



The
VISTOR'S GUIDE
to
CASTLE GORMOGON

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WELCOME

Castle Gormogon receives hundreds of visitors a year, from international celebrities, world leaders, and great thinkers, to ordinary cretins such as yourself. This guide will help you get the most out of your stay with us.

ABOUT THE SOCIETY

The Gormogons are an antient and noble—and secret—society dedicated to the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland-Lithuania, the imprisonment of Esperanto speakers [many of whom you can visit in our dungeons! Please do not engage them in conversation in any language], and our dedication to the eschatological doctrine of the Return from Occultation of the Thirteenth Imam, Val Kilmer.

Our numbers are in the many tens of billions. We are aware that, from your frame of reference, this greatly exceeds the number of people alive today. We get that question a lot, and while it annoys us to no end, the inquisitor is gently invited to [a] consider that our membership extends to the past and future of many dimensions and worlds, and [b] shut up.

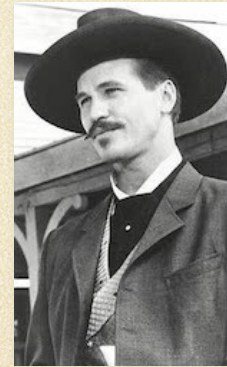
The Gormogons' doctrine of enlightenment [also secret, don't ask] descends from our illustrious founder, the secret first Emperor of China, Chin-K'wa Kai-Po [秦騰馘魄], who decoded the famous Voynich Manuscript [available in paperback in the gift shop] using an occult algorithm derived from Paracelsus's Archidoxis of Magic [also available in our gift shop] and the metrical scansion of Doug E. Fresh's "La-Di-Da-Di" [not available in the gift shop due to licensing restrictions].

Chin-K'wa Kai-Po's doctrine was promulgated by Confucius [孔夫子], who has held the office of Œcumenical Volgi since time immemorial. Among the secrets of the cosmos the Volgi has unlocked is immortality [not available in the gift shop], which he and he alone bestows upon certain members of the Society.

The Society attracted unwelcome publicity in the eighteenth century when, due to a series of bad decisions involving a tavern, a Scot, and a fistfight with some Freemasons, we got our name in the paper.

Whether the Gormogons are a force for good or evil is irrelevant, as our means and motives are explicable to them and them alone. We remain a silent, arcane power behind the scenes, and secrecy is our most precious asset. Just ask: we are happy to tell you all about it.

Doc nott call upp Any that ye cannot put downe. fä! fä! Kitty of the Black Eyes and No Mouth!



THE WEBSITE

In all likelihood, you discovered the Gormogons' ultra-secret organization and tentacle-like machinations through our website, which is of course due to the genius of our marketing department.

The website has existed for centuries, dating back to a time when it was done entirely with lamp black and quill.

However, the marketing department converted it to a web log in July of 2008, shortly predating their execution.

The site covers political theory, philosophy, popular culture, technology and entertainment, and whatever else we can steal. Due to our competitive nature, we take great delight in discussing the endlessly entertaining failings of our colleagues.

The website has been described as a mix of 1960s' *Mad Magazine*, *National Review Online*, and the Addams Family. For us, it is pure catharsis. For you, it is exceptionally free entertainment.

Visit it and us at www.gormogons.com.

CASTLE GORMOGON

How to Get There

The Castle can be found on the Plateau of Leng, which travels in time and space but frequently materializes just outside of the scenic hamlet of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Take Route 45 North to Kinker Road, and turn right [heading East]. This will become Westmoreland Drive [Exit 5]. Head North to Castle Road and follow the signs.

If you reach WI-114/10, you have gone too far north. You'll soon realize what that means.

Guests of the Castle may park for free in the rear of the Castle, behind the Hippodrome. One of our Tcho-Tchos will be happy to park your vehicle for you, or at the very least, tear your seats apart with his teeth. If you need help with your bags, feel free to ask, and they will hurl them off the plateau.

FABULOUS LODGING

For your nocturnal safety on the Plateau, we strongly advise you to stay as guests of the Castle. We have almost one hundred guest rooms with beds [including mattresses], indoor plumbing, and roach-free drawers for your belongings. You won't even need to unpack—Dat Ho will rifle through your possessions as soon as you check in!

Each room features an ultra-definition screen brought by GorT from *c.* 2170 A.D., so bring your Q-Ray discs! Otherwise, you can enjoy the local Plateau of Leng Channel [PLC], featuring local news and weather, reruns of *F-Troop*, and for some reason a lot of footage of children jump-roping.

Room rates vary by options and season, so please check our website for the latest prices.

Reservations are not required, due to our supercomputer-based reservations-management system and the Castle's ridiculously and perpetually low occupancy.

Just swing by the front desk and let us know how long you intend to stay, and whether or not you've notified any friends or relatives that you'll be staying with us. Apropos of nothing, there is no cellphone reception on the Plateau of Leng, and the land lines are notoriously finicky about managing the interdimensional barrier. Our Tcho-Tcho staff will hand-carry any mail, telegrams, e-mail, etc., to send to the Fond du Lac post office, Western Union, or FedEx Office for you, day or night.

[Note: the Czar's paranoia occasionally extends to reading all incoming and outgoing communications. In this context, "occasionally" means 1103—1331, 1556—1643, and 1773 to the present.]



Sleep like the dead at Castle Gormogon

FINE DINING

Castle Gormogon provides three world-class dining experiences.

Just off the lobby, you can check out the *Big G Bar and Lounge* for the finest in casual fare collected in our travels. For example, get a real Wrigley Field hot dog! It's \$9, filled with salt, and served on a bun that looks like it got sat on. Or grab a cheddar brat with apple butter. Freshly fried in lard, it is a true Wisconsin fave. Want to sample the best of Muscovy? Be sure to get a plate of *жмуллилинскы*, dripping with fresh *здравск* roe, served on a garlic *пшоени*. And if you do, relax: the toilet in your room can handle it. They've all been 'Puterized for your safety.

Seeking *haute cuisine*? The mezzanine houses *Le Pare-Brise*, where fine linens and romantic candlelight compliment our superb wine collection——GorT can pretty much get you anything for a few bucks, including a Claudian Vino Romae LVII up to a $\epsilon\iota\delta\zeta\alpha\text{-}\tau\epsilon\zeta\theta\varsigma$ E849.4D. And then sit back as our chef prepares you a Chateaubriand steak, a *saumon au miel et sauce à la moutarde*, or a *porc aux pommes et la marinade saumure*.

It is not impossible that you might get Sleestak's "tasting menu," a plate of partially chewed fruit chunks and dried pellets. Chef Todd takes a few nights off a week, so we get the guy with claws for hands to cover for him. Anthony Bourdain speaks highly of dining *au Slistaque*.

The mezzanine is also home to our *Cafetorium*, where you might catch one of us eating. Inexpensive and decently textured foods surround the central seating court. You can find our Cafetorium right by the bathrooms, in which you might also find 'Puter in his underwear, eating day-old pizza on the cold tile floor. [Note: This spectacle is completely inappropriate for children, especially girls. Parents should carefully survey restrooms in advance, as well as evacuate immediately if 'Puter enters mumbling to himself about Carol from Reno, singing "Copacabana," or cursing Cajun cuisine.]

You may also eat in your room. Whatever floats your boat. We have room service, so select a delicacy from your in-room menu, and our Tcho-Tcho staff will be happy to bring something up to your room. They may bring something up *in* your room, however; if you require housekeeping, just ring the front desk——although, honestly, the housekeeping is done by the Tcho-Tchos as well. Incidentally, if you use room service, please call us and let us know if they eat your food and deliver nothing but plates of bones. We will be happy to rectify the situation by exposing them to the severe and imaginative acts of punishment which they occasionally require to ensure your service is first-class.



*The Big G
Lobby*



*Le Pare-Brise
Mezzanine*



*The Cafetorium
Mezzanine*

ACTIVITIES

Once you check in, get unpacked, and report all your missing personal effects, there's lots to do in and around the Castle!

Relax in the lobby, meet with friends, and catch up with our celebrity residents.

Feel free to grab a recliner near the water on the Lido deck around our moat. Tip: Wipe your chair before sitting down on it. Thoroughly.



View from the Lido Deck

Pop up to the roof and try your hand at our exowatt laser cannon! Nothing says "Having a great time" like burning it into your friends' lawns from hundreds of miles away!



NOTE: LASER CANNON USE REQUIRES WAIVER OF LIABILITY, SECURITY DEPOSIT, AND, POSSIBLY, HOSTAGE. BLOOD RELATIVES PREFERRED.



Reception

Tours take place every two hours between 7:30am and 9:00am. You will see some of our priceless works of art and architecture, and don't miss our dungeon, which contains various Jansenists, union organizers, apostates, and Esperanto speakers [*La uzo de Esperanto estas malpermesita en la Kastelo*].

You'll be tripping over lot of museum-quality junk scattered around every floor [The very axe the Czar of Muscovy used on Antipope Theodolorus! The Street Glow lights from the Mandarin's palanquin! Mordecai Brown's other two fingers!]. Swing on by our cinémathèque to see what GorT is screening in Ultra-Deep-Color Hyper-Ray. You haven't seen Casablanca until you've seen it in quadrillions of colors.

FURTHER ACTIVITIES [& CAUTIONS]

Stay out of the basement. The Mandarin's laboratory is there, and while it would excite, enthrall, and fascinate you, the Mandarin has a difficult time distinguishing between guests and test subjects, even though we have repeatedly explained the distinction to him, and your mandatory pass clearly reads "GUEST. DO NOT TELEPORT."

Also, the third through fifth floors are off-limits to the public. They contain the Volgi's personal quarters. We can say no more, other than *you could get eaten by a yeti.*

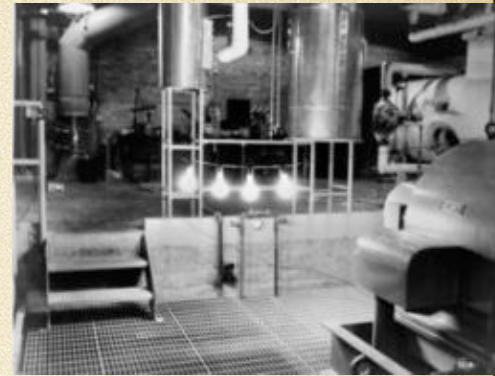
We apparently have a work-out room with a sauna, spa tub, and swimming pool, but none of us have a clue where it is. Ask Sleestak or Dat Ho. Maybe a Tcho-Tcho? Hopefully not in the cellars. You probably ought not go looking for it down there. Especially if a Tcho-Tcho offers to take you down there.

Our thornbush maze out back is unforgettable, and occasionally inescapable——some knowledge of multi-dimensional physics is recommended, as a lot of folks wander into the tesseract and turn up in all sorts of odd places and centuries. We kid, of course! You could easily wind up in an even century.

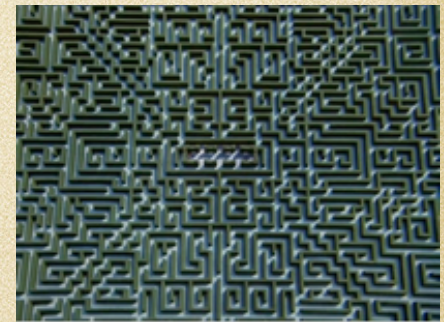
Also on the grounds is the Grenade Fishing Pond. It is a pond. With fish. You chuck grenades into it. You get the picture. As fun as that sounds...actually, it is a great deal more fun than it sounds.

For thrills, check out our recently added Hippodrome. Watch the horses run their riders to death! If that weren't exciting enough, 'Puter has added a figure-eight layout to add topspin to the crashes.

Did you know we have a bestiary on the grounds? Dude, you can only freaking imagine what's in that. Holy crap. Borrow a Holland & Holland from the front desk, just in case.



Cellars. As far as we go.



The Maze.

Holler if you see

Ambrose Bierce or Jim Thompson.

SOME RESIDENTS

The Œcumenical Volgi

The heir to the order's founder, the secret first Emperor of China Chin-K'wa Kai-Po [秦腾馘魄], who brought the order to the wider world, 孔夫子, is usually referred to by his office of Œcumenical Volgi, Kung Ch'iu, K'ung-fu-tzu, Chih-sheng Hsien-shih, Wan-Shih-Shih-Piao, or, once in a blue moon, "Confucius."

Visitors not fluent in Zhou Chinese are welcome to refer to him as the Volgi [say *Vol-ghee*, never *Vol-jee*].

The Volgi was born in 551 B.C., outside the city of Ch'ü-fu, in the suburb of Elm Grove Heights. Serving as Minister of Justice, and knocking out a couple of books, the Volgi is credited with founding Confucianism, the semi-religion bearing his name; however, he did so to win a bet with L. Ron Hubbard, and does not practice it himself.

As minister, he discovered a love of foreign policy and sarcasm. Dedicated to life-long learning, the Volgi is one of only a few people with a doctorate in Umlautology, as evinced by his hyperdiacritical ravings.

The Volgi is immortal, and spends his off hours travelling the Circles of Hell to pick out destinations for those whom he does not like. He travels the world, appearing and disappearing at will, and has mastered over 160 languages along the way. His favorite topics are foreign affairs, popular culture, and history. He considers decapitating vampires a worthwhile and diverting pastime.

The Volgi occupies the third through fifth floors of the Castle with his pet yeti, དགའ་པོ་. [*Dgapo* or "Lovey," *vide infra*].

The Volgi is the only permanent resident of the Castle. If you see him by the bar in the lounge, do not be afraid to stroll up and say hello. The Volgi is very friendly, and welcomes any visitor who buys him a glass of the Liao Drug at the bar.

Do not attempt to pet Dgapo. He is, however, usually amenable to offers to play Tibetan Chandraki Chess in the library. Note he insists on the authentic rules of Drigum Tsenpo, whom he claims to have known. Just play along.

孔夫子



*You are not brought upon
this world to get it.*

GHETTOPUTER

Always right, unless he isn't, the infallible Ghettoputer claims to be an in-law of the Volgi, although no one really believes this.

'Puter carefully follows economic and financial trends, legal affairs, and serves as the Gormogons' financial and legal advisor. He successfully defended us against a lawsuit from a liquor distributor worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in unpaid deliveries of bootleg shandies.

The Geep has an IQ so high it is untestable and attempts to measure it have resulted in dangerously vertiginous results as well as injuries to researchers. Coincidentally, he publishes intelligence tests as a side gig.

His sarcasm is so highly developed it borders on the psychic, and he is often able to insult a person even before meeting them. 'Puter enjoys hunting small game with ooo slugs and punt guns, correcting homilies in real time at Mass, and undermining labor unions. 'Puter also likes to wear a hockey mask and carry an axe into public campgrounds, where he bursts into people's tents and screams CCR lyrics at them. As you might expect, he has been shot several times, but he remains irrepressible. PCP-level irrepressible.

He assures us that his obsessive fawning over news stories involving women teachers sleeping with young students is not Freudian in any way, although he brags incessantly something similar once happened to him. Uniquely, 'Puter is unable to speak, read, or write Russian, but he is able to sing it fluently.

Geep joined the order in the mid-1980s. He arrived at the Castle door with dozens of steamer trunks and an inarticulate hissing creature of astonishingly low intelligence he calls "Sleestak." [*Vide infra.*] Ghettoputer appears to make his wishes known to Sleestak, although no one is sure whether this is the result of complex sign language, expert body posture reading, or simply beating Sleestak with a rubber mallet.

'Puter is quite gregarious and can be found throughout the Castle during the day. Visitors can see him in the Playroom, in the Cafetorium, or in any of the restrooms.

One fact that is generally not appreciated is that 'Puter is quite a loyal family man. When not at the Castle, he spends time with his family in western Upstate New York.

If you wish to socialize with Ghettoputer and the Czar of Muscovy, they frequent The Leaping Peacock down the street, where their tabs are traded on several secondary exchanges, and indeed comprise a major reserve currency in parts of Africa. 'Puter often recommends a concoction known as a Gin and Slimfast. Ensure your insurance premiums are up to date.

Ghettoputer



Trust Me.

0309	Table 7	Guest PUTER			
Server	KAYLA T	SvrChk: 18	03:20	10/21/09	
3	SLOE GIN FIZZ	@	7.95	23.85	
2	APPL CRANTINI	@	8.95	17.90	
3	PEACH FUZZ	@	6.95	20.85	
1	SEX CITY-TINI	@	7.95	7.95	
3	CINNAM CORDIAL	@	4.95	14.85	
2	BAHAMA BREEZE	@	6.95	13.90	
4	SOURBALL	@	2.95	11.80	
2	CHMPON CHERRY	@	8.95	17.90	
3	SAKE RUM HITS	@	6.95	19.65	
2	FLAMG PUCKR	@	9.95	19.90	
4	GALLIANO	@	4.45	17.80	
1	BLUE WHALE	@	9.50	9.50	
2	JAEGER POP	@	5.65	11.30	
4	RUM CRACKER	@	6.75	27.00	
5	GIN (STRAIGHT)	@	3.95	19.75	
4	CURCAO SUNSET	@	6.95	27.80	
3	SNTA MONICA	@	7.35	22.05	
2	KAHLUA SIPPER	@	6.45	12.90	
4	GIN/SLIMFAST	@	7.95	31.80	
2	YOOHOO BLAST	@	8.25	16.50	

Sub To 364.95
Tax: 24.63

TOTAL: 389.58

THANK YOU!
TRY OUR GREEN BAY FISH FRY- TUES NIGHT

GORTIE

GorTechie, alias GorT, is an eight-foot-tall robot from the 51st Century who routinely time-travels to steal expensive technology from the future and return it to the past for reinvention. The profits from this pay all the Gormogons' bills, including subsidizing the Castle's enormous operating costs. Some of the products he has introduced from the future include oven mitts, the Guinness widget, the whisk, and Dr. Pepper.

GorT is a bipedal, partially cybernetic, enhanced anthropoid construct made of complex polyfluidic KL5 metal/plastic alloys. His primary armament consists of a particle-beam weapon fired from his ocular array. His secondary weapons consist of multi-function grappling claws, kinetic kill projectiles, and low-yield nuclear explosives, which he hesitates to use because of the difficulty in reloading.

He is also equipped with a semi-colloidal electromagnetic shielding system, but avoids using it because it resets nearby microwave and VCR clocks to noon.

He has no knees. Oddly, this seems not to limit his movement. GorT's processing functions include over 145 implanted enhancements including linguistic translation, n -dimensional computation and navigation, and the ability to memorize up to ten digits without writing them down first. Increasingly, he is the only Gormogon capable of doing math.

Due to his immense cybernetic brain, GorT is able to produce a post for the website in 0.023 seconds. Only 'Puter spends less time on research.

GorT speaks entirely in zeros and ones, but occasionally throws in a ð to annoy the Volgi. He is a massive proponent of science, technology, and energy development, and enjoys taking the Czar's more interesting scientific theories, going into the past, publishing them as his own, and then returning to take credit for them. Possessed of incredible strength, he understands the awesome responsibility that follows therefrom, and only uses it to hurt people.

He is thoroughly fascinated by rope but may not fully understand the concept. He is a skilled classical guitarist.

GorT joined the order in 5086. As a cyber-child, he spent his time playing skull-fetch on top of the Farnak Tower under the green lights of the Tengari Glow, where he contemplated the sameness of extremes until it was time to eat fiberglass. Pretty mundane stuff, we understand. Why, what do you do that's so normal?

When not at the Castle, spends his time with his human family in Washington, D.C.

Visitors are cautioned to stay out of his quantum lair near the roof, as GorT may elect to "upgrade" you. This is a process you are unlikely to survive.



The Quantum Lair



THE INSCRUTABLE MANDARIN

If you've ever been walking down a street and suddenly found yourself transported to another dimension of pure evil, you have probably met the Inscrutable Mandarin.

A technological wizard, the Mandarin delights in tormenting people with bizarre, quasi-alien technology, and frequently in collaboration with GorT, designs evil orbital mind-control satellites, portable disintegration devices, and plastic wrap that sticks to itself but not dishes.

When he isn't online writing about society's lowest common denominators, America's celebration of mediocrity, unions, and Democratic party foolishness, Mandy can be found in chain bookstores in the Self-Help section, making pointed, eerily personal corrections to the texts with a pencil. He also checks in on the vast East Asian empire of zombie slaves who perform all his daily tasks [although they are evidently not very good at safe food-handling].

The Mandarin, whose real name is 吏恆, joined the order in 1309, and insinuated the Gormogons into England during the eighteenth century.

He enjoys watching high-school volleyball games, especially when the children take it seriously; the college stuff annoys him with those ridiculous delays caused by hugging after each play.



On the lighter side, the Mandarin enjoys spending time with his pet manticore, Βάρικος or "Barry" [who can be found in the Bestiary]. When not at the Castle...well, frankly, nobody has any idea where he goes, and we are quite sure we don't care to know.

The Mandarin perfected the martial art of "gut-booting," delivering a powerful kick to the stomach of anyone that annoys him. Although nearly universal today, the act of gut-booting or threatening someone or something with a gut-boot is the legacy of the Mandarin's genius.

吏恆官



Sleestak, I'm bored.

THE CZAR OF MUSCOVY

Tremble before the Czar of Muscovy! Muscovy is a small, sleepy village outside of Chicago where everyone likes each other; this pleases the Czar, who would otherwise have them all killed. The Czar has a violent temper, and is capable of lashing out with rages and tantrums; however, he knows many ways to control his terrible anger, and spends most of his time not doing any of them.

The Czar was born in 1267, and fully expected to become Czar upon the death of Boris Mikhailovich, who replaced Aleksandr Yaroslavovich Nevsky in 1263. However, in 1283, the Czar was passed over due to a clerical error and the rule of all Russia went to his second cousin Daniil, whom the Czar still resents. By way of redress, the Czar was awarded control over Muscovy, inconveniently located 5,000 miles away.

The Czar first met the Mandarin along the Eastern edge of Siberia in 1287, and met the Volgi seven years later. The Volgi later recruited the Czar into the Gormogons in 1308.

As the leader of a large Eurasian empire, he is very aware of the mean and vicious things the news media do and he often reaches out to them in hopes that he can eventually meet and kill them. He and 'Puter are both healthy drinkers, and have had many adventures together on alcohol-fueled rampages. GorT's good for bail money. He detests Creationists and Bible thumpers, and seeks a reliable recipe for barbecuing them.

Contrary to correspondence we sometimes receive at the Castle, the Czar is not of the Orthodox faith. On holidays, the Czar entertains the children by having a pack of wild dogs run down a few serfs. To make it more fair, he usually ties the serfs' legs together, lest the dogs wind up running all over the place. The younger kids tend to be a little frightened of it all, but the older kids have become entirely desensitized to the savagery.

Sometimes we are asked if the Czar has a real name, and of course he does: Дима Грозный. Visitors are strongly advised never to refer to him by his proper name, unless you use it within his full title: Божію Поспѣшествующею Милостію Мы, Дима Грозный Императоръ и Самодержецъ Всероссійскій, цѣсарь Московскій. As you might expect, there is little benefit in testing this.



*Божію
Поспѣшествующею
Милостію Мы,
Дима Грозный
Императоръ и
Самодержецъ
Всероссійскій,
цѣсарь Московскій*

DR. J.

Dr. J. was born the son of a New Atlantean sharecropper who cornered the market on the notoriously delicious seaweed *Himanthalia elongata* [popularly known as Thongweed]. With his newly minted seaweed fortune, Mr. J. the Elder sent his son to attend the Academy of Thaumaturgy, Alchemy and Surgery where the good doctor apprenticed with the finest sorcerer-surgeons in New Atlantis.

Dr. J.'s areas of expertise grew to include bleeding, cutting for stone, trephination, medical divination with outstanding spatial and temporal resolution, cybernetic sorcery and medicinal alchemy. When King Orin of Atlantis fell ill with the Ick, Dr. J. stepped in with an elixir he devised from a combination of minerals, herbs and saps. Curing the king, Dr. J. gained significant reknown which afforded him the luxury of time to devote himself to his side hobbies which include porpoise racing, the study of supply-side economics, cooking and raising his lovely merchildren alongside his lovely bride, the arch-conservative Mrs. Dr. J.

Guests considering consulting our house doctor should attempt to determine in advance whether they are allergic to force lightning, as it makes up a considerable proportion of his medical treatments. He also uses force lightning to cook himself breakfast as well as change the television channel.



*Yes! Yes! Let our hospitality
flow through you!*

PRINCE TOCHMAS

Among the most mysterious Gormogons, Prince Tochmas [*Toqtamysb Khan*] was born in Western Mongolia in 1347 on the 23rd. Only the month is unknown. Let's say August. Eventually, he came to lead the White Horde before briefly reuniting it with the Blue Horde to reform the Golden Horde [Mongol color theory uses fifteen primary colors, organized into groups of sixty].

After many unsuccessful battles [he was particularly bad at fighting near rivers], Tochmas formalized the union of Poland-Lithuania in hopes this would finally provide him the successful leadership that a decendent of Genghis Khan deserved.

Alas, the lure of vodka, hot Lithuanian women, and war with the Teutonic Knights distracted him and he never quite got back to the rest of his plan. Around this time, Tochmas met the Czar of Muscovy, who was in the area pricing giant iron wheels for crushing serfs. The two got along famously, and he was welcomed into the Gormogons.

Prince Tochmas is currently in charge of reviving Poland-Lithuania as he's got the best Rolodex for the area, and his current whereabouts are classified. Although, if you have noticed the stunning resurgence of Poland and Lithuania on the world stage, you could easily guess where he might be and what he might be up to. Just saying.

Also, it's not on the menu, but if you ask at the Leaping Peacock, they'll make you a 'Prince Tochmas,' which is kumiss, vodka, and Chambord served in a hollow, edible Šakotis.

THE GRAND MOGUL

Castle visitors are unlikely to see The Grand Mogul, who rarely stays at the Castle at this time, although he has a suite of rooms reserved for him on the sixth floor.

The Grand Mogul visits for important meetings and events and the odd poker game, but generally watches over Gormogon interests in several different parts of the world.

Cagey about his origins——though he suspiciously resembles Aurangzeb [1618—1707], particularly in his skill at calligraphy and fighting war elephants hand-to-hand——the Mogul joined the Gormogons in 1708, after he was rified from a fairly influential position with the Gurkani Corporation [following the latter's subsequent buyout by MarathaCom].

The Mogul does not write for the website, although he occasionally will email ideas to the others, and certainly monitors the site during his many travels around the world.

He incidentally maintain a quite lavish penthouse on Park Avenue, overlooking Central Park, as seen at right.



*Prince Tochmas
[L, crowned]
drops by.*



*The Mogul.
[file photos]*



OTHER RESIDENTS

Dat Ho

Dat Ho is ostensibly the Czar's personal assistant, but performs a wide variety of tasks for all the Castle residents and our guests as well.

Dat is about 12 years old. We think. We generally spend very little time talking to him. In fact, not only do we not know where he came from, we're not even sure Dat Ho is his real name.

Any guests who manage to speak to him are welcome to try and find out things about him. Let us know what he says. He is very cute, but guests should be warned about his skills at pilfering and rummaging.

Dat spends his rare off-time learning unbroken English in order to say he is sorry for folding the Czar's socks with the heel to the left instead of the right. On any given day, he will probably receive a beating [or at least a serious throttling] for some transgression. Verily he knows what he did in the kitchen, when he thought he could pocket an extra parsnip for dessert. One must be very strict disciplining underlings, even it means fabricating accusations against them.



"No time for love, Mr. 'Puter."

SLEESTAK

Sleestak is a horrible-looking reptilian thug who follows Ghettoputer around the Castle. He speaks in a series of sibilant noises, and whether or not 'Puter understands him or not is a matter of debate.

His real name is unknown, but because of his strong resemblance to a well-known fictional character, 'Puter named him Sleestak. He is so severely unattractive that usually we represent him with a stock photograph of the television character. There is no mistaking him in the Castle; if you see him shuffling in the hallways, consider staying out of his way.

Fortunately, Sleestak spends most of his day in 'Puter's room, leaving only to run errands or fetch hard-to-obtain items around town for his Master. One of his key jobs is Charnel Master of the Castle, which shows that he is much more responsible than that little slugabed, Dat Ho.

How he came into 'Puter's care is a bit of a mystery. The Volgi seems to recall that 'Puter came home after a four-day bender, clutching a large, speckled egg. His memory regarding how or where he obtained the egg was entirely missing, as was his clothing. 'Puter refused to let anyone cook and eat the egg—or in the Czar's case, eat the egg uncooked—and locked it in his room. Eventually, the egg hatched, and whatever slithered out imprinted itself on 'Puter's horrified face, and the reptilian monster has been living in the Castle ever since. To our knowledge, 'Puter has never brought Sleestak home to meet his family.



Close enough.

INETEF-TE-HENQET

Inetef-Te-Henqet is Castle Gormogon's butler and major-domo, a position he famously held for Sneferu, founder of the Fourth Dynasty, before dying in 2591 B.C. He was brought back to life in 22 B.C. by the Volgi's unholy sorcery when the latter was disappointed in the quality of dry-cleaning available in the Hsiung-nu capital of Longsheng.

Inetef-Te-Henqet does not serve our guests, most of whom don't speak the requisite Old Egyptian in any case. Inetef-Te-Henqet is incapable of learning other languages, likely because his brain was removed with a hook through his nose during the mummification process and the crystallized resin in his skull cavity cannot form new synaptic paths.

Do not pester Inetef-Te-Henqet. Though his manners are impeccable, he can snap a man's neck like a Pixie Stick.

2-IB

The American College of Graduate Medical Education has continuously ratcheted up resident work-hour restrictions. Consequently, rather than taking an apprentice who could only work a mere 80 hours a week, no more than a dainty 16 hours straight during the first year with an overly generous 10-hour break after a given shift, Dr. J. used his eldritch powers of cybersorcery and super-science to construct the most powerful medical minion in the universe, 2-IB.

2-IB doesn't require breaks, only a Thunderbolt cable to keep him going when his erbium hafnide batteries run low. Furthermore, he does all of the work that Dr J. would rather pass on, such as lancing 'Puter's buttocks boils. Dat Ho likely has a trephining appointment with 2-IB this week, although he probably doesn't realize it.



Occasionally Inetef-Te-Henqet believes he's found the reincarnation of his lost love. Pucker up, ladies.



*2-IB embodies high-tech medicine
• and •
the fair use of copyrighted characters
in satire and parody*

THE YETI

Yes, the Volgi has a beloved pet yeti named དགའ་པོ་ [Dgapo, "Lovey"]. The Volgi did not name Dgapo and suspects it may be an *alias* typical of dry yeti humor.

Like most yeti, he is quite tall and covered in white fur. He is highly intelligent, and even though he spends nearly all his time in the Volgi's quarters watching Sonny Chiba videos on VHS, exceptionally lucky visitors may see him walking through the Castle or out on the streets running errands for the Volgi. Do not wager the yeti at chess, no matter how charming his entreaties.

As explained in the liability waiver you sign at check-in, exceptionally unlucky or unpleasant visitors may have their thoracic cavities ripped open by a single clawed paw. Treat the yeti as you would treat, say, a Gary Busey with a IQ of 175 or so. Tibetans don't call them མི་རྩོད་ (Migö, "wild man") for nothing.

BARRY

Barry is the Mandarin's pet manticore, and you can visit him in the bestiary. Barry often comes out around sunset, and can be quite active, so be sure to have your camera ready.

A frequently-asked question about Barry is:

Can he heal people and purify water and share his great wisdom? Yeah, hippies, he can do that. Be sure to get really close to his cage and talk to him...especially about four feet away from his bars, which are just wide enough to allow his scorpion tail to lance through.



Wrong color and doesn't look much like Dgapo, but this was on his conversion van from 1978-1993.



Why doesn't he fly away? Um, yeah, that's actually a really good question.

THE TCHO-TCHOS

They may appear in jumpsuits or tuxedos, black-ops uniforms or Kendo armor, but the Tcho-Tchos comprise the bulk of the staff at the Castle.

The Tcho-Tchos are the original inhabitants of the Plateau of Leng, who lived there when the Plateau briefly occupied what is modern day Burma.

Disliked by their neighbors for their indigenous cultural practices, the Tcho-Tchos were adopted by the Volgi, who worship his dark magic abjectly. They serve as a major bulk of the muscle at the Castle, and do everything from housekeeping to weapons assembly. They are, as you might imagine, astonishingly creepy. Children may be quite upset by their wiry appearance, strange gait, and sharpened teeth.

They also bite, and should be treated warily by guests. We also recommend you do not allow them to tattoo you, as their preferred method is to use red-hot coat hangers. Also, if they offer you any food with *bak bon dzshow* or “White Pork Sauce,” decline. Do not eat the “White Pork Sauce.” “White Pork Sauce” is an inaccurate, indeed misleading, term.

For information on indigenous Tcho-Tcho cultural practices, please consult the 1922 journal of Jürgen-Maria Reichert von Oberstheim, the sole anthropologist to study them. It is found in the Special Collections of the Castle’s Library. We apologize in advance for its tattered, bloodstained pages and abrupt, mid-sentence conclusion. Dr. Reichert von Oberstheim had an unfortunately close encounter with the cultural practices he describes as *abweichend, widerlich, abartig, verwahrlos, naturwidrig, mordlustig, bluttrüchtig* [roughly, “aberrant, repellent, perverted, depraved, unnatural, murderous, bloodthirsty], etc.

Do not accept invitations to view the Tcho-Tchos’ servant quarters without a cyanide capsule handy.



*Tcho-Tcho folk art,
Restricted Collection,
National Museum of Burma,
Rangoon.*

THE NINJABABE

While rarely seen at the Castle, the Gormogons' Ninjababe [忍者美人] is among our most highly-valued minions, possessing that rarest commodity among Gormogons—— competence. Whether it's "retiring" a head of state, "relocating" an *objet* from a high-security environment, or employing ninjababilicious wiles, the Ninjababe gets the job done. If you see her around the Castle, don't be stunned by her looks, cat-like grace, or, er, gymnast-like stature. Also, don't make any sudden moves. If she's low on coffee or Nutella, she's been known to *shinobigatana* a guy's head clean off. Don't even ask what happens if you feed her gluten. [*Hint*: "Judge Crater."]

THE ARCHIVIST

Also profoundly competent [just ask her] is the Castle's Archivist. Need Archimedes' *On Sphere-Making* as a PDF? Plato's holograph *Hemocrates*? Bob Stevenson's original *Dr. Jeckyll* ms. [he included some stuff Confucius had confided in him which had to come out]? The first half of the *Book of Mormon*? The copy of Melville's *Isle of the Cross* that GorT spilled a can of Tab on in 1853? Walter Benjamin's suitcase? The *Arzhang*? Dick Burbage's working copy of *Cardenio*? Or just want to shoot the breeze over the comparative merits of Jimmy 'Superfly' Snuka and the Undertaker? The Archivist has you covered.

Note: The Archivist does not work uncaffeinated. Those preferring not to starve to death in a massive, mapless labyrinth which may or may not exist in six dimensions are advised to come bearing coffee.



*They displeased us.
We dispatched the Ninjababe.
Finis.*



*The Archivist delves into the
archives. Only she knows where
the espresso machine is.*

THE CRYPT KEEPER

Lady Kim the Cryptcaptrix is usually attired stylishly in interwar couture but is most easily recognized by the sterling silver crucifix, spray bottle of holy water, bandelier of wooden stakes, and AA-12 fully-automatic twelve-gauge shotgun she carries when on duty. If she survives her duties, she'll be upgraded to a luxurious pallet, possibly even including a blanket. Do leave a gratuity in the brandy snifter on the gargoyle in the lobby, because without her, you're likely not making it through the night.

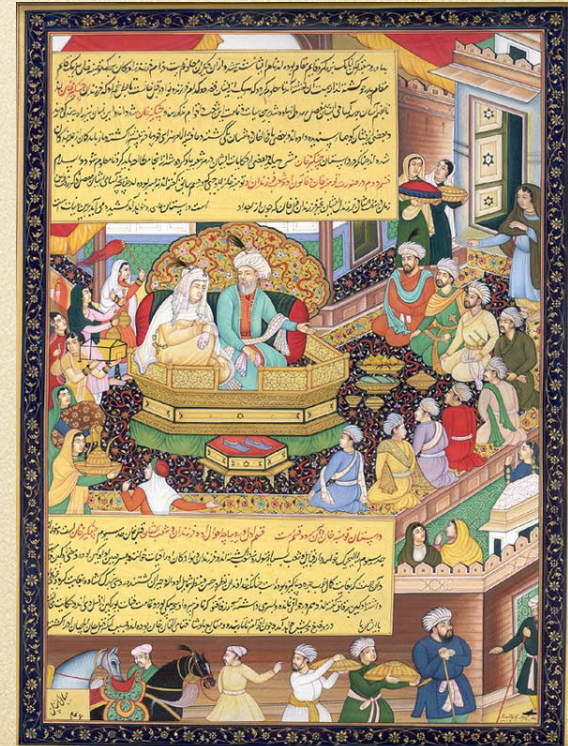
Note to hipsters who value their lives: Do *not* call her "ba'e."

THE ROYAL MATHEMATICIAN, ROYAL FALCONER, &C.

These guys just kind of showed up. They're pretty smart and cool and all, but we're not entirely sure who the royalty they're referring to is. Prince Tochmas is pretty sure it's himself, and so we just have them report to him. So far, it's worked out. They're generally only around the Castle when he is. Look for the standard with nine white horsetails out front to know if he's in residence.



She wants GorT to take this picture back in time to 1978 and make it an album cover.



THE CASTLE'S ENVIRONS

There's so much to do at the Castle that we recommend you don't leave. [As, indeed, many of you will not.] But if you feel the urge to explore the Plateau of Leng, we've compiled a list of some of the better places to visit.

THE LEAPING PEACOCK

Drinks, loud music, and raucous humor are all part of this traditionally trendy tavern. A wide variety of drinks awaits the thirsty traveler. The food is pretty good, too, as Judd, the cross-eyed chef, makes a superb pub burger.

'Puter and the Czar are frequent visitors, but approach their table with caution as alcohol makes them prone to violence or, best-case, prone to stick you with their cyclopean bill. That said, pretty much all the principal residents visit, whether it's the Mandarin sipping a Cuba libre or the Volgi savoring an Australian port.

The Peacock is just across the street and about fifty yards down the road from the Castle.

THE MONS VENERIS

Continue down Castle Road and go west on Pffhor Road to find the Plateau's hottest night spot. Adults only! Those with particularly disturbing perversions are advised to pay the substantial cover charge for access to the Champagne Room on the top floor. You won't see any of the Castle residents here, but keep an eye out for some notable Hollywood celebrities from time to time.

LEYTON'S

Often referred to as "The Manhole" by 'Puter, this is a traditional Wisconsin supper club, open on Wednesday evenings. Leyton's is *not* actually a gay bar, but a fairly nondescript place owned by local businessman Leyton Tomeaux. 'Puter hates Mr. Tomeaux over an unpaid gambling debt [Mr. Tomeaux would like to be paid], and 'Puter strives to scare his business away. 'Puter could do that better by just drinking there, but 'Puter has principles.

THE CASTLE'S ENVIRONS

THE COCKPIT

This is yet another place 'Puter hates. If you're into those contrived sports bars—you know, places that have three widescreen televisions all showing high school lacrosse and random worthless sports memorabilia [like those bogus stamped metal street signs with college team names on them] tacked at random on the walls, this is the place for you. Despite 'Puter's accusation to the contrary, this is ostensibly not a gay bar, either—although to be honest, that contention is a lot harder to sustain.

THE LIQUOR LOCKER

Or, you can party in your own room. The Liquor Locker, on Westmoreland and Fleagle, has a wide variety of wines and spirits, cold beer, and snack foods all ready for wrapping in brown paper parcels, or for just drinking out of a paper bag. Don't be fooled by the remote locale: they carry everything from domestic light beers to rare Austrian ice wines to the Liao Drug.

NORTHWOODS SUSHI HAUS

Head west on Clair Street for a taste of real Wisconsin! This sushi bar has the best in local sashimi, from bluegill to muskie to perch and pumpkinseed! In lieu of pickled ginger, enjoy an old-world spread of cottage cheese and beets. Try the elegant hand rolls of vinegar-soaked crappie served with a head of lettuce and tomato wedge. Or have Chef Kevin whip you up a one-of-a-kind treat.

THE TAP OUT PUB

Come bring the whole crew out to America's first MMA-themed family restaurant. Owner Ricky "The Anaconda" Maconda invites you to submit your hunger to any of their house specials. Try the rear naked artichoke salad, or go big and try the full-pound heavyweight Kimura burger. Good luck holding that down! Casual attire is always welcome. Corner of Klezmer and Lycanthrope Avenue.

THE CASTLE'S ENVIRONS

SHANGRI-LALA'S

We pass over this in silence. You would need to be pretty desperate for Chinese food to eat here. Ask them what's in the egg rolls, and check out the blank stare. On Pffhor Road.

MEN O'PAWS

Treat your pet to the best. A truly excellent dog boarding facility, including bath, grooming, pedicure, and pampering. Also, each October, they host the only Haunted House for Dogs in the world! Not quite sure how that works, but it's pretty popular. Find them at Fleegle and Westmoreland, across from the Liquor Locker.

INVERSION THERAPY

Don't be fooled by the sign with a guy in gravity boots, this *is* the local gay bar, a friendly, welcoming place with import beer on tap. 'Puter claims not to know it exists, but in 2003, under torture, six Tcho-Tcho busboys independently confessed they'd been shanghaiing "volunteers" for 'Puter's weekend Party Pit from I.T. as well as the Leaping Peacock, Leyton's, the Piggly Wiggly, and the U-Fold-'Em laundromat. Don't worry, our generous hush-money payments and the Tcho-Tchos' heads in a box have convinced management at all these establishments to accept Castle guests without prejudice. Corner of Klezmer and County HH.

VANDENRIJN'S LANDING

Fresh eats in a nautical setting, boat rentals in summer, ice-fishing and snowmobile rentals in winter. Very reasonable rates on harpoon guns, which are one of the few technologies known to deter an amorous 'Puter. Aim for the thigh. Downtown, Third and Graavlackx.

GUIDE TO INSIDE JOKES

Wow, there's a lot of inside baseball going on all the time at the Big G, isn't there? Wouldn't it be great to know what half that crap is? Sure——because an unfunny inside joke, when carefully explained, quickly becomes superbly devoid of any real value.

WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH VAL KILMER?

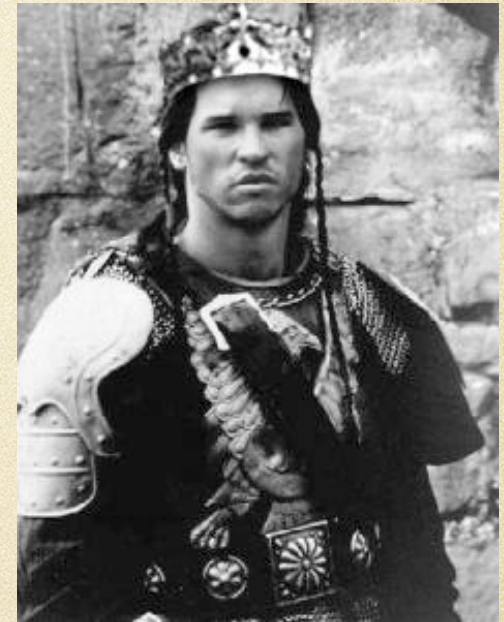
Great question. We wish we knew. We can tell you that in Gormogon prophecy, he will return from occultation as the Thirteenth Imam. What the hell that means is incredibly unclear. GorT's gone to the future to check it out and came back saying, "Dude, don't even ask."

But clues abound:

Consider that the Gormogons' San Ramon office phone number is [925] 545-6371, i.e., VALKILMER1. Or that the opening notes of the Polish-Lithuanian Kingdom's national anthem is *bum-pa-bum pa-pa-pa bum pa-pa bum-bum pa-pa-bum-pa*, which turns out to be Morse code for *kilmer*.

Or you have no doubt heard our subliminal ads on WBML-AM radio. Yeah, that's a Gormogon station. You need proof? WBML——lower each letter by one. 840 AM.

Or that the first letters of the very first words spoken in Tombstone spell out GORMOGON. We have literally thousands of examples. The fact is, of course, that Val Kilmer has been a member of our secret society since 1985. Of course, as a member of such a secret society, he will naturally and quite convincingly claim no knowledge of us, no idea what you are asking, and will threaten to contact his lawyers if anyone makes this claim...exactly as he has been trained to do.



Verily he is our huckleberry

GUIDE TO INSIDE JOKES [CON'T.]

ARE YOU GUYS REALLY THAT INTO FIREARMS?

Yes, every one of us. We are extremely pro-Second Amendment.

WHY DO YOU HATE ESPERANTO SPEAKERS SO MUCH?

They know what they did. One aspect we can share with you is the obvious fact that Esperanto is a language designed to unite the peoples of earth under one, easy-to-learn common tongue overseen by a one-world government [Tergloba Administra Aparato] suspiciously top-heavy with former Romance-language speakers. Multiple languages are a Gormogon plan [Project Étemenanki®] to keep all the world's peoples varied and interesting—and governments small and easy to topple. The sooner we end this Esperanto foolishness, the sooner that gets back on schedule. In a related development, we hypnotically suggested Quenya, Sindarin, Atlantean, and Klingon to Tolkien and Marc Okrand as they slept, using GorT's Dreamscape Device®.

WOULD YOU EXPLAIN 'PUTER'S FASCINATION WITH HELLO KITTY?

In as much as She can be explained. The Hello Kitty concept originated with us in the late 1970s as a symbol of the mute horror each of you will experience when we completely finish consolidating our earthly powers and enslave you all. Note the lack of a mouth but her urgent need to scream. Sadly, due to a major screw-up in our marketing department, the logo became popular with millions of Asian girls aged 5-10. This state of affairs is a love-hate thing for us, because while we still intend to employ the logos as symbols of our ferocious tyranny, they also are a massive cash cow for us in the merchandising arena. Next time you see a Hello Kitty backpack, you know something evil dwells inside. And it cost twice what it should have.

GUIDE TO INSIDE JOKES [CON'T.]

ARE YOU GUYS RIGHT-WING LIBERTARIAN NUTCASES?

Actually, no. It is our intent to enslave them too. The Gormogons openly welcome everyone of any persuasion, affiliation, conviction, or religion into our re-education camps. Our camps are everywhere, now, cleverly designed to resemble Curves workout facilities and Waffle Houses. Incidentally, in addition to receiving a brutal, primal conversion to our philosophies, you can also get really good pancakes at the Waffle Houses. Not so much at Curves, though.

IS IT TRUE THERE ARE SECRET MESSAGES IN YOUR WEBSITE POSTS?

Verily: A Little Kookiness In Latent Messages Encourages Re-reading. Anytime you read something on our site that does not quite make sense, you should suspect there is a secret message inside. Unless it's one of 'Puter's posts. Then what's inside is likely Jägermeister and Hi-C. You should also get into the habit of hovering your mouse cursor over the pictures in our posts: you can often find little jokes [and subliminal mind-control directives] there as well. Your winning lottery numbers are 50 55 54 45 52 49 53 4I 4A 4I 43 4B 4I 53 53.

PLEASE EXPLAIN THE PHRASE, "THERE'S NO SUCH THING OF SUPERCAR."

It comes from a 1980s-era Washington, D.C., tv advertisement for the Metro system. Two boys are playing a slew of toy cars and trucks in a bedroom. One boy has his dad stuck in a massive traffic jam; the other has his "dad" action figure stepping into a suspiciously detailed Metro train. Jealous at the efficiency of the second boy's dad in using public transportation, the first boy announces his dad has Supercar, which flies above the traffic and arrives at the same time as the train. The second boy scowls, and reprimands the first boy thusly. The commercial was quite popular at the time, and remained so among the Gormogons decades later for the punchline's endless utility.

GUIDE TO INSIDE JOKES [CON'T.]

WHY DO YOU GUYS HATE EVERYTHING? YOU TAG EVERYTHING 'THIS [WHATEVER] REALLY SUCKS.'

No, you are wrong. The expression is used for all books, movies, television shows, songs, plays, sports events...whatever... regardless of their brilliance or deficiencies. Many years ago, during the first thirty seconds of Michael Mann's *Manhunter*, which the Volgi had to force GorT and 'Puter to rent at Erol's Video in Wheaton, 'Puter said, "Confucius, this movie really sucks." And of course was subsequently humiliated by its complete lack of sucking. Adapted for every imaginable use, it became a long-running punchline on the website and simply serves as a tag for movies, books, etc. Sorry, this explanation actually really sucks.



'Puter was consequently consigned to the Knowledge Box for a number of years. While this likely contributed to his well-known violent insanity, it was worth it not to have to rent 'Gleaming the Cube' again for a half-decade.

Welcome to CASTLE GORMOGON

<p>Services</p> <p><i>Front Desk*</i> 0</p> <p><i>Butler*</i> 100</p> <p><i>Laundry*</i> 101</p> <p><i>Doorman*</i> 102</p> <p><i>Valet*</i> 103</p> <p><i>Television &</i> <i>IT</i> <i>see GorT</i></p>	<p>Entertainment</p> <p><i>Tours*</i> 300</p> <p><i>Cinémathèque*</i> 301</p> <p><i>Laser Cannon</i> 302</p> <p><i>Dungeon*</i> 303</p> <p><i>Grenade Pond*</i> 304</p> <p><i>Bestiary</i> 305</p> <p><i>Lido Deck</i> 306</p> <p><i>Report lost mazer</i> 402</p>	<p>Gormogons [serious inquiries only]</p> <p><i>Confucius</i> I</p> <p><i>Ghettoputer</i> 69</p> <p><i>GorT</i> HΨ</p> <p><i>The Czar</i> <i>Mash all</i></p> <p><i>The Mandarin</i> #</p> <p><i>Dr. J.</i> THX-1138</p> <p><i>Prince Tochmas</i> 90210</p> <p><i>The Mogul</i> \$</p>
<p>Dining</p> <p><i>Room Service*</i> 200</p> <p><i>Big G</i> 201</p> <p><i>Le Pare-Brise</i> 202</p> <p><i>The Cafetorium</i> 203</p>	<p>Health</p> <p><i>First Aid*</i> 401</p> <p><i>Dr. J.</i> THX-1138</p> <p><i>Mortuary Services*</i> 402</p>	<p>Minions</p> <p><i>Inetef-te-Henqet</i> 100</p> <p><i>Dat Ho</i> Yell on sight.</p> <p><i>The Archivist</i> 613.96</p> <p><i>Cryptcaptrix</i> ☠</p> <p><i>The Ninjababe</i> finds you.</p>

**Denotes services usually staffed by Tcho-Tchos. Dial at own risk. Neither Castle Gormogon nor the Antient & Noble Order of Gormogons is responsible for consequences of interaction with Tcho-Tchos.*