This world seems much like ours, at first glance. There are cars, there is electricity. There is radio, and there are computers. And yet, it was not raised by man's sole endeavour.

No, it is the work of gods.

All praise the Saint Electric, driver of the divine currents! By her benevolence does both factory and dam function. All fear the Trawler-Man, great god of rivers and all that dwells within him! Once rightfully feared, those who catch his attention are blessed (or cursed) to become one with his domain. All hail the Cairn Maiden, she who waits in gentle repose for all to die-even the gods themselves! Give thanks to the Pox Martyr, whose holy saints take on the infectious burdens of others!

And fear them, fear them all, for gods are fickle and vicious as the oncoming storm.

This is the tragic tale of the country known as the Ignathian Peninsula-which as said before in some respects resembles our very modern world while in other, less god-graced regions is far more primitive-and its war with the Consolidated Linger Straits.

This is the tale of how the Parish of Tide and Flesh, worshippers of the illegalised Trawler-Man, attempted to exploit this war for their own ends-only to learn the hard way that the only thing harder to control than a wilful god, is the whimsical faith of a growing congregation.

This is the tale of how Paige Duplass reinvented herself as the Widow of Wounds to right the many wrongs she committed for a corporation that was soulless long before an actual god hollowed it out, and how Special Investigating Officer James Hayward went from an embittered burnout to going above and beyond the call of duty to defend the innocent.

This, in a way, the tale of Val, War-Saint of the Last Word, and the horrors unleashed in her wake.

And above all else, this is the tale of how weary, jaded acolyte Carpenter tried to save the world, and vicious but troubled and eloquent prophet Faulkner tried to end it.

At least, that's how the story goes if you don't interfere, here in

The Silt Verses

Take 1000 CP with you into the wilderness. You start at the fateful pilgrimage where Carpenter and Faulkner set out in the Traveller-Man's name, bickering all the while.

Origins

Any of these origins may be taken as Drop-In

Burnout: Oh weary, weary pilgrim. The years have not been awful kind to you, have they? For you have been involved with organised religion in all the wrong ways, you've weathered gang wars and faith wars and all manner of wars outside the Peninsula's more civilised faiths. Like as not, your family's deep in the faith you grew up with. Is it zeal that drives you? Or spite, for a congregation you know to be blindly following the blind.

Firebrand: Rise up, chosen pilgrim! You've been called recently to a god, and that god has spoken to you, and you have come away from that encounter NOT warped into some wretched heretic's deformed husk-but brimming with eagerness to spread the word of your Lord and Saviour! Damn anyone who thinks they can stand in you or your lord's way. And if that same faith drives you to a bad end, well...damn yourself too for giving up.

Martyr: Blessings on you, stalwart pilgrim. In a less spiritually alive world you might have been an accountant, a policeman, a doctor-someone with a professional occupation. You might still be such. But there is no vital task in society that is not touched upon by the confluxes of faith and divinity, and so whether you hunt criminals in the name of the Cloak or accept corporate raiders sometimes bring identity-eating horrors during their hostile takeovers you just have to keep your head down. And get on with it.

Snake: Pilgrim. Heh. That's what you call the sorry fools you've sent on ahead while you stayed behind and counted the profits. With this here background you could be a common conman, a major leader in one of the faiths, or worst of all: A career politicians. The common ground here is that your job is to convince other people they need you enough to compromise their own interests, and you don't have to be good at it. Because in a world like this, people are desperate to believe anything.

On the nature of the gods

A god makes its haunt in a place beyond human capabilities.

A god enters into our world through the tenuous places; ruins, lonely locations, abandoned wildernesses. (A god can roam through anywhere it's purview holds sway over so long as it's not meaningfully opposed by another god, and while geographical distance can be a barrier divine power can overcome that barrier. They can project power beyond these regions as long as those faithful to them in some capacity are physically present. For example, the Trawler-Man is the god of the Peninsula's rivers but illegalised and therefore is not known to influenced it's sewers too though river flows there. Meanwhile the Saint Electric holds sway throughout the Peninsula's urban areas as its' most prominent electricity-supplying god. And the Cairn Maiden can roam most places since somewhere, someone is always dying, though it is where the dead accrete or are mourned that she most easily manifests.)

A god speaks a language that is entirely its own, and which must be learnt in order to communicate with it.

A god is pure in its' intent. It obsessively embodies a particular element, locality, or aspects of existences, and despises those things which stand in opposition to its purity.

A god must feed. When fed, it rejoices, and may offer blessings-although its notion of a gift will likely differ from that of men.

A god comes when it's called.

A god lashes out violently when it's left to starve, but may eventually diminish or perish as a result of neglect.

A god is driven to shape the devoted, and the world around it, in its' own image.

Perks

General

Saint (+200/100/300/600 CP): Oh, glory be! The presence of divinity, ensconced in mortal flesh?! For while an Angel is any living thing created wholesale to enact a god's will, be it a glorious shining figure of scrap metal and electricity or a giant man-eating crab, a Saint is a human being that has been hallowed as an act of worship to a god. Their humanity drowned in that god's nature and power. You are one of the very, very lucky few that has held onto a semblance of their humanity. Whatever will you do with it?

For +200, you are one of the worse off Saints. Like the train-controlling Stewards, perhaps your limbs have been pinned back and your arms removed. If you're not this crippled, assume your suffering is commensurate and your agency similarly compromised.

For 100 CP, you are akin to the Love-Saints. Writhing, roughly humanoid creatures that bewitch those nearby with haunting songs making them see the Saints as their one true love. And armed with barbed tentacles that can easily gore humans before the Saint absorbs their flesh through its skin.

For 300 CP, you are a Saint with distinct advantages over humanity that make you are more difficult to restrain and harness like the Love-Saints mentioned above. A tree that can massacre nearby people with its blood-drinking, martyr-fuelled roots. A wind-Saint blowing freely to the sky, and battering whatever lies below with gale force winds. More elemental forces and nightmarish monsters than anything humans can envision fighting on their own.

Finally, for 600 CP you are a truly terrifying war Saint. For you are a Saint to either a Rhetorical God, a god whose domain is the logical underpinnings of certain genre conventions or abstract qualia, or a god of a genre convention such as theatregoing.

There is a reason Rhetorical Gods were outlawed. Their Saints can wipe whole battalions off the map simply by declaring to them that they've never survived to be fit for the military, declare towns they've never been built and, in a fleeting whim of what passes for human kindness, rewrite someone's life into what they've always wanted. But even such a god is limited by its domain-rhetoric itself-and it's Saint requires a human to speak with (in-person or remotely) for its power to take effect. And such power is itself inherently limited. Try to declare yourself a god in full and, well, the backlash could be ruinous both to your body and your powers themselves.

Men were not meant to dwell among their gods for too long, after all.

Perks

Perks and items are discounted by 50% under their respective headers. Discounted 100 CP perks and items are free.

Burnout

Strong Swimmer (100 CP): There is nothing life can do to hold you further under, after you've drowned in the embrace of a mad congregation. Your will is iron, your spiteful tenacity keeping you on your feet and in pursuit of your next objective while bleeding out. Little things like being a wanted criminal or a dead woman walking are little more than distractions to the furnace of your fury keeping you clawing your way forward.

Cagey Crusader (100 CP): This isn't your first pilgrimage. You've journeyed into dangerous parts before, and in doing so you've picked up a very particular set of skills. Skills akin to a black ops soldier, letting you take out armed men in close confines with your bare hands and without even being winded, and leaving you eerily capable of evading notice while picking off sentries unseen. Killing in a straight fight comes as naturally as breathing and shitting to you.

Dented Iron (300 CP): Your endurance and tenacity is so great that it seems almost divinely bestowed. You could get shot, have a few ribs broken, fall out of a tree and still run off in a getaway car and be more or less fine the next day after a good sleep. Hell you could be in a plane crash that left you with jagged metal in your side, go through several battles and STILL possibly be alive after getting shot and falling in a river. It's like you've been fighting for so long your body has forgotten how to die.

Fearsome Figure (300 CP): The heretic. The heresiarch. That damned witch. These and worse names are slung your way when you set yourself in opposition to an organisation, quickly yearning their ire the more you interfere with them. But anger leads to fear, a gut-level mind-killing fear that clouds judgement and spreads uncertainty as the terror and chaos you represent comes back to bite them. Thus, your stalwart opposition and the rumours springing up from it often leave your enemies flat-footed and operating below their best performance.

Loose End (600 CP): You are a herald of change and a catalyst of collapse, whether you want to be or not. Mundane attempts to predict and account for your involvement have a tendency to return technically correct but inaccurate data that lets you cut through supply lines, subvert or kill important personnel and generally make a mess of things in a way manipulative types find hard to micromanage. You also have a sense for the designs in play around you, and how to screw them up the most. Last but not least, the hardship you encounter often throws up rare but potent upswings in fortune, granting you just the allies or resources you need to carry on the good fight-or to let go of it and get out intact. To change.

The Peace of the Cairn (600 CP): This is the place. This has always been the place. Figuratively or literally, the Cairn Maiden walks in your footsteps now, giving you the power to grant others her peace. And because she is just, you can help people to live. To help them confront their preconceptions, to inspire all but the most delusional and wilful of them to be more, to realise their full potential. And because she is unjust, you can also push them over the brink. For every effort now to kill, be it by poison or blade or spoken word, is weighted with the chill of the grave-a knife wound from you being as lethal as a sword through the guts, and grievously harming even Saints or Angels. Gods and their favourite toys do not die easily, but the Cairn Maiden's power lays even such immortals to divinely ordained rest.

Firebrand

Sigils Galore (100 CP): All those who worship a god often pick up a localised, haphazard kind of magic-the etching of its' symbols to attract it's attention (and hopefully, favour). You're well-versed in the sigils of a certain god, knowing everything that a seasoned devotee of them should know, and thus able to evoke simple but localised effects fitting that god's domain. Don't expect to level buildings or melt through steel with these, but marking someone for sacrifice to your god's always a reliable way to dispose of someone expendable.

Among Brethren (100 CP): Not every wilful soul gets the respect they deserve, but luckily you're an exception. Your accomplishments won't be overlooked and your convictions won't be seen as an encumbrance by colleagues and employers in an organisation. Nor will this alone give you special treatment, only equality-and a small amount of camaraderie as long as your commitment to the cause is sincere.

Brethren in Arms (300 CP): Disloyalty is such a stain to any would-be zealot. Now, the loyalty you share is more often reciprocated, letting you reap the good faith devotion and commitment you show to others that you sow. Your trustworthiness is directly proportionate to your willingness to trust others. As long as you sincerely keep others' interests in mind, they'll reciprocate and even if they have ulterior motives won't try to ensnare you in theirs any more than you would yours. But act selfishly, and you risk breaking the bonds that you've made.

Fangs of the Unborn (300 CP): All sacrifice at your hands feeds your god like a king's feast, one death like half a dozen. All reverence is all the more sweet, all devotion the more soothing. What a selfless gift you have, able to sustain the strength and vitality of some higher being off the death you reap (or some more benevolent practice you have in mind, should you worship a kinder deity). Of course, you are what you eat. And the strong connection you have to your god could surely be leveraged or used to influence who their blessings fall upon...

High Prophet (600 CP): That's what they'll ALL be calling you once you really get the ball rolling. For your is the charm every street preacher dreams of boasting, the

slippery silver tongue every seasoned politician wishes they had in the spotlight, and the glory of a reputation that grows greater with every telling. You could start from absolutely nothing, and with your instinct for hardball power struggles end up leading much of the faith you were once a part of. Throughout which you would never lose your inspired grip on the common man's grassroot hearts and minds without going far out of your own way, no matter what the elites of your faction think.

Even whatever *god* you worship doesn't seem wholly immune to this fervour, favouring you so much that in this world you are one of the few living humans able to semi-reliably perform miracles. A devotee of the Trawler-Man being able to call up his crab-Angels at will, or flood a town or two with some ritualised devotion for example.

From the Stream to the Clouds (600 CP): There is no price you shouldn't pay to receive your just rewards for everything you've sacrificed to get here, but nobody ever said *you* had to be the one to pay that price. As if by divine revelation, you have an uncanny sense for how to advance your own interests by benefiting others, and in turn the benefits of such actions are greatly magnified-snowballing so much you could get an outlawed cult to become a major political faction in a couple of months. As an added benefit, not only do those subordinate to you quickly pick up the skills needed to keep up with the likely lucrative benefits you acquire, but as your successes mount you'll attract competent and talented hires like honey attracts flies. Life is good at the top of the rat race.

Martyr

Ideal Captive (100 CP): Keeping your head down and hoping for the best isn't a guarantor of survivor in a hostage situation, but for you it's a sure bet than for others. You have an uncanny way of getting people that have taken you hostage to open up about themselves and find something to like about you, and as long as you cooperate odds are you'll be let go reasonably civilly after they have what they want even if they're normally sociopathic cultists or something. Play your cards right and you might even make a lifelong friend or two.

Reasonable Figure of Authority (100 CP): You are a competent administrator. You're good at everything from delegating tasks to making a plan of action that people not only find easy to carry out, but often want to carry out. Best of all you're very sensitive to the moods of your grassroots supporters and what's in their best interests. Unfortunately this likely means you'll be unpopular with most actual politicians.

Passed Over For "Promotion" (300 CP): A god must eat. Nobody ever said it must eat *you*. For one reason or another both allies and enemies see you as a very low priority to be thrown under the bus both for mundane downsizing and ritual sacrifice. Even if you're not well-liked, the numbers just suggest you're too damn vital to be just removed from the organisation unless you go out of your way to be a problem. Eternal job security is a blessing many would kill for in this literally god-forsaken economy.

Never In Vain (300 CP): Those who fight for a greater purpose you champion shall never fall in vain. If they sacrifice themselves as Saints, the backlash from their rampages will throw panic into your rivals' camps and drive others into yours. If they give up their old lives to follow you, chance and circumstance will see either their living standards improving or some other small solace coming their way. You might not change the world, but so long as you personally still champion a cause you can still change the lives of those who believe in you.

Martyred Mother (600 CP): Nothing ever goes right. Gods are monsters, and men are all too happy to feed them. But...what if it didn't have to be that way? Henceforth and forevermore, there will always be a way for you to make the world a better place than when you left it. Whether by addressing institutional corruption, or succeeding where the Many Below's creation failed by bringing forth or cultivating a genuinely benevolent god here-or finding somewhere humans can live without fear of them. It won't always be easy, simple or quick. In fact in this world it'll probably be convoluted and painful. But it'll always be possible. There'll always be a kernel of genuine salvation underneath whatever lies you tell to get people where you need them to be.

Cloak of Justice (600 CP): Whatever your past, there's something about you that brings out the best in other people. To improve themselves, to never give up no matter how dark things get and to operate like a well-oiled machine in times of crisis or war. You've got a knack for supporting people through their issues as well as growing beyond them, and much of this love is also returned as you're seen as a stalwart champion by those you've helped. In short, you can get people to be more. And once people have become more, they'll stand with you to the bitter end no matter what comes-you'll have to fight to get them to leave you to a last stand.

Snake

Sweet Little Lies (100 CP): Wouldn't it be nice if everything was nice? You're a one-man spin machine of trite platitudes and false promises, effortlessly spinning all manner of codswallop to position you as the kindly responsibly authority figure and everyone else as silly little children who just need to fall in line. However convincing or not this prattle actually is, you've no shortage of ways to improvise and adapt your messaging to accommodate everyone. Or no one at all, except yourself.

How We Got Here (100 CP): Many a cunning, ambitious leader of men has lost their spark in the hellish complacency of power. You aren't one of them. Your skills won't rust just because you're living the cushy life, and your drive to succeed won't lessen unless you make a conscious effort to give up. Above all else, you'll always have a good sense of who's about to backstab you-and when to backstab them first.

Sibling's Rein (300 CP): Some were meant to lead, you were meant to follow-or so you tell those you play kingmaker too. There is something about you that makes you

very attractive as a trusted subordinate, normally cagey manipulators seeing you as something between a true believer and a true confidant they can entrust their most vital schemes and secrets to. In turn you're adept at providing support and success to your patron-as well as manipulating them into serving your purposes.

Masonic Fraternity (300 CP): The people don't want to be told the truth, they want to be told what the truth is. According to you. And your word be done. You could be an experienced cult leader or politician, with an air of benevolence and authority. Your subordinates, even those long embittered with the rest of the organisation or with conceited opinions of their own importance, are easily manipulated into devotedly serving you. Just try not to burn too many bridges along the way, even familial warmth has its limits.

The Industrial-Divine Complex (600 CP): This is how the divine is leashed: With propaganda, wide scale marketing and a careful redesign of incentives to ensure the animalistic-ahem, *ineffable* nature of the god drives it to act in certain ways. Changing its' very nature to suit the gears of progress. You are an expert in all these fields, the equivalent of a PhD in political science, marketing and grand strategy that rendered deities as powerful as the Saint Electric into reliable ways to keep lights on and boil water as long as the proper reverence is paid to them.

As a bonus, somehow you can similarly continue to influence gods with designed ritual campaigns in other worlds, and even come up with ways to make technological constructs run on divine intervention instead of mundane processes. Perhaps some effectively enslaved deity resents it's brethren's freedom enough to pass on its' chains through you? Beware: It's a lot easier to make a god generic and predictable than it is to make a god perfectly submissive and safe (among other things, it requires getting many humans to agree with whatever the rites involved are) and not all deities are as easily influenced as the ones from this world.

Just The Messenger (600 CP): Culpability is such an unfriendly word, don't you think? Now, as long as you're representing an organisation you don't personally hold absolute authority in you cannot be held legally accountable for anything carried out in its' name. To a much lesser extent this also makes people more willing to overlook your own transgressions, to forgive and forget. If all else fails, you're bizarrely sympathetic in a pathetic kind of way. As long as you've never personally raised a hand to anyone, you could be help at gunpoint and talk someone into giving you a second chance with a rambling diatribe about how you always wanted to be a milkman.

Items

General

Lesser Marks (50 CP): There's no shortage of signs and symbols to ward off the attention of the divine, to deflect the powers of heretics, to protect yourself from misfortunate and who knows what else. You now know a grab-bag of them, and a small book containing many such symbols that anyone can use as punitive protection against divine intervention. The catch? They're only really effective against divine forces and other spiritual beings (instead of a bullet to the head) and like hiding in a barn from a hurricane even then they provide more resistance than certain protection if a god decides to stop enacting it's nature and just come in and pull you out the hard way.

Burnout

Endless Supply of Pancakes and Coffee (100 CP): Fluffy, freshly warmed pancakes. Coffee dark as charcoal and bitter as the mines. Everything a runaway terrorist needs to keep up the good fight, and continuously delivered to you by a mysterious god at will.

A Place For Baptisms (300 CP): There's this one stream high in the mountains, that in future worlds you'll either always be able to find if you look for it somewhere away from civilisation (or if you prefer behind a door in your Warehouse made of driftwood and carved with the Trawler-Man's symbols) that has an air of finality about it. The cold mountain spring water is clean and nutritious as water can be, but more importantly immersing yourself in it can help let go of your regrets. Your burdens. Everything holding you back. Somehow, this water is therapeutic in the most literal sense. The kind of place where you can let go of who you are, and become who you need to be.

A Grave for Gods (600 CP): These graves are ancient beyond mortal reckoning. For they are not graves for men, but gods, their Saints and their Angels. There are two reasons to come here. The first is to unearth them, and ask them for knowledge of things long forgotten by all others; though at peace gods still hunger when presented with food, and but for a pittance of tribute will gladly tell all they know. The second of course, is to put another divine being somewhere it cannot easily escape from with resurrection. The Cairn Maiden's influence quells divine vigour, and brings with it a peaceful slumber instead.

Firebrand

Costumery (100 CP): This outfit looks ridiculous to most eyes. It's bulky, and yet loose-fitting. The religious icons attached to it are so excessive it's a miracle they mean anything to anyone at all. It's actually sort of hard to move in it. And yet, in whatever

faith you lead it inspires tremendous morale and devotion, as the living symbol of your religion.

The True Faithful (300 CP): You've been hailed as a chosen hierophant, a people's messiah, a religious authority of some sort by a religious organisation roughly as large as the Parish of Tide and Flesh was at the start of the story. Whether your assembly is born from yet another schism in that faith or completely independent, unlike the Parish you'll find yourself the sole ultimate authority-with any other authority figures at least initially loyal to and support of whatever your professed beliefs are. The rank and file have high expectations of you, and whatever god you worship together at least doesn't appear to actively despise you which is always a good sign. Hopefully, you won't let them down.

The Withermark (600 CP): You begin with the Dolorous Rose. Inside that, a hexagonal frame. Twinned eyes, old pattern. Six rods, drawing the corners to the petals. Then six basic prayer-symbols. Clockwise, from the top. Earth. Water. Pain. Fury. Effort. What is this? This is the reason why the Drowning Faith of the Trawler-Man was outlawed in the first place: A weapon of theological destruction capable of wiping cities off the map with a combination of devastating flood, and transformative divine power that turns people into molluscs, into crabs, into all manner of Angels in service of the Trawler-Man. You know this mark, and more importantly how to set it on a timer. Best not to be at ground zero when it goes off.

Alternatively, if you're a heretic you can choose to own a different mark that unleashed similar destruction themed after another god.

Martyr

Supplies (100 CP): Bandages. Antiseptic. Seeds, and pemmican rations. Shovels. Torches. Everything a small community of people would need to live completely off the grid, neatly stored in crates and resupplied every week by an uncharacteristically charitable god of cargo cults via airdrop.

A Safe Place (300 CP): Arable land rolls out as far as the eye can see in this remote part of the world, with pools of freshwater and sparse forest and positive idyllic undeveloped land just waiting for someone to settle here. Most importantly of all, there's not a single god. It's not warded or anything, but effects such as the confluxes of belief and symbolism that result in gods coming into existence simply don't apply here for some reason. They cannot feed on faith here, and those who must will quickly starve. It's the perfect place to escape the disaster that will inevitably befall the Peninsula when outside parties decide that enough is enough.

On the Birthing of Gods (Unrevised Edition) (600 CP): This manual is the chief source of information on the dangerous and unpredictable art of creating new gods. It describes how a community of practitioners must contribute moments of emotional

importance while in an altered state of consciousness to evoke the simple and communicable idea that is said god's seed. Or perhaps, rediscovering something dormant in the world and yourself. Some miracle has enchanted this book so that, while individual results may vary depending on local metaphysics and the nature of the participants, at the minimum those who read it can continue to create gods as described here in perfectly mundane worlds.

Be very, very careful not to raise up what you can't put down or control.

Snake

Business Expenses (100 CP): Five hundred and eighty bottles of the finest Linger vintage, over half of which were never even opened. An excess for the man on the street, a vital tool for a politician looking to butter up his rivals. A god of alcohol occasionally adds a few bottles to the cellar they're stored in (which can be attached to your Warehouse through a trapdoor) and is always happy for you to try the goods yourself before sharing.

Bigger Business Expenses (300 CP): Somehow, in times of crisis and even when what passes for government is crumbling around you, you get paid. The equivalent of a six figure salary in a first world nation. How's that money going to you in the middle of a war, during a crisis, and even when civilisation itself is actively collapsing? Don't worry about it. One thing's for sure, mundane investigation will without fail discover that whatever funds you have are perfectly legitimate donations and in no way siphoned from public expenses.

The Biggest Business Expenses (600 CP): You now have a vaguely defined position of authority roughly on par with Press Secretary Carson, enough to have a personal working relationship with the man in charge of the Legislature (or if you like, the Linger Straits). Who's paying you? The Legislature, of course. Who's in charge of the Legislature? Oh, some fool addicted to his own pleasure-god, but that's not important right now. No one's sure if things are any better or worse for the Straits. The point is you've got the free time and political clout to do just about anything not viscerally illegal and get away with it scot-free, until such time as someone can prove you're operating outside your responsibilities. Which are notoriously hard to define.

In future worlds, you will have a similar position of high rank and nebulous responsibility in the dominant government of the nearest major civilisation.

Companions

Pilgrims on the Road (50-200 CP): Mighty kind of you to bring some new blood into the fold, pilgrim. For 50 CP apiece you can create or import a companion, who gains 600 CP to buy whatever they want apart from more companions. For 200, you get to create or import a full set of 8.

Strangers in the Wilds (50+ CP): Friendship's a rare coin these days. You want to earn it? You'll need to make a good impression. A strong impression. Like the impression you'll make on someone at some point with each purchase of this upon a character here if you want to change Carpenter and Faulkner's lives like Paige inadvertently did (and vice versa). And if things go south anyway? You'll still have a slot to recruit someone else down the road.

The Littlelest Gravedigger (50 CP, free/optional Burnout): This rangy-haired, somewhat absent-minded young lady is one of the younger devotees to the Cairn Maiden. Owning little more than her raggedy grey dress and shovel, her closeness to her god grants her subtle but profound communion with death in all its forms. Eerie in her serenity to death but kind to others in her rambling, uncertain way, she's more comfortable with corpses than the living but eager to share the word of her god with anyone-and sympathetic to others' burdens. She senses great death in your journey, and travels with you hoping to give the dead left in your wake a peaceful rest. Can happily commune with her goddess if you have any questions directed at her.

Your Personal God (50 CP, free/optional Firebrand): What is a devotee without divinity to revere? Normally remote and aloof, it seems a newly born divinity has taken about as benign an interest in you as its' kind can muster-bound to you with a shard of shrine or other reliquary, and capable of further growth should it's faith spread. Which is to say it's idea of greetings, gifts and assistance can still be unpredictable and frightening, but at least not *intended* kill you. The nature of its' divinity will reflect both the miracles and Angels it bestows upon you and the nature of its' assistance, with a technological god likely urging you to mass production, a predatory god trying to get you to share its' thrill of the hunt, a rhetorical god urging you to speak *it's* truth and a pleasure god...well, you get the idea.

The Leper King (50 CP, free/optional Martyr): Those who serve the Pox Gods often have a simple, reliable miracle: The power to take on the bodily suffering of others. Tall and well-built, this man bears his particular burdens with stalwart stoicism, thinking only of his fellows' plight. He has the bearing and experienced of a seasoned warrior, though when pressed insists he has no pass worth dwelling on and that he has definitely never been a king. little Though he has seen unimaginable sorrow and has no patience at all for the vermin of humanity's treachery, he regrets nothing but the mistakes that led to him being ousted from his old life. He journeys with you in search of a simple thing: A purpose worth fighting for to the bitter end.

Saint of War (50 CP, free/optional Snake): Somewhere only you know, there is a dark windowless room, where a violent girl with eyes as red as her hair that has long outgrown her punk clothes patiently waits. For she is a war god's Saint, sold to the government by her own mother as a child and hollowed out into a bloodthirsty warrior. She can manifest and fire every non-deific weapon of war. She can raise the dead as undying revenants. She can *control the ebb and flow of conflict* as far as she can see. And of course, she can outrun bullets and swing tanks with one hand. Mad and spiteful, raging and cursing at her own urge to destroy, she waits for only one reason: You. It seems at some point you saved her life when her powers nearly left her dead, awakening what little humanity is left to her. So instead of setting the Peninsula aflame, she waits.

Drawbacks

The Weight of Sorrow (+100 CP): There is a deep and abiding sadness that drives you to foolish decisions. It could be disillusion with a duty you know to be ultimately futile. It could be a lack of love in your childhood. Regardless of what it is, you'll do anything to fill that hole in your life-even as slowly but steadily, it deprives you of your competence and good judgement.

Familial Shackles (+100 CP): There is someone close to in this world suffering direly. A father, driven delusional. A sick sister, an indebted brother. Whoever they are, you love them and they love you but life just doesn't go their way-and on occasion, even divine forces may threaten them with harm. Seeing them down in the dumps fills you with grief even if you're otherwise on top of the world. Should they survive your stay here, you may take them as a companion.

Of Rapture and Bliss (+100 CP): You don't start somewhere *safe*. Instead you start in a building-a seemingly benign, even comforting building like a hotel-where, unknown to you, a god dwells. Distracting you with comforting experiences, lulling you into complacency with subtle machinations-and should you grow unwary enough, devouring you in some sense. Oh, and you forget about taking this drawback. If it's any consolation, as a forgotten and likely illegal god this entity is both weak for its kind and slow to move on you. Escape is quite possible if you play along just long enough to escape-and avoid being tricked further into its sphere of influence.

On the Run (+200 CP): You are, rightfully or wrongfully, regarded as a first degree murderer guilty of a crime on par with spawning a Saint in a public place. The police know you as a murderer, and any politician with good sense would condemn you from their platforms as a public menace who must be stopped at all costs. Expect clearing your name before things in this world spiral into much more dire concerns to be night-impossible.

The Burden of Pride (+200 CP): Heavy is the head that bears the crown, but you'd bear it forever to feel the roar of the crowds on your skin. Some would call you a megalomaniac, but you don't even necessarily have grand designs-just a yearning for glory and authority for which you'd sell your very soul to hang onto. Every moment outside the spotlight fills you with bitter, seething resentment and every moment in it has you feeling like you're on Cloud 9-prone to acting as impulsively and cavalierly as if you were actually drunk.

Opened Floodgates (+200 CP): The Parish of Tide and Flesh has declared you anathema, either for political or ideological reasons. Their members, many of whom are militant and versed in violent pilgrimages, will do their best to hunt you down while their leaders scheme for traces of your location. The good news is initially, the Parish of Tide and Flesh is relatively run down and isolated if you wish to avoid

conflict-though should events proceed as expected, they'll very quickly gain tremendous influence.

Mutually Assured Divinity (+300 CP): *Oh.* This is very, very bad. See, one of the reasons why the Withermark is so feared is because it's not all that common for a divinity to have a sigil capable of drowning a town at the invoker's will. Now, all of a sudden many of the more potent gods of this world will suddenly invent other such sigils they will freely share to their servants. A lightning blasting etching from the Saint-Electric, or a word of existential negation from a Rhetorical God. Expect a drastic and terrible escalation between rival congregations that will likely spell the end of civilisation without strict and competent regulation.

The God-Winds Blow (+300 CP): Far past the borders of civilisation and nature are the Polluted Lands: Ten thousand miles of sunless, wind-scoured, haunted wasteland. Raw firmament, angry sky and endless storms. All that is left here are the wailing, desperate gods that feasted when man first learned to hunt and are now reduced to voracious beggars by some unknown calamity. Twisting all they encounter with the raw force of idea and principle, and moulding the land they dwell in beyond recognition on a regular basis.

And now, the winds that herald their desolation are blowing, and will reach wherever you are somewhere between a few months and a year. The foul traces of amalgamating chaos will start to sweep over the Peninsula, their speeds ranging from that of a running man to a galloping horse at random once they're close enough to see. If you cross the seas, they'll sicken their surfaces in pursuit of you. If you scale mountains and enter caves, their insidious corruption will gradually batten through whatever natural obstacles separate you. You are the eye of the God-Winds' storm, as if a god of wind has actively cursed you, the Winds hunting you like hungry hounds to strip your flesh and wits and reality from you until one of you is stilled forever.

Unless everyone starts acting a lot more competent than they have been, the major gods of this land will starve and men will be drowned in the chaos they unleash if you stay in the Peninsula; fortunately, nobody will immediately connect your position with the God-Winds' movements anymore than a man can tell what a cloud wants. Perhaps the creation of a new Rhetorical God could resolve this cataclysm could by commanding the winds to retreat-but birthing such an abstract voracity is itself a terrible risk. There is a reason such divinities were banned.

A God Hungers For You (+300/600 CP): It is not very often a god takes a personal interest in a human being. This is, by and large, a good thing. You're about to learn why. One major god of this setting has decided you are the most delicious thing it's ever encountered, and turned it's full attention to eating you. The Traveller-Man's crab-Angels and Saints will ignore whatever they were doing and hunt you down. He will sing hypnotically to you through river and wave, he will do all in his power to

make you come to him and drown. That's not getting into what the Saint-Electric could do, or what the horrifying Snuff Gods want. Expect to know no peace, no true respite, until you have slain or otherwise converted all the god's followers *and* erased all memory of them.

For 300 CP, whichever god has you in its' sights a relatively tangible one. It can direct followers or create horrors to come after you, it may be able to divert cars off the road to chase you or bring forth flood to wash you away, but even in its' own domain it's manifestations operate on a timeframe where an attentive human can usually see what's coming and at least try to escape. Like the Trawler-Man, you have to actually be knee-deep in a river for it to pull you under, and like the Withermark the most devastating manifestations of its' wrath involved lost knowledge and preparation only it's followers can bring to bear. Make no mistakes though, even if you slay it's devotees no mere mortal can fight such a being indefinitely. On the other hand, for 600 CP your god is a different beast. One capable of, so long as you are immersed enough in its' domain, unleashing forces humans have little recourse to evade or survive. Walk under electric cables while the Saint Electric is present, and you might just find thunderbolts aimed at your head. And while not every spoken word falls under the domain of a Rhetorical God, those of its' Saints and possibly it's followers in their numbers certainly do.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

There is very little information on what happens when a god opposes another god. For the most part, they're simply too tied up in their natures and removed from the human world to do more than empower or smite proxies. We just don't know if the Last Word's Saint could retcon the Trawler-Man from existence or if sufficient piety could let him withstand such intervention, although circumstantial evidence (Val unleashing the God-Winds at the end of her life, the Cairn Maiden's testimony of an unseen god who stands above other gods, devouring them as an apex predator-and who she confidently expects to someday starve and be reaped by her) seems to suggest that while divine power is a buffer, indirect effects can bypass it. Above all else, gods hunger for faith after all. Fanwank responsibly.