

Rorrim

Manifestations: Movement just on the periphery of vision, and very faint noises. A sense of not being alone when you should be. The defining manifestation is the appearance of a doppelgänger. This doppelgänger is identical to the victim, but with eyes that are solid black. They often favour appearing near mirrors, but are not restricted in such a way. The doppelgänger typically touches the victim, who faints. If the victim and the doppelgänger were alone, no-one knows what happens but by the time the victim comes to or is found, the doppelgänger has gone. If other people were present, the doppelgänger runs out of sight and promptly disappears.

Agents: The doppelgänger seems to be an agent, but does not seem to use any **UNNATURAL** power- being concerned only with touching the victim. The doppelgänger has attributes identical to the victim. Where a victim is alone, there is always the possibility that the doppelgänger has replaced the original (presumably gaining normal eyes in the process). Should such a thing happen, the only way to tell might be by examining the behaviour of the person, but encounters with the **UNNATURAL** frequently cause radical changes in behaviour anyway.

Power: The Rorrim seem to not use the full range of their powers, preferring instead the use of doppelgängers described in manifestations. Individuals who develop powers linked to the Rorrim have a broader range of abilities, but who can say that they are not doppelgängers who have usurped their original?

The main power can reverse a target's usual opinion of behaviour totally. This effect generally lasts for only a few moments, but while under its effect a person has completely the opposite sense of right and wrong, friend and foe, and safety or danger. This does not allow the character using the Power to control them, merely throw a cat among the pigeons.

Although in theory this power could allow a character to summon his doppelgänger, no-one can. Of course, this could be because the doppelgänger has taken the place of its original, and sees no merit in letting the original back into the real world.

Doom: The doom for an agent using this power is for his doppelgänger to appear, embrace him, and both to vanish forever. Or perhaps the original appears, embraces the doppelgänger, and both vanish forever. Who can say?

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The curiosity turned to panic immediately. The family next to me, who had been watching the lights in the sky with rapt attention and singing hymns, ran so fast they knocked their candles over. I had no choice but to follow the press of bodies down the street. I was terrified that I would stumble and be trampled to death. By chance, the crowd ran past the History department building, and with effort and elbows I made it up the steps onto the porch of the side entrance. From there, I could watch everyone dashing past me. I saw a mother carrying an infant, and two strong men shielding an older man as best they could to stop him being knocked over. I also saw a businessman beating people with his umbrella until they let him past them.

I risked glancing back to the sky. The amber lights were still circling slowly, but now there were blue flashes, like fluorescent tubes, flickering between the clouds and the ground. I'd never felt quite so unsettled in my life. I didn't fancy my chances with the surging crowd, so I fished my swipe card out of my purse and let myself into the building.

It was quiet inside, but that didn't exactly make me feel any better. On a Sunday evening I doubted anyone else would be in the building except the security guard. I knew I had left a packet of biscuits in my desk drawer, and decided to eat a couple of them to calm my nerves. My office was on the second floor at the other end of the building.

As I approached my office, some movement caught my eye in one of the side rooms. I wanted some company, so I knocked on the door. It opened slowly at my touch. The light was on, but there was clearly no-one in the room except my own reflection in the window. I called out a hello, but there was no response. Assuming someone had left the light on by accident, I flicked it off and-

-I saw movement further down the corridor. It looked like a thin woman, holding a bag, but it moved round a corner before I got a good look at it. I ran the length of the corridor, but there was no-one there by the time I reached it. There was payphone right next to me, so I picked it up to dial for security. The dial-tone was wrong, an octave lower than it should be. When I tried to dial, the tones were similarly muted and down-shifted, and the dial tone never went away. I gave up and hung it back on the hook.

I became aware that the building seemed too quiet. There was no traffic noise from outside, or any the shouting from the crowd to be heard. Only the gentle hum of the strip lights in the corridor. I walked over to a window and peered out. There were still running people, opening and closing their mouths, and cars darting this way and that to avoid them. I watched a woman lean heavily her car's horn, but heard nothing.

I didn't want to stay in the building a moment longer. The lift was on my floor, so I ran into it and hammered on the button for the ground floor. I tried to compose myself, thinking that tomorrow I'd look back on the whole weird day and laugh. When I looked at myself in the mirror at the back of the lift, I saw the woman standing right at my shoulder. She looked exactly like me, except that her eyes were completely black, with no glimmer of light in them.

The last thing I remembered before I fainted was the way she smiled at me.

So you see, officer, that's why I threw out all the mirrors in my flat, along with anything else that could show me a reflection. That's why I put paper over the windows and put ink in the water before I use it. I understand that my neighbours and colleagues are very worried about me. I'll gladly go with you to the station, or the hospital, or anywhere else you think you should take me; but I beg you- keep me away from any mirrors.