

Balocraft of Baphomet

Gruyllan's Tale

Although he did not know it then, the prepossessing half-timbered large Edwardian house that he passed - a quarter of the way up Trevor Hill - would be his final destination. But, sweating profusely in the hot mid-June Sun, Gruyllan gave it only a cursory glance, and continued along his way, cursing the lateness of his train and oblivious to the exclusive properties that lined both sides of that steep upward lane which gave splendid views, to the West, of the Stretton valley, of Caer Caradoc, Hazler Hill, and of The Lawley, beyond.

He had been given only an ordnance Survey map reference, and a time, and his assumed lateness and the memory of the beautiful young voluptuous woman combined to make him walk faster until he was almost running.

She had leant toward him, so that he could see down past her cleavage to where her large erected nipples strained against the thin fabric of her low cut evening dress.

"Meet me here," she had said, and pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in the Tempus bar of The Station Hotel in now faraway York.

Even now he seemed still able to smell her scent, and, as he reached almost to the top of that lane he could see his destination ahead: the summit of Haddon Hill beyond the scattered grassy often wind-swept links that formed the highest Golf Course in England.

So he struggled on in the heat of that late afternoon; a young man dressed incongruously in black, seeking Satanic initiation. And when - clammy from sweat, breathless, and pleased - he reached his destination among the sheep-cropped grass and heather of those Shropshire hills, there was no one to greet, to meet, him. Only the breeze, that - warm - did little to cool him, and the westward vista of South Shropshire valley and hills. No beautiful woman, naked, to open her legs enticing as she lay with him to seal his oath by bodily fluids, exchanged. No words of Initiation to echo, Satanically, in his head.

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:
To seal with blood your oath
To we your new family in this
Our Nexion to Bride-Mother
Baphomet...

Instead, only the wordful, wyrdful, wind. Sun, thirst, heat; the exhausted tiredness of disappointment where, under the blue sky, he sat down alone on that hill. Had it all been a dream, or some jape? Hope bade him stay - for half an hour, then more, until - nearly two hours later as the Sun descended, clouds came - he stood to walk, wearily, away. There would be no lips,

rouged, to touch, kiss. No tongue to taste and toy with. No breasts to touch, feel; no nipples to lick, suck and chew upon. No moist, warm, furrow to plough; no painted finely manicured nails to clasp his shoulders as seed was sown. No scent to suffuse his senses as bodies meshed with sweat suffusing them.

It was painful, leaving, while her image, her scent, her promise, lingered in memory within his head. But he left, nevertheless, and it did not seem to matter to him that he had memorized their - her book, *The Grimoire of Baphomet* - given, the day before, in that Bar when first he saw her, enticingly waiting.

There had been e-mails, of course, exchanged - for weeks, beforehand. Questions asked, and answered. No real names given, required, presumed. And then that meeting, arranged. He had spent the days, before, trying not to hope too much, and failing. Hope of a sexual initiation, with a young woman, of course. Hopes of joining a secret elite. Hopes of lust, joy, danger; a new and darker way of life.

There were stories; almost urban legends. Many warnings from Undergraduate friends who shared his Occultic interests, though not his inclination toward Baleful Arts. "The ONA?" they would say, mixing incredulity with censure. "They don't exist", one said. "Avoid them; they're hard-core; dangerous; criminal; immoral; they practise human sacrifice," said another. "They're a cult; they have these hard, brutal, tests - if you fail them, you become an opfer for their Black Mass," opined another. "They're evil; I mean - really evil; subversive..." said the fourth, and last.

Painful, leaving - but by the time he had arrived back at the small unstaffed Railway Station, to sit on a half-vandalised wooden bench, he was happy, again. Exhausted, hungry, thirsty, but happy. For it was all a test, he knew - or, rather, he assumed it was a test. The first, perhaps, of many. So he would re-apply; and wait, for it was a test, just a test, he kept repeating to himself, and he was still thinking this - idly smiling and idly feeling, knowing now, how stupid, how studently stupid he was to wear black clothes - when the Shrewsbury bound train arrived to disgorge a few motley mundanes.

He rose to move toward a still open train-carriage door. But an elderly women, tweedily-dressed and carrying an umbrella, smiled at him and blocked his way. He tried to deftly swerve around her, as a young athletic man could, but she was too quick, for with a flick of her umbrella she tripped him up.

"How clumsy of me," and she looked down at him, sprawled on the platform. "Do please forgive me."

"No, no - it's perfectly all-right," he replied, somewhat clumsily rising to his feet where she still stood blocking his way to the train.

"I imagine, " she said, in her smiling granny-esque way, "you are in a hurry to board the train." But she made no move to move aside. Instead, she said, "Such a lovely town, this. Do you not agree?"

"What?" And he was about to smile, politely, and turn toward the carriage when he sensed the strangeness of the scene, as if it was some dream of the previous night, half-remembered and still a little haunting. And so he let his train depart.

"There is a quite lovely tea-shop, just around the corner," she was saying, and so he walked beside her, silent, up the slight incline toward the tree-lined road, until she said: "How very perceptive of you."

"Have I passed, then?"

"You are quite thirsty, so let us have some tea - and cake - and then talk, a little more."

The tea-room - atop a cluttered, dusty, antique market - was small, quite stuffy, and quite full, and he sat still and waiting despite his rather nervous anticipation, and he had consumed two pots of tea before she spoke again.

"I imagine I am not what you imagined," she said. Then, before he could reply: "But yes, you are correct."

"You're an empath. So, you would have passed me by had I decided not to re-apply."

"More tea?" she smiled.

"No thanks."

"There is another test..."

"Of course."

"But first - go here, now, where we await you." And she pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in that stuffy tea-room in sunny South Shropshire.

He left then, enwrapped in her - their - scent, to walk through that small town oblivious to everything until he came again to Trevor Hill, snaking upwards as its lane did from, and to the right of, that narrow road that led to Cardingmill Valley.

The house, on the second corner of and set back from the hilly lane, seemed almost to grow out from the ground, its black-painted timbers mirrored in the wooden verandah that surrounded its south side and overlooked the terraced garden with its large century-old tree of Oak. Several stone steps led to the large front door and he was about to tug on the cord to ring the antique brass bell when the door opened.

His memory was there, before him - the beautiful young woman whose crimson lipstick, fulsomely applied, matched the colour of her dress, and she, wordless, led him into the cool if dim interior, along a tiled floor, and up an oak staircase to a spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of parquet floor whose only furnishings were a chaise-longue and a marble mantel above the Coalbrookdale fireplace, and which held a large clear quartz crystal tetrahedron.

The door closed slowly, silently, behind them and it did not take her long to remove her dress. She was naked beneath it.

"Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!" she lisped, to supinely wreath herself around, upon, the chaise-longue, and he, eagerly stripping away his earthly coverings, obliged to lay upon her and enter her warm moistness as her crimson painted nails sank into the flesh of his shoulders to draw forth fresh blood.

Her sibilation was almost silent but it beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:
To seal with blood your oath
To we your new family in this
Our Nexion to our Bride-Mother
Baphomet

He was soon spent, drained, unused to such female - almost feline - ferocity, and she turned him over to lay upon him to lick his shoulder wounds.

So she whispered to him his appointed task, his test, and waited while he - entwined in his sweat and hers - dressed himself before taking him down to the cellar. The tools, the instruments of death and slaughter, were there, in plenty, and he watched while she placed her chosen items, and bundles of money, into some nondescript suitcase. Then - a silver chain with sigil pendant of Baphomet placed around his neck; a kiss, tongue seeking his; her still naked body pressed to his. A promise that he could - should - sow his seed within her again, again, again. And then he was out, dazed, back out into the bright day of light to walk with heavy suitcase down the hill.

There was no train at the Station; no elderly women to block his way when train arrived. Only the journey, the long journey of no doubts.

^^^

She was never there when each evening he returned to that cocktail Bar, hoping. Never there, red lips touching Champagne flute; never there to take him to her suite where he would lay upon her.

The money certainly helped - to ease his pain of separation and his preparations, and he worked assiduously, planning, enticing, ensnaring, while maintaining the appearance of a student life. The mundane he selected

was eager, willing, as well he might be, given Gruyllan's weeks of preparation even before that wyrdful meeting, with her.

So Peter The Mundane sat with him in that vulgar bar of Vanbrugh College, anonymous in their student anonymity, while darkness came to the world outside. Thus Gruyllan The Cunning continued to weave his web of lies, and the younger student listened, weakened as he was from netorrhoea spread by specious sites, from abstractions believed, and the money Gruyllan had lavished upon him.

"In every war there are casualties; collateral damage. Anyway, they'll be plenty of time for the area to be cleared. Just remember, those there in that place on that day are flunkies of the repressive, immoral, State. Waiting is defeat, and the State isn't simply going to collapse; it's got to be pushed; the capitalists are vulnerable, and one of their weaknesses is the confidence that the money markets require. Dent that - get them into a state of fear - and you've got them ready to topple. Keep them wondering where and when we're going to strike next..."

So Gruyllan talked, and Peter The Mundane listened. Talked of the struggle; of Bonanno; of the need to inspire others; and when they parted, hours later, each to their own student rooms, Gruyllan knew Peter was primed.

A few days, and they were in a rainy London, with the mundane carrying a large, heavy, rucksack. It was a symbolic target, near the Bank of England, and they shook hands before Gruyllan left, ostensibly to telephone a warning. But the timer, unknown to that mundane, was set for only a few seconds delay so that he had walked only a few paces away before the bomb exploded.

There was bloody carnage. Bodies, buildings, damaged, And around, among, the dead, the dying, waiting demonic shapes gathered, unseen by any mortal mundane eye - shapes feeding on, upon, the pain, the suffering, the deaths; transforming the life-force - leaking, leaving - into new life, Their life, as one more portal opened, allowing other shapes to eagerly egress forth. *Agios o Baphomet, Your Balocraft be done*, Gruyllan intoned from his well-kept distance, and smiled, knowing a reward awaited.

He was correct about the reward. She was there - when he, hours later, safely arrived - to take him to her spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of the parquet floor. And when his passion spasmed in its ending, her almost silent sibilation beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

Our being takes form in defiance
Of mundanes.
In you, of you - we are.
Before you - we were.
After you - we and you shall be, again.
Before us - They who humans cannot name.
After us - They who will be, yet again.

There was a feast of welcome, in the Sitting Room below; family to meet, greet. And - most of all - deeds past and future waiting to be toasted, planned, and told. For Vindex will, must, have her baleful day.

Nexion Zero
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Fayen
