**T̶̛̯̟̘̹̜͇̪̺̼̜̠̫̹̞̓̀̏͌̎̎͋͛̒ͅh̴̥̯̙̼͓͆̈́̓̊̈́̈́̓͑̎̑̎͆̚ë̶̡̘̤̖̭̬͕̺͔͓̺̮̮̤̽̀͒̈́̃̔̈́̾̑͆͜ ̵̡̮̬̦̻̥͔͓̞͂̌̇̆͒̋̔̏̈́̕͘͝Ẉ̵̧̢̢̼̼͔̮̹̟̝̃̃̊̂͝ä̴̻͕̞̿́̇r̷̻͊̀͐̈́̃̾ȅ̶̳͚̜̯̘̖̩̺͕́͜ͅḣ̷̨̨̝̞̭̥̘͖̩̀̔̀͛͊̈́̅̂̆o̸̧͔͉̩̬̻̝̗̖̟̝̳̘͈̮͆͌̿u̶̹̦̠͇̯̗͉͗͛̆̾̿͌̀̾̓̈́͑͊͘͘s̷͉̪͚̺̱͎̣̦̏̐̋͑͜e̴̳̥̮͘͜**

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SIP project story

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What makes a person normal? A stable job? A house with a white picket fence and a family? This all seemed boring to Morgan. Morgan was never satisfied by the standard things we are all spoon fed to want and need as children. She always wanted more. As Morgan grew older, she realized that nobody could give her what she needed because she herself had no idea what would fill this void in her soul.

Once she was old enough, she decided to move away from the small town she had grown up in. Her dad had always told her how much he wanted to move to Washington and find some fishing town where he could live a simple life and work the docks. She grew up listening to his stories about the ocean and how it always soothed his soul. Morgan decided maybe following in her dad's footsteps could answer some of her life questions and satiate her constant need for something more. He seemed happy with his life so why couldn’t she be as well?

Morgan packed the little things she needed like clothes and her iPad. She never needed much to travel with. She set out for a small island town on the coast of Washington called Vashon. She picked it at random based on a list of coastal cities. Something called to her when she said the name out loud. Like a pull or push. This felt like a sign. Morgan set off to her new home and hopefully new beginning.

As Morgan’s plane descended towards Seattle, she noticed how dense the surrounding forest was. It seemed to go all the way to the ocean. The captain made an announcement over the intercom for everyone to look at the island city of Vashon. Once she laid eyes on the city Morgan felt the pull again. It caused her mind to go blank and fill with a weird sense of longing. It was a feeling she had never felt before. Morgan closed her eyes to try and get this feeling out of her head but as she did, she heard what sounded like a whisper. It did not sound like a word but more like a mumble. As she tried to listen to it she felt like someone was right beside her. Morgan quickly opened her eyes and there was no one near her. In fact, all the passengers had gotten off the plane and she could see the flight attendant coming towards her. Morgan thought to herself “How did I not notice us land? Did I fall asleep? I only closed my eyes for a moment”. The flight attendant asked if Morgan needed any help. Morgan felt uneasy and said, “No thank you”. Morgan gathered her things and left the plane.

Morgan had already lined up a job and place to stay until she got on her feet. A local warehouse which stored fish and other sea-based deliveries, needed an overnight person to watch things. They also offered her a place to live while she worked there. A small apartment on the upper floor of the warehouse. This warehouse was very old. Back in the day the owners used to live inside to save money while holding and transporting goods. As Morgan approached the warehouse to finally meet the owner, she noticed how old and run down it looked. It honestly looked like no one had used this place in years. It had broken windows and rusted metal sheeting along the walls. The smell of the ocean air was so pure and soothing. Which was a nice change for Morgan. In the end this was to be a new experience, so she looked at everything through a positive lens.

The warehouse owner was a nice old man. His name was Peter. He greeted Morgan warmly and shook her hand. When he touched Morgan's hand it slightly shocked her because his hand was so cold. It wasn’t just a normal kind of cold, it sent that cold feeling all through Morgan’s arm. Morgan just brushed this off as her just getting used to these new surroundings. Washington was a very cold place anyways, so she figured it just comes with the area. Peter showed Morgan to her room so that she could put her bag down before touring the grounds. The apartment itself smelled very damp. Old pictures cover the hallways. These were pictures of sailors and boats. Some of the photos looked over a hundred years old. Morgan asked Peter about the photos, but he did not respond and just kept walking as they passed them. Peter showed her what room she was staying in and then asked her to meet him back downstairs.

Once Morgan set her things down, she looked through her window. It was an awesome view of the Lighthouse. It was such an amazing thing to her. She had never seen a Lighthouse in person. As Morgan stared at the lighthouse, she felt that pull again and closed her eyes. This time she heard the voice more clearly.

It said to her “C̶̨̧͔͔̯͇̽ö̵̢̢͕͈̩̪̱͈̬̤̣͖̫̦́̇̊̌͗̚m̸̻̭̹̯̀̋̅́͐̎͊͛̇́͘͠͝ę̵̬̜̺͔͉̩̤̏̃͂̂̔̄̓̕ ̵͚̬͙̮͕̞̻̪̜͉͗̇͗̌̒̃̾͒̍͐̌t̶̬͔̜̣͈̩͔̫̹̻̝͌͐̓̈͝o̵̠̱̜̙͈̥̞̩̊̌̎͋́̏̂͋̐͆͘͝ ̶͖̤̦̘̘̖̼͇̬̘̈́̅̂̈́̓̄̊́̇̚̚m̵͔̞̯͓̦͇̈́̀̏̎̅͌̅e̶͈̺̱̹͚͚̤̰̻̒͋͆̂͜.̷̮̣̜̥͐͂̄̓͊̈́́̆̍̂̂́̈̾͠.̷̱̘̳̦̘̼̖̲́͋͘.̵̧̢̛̘̳̜̮͚̀͛͒̓̑̓̎̐ ̷͎̞̇̀͗͐̔̌͐̂͑̔͘̕͝L̶̮̫̳͈͎̥͇̠̲̇̀͋̽͋̂͐̈́̽͑̊̕͝ͅͅͅę̴̢̛̤̹̮̗͔̘̙̖̑͂̌̉̑̐̃̈̋̕͠ͅt̵͎̥͎͖̤̰̼̖͙̙̔̎̅̾̉͊̿͝ ̶̨͙̭̼͎̝̫̻̥̬̊͌ỹ̴̨̛̒̀̈́̐͌́̂̂̕͘o̶̧̤͖͛̽̎̏͝ͅų̴̜̤̹̲̭͓̻́̌̀͋̿̀͒̚͝r̶̡̛͈͈̘̿̕ ̴̺̦͎̻̭̱͍̭̟̮͉̥̏̎̊̃̽̈͛͠w̷̜͇̰͙̖̫̪̳̣̼̱͈͓̽͆͐̀͘͜ͅo̸̡͍̖͍̖̗͙̤̬̺̻̩͂̀́͛̑͘͜͜ͅŕ̵̛͕͎̞̮̯͇̬̳͖̲̅̄̐̇̈͂̚͜ͅŕ̵̘͙̹͇͊̈́̾̈͋͜i̷͖̤̘̼̪̺̰̼̮̲̦͂͌̕͘͜ͅę̷̧͈̲̥̭̮̥͕͓͗́͗s̷̛̯̟̣͓͍͙͈̹̞̤̏̋̔̌̃̍̀̓̇͌̑͠͝ ̷̢̌͆͛̔͗̂̀̌͂̀̈́̂̚g̸̢̨̳̹̠̺͓̩͙͍̈́̀͑͐͗̔ǒ̴̥̹͙͙̼̮͋͆͝͝.̴̧̖͔̟̖̜͈͇̞͙̞̀̈ͅ.̶̢̞̲͉̣̗͖͛̈̽̿̚͠.̶̢̖̯̫̗̲̻̤̼̟͈̗̞͘ ̵̰̞̒́̐L̵̝̣̭̳̦̠̺̞̀̏ę̸̜̯̪̹͚̟̙̝̍͐͊͑͘͠t̵̡̞̺̫͉̼̱̼̬̗͒ͅ ̷͙̤̃͊̑͆͒m̶̡̛̬̪̗͇̤͉̂͒͌́̍͜e̴̥̮̝̣͖͉͊̀̿͗̚ ̷͕͇̖̬̺̐͆͆͐̇̌̀͌̂̐̈m̸̢̧̧̳͖̜̬͔͉̗̱̺̩̞͌͗͌̍̀̿̓ͅą̶̡̠̤̲̣̬̲̫͓̳̜͎̮̠̈́͐͝k̷̦̣͕̾̉̽͗̋̅̌̿͝e̸͈͖̻͔͇̣̗̯̻͕͖̭̼̾͑͌͗̾̓̿̊̓̀̕̕͠͝ ̸̨̡̧̞̘̦̰̇̈̓͌̑́̍͜͝ͅy̴̧̧̳̲̟̟̙̱̤̥̹̳͕̖̏̋̄͠o̶̢̥͔͓̯͙͕̝̻̫̗͗́̀̈̊̽̌̈́̉̓͌̅͑͠ͅu̸̡̳̩̥̥̎̏̐̊̀̀͒͛̚͘͝ ̸̢̝͓̠͈͈͈̙͔̱͍͉̺̼̄̐͊̅͜w̵̨̨̙͔̘̗̙̙̙͍͇͈̙̞͗̍h̷̡̧̛̦͉͖͙̗̫͈͒͗̇̉̈́̉̑̌̐͂͊̓͠͝ơ̴̛͎̘̺̱̦̩̭̞͇̪̘͎͚͔̺͌̽̑̄̎̌̇͠͝l̵̟̓̄̈̄͆̃̾̽̈́͐̅̊̃͝ę̷̤͚̰̦̣͖̍̓̓̾̕͠͝͠.̵̩̳̑̒̈͋̊́͘͘.̵̧̡̛̣̲̺̭̠͎̤̋̈̆̊̃̑͒͑̈́͝”

The sound of this voice filled her with dread. It sent chills down her spine as she felt him coil around her. It felt like tentacles embracing every inch of her mind and body. Morgan thought to herself “Am I losing my mind? Is this real?”. When Morgan opened her eyes, she was no longer in her new room, she was standing in front of what seemed to be the Lighthouse doors. Waves of water crashing around her on the rocks below. She could hear seagulls and rushing winds. The door to the Lighthouse was open. Inside you could only see darkness. The pull was calling to her. Morgan could not fight this urge to come inside. As she walked forward, she felt something. It was warm and cold at the same time. A feeling of desire and power. “What is this feeling?” Morgan thought to herself. She now was in front of the Lighthouse door and peered inside. All she could see was a small lamp. It looked like one of those old kerosene lamps sailors used. The light coming from the lamp was very dim. Morgan heard the voice clearly now…

“Ç̷̤̺̖̲̫̱̳̳̭̮̘̣̻̪̍̈́̄͗͂̌̍̕͘͝ȏ̴͍̰͍̖̤̩̯͙̰̞̈̃̿́ḿ̶̨̨̛̮͎̤͓̗̼̼̩̆̆̏̐ę̶̗̪̘̰̖̥̭̦͚̟͈̤͚͎̿ ̵̡̛̟̤̣̦͌̉̓̎̈́́̋͌̚̕͠m̵̧̧̞̫̙̠̟̗̍͂͂̎͐̒̈͜ÿ̷̡̧͉̬͍̗͔̯̈̃̌̄͌̃̌̌͆̽̃̈̈̚͜͜ͅ ̶̧̞̙͈̇̐͗͑̽̓̒̽̈́̈́̈́̕̚c̷̢͎̭̫͙͓̜̳̳͕̻͙̉ͅh̶͈̗̘̻̬͚̼̩̊i̴̹̲͎̰͇̯͊̇̐͗́̈́͂̒͂̚͠͝l̶̹̮̲̜̯͎̳͚̤̙͍̹̈́̔́̀͆̈͊̀̎̎͌͂̇͘͝ͅd̵̢̢̞̫̙͍̩͕̻̞̺̺͖͕̳͋̋́͂̉̓͐̕.̴̨̨̦̪͎͙̮̘͚̮͔͓̲̩̟̓̌̑̓ ̵̡̛̬͕̩̪͒̓́̀̐̏̀̅̄́̄B̸̨̬̣̯̹̖̗̟̻̝̗̂̔e̸͕͎͈̳͇̱̬͛͋̌̒̂͝ ̵̧̧͇͓͇̠̣̣͚̭͂͂͌̀͊̇͆̈́͐̎̃́̇͋͠ǫ̵̛̛̘̪̹͈̝̞̜̠̟̂͌̉́́́̈́͘̕̕n̴̢̢̫̘̙̼̬͈̦̹̊́̂̅̀̈́͆ẽ̴͎͈̩̯̀̀͗̊̈͐̅̚ ̸͉̣̑͛̀̽ẇ̶̨̘̤̼̪̣͎̣͈̦̪̽̆i̶̪͑͑̿́̂̈́̏̌͂̎t̵̻͈͈̬͎̗̪̤͖̀͂̆̎̾h̸̖͇̘͛͑̐̒͛̄̆̏͘͘̕ ̶̡̨̞͓̯̣̯̣̫͔͎̲̓̇̀̀̂̈́́͠ͅṯ̵̪͉͚̻̱͚̘̖̭̎̽̊͐̐̏̄͘ͅḩ̵̱̘̺͓̫͗̍̽̎̈͆̍̚̚̚͜ȩ̵̡̘͖̗̠̦̦̝̭̀̈́̉̎͠ ̸̛̻̳͒̏̍̈́́͑̌̒d̶̨̡̛̠̱̻͔̣̬̤̤̠̍͌̌͐̈́̈́̀̆͊̃̂̓ã̶̲̙̖̲͉̹̩̞̩̜̝̜̟̣̇̍̇͐̄͗̓̒̍̂̓̕r̷̰̖͉̣̓͒̅͐̃̽͑̚̚͜k̵̹̪̭̝͔̝͎̐̅̏̑͆̔̌̏̔͒̑̏̈͘͝ ̶̧͖͚̝̦͈̖̗͓̲͕̋̈́͐̈́̽̈̄̓̓͂̚ḷ̸̥̣̘͇̍̒̑̐͊͑̇͛̿͝͝ͅo̶̯͙̤͐́̔ŗ̸̧̞͓̜̣͙̯̲͍̅͑̃͆̽̀͆͘͘̚͠d̶̗͆̍̈́͌̄́͒̎̓̌̏̔̇͝͠.̴̨͍̮͎̞͌̃͊̋͛̚ͅ ̸͈̐̏͒͌̾̈́̓̃̈́̔̕S̴̡̻̥̰̬̲̙̣̼̮̙͕̐̏̍̀̾͛̐̒̈́ȩ̷͈̤̳̟̗̻̭̲͎̿͆̓́̔͊͜͠͠͝t̷̡̢̛̛̛͍̞͓̂͋̄͆̈́͊̑̿̚͠͝ ̵̩̝͇̝͔̬͚͑̾́͒̌̓͝y̷̢̲̰͍̖̱̤̏̈̇͜ǫ̵͓͕̫̼͔̯̭͖̮̻̗͈̦̿̽̀̂̒͜͠͝ừ̸̗͙̖̞̟̲͎̖͌̄̊̇́̇̔͋͑̚͝ȓ̴͕̱͖̤̙͕͓̥͠ ̷̛̞̲̩̹̯͈̖̝̗̞̱̀̓̈́͗̽̓̿͛̚͠͝s̶̢̪͙̫̃̿̔̿̏͋̒͑̌̀̈́̚̕̕͝p̵̧̛̌̾͛̇̏̈͊͛͐̿̚͝i̵̜̻̳̱̠͙͇͇͈̘̊̈́̈́̑̊̊̈͘r̴̨̬̫̻̻̦̫̆̈́̈̈́̄̆̅͑͑̇̇̀͝i̴̭̼̠͈̟̙̞̠̥͓̥̠̥̒͋̕ͅͅt̷̯̩͐̃̈̄̚͝͝ ̷̢̡͚̙͚̞̥͓͈͚̹̝͋̽̏͝͝ͅf̶̻͚̙̱̳͓̝̲͒̑͐r̶̪̪̟͓̪̯͎͐̒̃̓͋̓͊̑̐͘͝ẹ̵̛̊̀̃̊́̃̈́͊͝ȩ̶̧̞͔̺̪̌́̏̀͗̐̆̓̂͊̃̑̄͝.̸̨̘̞̫̯̰̬͈̘͚̰̙̣͇͆͋̌͑̑́̀͠ͅ ̷̮͍̯̔̒͌͌̅͛̄̏̇̀̆B̴̨̪̲̱̭̼͍̼̈́̕e̶̥̋͊c̷̗̹̩͍̈́̓ȏ̸̡̡͕͉̮̮͎̥̗͈̤͈̂͋͛̈́̏̽̔͂̈́͆̑̏͝͝ͅm̷̨̟̹̩̰̝͈̣͙̗̒͂̏͗͘ͅȩ̶̩͕̰̼̰͒̐̽̏̉̒͒̍̚̚͝ ̸̛͙͙̻͈̠̫̲̈́͊̓̌̇͆͐̉̿̇̚͝ô̸̳̘̤̞̯̯̻̑̑̀ņ̵̜̮̯̠͕̂̎̓̍͑̇̌͋̊́͊͝ẹ̷̳͍̻͓̩̳̳̀̉͌̒̃̊̓̕͘͜ ̸̟̻̘̫̮̬̠͕̳̭̥̳̭̒̓͜͝ǫ̸͔̜̪͕̲̯̈́͆͆̅͘f̵̧̺̹̺̣̈́̃̈́̆̓̋̾̅̏̽̉͘͘͝ ̴̝̱̯̬̺̮̻̗̯͖̭̃͂̏̈́̒́̕̕͜m̶̨̛̹̫̰̥͖̞̬̰͈̌̀̓̋̌̐̒̓̎͜͠y̴̡̟͚̫͎͓̩͉̝͗̋̽͜ ̸̢̘̙͔͖̮̯̀͐c̵̡͚͉̬̳͍̱̭̈́͠ͅh̴̨̖͖̗͈̗͙̱͌͑̅̀͊͐͆̏̋̐̓̈̅̕̚ì̷̥̝̞̲̂̐̿́̽̋͐̈̏͑̈̐͘͘l̴͇̘̰̘̹͆͗̾͆̈́́͋̌̕͝ͅd̴̛̞̎̾͌̽̍͗͆̒̈́̎͋̀͝ͅr̵̡͚͍͍̞̲͔̼̘̯̬̹͉̻̀́̐̄͂̓̀̆̂̍͂̔ȩ̷̨̞̰̪̩̪̦̞̟̹̝̹͊̏̈́̈́n̸̨̧̲͚̙̘̥̱̺͔̗̎̓̏̉.̸̧̙̗͉̥̲̜͈̭̰̄͊͛̎̎̓̿̽̆́́̆̈́̀͜͠.̶̡̧̨̦̞̭̪̙̹͎̠̽͊͐͆́̈́̇̈́͗͐̏̅̔̀̕.̵̛̳̣̙͖̦̩̞͎͔̟̰̔̈́͠”

As the voice rang thru her head the door to the Lighthouse closed shut behind her. She could hear what sounded like something sliding around the walls of the Lighthouse. It sounded like the Lighthouse was being slowly crushed and squeezed by something. The darkness started to fill her. This feeling of dread was washed away by happiness.

She felt whole… She felt loved… She did not need nor want anymore. His voice filled the very fiber of her being. He now spoke to her without speaking. She could see his thousand eyes as he looked upon her. She understood everything. Morgan is now the daughter. The mother. The one who will grant rebirth if he should die. Morgan was now Cthylla… The mother and daughter of Cthulhu.

All Cthylla can say now is “P̷̳̙̝̜͉̠̏̏̌̊h̷̢̡̫̬̺̲̜̲͈͍̞̫͖̖̠̓́̿̀̽̏͠'̵̬͈̖̠͎̳̺͌̎̈́̈́̒̈́̕͝ͅͅn̴̺͕̱̺̂̋̌̓̈́́͗̓̕͠g̶̨̺̳͚̱̦͎͈̟̞̣͐̇̆̐͝l̷̛̛̞̯͚̒̓͋̄̂̈̔̉͐̀͘͘u̵̥̖̖̘̱͓͙̖̣̤̝͉̩̫̓̈̿i̵̛̛̹̳̮̱̠͖̠̙̫̖͛̈͒̌͛̓͌̀̀̏̚͝͝ ̶̧̡͉̭̙̝̤̯̩̱̺͚̈́̅̍́̍͘ͅm̸̜̓̐͊̀͛̚͘g̵̨͙̭̤̞̖̺͕̝̻̾̊̓̓̒͊l̵̡̨̡̤͔̖̼̯̼͆̉́̔̈́w̴̨͕̮͎̖͕̺͔͓̙͖͋̓̊̄̆͛͗̀̔̋̂ͅ'̸̨̲͉͍̍̀͊̍̉͒̏͑̉̚ͅn̸̟̼͈̥̗̲̭̓̈́́̎̃̓͌̚ȁ̸̡͎̞̘̳̝̥͙͙̪̒̓̾̔͋̍͆̄̈́̿f̵̢͕̪̺̟͕̜̮͈̟̖͈͕̤͈͑̉̆͂͠h̸͉̪̤̖͕̙͓̦̩̏͆̋͋̇͛̔͠͝ ̷̢̦̟͋̓̑̋C̸̫͑̄̅̎̾̀́̒̋͐͝t̸̡͔̖͔̦̙̱̘̿̔̀̇h̷̨̡̙̪͍̾̿͊͌̄̏̓͘͘̚͠͠͝ũ̴̮̻̝̼̭̲̊̇̇̓̒̂́̊͘̕͝l̴̟̮͖̦̃̅͂̃̊̈́̂̿̀̃͆͒͜h̴̡̻͓̻̥͍͉͆̉̋̎͋̽́̾̕͝ú̷̢̐͂ ̵̛͇̮̲͎͖̰̙̽̐̑̀̽͌͛̈̅͘R̴̫̭̙̲̹͍̬̺͚͖̣̥̺͉̊͛̕͝'̵̨̢̡̛̙̺̼͓̮̠̤̲͚̬͒́̈́̍̐̒̀͌̕̕l̵̘̹͓̫̥̯̫͈͈͖̈̈́̈́̔͜ẏ̶̧͕̺̖͋̐̏e̵͇̺̯̱̓h̸̥̆͛́̕ ̵̹͕̙͙̍̔̾̈̃̀̽̈́͊̚w̵̧͉̺͇̻̜̬̓̓͗́̿̓̋̂̂̾̏̐́̄͜͝g̷̘̜̤͖̍̾͛̇͛̓̃̈́̋̍̈́͠á̴̦̥͖̞͖̦͈͉͍̼͕̂̋͗͌̑͒̓͂̚̕͝͝h̸̛̘͕̹͕̄̋̈́̆̄͘͝͝ͅ'̵̧͎͚̺̙̭̖̠̣̥̪̱̋̓̀͒̐̀̍͗̓̆̃͝͝͝͝n̶̢̫̏̔̈́̕a̸̧̱̹̲̻̟̤̞̺͚̜̮͔͆̒̑́̒̄͊̅̀̔͘͝ğ̵̠͔͚͕̖̻̖̤̥͉̉l̴̲̼͓̻̭̤̩̇̂̍̑̒̾̿̇̒̊͘ ̴̤͖̤̳̗̼͓̬̯͒́͑̌̑͛̆̀̈́̐͘̕͠ͅf̵͍̦͓̻͊͆̎̽̎̔h̶̡̧͎̤̮̩̗̊̾́̈́̎̀͋̾̊͊́ẗ̷̨̖̣͓̫͍̹̟̱̺̭̳̘͙̦́̆̈́͠ȃ̶̢̮͓̻̒̐̈́̒̇̂͋̚͝g̵̺͓̤̰̘̱̱̰̲͖̪̋̈́̈͋̿͛͒́̈́̈́ņ̶̢̧̥̼̰̹̯̠̲̖̝̞̒͊̅̽͆̾̿̌͗͝”.

Which means “In his house R’lyeh, dead Cthulhu waits dreaming”.



References

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