

Prophets of Descension

sManifestations: Apocalyptic literature, usually leaflets, appearing in general circulation from nowhere. Unseasonal or extreme weather conditions. But most importantly, prophets announcing the end of days and recruiting people into groups that they profess will survive the end of the world and cheat fate. Perhaps most importantly, mass disappearances.

Agents: The Prophets of Descension operate almost entirely through their agents, all of which are people who have fallen under the control of the UNNATURAL. These prophets work singly, in pairs or in small groups to gather as large a number of adherents as possible. These adherents are slowly brainwashed into following the creed the prophets describe. This creed is not consistent between groups of agents, which suggests that the goal is the brainwashing itself rather than the specific lies that are told. When the victims have been whipped up into an earnest fervour, one final ceremony is performed at which the converts are turned into a thick, inorganic black ash. The agents are never seen again' presumably moving to a different location and starting again.

Power: The principle power of the Prophets of Descension is that of deception- making the implausible seem true in the face of logic. When the power is used successfully, no assertion is too preposterous to be believed. A secondary effect is to deceive by other means, such as disguising one's appearance and voice or manipulating a specific target's perception of his surroundings. While this doesn't rob the target of his wits, subtle illusions can be very effective at guiding the target's actions. More dramatic uses can be very disorientating and can cause mental crises.

Doom: The character simply collapses into a pile of black ash, consumed by whatever fate the Prophets of Descension usually reserve for their victims.

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It was a narrow escape, man. Even worse than that time in Reno.

So this British cop had been giving me hassle ever since he found out I knew that chick from the university, and I couldn't give him the slip no matter how hard I tried. I'm no stranger to the 5-0 sniffing around me, but this guy just plain gave me the creeps. I don't want to give him no reason to bust me, so I just hang around a corner store figuring he'll move away eventually.

No such luck, man, I tell ya. So I duck into this little stall some bald guy was running, and talk to him like I'm interested in his funny little cult. All the time I've got half an eye on the cop, but I have to keep talking to this guy in case he reckons I'm not interested. Any way, he goes blabbing on about this 'retreat' where everything will be peace, love and unicorns farting rainbows, probably. I'm not buying his spiel, but I start to wonder if it might not be a bad place to spend a couple days until the heat is off. He says he don't want no money, which is fine with me 'cos I ain't got none, and just when I'm about to take his leaflet I lose sight of the cop.

I take 3 steps to see if he's round the corner, but he's nowhere. So I scam outta there like there's a 5-alarm fire.

Anyway, that would be the end of it, 'cept that I catch on the Monday news that that guy and his creepy cult all vanished sometime on Sunday, and the house they had rented burned down. No bodies, nothin'.

Ain't that funny?