

# THE PATH OF CHRONOZON



It is a great and noble thing to devote a life to the pursuit of knowledge. Some are obsessed with knowledge for its own sake. However, there are those who seek knowledge as the power to dominate others. Chester Barreman is such a man. Even in his youth in Cape Town, South Africa, Chester had an interest in history, more specifically in the religions of ancient civilizations. He was fascinated by the various interconnected beliefs of people across the globe stretching as far back as the written word, hieroglyphs or even cave paintings allowed. It was only as his studies matured that

he realised he was at the beginning of the true path to power. A path defined by a single word: Chronozon.

Chronozon is the dweller in the abyss. The demon of time and chaos was said to be the last great obstacle between the adept and enlightenment. Barreman knew in that moment that he couldn't just know more about Chronozon. He had to know everything. The young scholar's obsession with this powerful demon became all-encompassing and acts that would have been abhorrent to him only months earlier, were now acceptable in his journey down the path.

At The Spoil, a vast Promethean Complex in Nigeria, Barreman traded for a flask of RJ-1027, an otherworldly material he was certain was vital to take the next step. It was the subsequent near-death experience from inhaling the vapours that allowed him to open the third eye of his mind to connect with the abyss. The subsequent sacrifice of his sanity was so subtle that Chester was not even aware that he had crossed the line. It became the norm for him to barely recognise his own reflection, instead seeing Chronozon staring back through dark soulless eyes.

As Chronozon's mark settled on him, Barreman became more strong-willed and charismatic than ever before. His sanity returned for periods of time long enough to attract followers and instruct them in the way of the demon, though at times the abyss walks free of Barreman's soul and manifests itself in terrible tainted glory. The hex-pointed star with Chronozon's eye at its centre became Barreman's sigil. Barreman entered prolonged meditations where he entered a dream-like state. In this he claimed he could connect with figures of great power, from far eastern emperors to nobles in the court of Queen Victoria and even minds utterly alien in form. All were linked to Chronozon.

Led by Barreman's protege, Lydia Heron, the followers of the Path wear masks bearing this hex-pointed symbol of the abyss, all the better to purge their own identity. Barreman has taught them that Chronozon's function is to destroy the ego, which allows the adept to move beyond the abyss of occult cosmology.

John Talbot and his wife Elizabeth have proven to be devout followers to the Path. Willing to make the ultimate sacrifice, the couple have shed blood

many times in the name of Chronozon. At these times, the power of the demon quickens their hearts and gives them a vitality that makes the world seem grey and lifeless in its absence.

The Talbots are not alone in their devotion. Carol Greene and Karl Malik have also taken the abyssal rites and serve Barreman and the Path. Most recently inducted are the siblings Edward and Jane Carter. Having murdered their father, a Major in the Union Army, the pair gifted his eyes to Barreman so that the elder Carter might finally see his children take their place on the Path.

With loyal acolytes like these providing him with any components he might need, Chester has refined a ritual that allows spawn of Chronozon to be brought through to this reality. These demons of dispersion are obedient to the instruction from those bearing Barreman's sigil as well as those whispered from the true power behind that hex-pointed star. A creature of the umbra, the spawn are all bestial fury, sweeping through any environment in a blur of vorpal teeth and claws.

As Chester Barreman walks the Path of Chronozon, he has become aware of the larger struggle between Chronozon, and the mortal pawns of distant gods of order known as the Spica. This Shadow War is fought not between armies and nations like the conflicts of men, but as something more subtle and insidious. Should these Spica achieve their terrible goal, then they will burn the world on a celestial pyre. Only the champions of Chronozon can prevent this and bring humanity to its true destiny. In such a struggle for supremacy, how can the erudite servants of Chronozon accept failure?