, of cosmic conflict. *"And... the Crimson Veil. Pinthas spoke of it. Said I held its power. But I have no idea what it is, or how to wield it."*

Goth's eyes widened almost imperceptibly. *"The Crimson Veil..."* He repeated the words, his voice a distinct, reverent whisper. *"A legend even among my kind. A force of unparalleled resistance against the darkest of entities. If you truly hold its power, Dark Moon... then your amnesia is a shield, perhaps. A necessary reset to survive."* He rose, his presence filling the small office even more. *"You may have forgotten your past, but your essence, your fight, has continued. You have been, unknowingly, a sentinel for eons."*

A myriad of emotions washed over me – fear, wonder, a strange sense of belonging. *"So, I've been fighting in the dark, without knowing who I was or what I was fighting for. Just... for the sake of it."*

"Not 'just' for the sake of it," Goth corrected, his voice resonating with ancient wisdom, *"but for the very survival of existence. The organic discovery, as Pinthas said, was not just about your identity. It was about awakening the warrior within, at the moment you were ready to embrace the true scope of your legacy."* He gestured around the Archives. *"These dusty tomes and forgotten histories... they are but a single, fleeting chapter in your story, Dark Moon. The real archives... they are within you."*

"You're scaring me a bit right now Goth," my mind never being more encumbered with thought as it was in this moment. *"What do I do now?"*

"Let me caution you, Dark Moon," Goth began, *"the Crimson Veil is not a tangible power, but an ethereal intangible force that you will need to learn to work with in order to become efficient with its properties. It will take you time to achieve a level of mastery."*

"Is this something I've used in my past?" I had so many questions and I couldn't get them out fast enough, I didn't want Goth to leave before I at least felt I had somewhat of an understanding of what this was all about. I have to admit, my mind was blown for sure.

"You did not," Goth responded. *"There needed to be a progression of your advancements across the universe that increased your understanding of cosmic chaos and dimensional rifts, in addition to the historical data that at times has plagued Monria."*

"Can you tell me one thing Goth," I asked. *"If I am not from Earth, then where?"*

Goth sat back down in his chair with a look of contemplation, perhaps not knowing if this was the right time to reveal my past, but I absolutely needed him to if I was to grasp the scope of what I've been through and where I was going from here.

Monria is a moon with scarred landscapes, the air thin and metallic, more likely than not from the constant excavating of the crystals in the underground caves at the hands of Decca. Monria hummed with the dormant energies of a world both ancient and violated, and I need to know if I played a role in any of that happening, or did I fail in trying to protect Monria.

"The truth I am about to impart will reshape your understanding of yourself, of Monria, and of the very cosmos," Goth began. *"You are not of Earth descent, Dark Moon, you are of an ancient alien race, a lineage of shapeshifters, born of the cosmic dust that predates recorded history."*

Oh boy, I wasn't expecting anything like that for sure, but then a myriad of disjointed fragments, fleeting sensations that I had always dismissed as odd dreams or residual data, suddenly flickered at the edge of my consciousness. *"What... what are you talking about?"*

"For millennia, your kind has fought through the ages against the creeping shadows, the primordial dark forces that sought to consume all light," Goth continued, his gaze more intense. *"And for much of that time, Monria – this very world beneath our feet – was your home, a bastion against the encroaching chaos."*

As Goth spoke, images began to coalesce in my mind: glimpses of shifting forms, battles waged beneath alien suns, the deep, abiding love I held for a world I barely remembered. It was a dizzying, terrifying awakening.

"But then," Goth continued with his voice taking on a more grim tone, *"Cthulhu's influence began to seep into our reality. His rebuilt City of R'lyeh at the very core of Monria became an ever more encroaching nightmare. The vibrations of its unspeakable architecture, the whispers of its dark lord, corrupted the essence of this world."*

A shudder ran through my spine. The earlier fragments in my mind intensified, showing me the world that I had once known before it had become warped and twisted.

"And it was then, in that time of despair, that Decca led a great Exodus from Earth," Goth shared, *"her evil Cultist Priests poisoning the minds of the desperate, promising salvation in a new, unholy realm. You, Dark Moon, witnessed the unfolding horror on Monria. This world, your home, was being consumed. So, in an act of desperation, and fearing what would become of Monria, you shapeshifted into human form, shedding your true skin, and left with the refugees, bound for Earth."*

The pieces of the puzzle that felt jammed into wrong spaces began to click into place with a sickening thud. My inexplicable longing for a place I had never truly known, the sense of displacement that had always subtly nagged at my soul, all now made a terrible, but beautiful sense.

"When you arrived on Earth," Goth continued, his voice now heavy with sorrow, *"your memories of Monria, of your true lineage, of your powers, simply vanished. Was it accidental? Or was it intentional at the hands of those who knew you best?"*

I suddenly felt a profound grief for the home I had lost, and a fierce, burgeoning anger at the forces that had stolen my past. After several moments of silence, Goth shared more.

“General Winslow Anderson,” Goth speaking now with a more reverent tone, “a man of great foresight and an uncanny ability to sense underlying truths, took you under his wing at ISMA. He saw something in you, something beyond the ordinary. He intentionally mentored you through a rigorous course of investigative activities, sending you across the known planets to uncover entities that posed threats. He was subtly preparing you, honing your innate abilities, even without your conscious knowledge of them, and when the opportunity arose, he offered you the position here on Monria – to build these Archives, to research, to perhaps, unconsciously, rediscover what was lost.”

I stared at the digital schematic of Monria, a world now both alien and achingly familiar. However, a question lingered like a burning ember in my newly awakened mind as to who had stripped me of my memories? Was it a self-preservation mechanism of my own shapeshifting nature, and a desperate attempt to integrate into a new reality? Was it a deliberate act by my own kind, even though perhaps a painful but necessary sacrifice to protect me from the horrors of Monria, or was it to ensure my survival in a world where my true nature would have been an unforgivable anomaly?

Goth offered no further answers, only a look of profound understanding. My story as Dark Moon, a shapeshifting alien warrior who had fought through the ages, now has a beginning. If Goth isn't going to share anything further, then it's necessary for me to dig deeper into my Monria research to find the rest of the missing pieces to the puzzle that are waiting to be unlocked by the truth I now possess. The path to uncovering my full self, and the confrontation with those who had stolen my memories, has just begun. My question at this point is, how do I also unlock the powers of the Crimson Veil.

For now I will focus on further recovery of my memories to gain a semblance of order in a timeline that has escaped me for too long. After coming to Monria in the position General Anderson offered me, I learned of the strife that Monrians encountered, and their struggles with Decca, her Cultists and the manipulation of the local creatures at the behest of Cthulhu in order to take back control of Monria. It has always been the one goal of Decca to be able to awaken Cthulhu from his death-like sleep, but she has failed at every turn.

Peace, like all things in the universe, is transient. From the furthest reaches of the galactic rim, stars are born and die, planets and moons coalesce and shatter. The grand symphony of existence plays on like a game of musical galaxies, utterly unconcerned with the fleeting dramas of any single world, but Monria had shown brightly as a hard core survival environment, and ripe for the taking.

It was the DSEC team who discovered Monria, and through their deep underground excavations in the crystal caves, they also discovered that something was not right. After Narissa Thompson's experience, it continued to escalate, and local inhabitants were coming up missing and quite ill.

A period of time had passed and the DSEC team went missing, and that's when out of the shadows, a bold Decca decided to make herself known. Previous to this, I had learned about Cthulhu and the great exodus from Earth to Monria by Decca and her Cultist Priests from the journal hidden in the ancient file cabinet. I learned even more about Decca and her ruthless ways over time.

She is the chillingly charismatic leader of the Cult of Shut'thend, and Decca's philosophy is not only simple, but brutal and terrifyingly effective. To her, the universe was a chaotic, meaningless void, and the only true power lies in absolute subjugation. She and her legion of devoted Cultists, swept through star systems, leaving behind shattered worlds and echoing emptiness. Monria, with its vibrant life and defiant spirit, became a particular target. Decca saw its beauty as an affront to her creed of desolation. She is hell bent on either taking back control of Monria, or destroying it and moving on.

As Goth rose to make his departure, I asked, “*So where would you suggest I start to learn more about the Crimson Veil and how to use it?*”

“*I would start with the message you decoded on the back of the ancient file cabinet,*” Goth began, “*because there is a connection between that and a future occurrence.*”

Must it always be so cryptic instead of straight forward and to the point and telling me why. Goth has been a blessing for Monria, an odd blessing, but a blessing nonetheless. He has helped us survive some of our struggles, and has shared enough info along the way to help promote a greater level of resistance against the ongoing dark forces that want to be rid of us.

“*Thank you Goth,*” I said. “*I appreciate you taking the time to enlighten me as much as you have, even though I’m assuming I have a long way to go.*”

“*Yes, you do,*” Goth responded, “*but you will find your way through further discoveries and more encounters that will strengthen you and the colony.*”

As Goth was walking toward the door to exit, he turned and said, “*More pieces of the puzzle will start fitting into place as the memories of your past continue to surface.*”

A shiver ran down my spine, not of fear, but of a profound, unsettling truth. Goth’s words echoed in my mind: *alien. Not from Earth. Fought dark forces across the universe.* It was a revelation that shattered the foundations of my perceived reality, yet, paradoxically, clarified so much. The gnawing feeling of being an outsider, the flashes of impossible memories, the inherent, inexplicable pull I felt towards the stars – it all clicked into place with a resounding, almost painful, finality.

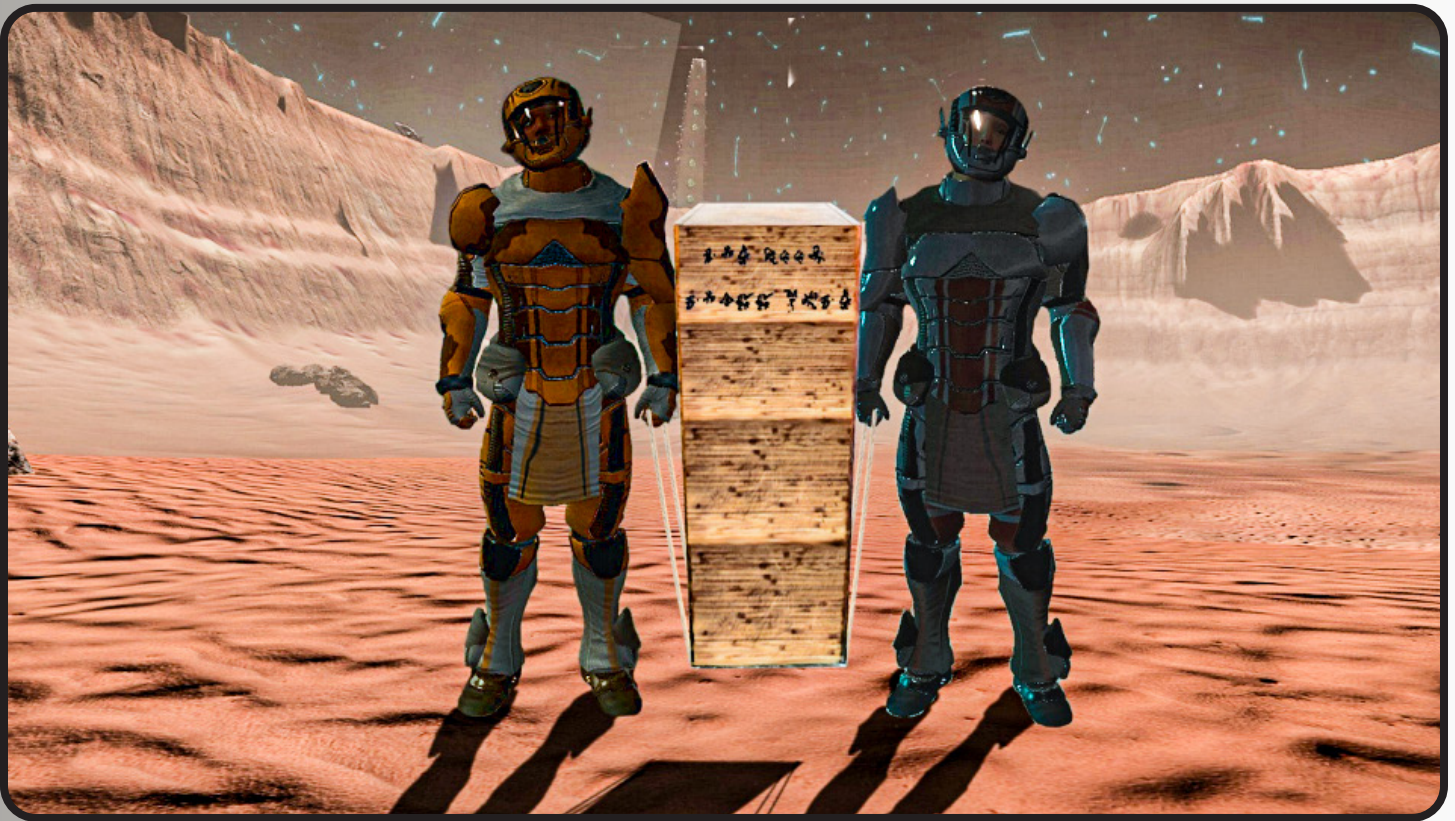
Perhaps my human form was a survival mechanism, and a shield against a past too vast, too terrifying to comprehend. I had joined the Monria colonists, fled with them to Earth, believing myself one of them, a survivor of a violated world. Now I knew the truth: I was a warrior, an alien, a defender, my history steeped in cosmic conflict.

However, the most potent truth was this: *Monria was home.* Not simply a refuge I had adopted, but a place my very being resonated with. The struggle, the violation, had not just been an assault on a colony, it had been the catalyst that proliferated the ever growing spread of dark forces hell bent on exterminating those they felt were intruding on their territory; that, or bring them to their knees with mind control to do their bidding, which would have been a fate almost certain worse than death.

The weight of this reveal was more invigorating than crushing because it forged a new direction for me, with increased determination and infernal intensity. Before, I fought for Monria out of loyalty, out of a shared struggle. Now, I’m fighting out of an ancient, ingrained duty, a cosmic imperative. The dark forces of Decca, once only a local threat, now represents a continuation of a war I had been born into, a war that spanned the universe. My fight for Monria, for DSEC9, for Planet Toulán, was no longer just about protecting colonies, but about reclaiming my legacy, about continuing the fight I had been born to wage, and about righting what has been incredibly wronged.

First order of business is find the document used to decode the writing on the back of the file cabinet. It’s been years and while I remember what it translated to, I’m doing a deep dive into other documents in the ancient Cthulhu writing to see if it will shed any light on what “*The Moon Shall Rise*” means. All this time I accepted it as Monria will rise against continued challenges, but now I’m not so sure.

I had to return to the DSEC Forensics Lab where the ancient file cabinet is secured in order to access the already documented artifacts and maps, but I'm more interested in what I have assumed is the Cthulhu writing on the back of the ancient file cabinet and whether there might be more documents that can tell a story to shed light on anything further regarding my past. As I pulled out the top drawer, the folder in the front held some photos that had been taken when the file cabinet was discovered.



This wasn't just any cabinet; it was a relic, pulled from the deepest, most inaccessible corners of the moon, rumored to have belonged to ancestors who dabbled in things best left undisturbed. As I dug deeper into the grime of forgotten centuries, the shadows cast from the desk lamp gave almost an oppressive gloom, as if someone were present and watching.

As I advanced through the drawers of the file cabinet, I came across much of what I had discovered when I first went through these drawers to document the findings, but the third draw this time gave me a start when I realized it had a false bottom. Tucked away in the corner behind other undiscovered documents was a small, leather-bound journal, its pages brittle with age, containing not more terrifying narratives, but a series of intricate symbols and their corresponding translations. A cipher.

My heart pounded with a mix of dread and exhilaration. This had to be it. The key to unlocking the madness. Hours bled into one another as I hunched over the translations. The initial passages confirmed my fears – more tales of slumbering entities, of realities warped by malevolent wills, of humanity's insignificant place in the vast, uncaring cosmos.

The ancient words slowly gave up their secrets. As I deciphered each page, a particularly dense passage caused me to catch my breath. The symbols for "Moon" and "Rise" appeared, but this time, they were accompanied by another, chilling ideogram.

It wasn't the Monria moon. It was a "*Blood Moon*."

The revelation obviously blew my mind, but the text that continued was equally as explosive. It spoke of a celestial alignment, a crimson glow that heralded not an awakening, but a manifestation. And then, the true understanding began to unfurl. The “*Blood Moon*” wasn’t merely an astronomical event; it was inextricably linked to dormant, ethereal “*Crimson Veil*” powers.

The Cthulhu writings, far from being just a chronicle of cosmic dread, were also a prophecy. They spoke of a lineage, a descendant of Monria’s ancient alien race, and a power that lay dormant, waiting for the celestial trigger of a Blood Moon to fully emerge. It spoke of the “*Crimson Veil*” as a vague, almost dreamlike sensation this alien descendant had experienced since childhood – was not just a feeling, but a profound, unquantifiable energy, and these writings were hinting at its true, terrifying nature. However, not terrifying in a sense that the colonists should be afraid, but rather the dark forces that hovered between shadows and the light of day.

I can only assume, according to what I learned from Goth, that this ancient alien descendant was me, and I hope as I decipher the rest of what’s in this journal I will find confirmation of that, as well as more of what might be in store for the inhabitants of Monria, but perhaps beyond as well.

The ancient file cabinet had not merely held secrets; it had revealed a destiny. The writing on its back, a seemingly innocuous phrase, was now imbued with a chilling significance. “*The Moon Shall Rise*” was not just a poetic utterance, but a dire warning, a cosmic countdown to the awakening of something immense and potentially uncontrollable. The question is, who would be the ones in dire straits? The mysteries were far from unraveled; they had only just begun.

In Search Of

It might be a shot in the dark, but I knew I had to catch up with Pinthas at some point. Pinthas is normally at Monria, but there are times when I need to go to his realm to speak with him.

As I stood before the portal that would transport me to Pinthas, a chilling wind whipped around me, with swirling energies as if to beckon me into the unknown, but I knew where I was going. This was the gateway to Pinthas, aka Kthanid, Cthulhu’s benevolent twin and Leader of the Elder Gods who fight out of sight against the evil that has all but consumed Monria.

Goth’s words echoed in my mind, a symphony of alien heritage and cosmic war. “*You are not of Earth, Dark Moon. You are from Monria, a world besieged by darkness. The crimson veil flows through you, an echo of your true self, waiting for your memories to awaken its full power.*”

Pinthas’s realm was a paradox of light and shadow, a sanctuary woven from the fabric of cosmic harmony. The air hummed with an ethereal energy that resonated with my own energies from within. Pinthas is immense, yet gentle, his form a shifting tapestry of starlight and nebula. His eyes, vast and ancient, held the wisdom of countless eons.

“*Welcome, Dark Moon,*” Pinthas said, his voice soothing and resonating deep within my soul. “*I have been expecting you. The threads of fate, though tangled, have guided you here.*”

I felt a strange mix of determination and urgency to find the answers I’m looking for. “*Hello again Pinthas, it’s been a while. Goth spoke of the Crimson Veil and how it’s tied to who I truly am—an alien from Monria. I need to understand this power, to learn how to wield it for the sake of good.*”

A soft, melancholic hum emanated from Pinthas. *"The Crimson Veil is more than just a power, Dark Moon. It is the very essence of your lineage, a birthright woven into the fabric of your being. It is a shield against the encroaching shadows, a beacon of hope for those who fight against the evils of darkness. Your kind, ancients of Monria, have wielded this power for generations, their fight against the outer darkness a timeless struggle."*

Pinthas was not in his human form, but a variation of his Elder God form. He too is able to shapeshift into other forms that suit the moment, especially when he doesn't want to give off an unintentional intimidation. He gestured with a graceful, star-dusted limb, and images shimmered into existence around them—a vibrant world of impossible flora and crystalline cities, then scenes of devastating cosmic battles, crimson energy clashing with abyssal shadows.

"Monria," Pinthas continued, *"is not merely your home; it is a nexus of cosmic energy, a pivotal point in the struggle between creation and oblivion. The Crimson Veil is amplified there, a direct conduit to the very heart of the cosmos. As your memories return, as you remember the dances of starlight and the songs of your ancestors, the veil will unfurl, revealing its true depth."*

I watched the spectral battle, a profound sense of recognition stirring within me. It was as if I were witnessing echoes of my own past, glimpses of a life long forgotten. *"So, the power is tied to my memories?"*

Pinthas nodded, his form rippling like a cosmic tide. *"Indeed. Each recovered memory, each shard of your past life on Monria, will unlock a new facet of the Crimson Veil. It is not a power to be simply learned, but to be embraced. Your connection to Monria, your inherent nature as a true ancient alien of Monria, is the key."*

"But how do I hasten the memories?" I pressed, with a bit of impatience in my voice. *"Goth just said they'd come back over time."*

"Time is but a construct in the grand tapestry of existence," Pinthas replied gently. *"The memories will return when you are ready, when your spirit aligns with the echoes of your past. Engage with the fight, Dark Moon. Embrace your destiny. The challenges you face, the darkness you confront, these will serve as catalysts, awakening the dormant fragments of your true self. Seek out the remnants of Monria's ancient knowledge, for within them lie the keys to your awakening."*

He paused, his vast eyes focusing intently on me. *"The Crimson Veil is not merely a weapon; it is an extension of your will, an embodiment of your courage and compassion. Use it not only to strike down your foes, but to heal, to protect, to inspire. When the time is right, you will remember all, and the Crimson Veil will reveal itself to you."*

I felt an immense surge of resolve. The path was not clear-cut, but Pinthas had offered more than just answers; he had offered guidance, a profound sense of purpose. The fight for Monria, for the universe, was my fight. And the Crimson Veil was my legacy, waiting to be fully revealed.

The words of Pinthas resonated with me as I returned from his realm. The cool air of space now seemed to hum with a new, subtle energy. *"The challenges you face, the darkness you confront, these will serve as catalysts, awakening the dormant fragments of your true self."* I knew with a certainty that a great challenge was coming.

A Blood Moon Rising

The interstellar communication systems weren't always reliable, and at times, the information shared couldn't be trusted. I got wind of something being telegraphed that if true, gave caution that this just might be a challenge we weren't ready to handle.

An astrological anomaly of immense power was on the rise. A Blood Moon, its crimson glow, usually a rare and fleeting spectacle, was growing stronger, painting the void in shades of ominous red across the cosmos. The impending event was causing a stir, especially since, oddly enough, DSEC9 was in its path, and not Monria; at least when evaluating its current course.

The Elder Gods of Monria often spoke of ancient prophecies, of the veil between worlds thinning, and the potential for a Blood Moon phenomenon. No one anticipated that it would align other than with Monria, but it looks like DSEC9 is beginning to experience a tense, electric disruption. As further communications were received, it became known that Decca, the insidious Leader of the Cult of Shut'thend, had chosen this moment to revel in more disruption, and to draw power from discord and fear; the Blood Moon becoming her ultimate amplifier and a cosmic event that would allow her and her evil Cultist followers to unleash their dark forces upon vulnerable entities.

Decca and her Cultists have left devastation in the wake of their ongoing invasions across the universe, including Monria, and now once again, she was hoping to sow enough chaos to crack the very foundations of existence. Her goal has always been to plunge the cosmos into an era of perpetual shadow, echoing the ultimate void they worshipped.

The Elara section of DSEC9; home of the Lotus Temple, seemed stable at this time, and the DSEC9 location appeared relatively quiet, but it became increasingly clear that the Mountain of Madness had begun to shift its energies. It wasn't a place of ancient shapeshifting beings, but a vibrant ecosystem that had evolved in the unique, warped reality sustained within the mountain's depths. Its history, however, was one of inexplicable disappearances, whispered rituals, and strange, echoing wails. It was no secret that Decca had put her stamp on its environment in mysterious ways over time.

It was a nexus of anomalies, a living testament to the blurred lines between dimensions, a place ripe for exploitation by forces like Decca and the Cult of Shut'thend, especially with travellers from Monria, Planet Toulán and celestial systems across the universe who visit and partake in offered activities.

The Cult didn't merely worship the void; they actively sought to unravel reality, to tear down the very fabric of existence to allow their incomprehensible masters to seep through. The Blood Moon over DSEC9, with a focus on the Mountain of Madness, was their grand ritual, a cosmic alignment to amplify the Mountain's inherent instability and to reveal its mysteries that have yet to surface.

With the Blood Moon getting increasingly closer, I felt a peculiar stirring. It was an energy both alien and somehow intimately known. A whisper from a distant past tugged at the edges of my consciousness as if sending me a message. Perhaps it's the same entity who invaded my thoughts years ago warning me of more impending dangers on Monria.

It was then that I remembered what Pinthas said, *"The challenges you face, the darkness you confront, these will serve as catalysts, awakening the dormant fragments of your true self."* Maybe, just maybe, this Blood Moon threatening our existence will be the catalyst that sets everything into motion, and the Crimson Veil will reveal itself.

The answer hung suspended in the blood-tinged twilight I witnessed after arriving at DSEC9. Will this event produce a revelation, or an even deeper, more terrifying mystery. It wasn't long before I felt my energy shifting to a more intense level, unlike anything I had ever felt before; like a twisting of raw nerve endings. My vision became a canvas of more memories, like fragmented holograms of terrifying, formless shadows I had battled across a universe of unrelenting chaos and destruction.

Faint whispers at the edge of my consciousness were distracting my focus; words were forming as the whispers became a clear voice with a message that shocked me ...

"Dark Moon," the voice resonated, *"you are not alone in this fight."*

As the memories intensified, I was beginning to feel overwhelmed. *"Who... who is there?"* I asked, my own voice sounding alien to my ears, but the speaking voice sounded strangely familiar.

"A long-time ally," the voice replied, a soothing balm against the swirling storm I was experiencing. *"One who has walked a path alongside you for many years."*

As the canvas of memories began to fade, my full attention was on discovering who I was conversing with, and why they had not revealed themselves till now. *"An ally? Here? What do you mean,"* I asked in almost a demanding tone, totally caught off guard and a bit irritated.

"General Anderson has been instrumental," the voice continued, its tone holding a subtle warmth, *"in orchestrating your journey, guiding you towards the awakening of your true self, your memories, and your Crimson Veil powers."*

"I am fully aware of General Anderson's involvement," I said, *"but ... who are you?"* I could feel the urgency in my voice now, sidestepping the approaching Blood Moon about to intrude on DSEC9.

There was a soft chuckle; an echoing sigh. *"You know me, Dark Moon. You trust me. We have worked tirelessly together to look after the needs of Monria, DSEC9, and Planet Toulan."*

I could feel my eyes widened in absolute surprise if what I was thinking was true. *"ShadowDragon?"*

"Indeed," ShadowDragon's voice resonated, now clearer and stronger, as if she were standing right beside me. *"I am of your ancient alien race, and have been here, by your side, all along."*

I stared at the empty space where the voice seemed to emanate from, my mind reeling. *"But... how? Why didn't you tell me?"*

"Because the time was not right," ShadowDragon responded, now with a tangible presence, as if she were speaking from within Dark Moon's very thoughts. *"Your path needed to unfold naturally. We needed to ensure your memories and your powers would emerge when you were truly ready to use them. General Anderson has been a crucial piece of this grand design and saw your potential, even though you couldn't, and helped guide the currents of destiny to bring you to this moment."*

A surge of anger, quickly followed by a wave of understanding, washed over me. *"So, the whispers... the visions... this intense energy. It's all connected to this?"*

"Precisely," ShadowDragon responded, her voice now holding a note of triumph.

"What you are about to encounter will unlock more of your suppressed memories," ShadowDragon began. "It will reveal the true nature of the Crimson Veil, and how to harness its protective and destructive capabilities. It is the key to shielding not only Monria, but DSEC9 and Planet Toulán from the encroaching darkness."

I felt a new kind of power pulsating beneath my skin, a mixture of determination and dawning comprehension. *"The dark forces... Decca and her Cultist followers. This is about stopping them, isn't it? I mean, she's the one hell bent on destroying us, and those who get in the way of her plans, right?"*

"It has always been about them," ShadowDragon confirmed, her voice hardening with resolve. "Their ambition threatens to consume all that we hold dear, but with your awakened power, with the Crimson Veil fully unleashed, we can finally turn the tide."

A vision of light, almost imperceptible, materialized in the air before me, coalescing into a shimmering, ethereal form. It was ShadowDragon, her true form now visible – an elegant, powerful being radiating an ancient energy that resonated with my own.

"We have fought alongside each other for eons, Dark Moon," ShadowDragon said, her eyes, deep and knowing. "Our destinies are intertwined. And now, the time for secrets is over... almost."

I looked at ShadowDragon, my work partner for years, now revealed in her true form. A wave of relief, coupled with a fierce resolve, washed over me. *"Almost?"*

ShadowDragon's lips seemed to curve into a slight, enigmatic smile. *"There are some truths, Dark Moon, that are best revealed in their own time. For now, know this: we will face Decca and her dark forces together. And we will ensure their victory is never realized."*

The Blood Moon outside pulsed with an ominous glow, but within DSEC9, a new hope ignited, fueled by an ancient alliance finally brought into the light.

Prior to the encounter with ShadowDragon, more of my memories were playing out on a canvas of chaos and immense struggles, revealing my personal fight with the dark forces, but these images also produced a connectedness with ancestors and the closeness we shared during our battles. It was time to refocus my energies on the approaching Blood Moon.

I felt the shift in the cosmic currents, a deep rhythmic humming in my chest that resonated with the expanding crimson glow of the Blood Moon. It was a call to arms, an instinctual understanding that this was my moment. The ethereal intangible Crimson Veil power stirred within, no longer a vague sensation but an ever present force, pulling at the core of my consciousness. The chaos erupting wasn't just a threat; it was the crucible that I hoped would forge my understanding even further, and enlighten my use of this power for good.

My visions weren't just visions; they were dormant memories, awakened by this escalating crisis. I now understood that the Crimson Veil wasn't just a defensive shield; it was a conduit for cosmic stability, a tool for healing, and a weapon against the dark forces that plagued us. As the Blood Moon swelled to its terrifying zenith, I instinctively knew I had to do something.

The time for waiting, for seeking answers, was over. The time for action had begun. This had to be the beginning of forging ahead with a renewed determination to protect ourselves against evil.

I stood resolute against the encroaching tide, but a tremor of uncertainty ran through me. This was it; my first true test, a desperate gamble with my Crimson Veil powers, and afraid I would fail. I blinked, and my eyes refused to open. I tried not to panic and let it engulf me, but then a surge of raw, untamed energy coursed through my veins, an energy I had never known. My arms, as if guided by an unseen force, began to rise, drawn inexorably toward the pulsating menace of the Blood Moon. They grew heavy, weighed down by the escalating energy, which climbed to an almost unbearable crescendo, feeling like it would tear me apart.

"Let it go!" ShadowDragon's voice, sharp and urgent, cut through the roaring in my ears.

Let what go? The words were a riddle, an enigma in the face of imminent destruction. I focused on the intense pulsating energy now flowing through my arms, a raging river of power. Instinctively, I tried to release it, to unleash the torrent I could barely contain. This was it—a do-or-die moment.

"That's it, you're doing it!" ShadowDragon's shout was a beacon of triumph. *"You've created a crimson shield around DSEC9! The Blood Moon has been stopped in its path!"*

As if a switch had been flipped, the immense pressure vanished. My arms dropped, and my eyes opened. I was now staring at a faint, crimson shield protecting DSEC9, an ethereal barrier holding the Blood Moon at bay. A barrier that Decca would not be able to see. She would only realize that her advancement had been halted, and her intended mission a failing one.

Relief washed over me, a wave of pure exhilaration at the realization of what I had accomplished. I had done it. I had used my Crimson Veil powers and they were no longer dormant. DSEC9 was safe... *for now*, but I knew this was merely a reprieve. Decca would not be deterred. I needed to understand more, to delve into my ancient history and uncover the secrets of those who were able to use the Crimson Veil. And speaking of secrets, my thoughts returned to something ShadowDragon had said earlier; *"There are some truths, Dark Moon, that are best revealed in their own time."*

Now that I've learned something about ShadowDragon's lineage, perhaps it's time that we had a bit of a chat about all of this, and learn exactly who she is and what she knows.

