





JANUARY 2025

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Art by Saturn

Fic by Elodie

If December was meant to be a celebration, January is a harsh, though quiet, callback to reality. It nips the hope of its first days in the bud with each new dreary week. Mordechai is right at home amidst its cold and foggy mornings. He ignores his guests and leans his face through the open window, eyes half closed.

When rain starts to fall over his lips, it feels like he's being kissed goodbye. He sighs in pleasure. He's well-aware, these days, that one last kiss can be a gift; a safe return to loneliness and peace.

What else could one yearn for?





FEBRUARY 2025

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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9	10	11	12	13	14 Valentine's Day	15
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Art by Linn

Fic by Leto

Risen to so great a height that it felt as though he could alight upon the moon and be cradled in her radiant embrace, the being who would one day snatch the name of Simon Fairchild studied the landscape laid out before him: the rosy curls of cloud in all their natural splendour; the wet gas-lamp sparkles in the river and the dry oil-light shine of a thousand glinting windowpanes; the cool nighttime made more unknowable by civilization's bright borders.

He considered what he could make of these wonders in linseed and powders: charcoal and ultramarine, lead white and vermillion, fine highlights of malachite. His fingers twitched for want of his sable brushes and a broad and eager canvas.





MARCH 2025

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Art by Milk

Fic by Fruity

Of all the projects that Smirke worked on, he could never say what his favorite was. For each one, he gave his heart and soul, his very essence into it. Each line, each curve, drawn to the specifications of the entity that would reside within. A home fit for a god.

The panopticon, home for The Eye, where nothing would escape notice and all would be revealed. Smirke wondered, if he designed a host for this would he, too, know all?

Or... would it instead bring the attention of the Eye to his existence and mark him as a future victim?





APRIL 2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Art by Saturn

Fic by Jay

Jonah didn't understand the thrill of the Golden Hells, only the privilege it implied to be allowed inside their halls. Despite that he still frequently used Barnabas as his ticket into the smoke filled rooms of the gambling houses here on St. James street. He's glaring at Barnabas now, but Barnabas doesn't look back.

Tonight was a night of enjoyment after all. Instead Barnabas turns his head, meets Mordechai's glare and grins, heart starting to race. Yes. This, the potential loss and danger here was much better than Jonah's silly horse races. Besides. What did it matter if he failed? What could a man like Mordechai Lucas do to a Bennett? Barnabas pushes his chips foward.

"I'm all in."





May 2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Jonah had very little patience for the possible existence of Providence, after all he had seen. But out for a spring stroll, after the regrettable (if unavoidable) business with Barnabas, he couldn't help but feel that something Divine was giving him disapproving glances.

It was the foxglove growing next to the columbine at first, which his new peculiarities informed him was far too early to bloom. Then the absolutely wild eruption of anemones. Which, while beautiful, screamed of a more erratic growth than would be permitted in such a carefully maintained park. He really thought that it was quite heavy handed at the end, to cover his favorite sitting spot in blue and white forget-me-nots.



Art by Ben

Fic by Free



ANP 24

2024 JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Art by Sharp

Fic by Max

There was, at the summit, the most delicious sense of rapturous unmooring. An intoxicating feeling of being unmade, scattered on the winds and up, up, up into the endless rush of sky above. Simon's veins thrilled with it, with the sudden and entire nausea of being nothing, nothing.

But to revel too long would be greedy. This was not an exquisite anguish to be hoarded, but to be shared. This place, this glorious vista, where the earth receded beneath one's feet and the sky loomed wide and unbound. The perfect balm for a soul bruised by the thankless calamity of The Awful Deep. Someday, the perfect set of jaws to gnash in service of a God's hunger. Perfect sky blue.



You do not understand,
I do not read the books.

They read me.

hue and color? Because whatever it is...



July 2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Art by Rusty

Fic by Tacky_tramp

At last, Greta stole away from Frau Carla's bedside, and forced herself to knock at the master's library door.
No answer. Steeling herself, she turned the knob.

It was so dark; how could he read? Nevertheless, his tomes surrounded him, stacked high on his desk like prison bars.

"Herr Von Closen, it won't be long now. Her breath slows. Won't you... won't you come?"

He looked up, and Greta realized that he hadn't met her gaze in years. His eyes were sunken but eerily bright. "Carla?" he said, with a flicker of recognition. Then the flicker faded. "No, no. She's already heard this one." He lowered his face again, receding into shadow.

Defeated, Greta returned to her mistress's deathbed alone.





August 2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Jonathan Fanshawe had become a Doctor to help people. His friends, his colleagues, the world at large. True, it may not have been the most respectable career path, but it was one that he typically felt pride in.

He felt no pride today.

He felt no pride in being unable to help his friend. He felt no pride in looking at his insides and seeing things no man should see.

And he felt no pride in penning a letter to one of his oldest and dearest acquaintances, telling him that they were to cease their communications.

But, looking through the stained glass window of the Institute, he couldn't help but feel that he was making the right choice.



Art by Gabriel

Fic by Nix



Dear Jonah,

It's been too long
thoughts of our
the Eye of our
I dearly hope y
foresee our patr
goals and intima

SEPTEMBER 2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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The paradox of Robert Smirke, or so all of his friends tell him, is that he lacks vision. He was the first to introduce most of them to the Dread Powers, to invite them to join in his researches and theories, but that is the most he has ever wanted. None of them have been able to see the vision he has, of the courtyard and its paired hallways, the great crossroads under the watchful sky. Perhaps that is why he keeps trying, keeps inviting new members into their little Society, even as those who already exist bind themselves ever more tightly to their chosen terrors. Still, Robert cannot help but hope. Jonah Magnus seems a promising collaborator; he has a curiosity the others lack, and an instinct for classification to rival Smirke's own. Perhaps together they can bring something of his vision to life.



Art by Emperiocism

Fic by J



OCTOBER 2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	45
4	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	
					Halloween	

Art by Teej

Fic by WebJonah

What exactly made one a god?

Jonah smiled. It was a question he had been turning over in his head for quite some time now. Was it power? Was it the act of having believers, of being worthy of worship?

Or was it the act of passively observing, judging over sin and virtue?

Jonah was sure that he could feel it, right here in this ballroom. He was keenly aware of the eyes lingering on him, of the way he carried himself, how he spoke. And in turn he saw it in the eyes of others - the respect, the worship, even the fear. There was no hiding from his celestial gaze.

Was there any difference between him and a god?





2024 NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29
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Art by Forsyth

Fic by Hosta

He puts the kindling in the fireplace.

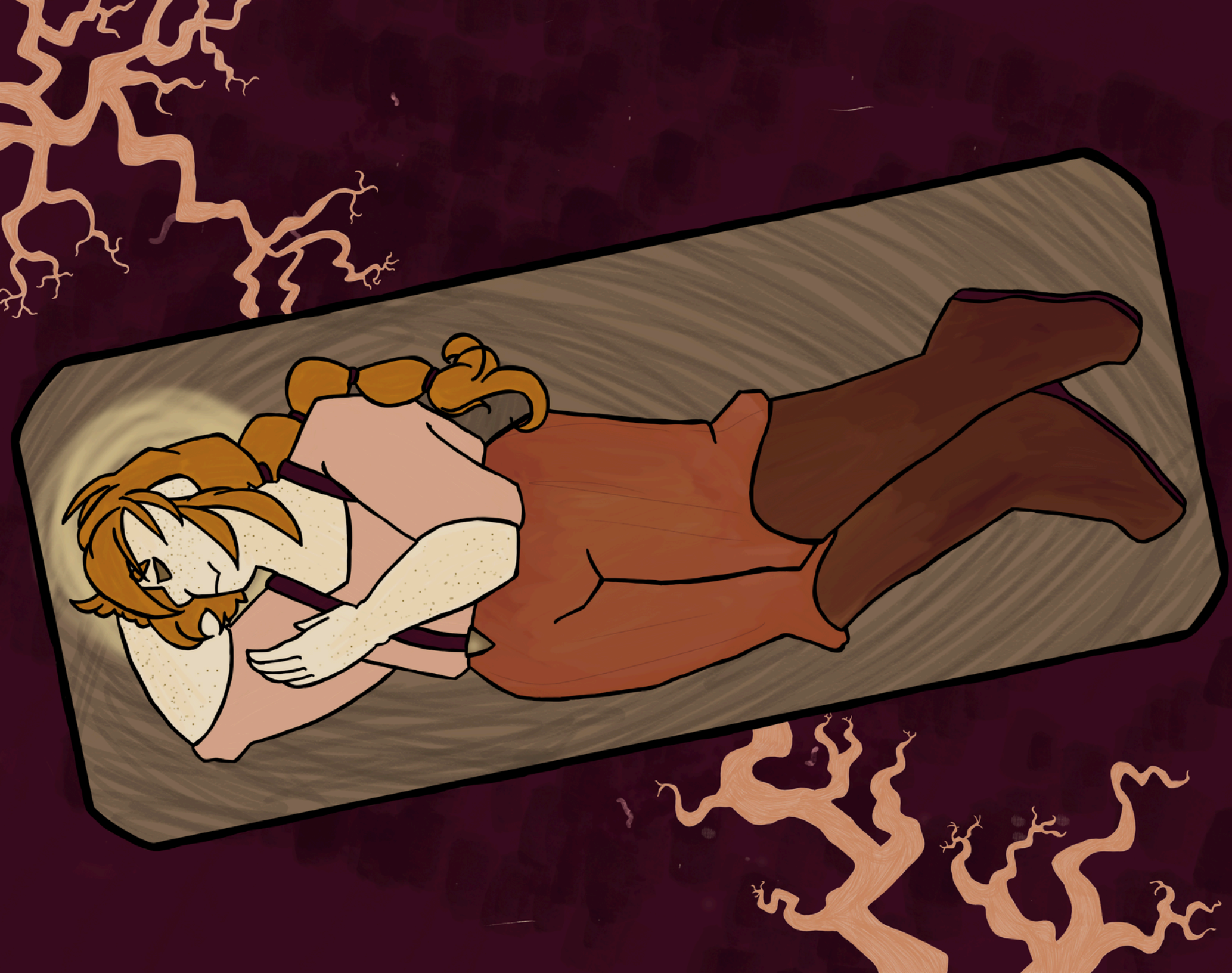
He lights the match.

He's going to rid himself of this vice, he swears. But to what end? What good is paper turned to ash, in the face of the unknowable? What good is it in the face of love?

He lights a second match. The first has burned his fingertips.

He tosses the letters into the fire and knows he's achieved nothing.





DECEMBER 2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31 New Year's Eve			

The December chill didn't reach here, Hezekiah found. The pine scent of his bed comforted him as he curled up close, feeling the rough woolen fabric surrounding him. Petrichor filled the air as he stared up at the hazy world above him -- the snow had yet to fall, and when it did, he would let it cover him until he could no longer breathe. Everyone else already had blankets of soil over their bodies, and he would get one of white. Life was beautiful down in the casket, waiting for the world to fill up around him. Beautiful, and quiet. He turned his head, and settled in for a quiet rest.



Art by DC

Fic by DC