

The Real Story

In the beginning, there was the portal. A turtle found the portal and held it afloat upon his back. That turtle became the island to be settled. Settled, the island became Chrystal City. The portal became the Temple of the Heart.

With people, many wicked seeking lawlessness, many more merely seeking a home, came the demons and the angels and the gods and all the other spirits of the people, and these things clashed with the ancient spirits who were always with the portal, and in a few places harmony persisted. For the most part, there was chaos.

This was an important stage in the city's development because without human intervention, the portal could never open and Holy Eschillion could never arrive. The arrival of the chaos of mankind really only gave form and potential for change to the chaos already in existence above the turtle's shell, above and beneath the dirt.

It took human intervention to give the chaos form, and it took human intervention to bring balance to the city, and it took human intervention to open the portal so that Eschillion could arrive. This mythology is the story of the opening of the portal.

The Floating Legend

In the beginning, there was Hawaii. Rich entrepreneur Naaman Gives was vacationing amongst the lepers. He had always been fascinated by outsiders. The other worlds were of particular interest to Mr. Gives because he was so integrated into this world.

A hag spat a curse and a dark tongue pulled him in and bleeding palms dragged him down and Naaman contracted the disease.

Naaman's vacation time had come to an end. He decided to commission the construction of a new island.

Naaman spent six months buried within the library of his grandfather's houseboat. The boat drifted down Atlantic currents. Naaman's head filled with ideas. He kept in contact with his commissioned team of architects and passed along various charts and balances and formulae and eccentric directions.

Twelve years of relentless toil and billions of dollars in expenses went into the construction of the Chrystal Island. Worldwide, the media circulated rumors of conspiracy and secrecy and occult practices and madness and anarchy. That the island, as a floater, had no stable location only increased suspicions. At any given time, it was unlikely people outside Naaman's carefully selected yet vast circle of influence would even be aware of the island's present location.

The day came when Naaman's ship hit the shore. A creature of boils and sagging breasts and stinking flesh emerged from below deck. Naaman followed his hag and, arm in arm, they climbed down into warm red sands. the morality

"I declare this place a place for my true kind," said Naaman to the assembled media. And he kissed the hag. And he banished the media, all media forever after, from his territory.

Naaman spent his last two billion on a psychonautical expedition to the three moons for rare mineral extraction. He had the minerals cut into similar shape and size and littered the island with them and declared them the island's official currency. It was to be an egg hunt for all the coming bunnies.

So what happened was Naaman pledged his allegiance and selfdom to a dark queen and an evil goddess. Well, she was bad for him but perhaps not evil in the sense of the smell of bad perfume. She was only not quite right in being quite right for him because he was infatuated with her ugly and her sins, sins to be worshiped along with the bulbous, raining body. Body parts a part of her and the ground, fertilizer and sacrifices to the cause.

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As persists the condition of the island to this day.

by Jarbels Stick

Ariel Imprisoned

Ariel was a goddess before she was an angel, then a goddess imprisoned within an angel, then an angel again. Always, even when she was not divine, she was bright with the divine spark, Always a being of the light.

Even she was less than perfect. When the Beast imprisoned her in the top of the tower, she wept not, knowing the light of the city would burn forever within her breast. However dark, damp, and however cold her cage, she had but to look within and hope would return. Even she was less than perfect.

Time in the tower dragged on and on, as if a day were a century, and many years passed before Ariel's liberation. The demons of sorrow rapped constantly upon Ariel's locked door until finally, wavering for but a moment in her vigil, they gained entrance to her heart, and there came a time of great mourning.

A man capable of carrying the terrible weight of a saint's heart within a body of past wretchedness arrived upon the foot of the tower, and was admitted, and although they seemed endless, he fought his way to the top of the stairs. Many demons barred his passage, never for more than a few moments.

And so it was that Jzearuth came to rescue angelic Ariel.

Upon conquering the tower, Jzearuth and Ariel plunged to the depths of the dirt and beyond, eager to defeat the Beast once and for all. Alas, such a permanent victory could not be, for the Beast is as timeless as anybody. Much trial and tribulation forced the Beast into its proper place in the lower realm, and Chrystal City was at least freed from his firm grasp... If not his influence.

Our story

begins with the primitive early settlers of the island. All at once, droves of them were drawn to fertile floating dirt and sands covering the turtle's back. The island began life adrift and is adrift still. Never would it have been settled were it not for the pull. Buried deep beneath the dirt was a brilliantly glowering stone. This stone powered the island and nurtured the turtle and everything above or below the island. It was this magnetic stone, Chrystal Heart, that drew life to the shores of the island.

At first, the people basked unabashed within the sustenance provided by the unseen gemstone. The people were healthy and happy and free, and content with this. The people wandered the island shameless, naked, lustful, and spent all their days fucking and picking wild fruit and ingesting the funny chemicals provided by the island's cannabis fields and fungus groves. Even during these happy unrepentant early years, there were those few animose who would rebel against freedom.

At that time, there was a god living on the island whose true name was and is Idiotis, a patron of all idiots, most especially those enlightened fools capable of understanding his advanced teachings. These early stupids may not have been successful were it not for the divine grace of Idiotis, as speculated by some of Chrystal City's Individuate scholars. More than likely, as speculated by other of the Individuate sages, Idiotis merely guided the dopiness so that, in the distant future, its ends would be constructive.

There were many factors at work.

These fools, who congregated and called themselves the Society For Civilizing An Otherwise Unruly Bunch Wasting A Perfectly Good Piece Of Floating Land That Should Certainly Be Used For Profit By A Civilized People, Rather Than For The Amoral Ends It Was Used For Previous To The Establishing Of This Highly Constructive And Successful Society. Most nonmembers couldn't even remember all of that so the islanders merely called this little society "the tightasses".

The Tightasses were victims of their own conditioning. They were people used to living in a "civilized" environment, trained to exploit this and that for personal gain. There was buried deep within them the *need* to feel Superior by conquering, through subtlety or force.

Although the source of prohibitionists, many Tightasses sold divine sacraments under the table for a good profit. Sometimes, these were barter deals. At other times, ownership of lands was turned into a reality.

Cities raised up from the rubble heaps and a thriving medieval community came to be,
As well a strange modern world resembling this one save for a dramatic increase in violence.
It is written, "Chrystal City will be the portal to Eschillion."

And so came a secret[IC] society to the workings of those designs, carrying the island on their backs like a turtle.

THE TURTLE

believes in some of his astral dreamscape adventures
even into abstract absurdist horror
and delight,
loving them in faith
he explores apart from his weighty labor the realms of creativity available to visit,
not prophesying anymore,
he scribes permutations of fantasy.

The turtle floats upon a deep sea shaped
as a flat table
stretching past a diameter about as vast
as Mars.

All sailors, pirates
inclined for chaos,
lawlessness, or anarcho-purity
in the future
have been catalogued by the friendly turtle one time before he perfected permission.
They all find the shores, if they can reach open waters,
of a teleporting turtle.