



Six-Sided

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But which Great Old One could guarantee your complete annihilation? Not all of them are trapped here with you in Cthaat's watery body - many exist in their own spaces and dimensions, like the king in yellow. *Seek out the dead dreamer.*

Another flash of memory returns to you: hazy images of four different faces, smiling and laughing and crying. They feel important somehow, and close by. *Fragments of your mind. Seek out the dead dreamer.*

Yes. These faces are just evidence of your dwindling grip on sanity. You must find Cthulhu, and accept whatever fate it bestows upon you. *Yes. But first, abandon your mask. You won't need it.*

You frown. That seems an odd thought to have. Why remove your mask and antagonise the various human-hating creatures imprisoned here?

But then you relax, and realise your mask will only slow you down. There's no need to keep it.

Wasn't your mask seared on? Wasn't it the burning mask, held on your face by your own hands, that took away your sight?

Memory is fickle in here, often fading in and out...

