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Tom Cook

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KORATH-TUGLON

The City at the Yawning Abyss

by Tom Cook

Once, aeons ago, when the stars were in other positions, and men were wont to live in decorous cities, there existed the golden, crimson and black spired city of Korath-Tuglon. Korath-Tuglon was known as the city at the yawning abyss, so called because it was perched, in all its majesty, on a cliff that leaned out, far over the Great Abyss.

Now, the Great Abyss was said to have reached to the very roots of the Earth, down to where the unspeakably huge and monstrous Mosgaunts dwell in aeternal darkness.

As it came to pass, in the rule of King Abduramenth, the inhabitants of the city, being vain, became desirous of being remembered forever. For months on end the king heard nothing but that selfsame plea. Any person not subscribing to that desire was thought to be unloyal to Korath-Tuglon, and several poor souls were thrown bodily from the city's walls and into the Great Abyss. Finally, His Lord Majesty Abduramenth submitted to the wish of his subjects, and called upon the court wizard, Zarechzom, to cast a spell.

Far into the night the people chanted

along with Zarechzom, "Korath-Tuglon must be remembered forever." Then, at the rising of the Hyades, the wizard cast his spell. The thousand lights of Korath-Tuglon, perched on its precarious cliff, sparkled in the night. Then, with a gust of foul air, the lights were extinguished. All the people heard a terrible, heart-rending noise, as though the earth itself would tear apart, and looking down, over the city's walls, into the great black gulf beneath their perch, they saw the Mosgaunts.

The Mosgaunts, huge, and powerful, clambered out of the abyss and over the city's walls. One Mosgaunt, immense and ponderous with his great tonnage, rose his massive bulk from the pit. Then, sinking his fangs into the very cliff on which the city stood he caused the cliff to crumble, and, falling, dragged the city down with him, into the abyss where Mosgaunts feed on the souls of lost dreamers, leaving only a jagged ledge behind.

Days later, and in the years to come, merchants passing the site of the city always wore their charms and spoke of "the city the Mosgaunts ate." Thus, Korath-Tuglon was truly remembered forever.

