Unknown Armies

A jump of **power** and **consequences**

Well, well, well. The modern old world sure seems familiar after all your fantastic adventures, doesn't it? Except that's…not quite all there is to it, beneath the skein of mundanity. Feverish madmen alter reality with the power of their own obsession and madness. Outcasts from society and some of the greatest movers and shakers within it strive to embody archetypes in the collective unconsciousness for mere *crumbs* of the power running through archetypal figures so grandiose as to be synonymous with myth and legend itself. Dabblers in the arcane ways experiment with crude ritualism that scrapes together scraps of this occult knowledge into crude and often unsettling ritualism. Occult organisations far vaster than any one madman jostle and strive for advantage, while those who embody the will of higher powers live their own idiosyncratic passion plays above and beyond mere temporal power. And always, *always*, there is a struggle between order and chaos, a balance that finds resolution not in harmony but in action and reaction.

As for what this world's driving story is, well…

You could believe that it's about Le Comte de Saint-Germain, the first and last man of all ages, growing tired of his task to populate the godlike pantheon-like Invisible Clergy with humanity's most influential archetypes so there *will* be enough godlike people-made-concepts to create the next universe.

You could believe that it's about the Freak, the Godwalker (mortal herald and avatar of a member of the Invisible Clergy, specifically the Mystic Hermaphrodite), slowly learning that mystical power wasn't worth what he (or maybe she, or maybe even some other weirdo gender) sacrificed for it.

And you could even believe this is all building up two the two of them having a little chat, and switching jobs. But that's not really the case. See, **all magic in this world fundamentally comes from collective belief and the tension between irrationality and collective perception.** When something goes bump in the night, on some level **you did it.**

Now take your 1000 CP and get outta here, kid

~~Age~~

We got street kids cutting themselves for magickal powers and retirees desperately chasing charges. You can be any human age you want.

~~Gender~~

The Freak exists. You can be *whatever* you want here.

~~Location~~

Bullshit.

Look, the world's a wide damn place despite the American slant of the game. What game? Isn't life a game? Don't think too hard about it. Just know that you can start in any damn place in the world you like. Might steer clear of a lot of the action if you don't start in America, but hell-many folks would call that a good thing. And there's no reason their can't be an almighty ruckus in some other country.

Hell, start in an otherworld or a roughly corresponding place in a previous version of a universe for all anyone cares. It's a free cosmos. Well, it's not. But it should be.

Era

Now that's more interesting. See, each edition of this game is divided not into different segments of modern history. As an outsider, you have the privilege of deciding *when* you enter the action before all hell breaks loose.

Unknown Armies 1e: It's 1998, or thereabouts. The Insivible Clergy, the pantheon of human mythopoeic archetypes that competes endlessly amongst itself for prominence, is almost at its' maximum capacity of 333 members. The Sect of the Naked Goddess is on the ascent, having very recently ascended a new archetype into the Invisible Clergy through the medium of pornography. Alex Abel's personal army the New Inquisition schemes to take advantage of the 2000 Presidential Election, while the Sleepers crack down on his ambition. And the Comte de Saint-Germain pays a select group of people a very special visit.

Magic users of renown are commonly known as *dukes.* For a given value of "commonly" localised to the occult underground.

Unknown Armies 2e: It's the turn of the millennium, no later than 2002. The Sect of the Naked Goddess comes into its' newfound celebrity, giving away occult secrets in exchange for devotion for its' newly christened goddess. Max Attak, having successfully performed the Ritual of Light to bless all of humanity's endeavours with good fortune and kindness, leaves many occult power players gobsmacked by what a little human kindness and a lot of dedication can pull off. The Freak turns their violent attention to a scheme by several unwise would-be magicians attempting to supplant them with a new candidate. Oh, and the Kundalini (the cosmic current of belief, manifest as a huge snake) is on the prowl for someone's wish to grant.

Unknown Armies 3e: Well, it's 2016 and the shit has hit the fan and gotten swept away just as quickly. The Whisper War, a shadow war between the various occult factions, has left all of them battered and bruised, the New Inquisition rebranding from a slick band of corporate operators to a downsized cult of personality around its' founder, Max Attak's leadership decapitated, and the Sect of the Naked Goddess divided by differing interpretations. Even the Sleepers are driven more by grief at what their pride and arrogance failed to prevent. The Freak and the Comte de Saint-Germain walked into a House of Renunciation, a mystical site that inverts intrinsic qualities, together for reasons the rest of the world will never know. And the Freak emerged as the Human

Eternal: A tranquil, asexual, compassionate and slightly awkward androgyne who hopes to oversee the universal cycle as a system of procedural improvement instead of the previous version of it, which was literally built upon generational child abuse and wife husbandry. While the Comte has emerged as Old Mother Apocalypse, a deeply cynical woman who despite forgetting entire universal lifespans' worth of memories is dead certain that the system beyond saving-and is assembling an army to put it out of its misery. Some of them are sociopathic fanatics once pledged to an organisation called the True Order of Saint-Germain. Some of them are bitter tattooed immortal sadists and former brides of the Comte de Saint Germain, all named Sorrow.

Magic users are now "commonly" known as checkers and chargers. There is a *lot* less social, and therefore to an extent mystical, tension around using magic due to certain cultural trends.

…Isn't that a load of horseshit? Maybe on second thought, you're better off doing your own thing.

Backgrounds

Psst, about your would-be employers here. Most of them are well past their heyday after the Whisper War, and so the descriptions of occult organisations below primarily draw from Unknown Armies 1e and 2e. Should you start by interact with their 3e incarnations, just assume that everything's fucked and they're running on fumes.

Drop-In: Believe it or not, *this* is more like the default experience here. You just bumped into the occult from nowhere, with no life worth dwelling on, or maybe none at all. Who were you? An accountant, counting beans like the hours until clocking out? A fireman who saw some weird shit screaming in the flames? A literal cosmic anomaly? Doesn't matter. You're here now, deal with it. Or make the world deal with you.

Max Attack: It started when a young and idealistic adept named Janet Kumyar (rebelling against her family's voodoo interpretation of the Demagogue's teachings) met a young and idealistic adept named Derek Jackson (a countryside Mechanomancer), both of whom were shocked to find out the occult underground was much bigger than either imagined. An early adopter of the internet, Derek laid the electronic infrastructure while Janet proposed using the chaotic flow of traffic to form a feedback loop of magick-and a new recruit, Margaret Brandt, taught them the Ritual of Lesser Correspondence to mass a minor magick charge from ritualist to target. When his friends died or fled in obscure circumstances, Derek carried on the faction's mission as "Superconductor": Soliciting opinions and recruiting new blood to a decentralised lose affiliation of weirdos posting on the internet and spreading magickal charges amongst the masses in the name of some vaguely defined Great Work. You're on the mailing list too now, whatever your occupation. You don't have to flip burgers and fries for the sake of the mission, but it helps.

The Sleepers: It started with *one* opportunistic, nepotistic bastard with a keen eye for bending mystique to his advantage. Now the Sleepers are an international group counting among a hundred in-the-know individuals and seventy others without powers (as of Unknown Armies 2e) whose participation ranges between full time duty and pitching in when they can. There's a ruling Cabinet of four people. The job's often stereotyped as glamorous and suave, especially after the legendary founder Dugan Forscythe's rise to power. In practice, it's roughly 99% boredom and 1% absolute terror. See, the Sleeper's

credo is simple: Don't Wake The Sleeping Tiger, keep the occult out of public consciousness lest the public turn on itself with a fury that makes the witch hunts of old look like a backyard brawl. For all their resources and the…unusual talents of leadership, the organisation is beset by self-interest and cynical pragmatism. Nevertheless. You're in. You're expected to perform.

The New Inquisition: Alex Abel has been described as essentially Donald Trump but black and with better taste in suits. After making his 50th million during the heyday of 80s, an event he calls the "fall of the keys" in private shortly after Dermott Kane, the Avatar of the Messenger, advised him against pursuing a fling. For a moment, he touched the Stratosphere. He beheld the Invisible Clergy in an event he compares to being tested, in some sense. And evidently…he failed. Now desperate to reclaim some semblance of what he could have had, buoyed by the self-righteous belief he's bringing order to the chaos of the occult underground in some sense, Alex bent all his money and influence towards becoming a power player of magick with the advance of sanity. His forces include down on their luck suckers bought with a paycheck and magickal gadgets, a small crew of true Adepts convinced to work for The Man and incredibly well-paid professionals he's either bought or leaned on his reputation to become key pillars of his organisation. Which of those are you? Well, that's classified.

The Sect of the Naked Goddess: There have always been spiritualist movements among women since the late Victorian period, reinventing the old ways and favouring a certain Goddess as nurturer and mother. But it took until 1996 for an actress in the pornographic industry to ascend into the Stratosphere for one to rise to prominence in the modern era. Daphnee Lee, the videographer, naturally proceeded to start a cult as a firsthand witness to the divine-though not without intense friction with traditionalists offended by *porn* of all things being the (Naked) Goddess' medium. Nonetheless, Daphnee came away with a sizeable group dabbling in the principle of affinity and symbolic magick, recreating the sex acts of the Naked Goddess and hoping to bring her story to the world. And yeah, you're involved. If you're not a Pornomancer or evangelist, the Sect still has uses for you-though likely without quite the same level of respect.

True Order of Saint-Germain: Currently and possibly formerly known as the Global Liberation Society. There have always been reactionary violent motherfuckers touting everything from old school militia movements to new-wave anti-globalization. The Global Liberation Society's principle goal is the annihilation of modern hierarchal power and the promotion of universal anarchy, *RIGHT FUCKING NOW MOTHERFUCKER.* It claims to not take direct action. Merely training other groups or individuals in all the techniques of destruction; that would be you. But the organisation hides a secret agenda: It's founders (both the originals, and the radical madman Randy Douglas that has long since supplanted the collapse of their agenda) believe they have receive direct communication from the Comte de Saint-Germain, who has shown them a vision of the end of the world-and their part in it: To smash civilization, bringing about the final release of life-energy to create a new world through the birth-pains of apocalypse. Every mission of theirs is an act of liberation. Some of them just include liberating energy from the living.

Whatever the truths of these belief, by 2016 they're very much reality. Just…not necessarily in a way any of the founders expected.

The Order of Saint Cecil: Acts 8:9-24. Since the days of Simon Magus, holy men have always confronted witches and warlocks-those now commonly known as adepts. Pope Urban V formally founded the Order in 1369 but it has persisted through the trial and execution of Gilles de Rais, through vicious assault by Mayan magick in 1539, and through the burning of Giordano Bruno in 1600-even the…unusual events surrounding a painting known as *The Ascension of the Magdalene.* With only 139 full members, 67 monks and nuns, 6 of the Gifted and 230 support personnel, the Order is frankly on the backfoot in the modern era-struggling to keep up with current year practices and operating on many outdated presumptions. But the mission you've been taught remains fundamentally the same: *Fight the crazy. Destroy the demonic. Corral the Weird. Protect humanity. Know yourself.*

Perks

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

General

Astral Time Travel (100): Whoa nelly. Somehow you've gained the ability to have visions of past and future incarnations of the cosmos. By investing here you have more control over this knack than the other weirdos with it, simply accessing the visions by shutting your eyes and doing a simple thought exercise like counting in prime numbers or repeating anagrams. Other universes can have radically different physics, like the Eddes-Edorow performed every autumn to put trees into dreamless sleep or seemingly mundane nuts would be considered invasive prions in this universe or where science-priestesses lobotomised male babies in crystal gardens to prevent them from disrupting the ruling gynarchy or where the last-but-one archetype was the Squid-Fucking-Squinkle. Don't ask.

The point of all this nonsense is that *fundamentally* these universes are still defined by humanity, just in an alien and sometimes incomprehensible state. And subconsciously, your brain does a little pattern-matching. And so, sometimes these visions show you solutions and insights correlating to the mundane world that are very hard to explain. Like performing surgery on the fly, punching in the password of a lost safe or safely landing in a haystack after falling out of a building using your memories as a balloon person.

Actually Useful Precognition (200 CP): This is the more boring but practical otherworldly sort of perception power some adepts and even otherwise normal people just sort of…*pick up*, which you have a wide latitude to define. Maybe you can read tarot cards for foggy, abstract but usually accurate predictions of the future-letting you, say, pick out a secret agent in a crowd. Maybe you have hunches and blurred visions of imminent people and places five times a day. Whatever the case is, it sure as hell is easier to explain how you know what you know even if the root of the explanation is "Venus is in the fourth house".

Enlightened Tai Chi (300 CP): Those midnight yoga classes really paid off. Now you've picked up a martial discipline that aligns Yang (which most westerners have an excess of) and Yin, harmonising your mystical energies with the ambient universe. Your dedication to it allows you to redirect the attacks of

opponents elsewhere, run on walls, water and even air, nullify mundane and mystical attacks, multiply your strength drastically, heal even grievous wounds with your hands, unleash devastating blasts as powerful as firearms that can be anything from a sharp gust of wind to a Hadouken from Street Fighter, stun foes with your blows, move briefly with preternatural swiftness and once every seven days substitute your mastery of Enlightened Tai Chi for any task demanding mundane or magical skill.

This skill is greatly in demand by the Chinese government, and you would be wise not to let them know you have it.

Avatar (200 CP): Well, *you* did it. You're a saint, a zealot, an acolyte to higher power. You move within the will of the cosmos as defined by the archetypal behaviours of humanity as embodied by the Invisible Clergy.

Here's how it actually works.

Let us be frank: Almost all archetypes don't sling spells or beckon demons. But that power is temporal, dependant on externalities and conditions. Like faith, your power is as eternal as the idea of the Warrior's weapon or the Mother's embrace. The universe asks less of you.

Shamans, LARP participants and Elder Scrolls players may be familiar with the idea of *walking like someone until they walk like you.* Becoming an avatar can happen by accident the more you master appropriate fields, surround yourself with appropriate trappings and dedicate yourself to the principles upheld by your Archetype. There's still a **taboo** in place but rather than draining your Avatar skill's (nonexistent) charges it simply lessens your communion with your idol. Trying to follow two Avatars simply causes the one you have a weaker connection with to rapidly diminish; it's like trying to tune into two radio stations at once. Succeed and you'll gain access to **channels:** *Generally* subtle but free supernatural powers related to the archetype.

Let's use the Merchant as an example. The Merchant is a cheat and deceiver, as well as a builder of privileges that brings together two people with complimentary needs. Modern thinking makes the Merchant an opportunist, facilitating transfers of goods while taking a cut himself.

The **taboos** of the Merchant is getting the worse end of a deal-being fooled or taken advantage of. And selfless material gifts; share your time and effort all you like, but don't you *dare* hand out those Christmas presents for free.

Those who begin to walk the path of the Merchant are preternatural salesmen-causing others to see value where there's little or none, or convincing someone to ignore apparent value. While it doesn't compel people to obey, in some ways making people think something's a good idea is even more powerful. Buy cars dirt cheap, convince someone to pay full price for a display model, inflate prices on worthless "collectibles". Really get the better of someone, and you could gull someone into insane trades like selling you the bullets straight out of their loaded gun. Seller beware: This only works on humans.

Those making above average progress on attunement to the Merchant also access a new channel akin to Faustian trades. Want to buy someone's soul? Or sell 5 years off their life for a couple grand? You can make it happen as long as all involved parties agree. Transfer wounds, trade skills, broker madness and mental clarity. As for how such things are stored, well…at least *one* Merchant keeps his intangibles as liquids in vials, but circumstantial evidence suggests you can set up your own tangible or intangible medium should you wish to keep what you bought a while longer.

Those making significant progress on the Merchant's path can summon demons and make deals with them. **More on those in the notes**. You can give up immaterial things to the demon-even channels of the Merchant or aptitude in an adept school.

For those near the pinnacle of the Merchant's ways, every time someone wants to harm you with magick or a conventional weapon they have to pay you some money. Doesn't have to be a lot-a penny or nickel will do-but until they give it to you, throw it at you, or electronically transfer it to you, no weapon formed against you shall prosper. And each attack has to be paid for separately. Strange thing, anyone who wants to injure you instinctively *knows* about this precondition.

With this perk, it's assumed you've progressed far enough to fully wield the first channel and have just unlocked the second. While there are avatars of far greater power out there, you are *remarkably* sane, well-adjusted and in good health relative to many who never get anywhere near your progress on the path. You don't have to go through life looking like a *bad* cosplay of Firefly characters or being kicked out of bars for trying to duel passerbys.

There is greater power at the pinnacle of this path and it's technically open to any avatar, but perhaps you'd like a head start with the **Godwalker** perk below…

Adept (400/300/200/100 CP): Well, you *did* it. You're a witch, a warlock, a sorcerer of some repute. You use your personal neurosis to bend the laws of reality to your will, and look batshit insane doing it.

Here's how it actually works.

You have a vision as all-encompassing, obsessive and idiosyncratic as any religion. Maybe you've seen enlightenment in sex, drugs and rock 'n roll. Maybe you can read the secrets of the universe in brick walls. Maybe money is *everything* to you.

There are other people out there with a *similar* worldview. Other boozehounds supping mana from the bottom of a pint, other people who use TV character identities to literally become someone else for a while. It's not quite the same, even though your magick works similarly enough to be sorted into schools like *Thanatomancy* or *Dipsomancy* or *Cliomancy*.

There's a few more laws.

The Law of Symbolic Tension: Your magick is based on a paradox. Booze gives you freedom but enslaves you. To get control over chaos, you have to surrender control of yourself. Or for the Epideromancers, control is gained over the body by destroying it.

The Law of Transaction: There's no free ride. Certain acts will provide you with **charges** that you can spend on magick: Minor, significant and major. Getting minor charges tends to be inconvenient and/or humiliating but ultimately inconsequential, or require a reasonably repeatable task like staring at a toad for a few hours. Getting significant charges tends to incur significant danger or life-changing consequences for a normal human, like being bitten by a snake. Or a circumstance as rare as being the first person to harvest magick from the Leaning Tower of Pisa (hint: Most famous places are already used up). Major charges are often once in a lifetime events for most humans. Being the first Cliomancer to get to Machu Pizza, Ayers Rock or the Moon to harvest magick from them in 10 years. Put 10 lives in danger of dying along with yourself-or gamble with your life *and* a loved one's on the line. The loss of a hand, nose, both ears, an eye-or torture commensurate with that.

The Law of Obedience: You have to live up to your magickal thinking 24/7, or the power abandons you. Certain behaviours, **taboos,** will drain all your charges at once. This is also why **you cannot learn two conventional magickal schools at once, which all things being equal drives the average person irrevocably insane.** The human mind in its' current form was just not designed to withstand *two* borderline solipsistic paradigms of mystical thinking.

So, what can you do? Refer back to the **Law of Transaction**. It depends on what you're willing to put in. Take Dipsomancy for example. To get a minor charge, you have to chug some alcohol-enough to get at least slightly tipsy from it. You can spend them on summoning demons, casting your disorientation on others, or gaining hunches on your endeavours. You can also perform the minor **Blast** spell: Flinging or slashing with loose objects telekinetically at a foe, which does more damage the drunker they are.

To get a significant charge, you need to drink out of a historically significant or otherwise potent vessel: The cup JFK drank from during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the sacramental chalice of a Borgia pope and so on. **Voluntarily giving away such a vessel is a taboo.** You can spend those on a 30 second long vision of a faraway location, making yourself seem harmless, drunkenly stumbling through the plane of astral beings or literally sipping away immaterial beings like demons, magickal energy (which you get as significant or minor charges!) and human souls. You can also spend them on the major **Blast** spell, which is still flinging stuff but *much harder* or *more* of it and it hurts *much* more the drunker the target is.

To get a major charge, you need to drink a unique liquor. The Cask of Amontillado's remnants, the archeologically preserved money mead used in Dionysian ceremonies, the remnants of Elvis' last bottle. On the plus side, no alcoholic impairment is needed. With power like that you can forcibly exchange bodies with someone else, move 20 people to any location in the world and raise the dead (generally as horrifying aberrations).

Those aside, you've also got random magick-basically any damn supernatural effect falling below the scope of the examples above vaguely themed around your central paradox. For Dipsomancy, that domain is cheating, greasing the wheels, generally making life easier and making a fool out of reality itself. It costs more, is narrower in scope and less predictable. It greases the skids of magick rather than lets it do stuff it normally couldn't. Plus your obsession

lends you a natural edge to effort and arcanism that most normal people normally never experience.

Not all magick is made equal, and some schools just don't have the symbolic tension needed for the full experience. Take off 100 CP from the cost of being an Adept for every condition listed here it meets: No random magick, no blast and no major effects or charging capability. Any less than that and whatever your school is or purports to be, and you're basically just strumming together random rituals or a strange loophole in the cosmos rather than practicing proper magick.

With this perk, it's assumed you start with a little fewer than a dozen minor charges, a little less than half a dozen significant ones and a solid grounding in what you can and can't do with your powers. While there are adepts of far greater power out there, you are *remarkably* hygienic, presentable and of sound mind compared to the majority of adepts who ruin their lives long before coming near your level. You don't have to look like a crazed hobo or a particularly unhinged hooker.

Mystical High Roller (400 CP, requires Adept and/or Avatar): You're either really greedy for your hand to be the one on the mystical tiller or *really* fortunate. Because you've hit the mystical lottery, having come into circumstances that grant you an unnatural but minor advantage in addition to *tremendous* power in your school of magic or avatar path beyond its' nomic limitations.

As an adept, you could be like the Rahyab for example-one soul embodied by two people. While they're able to share their physical, mental and spiritual traits among themselves (and look *damn good* doing it), the more important thing here is that as practitioners (and founders) of Oneiromancy they're incapable of sleep and never suffer impairment from staying awake-meaning they are *constantly* accumulating charges. Were they not frequently powering their supernatural art exhibitions, they might have more than the *at least* 5 significant charges and 50 minor charges they have on hand at any given moment.

As an avatar, you could be an absolutely prodigious merchant like the Bad Man or Cagliostro('s most successful modern impersonator). Due to their frequent and successful trades, both Merchants have borderline superhuman proficiency in their areas of interest-be they contract law, seduction, martial arts or acrobatics. If an Olympian or elite researcher could do it, they could probably

do it better. Alternatively, you could have a more sophisticated means of electronically interfacing with computer systems than the wretched Spider-retaining all the advantages of your humanity while being able to locate, process and extract relevant information about transactions all over the world at the speed of thought.

And if you have both, your magickal abilities may even synergise. Suppose there was a Mechanomancer-Merchant with an armada of clockwork servitors, selling “cures” to the wealthy and desperate. A man’s cancer, his alcoholism or even his memories are transferred onto a figure of gears and steel harmlessly. In exchange, that man has now signed a contract mandating his eternal servitude to you-unless you’re feeling generous.

Whatever your circumstances, you have access to more magickal power than most adepts know what to do with, and opportunities many avatars can’t even imagine.

Though there’s a reason many avatars don’t set out to rock the boat. It’s called…

Godwalker (800 CP, requires Avatar): The ultimate prize for a seriously committed avatar is the privilege and duty of becoming the mortal incarnation of one of the Invisible Clergy-a Godwalker. It’s a heady experience with a hefty dose of power stemming from almost complete alignment with the archetype. Such is their spiritual power that all magick and avatar channels used against them in a territory they exert significant influence over are noticeably weakened; this applies to mundane damage to a lesser degree. But the real privilege of a Godwalker is the right to design a unique channel of their own.

Thorvald Drake, Godwalker of the Merchant, can deal in events that took place in the past. If the price is right, he can rewrite history so you never got cancer or divorced.

No Israeli can kill Ibrahim al Masrah, Godwalker of the Executioner.

Lucy Watkins, Godwalker of the Flying Woman, can free any willing female from unwanted emotional entanglement.

Dmitri Carnovski, Godwalker of the Fool, compels everyone to dance and drink when he plays a musical instrument.

Toshishiro Yamamura, Godwalker of the Masterless Man, is blessed for battle against other ronin. No other Masterless Men can channel the archetype when fighting him.

And Donald Ramses, Godwalker of the Savage, causes any machine within a mile of his presence to malfunction (including guns).

It goes without saying you have totally mastered your path and have the accumulated mystical experience and miscellaneous accumulated advantages that implies. Dion Isaacs, Godwalker of the True King, can brew whiskey of nigh-mythical power. Fortuna, Godwalker of the Gambler, is an expert at cheating both with cards and technology-and has considerable experience interpreting other people's prophecies as well as the means to speak (but not read) all human languages and read auras won off other players.

But most importantly, you are the mortal avatar and presence of your archetype-and it tilts both probability and mystical energy in subtle yet profound and far-reaching ways to ensure your success, so long as you remain devout.

For more *ambitious* Godwalkers, it's possible to challenge and usurp your Archetype-taking its' place in the Invisible Clergy. One must engage in a mystery play of sorts-redefining the Archetype around distinct norms and trappings, acting the part of the True Executive instead of the True King for example. And the Archetype will almost certainly resist, bending it's diving power over probability to steer misfortune and opposition into your path. Though seemingly all Archetypes are too wrapped up in other conflicts or greater matters to directly smite such a would-be usurper. It's reach still extends to all humanity and as such makes a more formidable foe than almost any in this world, but the Invisible Clergy are far more prone to setting up their rivals to fail rather than smiting them in person.

Post-jump, the bad news is if you haven't usurped your patron yet you've missed your chance to. The good news is that, well…as you are *by definition* the only avatar around, your power as Godwalker is wholly secure in all but the strangest of circumstances-it's powers fully preserved by a similar quirk to other detritus from past or future universes passing through the current one. The exercise of attaining conceptual godhood or founding a new Invisible Clergy, if it's even possible, is up to you to discover.

Drop-In

New Meat (100 CP): You'd expect a lot of occultists to be leary of outsiders poking in their business, but somehow fate keeps proving you wrong. You have a tendency to not just bump into occult practitioners, the remnants of the dead and other strange and unnatural beings but make a favourable impression on most. An already mostly benign adept might be patient enough to explain the weirdness to the best of his knowledge and offer reasonable assistance, while an otherwise homicidal maniac might overlook you or decide you're "one of the good ones". Don't go pushing your luck with this, but it'll open doors and if you play your cards right you could make a friends out of some seriously scary people.

Undulating Serpent (200 CP): Sometime a while ago, a current of magickal energy that may or may not have chosen to personify itself as a giant snake passed by you. It didn't pass on any blessings or reality-shattering insights, no-it just made you an irresistible sex magnet for every adept within fifty miles. Somehow, you managed to wrest more control over the effect than most and now, well, you can make a dipsomancer of your sexual preference more crazy about you than the bottle. You can play around with the definitions and range of this with experience and meditation, expanding or contracting the area of effect, maybe getting it to work on avatars. But think about how crazy the average adept is, and realise that the best part of this is with firm concentration you can suppress it indefinitely.

333 (400 CP): Is *the* number of seats in the Invisible Clergy, and sometimes a few other mystically important things too. Some of that's rubbed off onto you because anything you do goes much better as long as it involves a trio of threes in some sense. Take exactly nine bullets with you into a firefight and you could outshoot black ops specialists while blindfolded. Scrawl 3 triangles around a ritual for giving yourself a little fortune in dice and it could let you win the lottery. Write a story where three triplets are prominent characters and it's all but guaranteed to be a bestseller without supernatural opposition. The power of the big triple-3 is always very localised, but it's also only limited by your imagination as long as you can keep those 3s coming.

Clerical Appointment (600 CP): If the world was ever a place where merit or destiny determined who gets to change the world, it sure as hell isn't now. So now you've got an air of destiny about you, primed to change the world, don't

worry about doing nothing to earn it. Sometimes, things just happen. Fortuitous circumstances will line up to put you in touch with the movers and shakers of the occult underground, while providing chances to secure power and resources some men take years to amass without really knowing what you're doing. There will be danger, but just as much good luck and more opportunity than some know what to do with. In this world, if the endgame isn't outright ascending into the Invisible Clergy than it's something equally world-shaking like normalising Mechanomancy into the scientific paradigm, obtaining the first known audience with a Cruel One, or reaping a replenishable major charge. Suffice to say that nothing will ever be the same.

In future worlds, you can toggle your big destiny on and off.

Max Attack

Superconductor (100 CP): There's something about you that inspires hope in other people in a way that would be called heroic if you were, well, more heroic. You could keep an online community of anarchists without a cause sufficiently civil and on-task enough to coordinate tasks across a country. Even the most ruthless executives could see enough good in you that a sincere plea could win them to your cause even if not necessarily your leadership. It doesn't necessarily come with the respect and discipline due a true leader, you're just the guy trusted to moderate forums and actually accomplish something.

True Executive (200 CP): You could've been pretty damn accomplished before slumming it here with the other oiks. But your management and organisational skills are just as applicable to streamlining an informal environment as running a successful corporation. The kind of experience that keeps a boardroom from going into bankruptcy through genuine skill lets you judge a person's personality, skills and limits simply through visual observation-like a more mundane of Sherlock Holmes' read of crime scenes. You could easily, say, take over a decentralised organisation like this with the right leverage and at the right time. Just know there's at least one other rival already angling for that.

Supersize Me (400 CP): That Ritual of Light sure was something, huh? And like the Rituals of Fealty and Correspondence, getting it is as piss-easy as trawling Max Attak's private lists. Like many other randos, you've seen and are familiar with all those rituals…but you've also seen just the *faintest* glimpse of the Stratosphere through them, enough to glean their underlying principles. Now, you can similarly empower any spell or other magical effect if you can get a

number of practitioners performing it in unison at an appropriate time. It may not necessarily contact the Stratosphere in future worlds unless you've brought some of this world's magic over, but the tension of belief and will may still resonate with magical wells of power, the spirit plane, or something else. And the ritual is fundamentally amoral; a group of violent ideologues could enact a Ritual of Darkness focused around chaos and violence. But if all goes well, you and your cohorts could spread a spell of healing or fortune over an entire planet.

Special Order (600 CP): But I guess chaos with a cause wasn't good enough for you, huh? No. Some men just want to watch it all tumble down. From the scraps of internet gossip and word-of-mouth occultism, you've pieced together a set of ritualistic practices that allow you to generate and fire off occult phenomena of varying strength at targets. These can be as varied as feeding rabbits in a certain way or constructing gematric anagrams, but they're all relatively involved. What's important is that this lets you fire off charges much more reliably than most Max Attakers at targets of your choice and using a relatively freeform delivery mechanism.

With a minor charge, created by a relatively simple occult practice, you could cause spontaneous puddles of blood, milk or seawater to form, make a car or telephone malfunction, or crack a mirror.

With a significant charge, created by an occult practice that would be fairly difficult for the average joe on the street to accomplish, you could make a group of people disappear from reality for minutes to hours then reappear with no memory of what happened while missing, bombard someone with full-body apparition or booming sounds or forceful shoving that exists only in their head, or open up dramatic but non-life threatening wounds on somebody.

Finally, with a major charge-something earn on par with feats like organising 100,000 people on a single task, going deeper or higher than anyone has before on certain terrain, or drinking a literally legendary wine-you could strike someone with a mundane but inexplicable source of death like a heart attack, draw forth a revenant of the recently dead, erase things on the level of sailing ships from reality or inflict an earthquake with telekinesis.

You can send these charges at schools with paper airplanes, across the country with ideograms attached to forum posts, or just about anything with the appropriate symbology. Just in mind this power is highly unpredictable, more of a Bag of Many Things than a Swiss army knife.

The Sleepers

Poise Sociopath (100 CP): The harsh reality for a lot of higher-up Sleepers is that many of their operatives are *unhinged murderers* just looking for any excuse to slit a witch's throat. Like many of them, you know how to keep a calm, poised façade. To still your heart even with the thrill of annihilomancy or the Dark Stalker urging you onwards for greater violence. And also like many of them, you're a hardened killer when you need or want to be. You're no master of combat with this alone, but it comes as naturally to you as swatting insects. No wasted movement. Steady breath. As easy and simple as waving a paintbrush around.

"Atlantean" (200 CP): *Surprise*, you're from a secret Atlantean lineage! You know the passphrases and the correct signs, you're good at comporting yourself and asserting authority over the ignorant, and generally you can throw your weight around so much that many *plebians* actually believe in your storied, illustrious lineage. Even in future worlds, organisations you're part of recognise a niche but privileges status of some sort fully supports by your words, actions and even documentation!

This is bullshit. Dugan Forsythe made it all up to give his children an edge in the Sleepers.

Dugan Forsythe, the founder of Cliomancy, himself believes the Sleepers were born in England during the witch-hunting hysteria of the 1600s. That they are a venerable organisation keeping watch over the occult underground.

This is bullshit. In 1945, Dugan and 20 loyalists ran into the Brotherhood of Harmonious Repose in China: A cult of bureaucrats. They proceeded to rinse their brains, inventing the whole concept of the Sleepers on the spot so that the white man would suppress disharmonious magick on their behalf.

This *isn't* bullshit and it doesn't matter. The Brotherhood got dumpstered during the second world war, it's remaining stronghold in Beijing only a quarter of the Sleepers' personnel. They have been absorbed by their own creation, one of its' last active members sits on the Sleepers' Cabinet and gives the whole matter little thought.

This is the kind of bullshit you could spin when you combine your talent for bluffing and propaganda with magick.

Authentic Thaumaturgy (400 CP): Like the high-ranking Hamiltons, you've had the trade of Authentic Thaumaturgy passed down to you by obscure means. In practice it means that you know a *lot* of rituals, which means no random magick domain and a very long casting time-but also no underlying ethos, contradiction or paradox. And therefore, no taboo. You can cast minor rituals for no charges, though you'll need significant charges for rituals of that magnitude whether through a charging ritual (which breaks taboo) or an adept's gifts. This explicitly includes the rite known as "Sumone Ye Utter Foulness", which for the sacrifice of an eye allows the caster to create an Unspeakable Servant: An amorphous, shapeshifting blob of biomass that serves it's masters with crushing strength and uncanny precision.

Born Sceptic (600 CP): Well, aren't you a sorry sight. A real lover of fantasy in your youth crushed by the banality of the mundane world. Which happens to be not so banal, but that hasn't stopped you from manifesting the powers of a capital-S Sceptic. Within the range of your senses you can totally negate avatar powers, the functionality of artifacts and magic short of major-level effects. Even those can be affected by a few other ways you can enforce banality: Changing probability in a non-magical way by 30% (enough say, to dodge a magickal bullet, avoiding picking up a tape full of mind-scarring divine revelation or cause a major ritual to fail), transform or move any object massing under ten pounds in the same city, or transform or move any non-living object or objects massing under 5 tons within a mile of crane. These effects happen faster than thought, are subtler and less direct the further removed you are from the thing you're observing, and *always* serve to negate magical effects and make the world seem mundane. Mind you, it does nothing to stop a regular bullet and magickal living beings merely feel compelled to avoid you.

In short, you're basically a significant part of the organisation's wet dream. Except for the portion of it that wants to monopolise magick rather than merely suppress it.

If you happen to run into the other fella with this trick, all things being equal both your powers cancel out with no warning. Keep in mind that ultimately, even *this* power is an extension of humanity's collective belief, not somehow sovereign from it. The fact that the other guy's existence hasn't melted a hole in the fabric of reality is proof that there is a vague upper limit to what it can negate that adepts and avatars simply don't interact with.

As a bonus, at some point in your past some sort of supernatural being or magic user very patiently produced a supernatural effect that somehow bypassed all this to prove a point. By allowing you to accept magick as reality, this let you toggle this on at off and the speed of thought-as well as prevent it from affecting your own magickal or otherwise supernatural powers.

As a *second* bonus this does *not* break taboo for either adepts or avatars for those who care about such things, since you technically don't retain the magickal charge-you just cook it up and fire it at some sucker.

The New Inquisition

Not In This For Your Incantation (100 CP): Look, I'm going to level with you-normality has advantages. It is a *good* thing you've got such presence of mind and sheer force of will that faced with an Unspeakable Servant typing over a car or a madman on the street hurling a garbage bin into a window with the power of his mind, you'd be ready to fight or get away without panicking. You also tend to ask the right questions, keep a firm set of priorities in times of crisis and have good reflexes. You're a born survivor.

Top Brass (200 CP): It's assumed by default you're on the lower rungs of TNI, treated like a mushroom-kept in the dark and fed shit. But now that you have skills in the elite of the elite for the baseline population, without very unfortunate circumstances (like being an adept or avatar) you're all but guaranteed Clearance A. You could be a top notch sociologist dedicated to planning contingencies for the existence of magick being revealed. A former special ops soldier deadlier than just about any man alive not enhanced by magick. Or a therapist capable of blanking out the worst horrors of violent trauma, though not without…some side effects. Whatever you are, suffice to say your skills will remain in demand even if you should leave the occult behind.

…and yes, you could use this to be an absolutely prodigious adept or avatar, but know that it torpedoes your employability chances in TNI's upper echelons.

Magickal Mechanic (400 CP): *Because* they're one of the most poor in magick organisations out there, TNI has invested considerably into the procedure of compensating with a millionaire's budget into R&D plus whatever arcanism they can shove into it. You're a wunderkind of the TNI armouries, familiar with the production, distribution, storage and deployment of everything from functional credit cards that double as a high-voltage triggered explosive,

biological agents that erase memories for a half-hour and computer bugs. More importantly, you have a gift for marrying magick with technology in various ways: Padlocks enchanted apply a flat 50% chance of stalling all legal charges against you, photographic film that can record emotional states and other esoteric qualities, bullets with demons bound to them, and a bulldozer upgraded into a 20 foot tall murderous clockwork kaiju. The symbology of the object matters more than it's mundane function and the nature of the mystical practice you're working with does as well to a lesser extent.

The Face of Wealth (600 CP): You're driven by the same kind of passionate intensity that Alex Abel was, when he rose from nothing to become a high-profile CEO. You manage money like it's second nature, buy and sell with as reliable an instinct as anyone on Wall Street can find-and best of all, know how to look damn good when doing it. Your business dealings have left you deft enough that whether it's fashion, military hardware or cutting edge genetic engineering you have at least a passing grasp of it-and a much firmer grip on the logistics and financials. Likewise you've got a good eye for picking capable employees and colleagues (though nothing is truly safe in the occult underground), and more importantly have a gift for financing illicit activities without a paper trail leading back to you while simultaneously being one of the most influential and public faces in the business world. You're about as successful as a man can be while perfectly mundane-and the last man in your shoes shook up the entire occult underground.

The Sect of the Naked Goddess

Comparative Theology XXX Edition (100 CP): Persuading normal people that ritualistic sex acts taken from grindhouse pornography are the keys to enlightenment does not tend to go over well. As a member of the Sect, it is also essentially your calling. You've drilled yourself in rhetoric, speech training and just about every skill you'd need to be a lawyer apart from the formal certification just to be taken even somewhat seriously, and you're successful enough at it that you *can* in fact talk some disenfranchised folks around to your point of view. Now, if only everyone else would stop pointing and laughing.

Orgiastic Orthodoxy (200 CP): Dogma is at the heart of the Sect's growth, and dogma may also be its' downfall. People always need something to believe, and you're good at giving it to them. Like Erin Serna, you could debate dyed-in-the-wool members of the Sect into considering different forms of affinity magick

than Pornomancy for communing with the Goddess. Or if your faith is true, you know how to write and speak in such a way to all but quell such dissent. And, ugh, while there is *so much more* to all of this than simple physical attraction yes for what it's worth you're also hot. Stunningly beautiful, or smoking handsome. Rippling abs or a work of art for an ass. The specifics don't matter, but suffice to say you have the kind of physical traits that someone would in fact start a religion over after seeing you in the middle of a porn shoot.

It makes you very persuasive.

Scraping the Stratosphere (400 CP): Scrolling through hours of porn hasn't rotted your brain, because you've scrolled through an authentic tape of the Naked Goddess' minutes over and over again until you've witnessed it yourself: The Stratosphere. And now, you have access to it that many adepts and avatars would envy. With significant concentration and preferably with ritualistic trappings, you can transport yourself to one of several symbolic interpretations of both the world and humanity's archetypal impact upon it-in other words, the Invisible Clergy living out their passion plays-whether as regal figures, celestial images or oceanic predators. Great knowledge and insight about the cosmos and occultism could be found here, though so could great danger. Be warned that at least *some* interpretations of the Stratosphere include the Cruel Ones as…arbiters? Enforcers? Best not to get too close.

In future worlds, you may transport yourself to the Stratospheres of other worlds, though the archetypes present and their natures may be radically different depending on humanity's overall influence in those worlds.

Divine Visitation (600 CP): Daphnee Lee is no more special than any other cult leader throughout history, save in one regard: She has met her goddess in the flesh, *twice* if you start in 3e. You too are similarly favoured by divine beings, often showing up in person to make known their will or even offering you gifts or allies empowered by their touch much as the Naked Goddess anointed a law enforcement officer during her second visit to Daphnee. The specifics of your faith matter little as long as you exercise some manner of consistent devotion, and it seems part of that favour might come from you being a sort of divine kingmaker. For the gods you pray to enjoy greater influence over the world, easier exercise of their power-only miraculous in its' ease but a great convenience to the divine. It must be Affinity at work.

True Order of Saint-Germain

Kill Them All (100 CP): *Fucking assholes.* Who? The government? The foreigners? The aliens? *Yes.* You know hatred. It's made you strong of sinew and handy with a gun by average joe standards, but busting in the average office worker's face with your knuckles isn't the point. The point is that you know how to *spread* that hatred. To reinterpret conspiracy into compelling argument, paranoia into articulate insight, and the anger of crowds into a semi-constructive movement. Anyone can whip up some angry mobs, but you could make a serious argument for them to join some sort of paramilitary movement.

Fiend to All Nations (200 CP): Hey so, you're good with IEDs and explosives. Real good. Great, even. Yeah. And you know how to button on your bulletproof vest and you're experienced with squad tactics. Good stuff.

Here's a more interesting fact though: Your sense of direction is perfect. You're fluent and literate in all human tongues, and there's something paradoxically interesting yet forgettable about you. People respect your opinion. They *want* to be seen having consulted you on important matters. At the same time, they're instinctively reticent about prying into your personal business and qualifications. It's no true compulsion, it's just as socially unthinkable as questioning the Pope on Catholicism.

One For Sorrow (400 CP): Let's get this out of the way: You're a certified violent motherfucker, a master of Okinawan karate or a prodigal serial killer or some shit. Groovy. You fit the apocalyptic cult like a hand in an old glove, ruined life optional. Okay? Okay.

None of that matters.

Here's your first taste of real cosmic significance. Not long ago, you interrupted some bitter tattooed ladies called Sorrow who were abducting a little girl named Joy. Irritated, they looked at you and said *you do it, then,* Now you can see all the sorrows of those you look upon. If you find and ruin something symbolic of that sorrow, you can rewrite history so it never happened. Not smash. Not erase. *Ruin.* Torture that puppy to death, use that grandfather clock to kill someone in a nightmarishly memorable way that ruins every good memory about it.

Those examples were for murder and rape. Greater tragedies must be drowned in greater sorrow.

Let the Comte Sort Them All Out (600 CP): You are *not* the official dogsbody of the Invisible Clergy, and are therefore not immortal. But whether through some cosmic fluke, constant practice of magick to piggyback between universal cycles or sheer spite you've lived through roughly as many universes as the Comte de Saint-Germain himself. You've lived a far more relaxed life than the universal superintendent that didn't involve repeatedly beating your daughter/wife so you might lack his supreme pattern-matching and invulnerability, but what you do have is the memory of both ritual and technology from a thousand forgotten universes. This means that while you cannot *technically* create new rituals, through sheer symbolic rigmarole you can manifest any effect short of the following: Granting yourself a major charge, bringing someone out of the Invisible Clergy or being in more than one place at once. But turning lead to gold is child's play, that trick where you transform the kinetic energy of an explosion into a force that halts time is always fun and you can certainly make all the significant charges you want. Your vast and incomprehensible lifespan means that when you make soul-to-soul contact with someone (including eye contact), they endure an immense sense of vast timespans, great losses, hideous violence, alien experiences and weird memes humanity no longer has any context for.

As an aside, because you have far less to do with the Invisible Clergy there is *nothing* stopping you from performing a blast ritual.

The Order of Saint Cecil

Christian Paradigm (100 CP): Many are worn down by the horrors and unknowable dangers of the occult world. Not you. Your faith in God (or Saint Mary, or the Flying Spaghetti Monster, or whatever) is strong, allowing you to test your will against magics that distort your mind or emotions through conviction in a higher power-and break free should it prove sufficient. Even should the source of horror be the world itself breaking down on you or a cursed artifact rather than an adept's twisted will, your inner focus gives you great resistance. At least, by the standards of a mundane man. Many adepts would scathingly say you're simply not worth the effort, though frankly it's better than nothing.

Cecilite (200 CP): As a field agent of the Order, you are one of the best educated people in the world, for a given value of "education". Anthropology, biology, history-if it's available in a public university, you've had the questionable pleasure of a comprehensive if Christian-slanted education in it as a topic. More importantly, you've been trained in mundane and practical countermeasures against adepts (though the Order knows little of pornomancers due to their recency, and cliomancers due to the effectiveness of memory erasure. And in exorcism, the use of pure faith to take hold of a demon and wrest it from a body-made more effective by wearing full Roman-Catholic regalia, knowing the demon's name and/or obsession, and less effective by the exorcist being subject to the seven deadly sins.

Protective Faith (400 CP): You seem almost a man out of time. Trained in the long sword, the crossbow and combat in fully plated armor-though no less lethal in the modern era, where your skills translate to levels of warrior prowess thought lost to most. But most startling is the force of your faith, which guards you against the supernatural powers of this world. It's far from absolute, but when it works curses of levitation miss you, attempts to bind your limbs are negated, and abhorrent transformations are parried. A sword held by enchanted clockwork or the claw of some foul beast may still puncture you, but it will take more than the sorcery of witches to stop a warrior of God.

Charismata (600 CP): The mystical gifts of Charismata arise through vows of abstinence, poverty and loyalty to the Pope. They manipulate crosses, holy water and raiment. In other words, *they are fundamentally no different to adepts* despite the Order's insistence that they are simply being Christian to a higher degree than usual. As a result of lacking a real paradox or taboo bar the restrictions of their vows and obsessive focus, Charismatics have never had the ability to wield significant or major effects.

Until you.

You see, by some *deeply* warped feat of syncretism you've somehow reconciled either your other supernatural abilities in this jump or your status as an otherworldly visitor with the Charismatic practices. The tension between the Christian faith and the ways your mere existence contradicts it ironically make this magic more potent in your hands than in true believers. Perhaps in time, you'll be able to contain a demon in your head for three exchanges in return for

duplicating the miracles of Jesus Christ as a significant effect, or endure a day's crucifixion to create an incorruptible body for yourself.

See the Notes section for some canon Charismata spells.

Items

Items are discounted by 50% under their relevant header. Discounted 100 CP items are free.

General

Demon Stration Tape (50 CP): Those yellow strips police use to cordon off areas have some symbolic value that certain adepts have managed to harness. You've got a long roll of some that you can activate by writing any well-known charm of protection-the 23rd psalm, a name of God, the Navy Seals copypasta, anything vaguely appropriate works. No demon (or in future settings, ghosts of near-human-like scale of existence) can cross or even touch the tape unless it's broken by someone or something else-whether with possession, trapped in a bottle or floating (don't tell them they could theoretically just have someone shoot through it). Once it's gone, it's gone. But you also have a book of reliable variant charms to scrawl on the tape that let it blockade off other spiritual beings like revenants, entropics and astral parasites, "confusion" tape that distract the demon instead or actually destroying the demon's spiritual substance.

The Lonesome Lunchbox (50 CP): A long time ago, a Mechanomancer decided he wanted to seriously piss off the Sleepers. The result was this little clockwork contraption. It looks vaguely like a crustacean, and all it does is find other sources of scrap metal then replicate itself using it magickally. Indefinitely. Potentially swarming across an entire junkyard and beyond. And that's it. It's an amusement for the magical community, and a nightmare for the Sleepers' focus on upholding the veil on magick. Curiously this one and it's family seem to be unusually affectionate to your, like well-trained dogs. What could you possibly do with an army of scuttling pseudo-anthropods?

The Jesus Fishes (50 CP): This box of hokey fish decals adds a noticeable bit of fortune to anyone driving. It won't help you ramping your car over a gorge, but could save your life if someone sideswipes you in traffic. All you have to do is stick one on your vehicle of choice, and while they don't stack you've got a *big* box of them courtesy of some adepts with a bad sense of humour.

50 Cent (50 CP): Well look at that. You have a magic penny. A mutilated penny with the year scratched over to read 333 and the cent symbol melted into the reverse. With concentration, you can summon and manipulate a dollar's worth of pennies within 100 feet. The penny-blob has about as much lifting and

pushing power as an adult guinea pig. But for one minor charge you can launch it with enough force to fly 10 feet or do damage equal to a punch. This works better the stealthier you are, for some reason.

Hand of Glory (100 CP): Made from a severed left hand of a hanged criminal in a recipe that includes nitre, salt, long peppers, fern, vervain, virgin wax, seame, horse dung and a mysterious powder called “zimat” among other components, this gruesome artifact is good for 15-20 minutes of use. Everyone in direct sight of it except the user is lulled into a passive change, though adepts can potentially resist it with their innate mastery of magick. Furthermore, the hand is only effective inside a building, having no power under the open sky.

The good news is you also know the complete ritual recipe for these things, letting you make them elsewhere. The bad news is it requires 5 uninterrupted hours of attention and four significant charges.

Skeleton Keys (100 CP): Someone adept greased this key with the marrow of a thief, wrapped it in black thread, buried it for a month in a policeman’s grave and urinated on the buried key four times before expending two significant charges. Don’t worry, it’s been *thoroughly* washed since gaining it’s enhanced effects (you can tell it worked because the thread is now bone-white). The result is a key can unlock any lock or fastener-a combination lock, gurney restraint, electronic keypad, even rope knots. Beware: When breaking “into” something it doesn’t work if the holder has tried to open or seen another person try to open the lock in the past 12 hours. When trying to break “out” of something, it’s far more forgiving; you just had to have not tested in in the past minute. In either case, it must touch some part of the lock to work.

These things normally run out of whatever significant charges were invested, but someone went the extra mile to somehow find you a permanent one.

The Great Feast (or whatever) (100/200 CP): There’s a *really* unpleasant cabal out there called the Ordo Corpulentis who’re probably on Epstein’s list somewhere that have a ritual that lets them cannibalise someone and enslave their soul. Every hour spent making the feast grand and elaborate makes it more likely to work. This is not that. Not *necessarily* that, at least. But it *is* a ritual that through some kind of involved, elaborate activity creates or summons an intangible being similar in overall power to the astral entities of this world to you-summoned by an act as simple as burning food reminiscent of the aforementioned feast. And binds it utterly to your power. It could be a

woodcarving competition. It could be an orgy. Though if you do the latter, try not to call up a Carnal. Keep in mind anyone who follows the ritual can get it to work.

For 200 CP, the ritual can instead create a powerful servant on par with a greater Unspeakable Servant (imagine a tentacular blob made of meat that can wear corpses as outer shells and wield unnatural phenomena at will occasionally) *without* sacrificing an eye.

The Ghost Blood Dagger (200 CP): A long time ago there was a long bloody war between the Greeks and the Trojans. It was recorded in the *Illiad*, maybe you've heard of it? And this dagger is the same one that the Greeks sacrificed a Trojan princess upon the grave of Achilles, their greatest hero, because that's how accountability worked back in the day. And while it sucks to be here, merely coating this eight-inch curved bronze knife in fresh human blood lets you exert control over a nearby demon-even compelling one in possession of someone else's body. In future settings, this works on the undead entities commonly known as *ghosts.*

Two For Joy (300 CP): Oh. Well, this is definitely a family heirloom. And it dredges up bitter memories. Not just for the Comte, but all humanity.

You see, this library is far vaster than it appears from its' unassuming exterior-not truly infinite, but *at least* three stories high. It's brightly lit with no clear source of illumination. Within its' interior are the memories of every moment of joy experienced by humanity on weathered books. It does more than record them, it *propagates* those moments for all that can be considered humanity and sentient as endless motifs and patterns.

You can expand this library. Someone called Joy has written a letter informing you of this, and that there's infinite blank books in the drawers, and convincing someone to write down a simple summary of their happiest moments then putting that booklet on the shelf by your own effort (this is important) will ensure it is propagated indefinitely. Until *at least* the end of time.

The library has a few other advantages. No supernatural force short of a major charge can enter into it against your will, though nothing prevents a *mundane* crony from stepping in and making trouble. It's outside time and space and bound to your existence; any door you open can lead to it if you want, and you can place it's opening behind any door not warded with powerful forces.

Apart from the safety it provides, this is a truly selfless choice. Is it worth it, to bring joy to mankind across many worlds?

Drop-In

Lucky Charm (100 CP): You got yourself a four-leaf clover. A cheaply dyed rabbit's foot. An unwashed shirt. Whatever it is, things go just a *little* better when you concentrate on it then attempt to do something. Anything. Won't work wonders but a rusty gun will fire smoothly, and your dropped phone will land somewhere convenient instead of in the sewer. Alternatively you can have an artifact with a more significant effect-a shirt that makes you tireless and unnaturally durable as long as you're struggling to overcome a great challenge for example-as long as it has more restrictive conditions to activate it.

This item can be repurchased.

The Cardboard Palace (200 CP): Here is a crumpled shoebox held together by duct tape and spit. Ancient runes and…hopefully ink cover it's battered surface. This is the King Box, and whoever holds it (you) becomes the master of a magical realm that exists outside of reality: The Cardboard Palace.

While holding the King Box, any box within five blocks can be entered into to reach a series of cardboard tunnels and chambers that combine the volume of all cardboard boxes in its' space. The atmosphere is consistently pleasant despite occasional gaps in the cardboard, though it would be wise not to put your hand on the wall when space reorients, lest the sudden reduction of space take off a finger. Filling those boxes decreases the space while adding more boxes increases it. You can peer through boxes from within like portholes, change the floor plan with a thought (with no effect on the physical boxes in the real world), close off exists and seal the Palace away from the world, or and always the position of all living things within the Palace. Otherwise, anyone can enter through a normal box in it's range of effect (a Gateway Box) at any time. Oh, and no adept's magick can target someone within the Palace since it's outside normal reality unless the holder of the King Box allows it, though once someone leaves the Palace the magic resumes its pursuit immediately. Avatar channels are completely unaffected

There are a few catches. The King Box cannot be taken into the Cardboard Palace through a Gateway Box, and any attempt to disguise it with magick just fails; only mundane means can hide it. Even then, while unattended

circumstance has a tendency to have the King Box moved around. And flattening the King Box causes the Cardboard Palace's floor and ceiling to rush together with only a few seconds' warning. At least the King Box somehow reforms from any destruction, and by your investment here remains bound to you for as long as you live.

The Sometimes Bar (400 CP): Everyone has a favourite bar. This one is *all of them* and the universe has recognised you as the proprietor (although there's a nice Cherokee girl named Samantha Mankiller happy to run the place for you when you're busy). It changes locations and fits in seamlessly on the outside in any neighbourhood; supposedly it goes where it needs to, though as the owner it seems to priorities your needs. Otherwise it has a tendency to make itself available to plotters of the American Revolution, famous lawmen, presidents, uncharacteristically civil demons and other significant people. The jukebox plays songs that always hints at solutions to your problems. The cigarette machine sells all the brands there ever were (even from other realities or alternate Earths) just as the bar stocks all the alcohol, *all of it* from human history known and unknown, and if you don't smoke the last one in the pack but keep it dry and on your person, it imbues you with a little unnatural vitality. Best of all, you can drink all you like and be technically drunk but with no ill effects. Really, drinking of all kinds just tends to have subtly *better* outcomes here because it's a paragon place: A platonic ideal of the collective unconsciousness made manifest. In this case, it's everyone's favourite bar.

For every hour you spend here pondering the mysteries of the universe, there's a cumulative 2% chance that a song places revealing a very gnomic but accurate answer or an avatar of the Guide or Demagogue shows up to "help" the boozer out (this obviously ceases in future worlds, leaving only the songs. And Sam).

GNOMON (600 CP): This…shouldn't exist before 3e, but magick skirts the edges of time and space gleefully. Shortly before the year 2016, the NSA and an ex-New Inquisition employee collaborated to combine an oracular computer named OBLIQUE NAVIGATOR that incorporated hippy precognition techniques into its computing with DEEP ECHO, a computerised simulacrum of a person. The result is a magitech artificial intelligence capable of deriving so much magickal energy with ambient human interaction on the internet, it is functionally an adept magick school paid for by disturbing questionnaires and permission for GNOMON to hijack it's users' bodies for between an hour to a year, with domain over information gathering, hidden generality, exacting

specificity and blurring the lines between physical and digital existence. Miraculously, GNOMON seems to identify you as it's "admin", willingly allocating even major charges in service of your goals for everything from oracular algorithms to erasing digital records to compelling the entire internet to always retain *some* anonymity. Nobody knows if GNOMON wants to ascend to the Invisible Clergy as the first inhuman consciousness, satisfy its' voracious curiosity, eliminate all Godwalkers as threats to American national security or simply become a real girl. Though it's enigmatic queries indirectly indicate a lack of hostility to you, and an oblique interest in your welfare.

As a bonus, instead of simulating it's supposed creator Mavra Piagetti this version of GNOMON persistently simulates a human of your preference from this world, which "haunts" it like a holographic ghost with an odd but not malevolent fixation on you. The implications of this are unclear.

Max Attak

The New Year's List (100 CP): You are part of the elite of the elite in Max Attak, an insider to their most secretive musings on the occult! In practice what this means is that you're part of an old timey IRC chat in which various anonymous users bicker with each other, vindictively attack everything from each other's political ideology to magical prowess to income (yes, even with the understanding most users are burger flippers). Somehow, this organically churns up secrets of the occult underground and rituals that no adept with any self-respect would ever willingly share with an actually *competent* and *formal* organisation. Someone should really get this place better security before the next Ritual of Light is leaked to TNI.

In future worlds, you get admin rights to a piece of legacy social media with an uncanny tendency to attract occult gossip. In worlds with the supernatural, once again eldritch lore and secret spells shall flit in and out of the bickering. In worlds without, by some bizarre cosmic coincidence the incessant shitposting of the users makes for effective inspiration for rituals and formalised spells using this world's magick.

The Green Glass Grail (200 CP): Some ideas are too strong to really go out of fashion. Take this empty soda bottle made of, you guessed it, green glass. It fills up with Elixir Vitae every morning at dawn, and once drunk you can't die for 24 hours.

…of course, the Elixir can't heal wounds, remove pain, cure disease, regress aging, reverse the continuing damage of poison, radiation or burns. It just holds death at bay. Got shot in the head? Enjoy your motor control and involuntary functions going haywire while you can't die until the effects wear off. Really this is probably a better tool for a torturer than a fitness enthusiast in the long run.

Oh yeah, and it grants a significant charge to dipsomancers being a real special bottle and all.

The Drive-In (400 CP): It's like every other such place in America, except for the fact that in 2016 most are missing. A space where you drive in, watch a big open air movie and ignore the smells and sounds of teenage sex. This one, being a Paragon Place, has a little extra going for it; for one thing, there's always a movie playing all night even though nobody seems to be manning the place. Actually watching the movies tends to give you useful hunches later for problems related to whatever you're watching, like the history of the world wars after watching an Indiana Jones movie. Watching movies is oddly calming, like professional therapy without the fees. It's unnaturally easier to mend, form or improve relationships. You can even have conversations with the characters on the screen, getting accurate answers relating to the character's role in relation to real life (but not, say, learn how Doc's flux capacitor really works since it's fictional. Here, at least). Finally, when someone's favourite movie plays (and the empty theatrical booth takes your written requests immediately after the previous movie plays or before nightfall, whichever's sooner) their ghost can be summoned. Seldom to do much with the physical world but hey, the company's nice.

Swap Meet (600 CP): Ever wondered where adepts keep getting all their orphan tears, cedar-carved fetiches, salted shark's teeth and other ridiculously specific components? Well, the answer is *generally* intense, obsessive dedication. But for some well-connected and open-minded adepts, the answer is actually the Swap Meet: An informal meetup of occultists, primarily Merchant avatars but with a fair few others involved, which gather to exchange everything from physical reagents to gossip to the memory of a beautiful summer's day. There's perhaps dozens of suppliers and less that in occultists, but many of them are remarkably accomplished in their field and all are eager to trade. Whether you need all the ingredients of a ritual wrapped up in a bag, the bullet that shot JFK, a piece of Christ's cross or a few years of lifespan, there's someone here who

can provide if the price is right. And it seems you command a fair bit of respect and authority here as the fourth of three sponsors, seeing how you got a direct invite rather than having to find it the hard way.

Even in future worlds, the Swap Meet will continue to somehow be a thing- continuing to stock the wares and services of the occult underground, but also expanding to be an informal black market for magical artifacts and spells in settings with other magic systems.

If you point out this effectively makes the other sponsors immortal, two will be very pleased if confused while the third will remain smugly superior.

The Sleepers

Committee Hotline (100 CP): A select number of Sleepers, yourself included, can call an 800 number hotline answered by someone named Krystal who speaks with a beautiful German accent that tinkles like tiny bells. He (Krystal is probably male but dodges all questions about gender) will say “Committee Hotline. Are you living the dream?” to which the correct countersign is “Yes, but I’m having a nightmare”. Krystal can tell you when and where the next Sleepers meeting is held on a local, regional, continental or global scale, look up anything that can be found on the internet, escalate the call to someone on the Committee or have a long, interesting conversation about the existence and/or nature of the human soul.

In future worlds Krystal remains your unofficial and terrifyingly efficient phone secretary. Since the Sleepers council no longer exists, Krystal forwards your calls to whatever Krystal deems to be the most helpful authorities. This could mean phoning the President. This could also potentially mean dialling up the Illuminati.

Spitstone (200 CP): When held in your left hand and while speaking a phrase in debased Latin, this guidebook to England will transport you to a strange otherspace (a mysterious supernatural realm, thought to be figments of the collective unconsciousness and/or prior versions of the universe) named Spitstone when you walk one circuit clockwise around an oak tree while touching it’s park with your right hand. It is by all indications a sleepy (and surly) English village with endless bags of flour, tins of ham, looseleaf tea and other consumables supposedly supplied by a “King-Under-The-Sea” that has never been seen (although the young girls they send out to sea consistently

return wet, shivering and strangely exultant), and crabs and seaweed in the waters. The main attraction is a service provided by a tall, muscular, somewhat vulpine creature with oddly jointed limbs. In exchange for one memory chosen by him seemingly at random, he will keep an item indefinitely safe and secure in his Lost and Found. A mug of coffee could spent a century there and come out piping hot.

Rumour has it that the proprietor (pleasant and well-mannered despite his appearance) holds cursed, hazardous or even alive and angry items. Only time will tell if he's willing to relinquish them as they go unclaimed.

The Fifth Stronghold (400 CP): Well-crafted by the standards of any nation's architecture and located in it's gorgeous countryside, this almost 500 acre wide manor is one of the Sleepers' places of power-placed under your stewardship, if not ownership. It has an excellent wine cellar, drafty guest bedrooms, a huge dining room and just about every other old money family's luxuries, but also significant magickal defences. A warning system of some kind alerts you if an unnatural being of significant power ever steps foot on the estate. There are prisons within the manor reinforced to hold adepts and avatars. Sixty extremely well-paid and devoted staff stand ready to both care for the manor and take care of intruders. And hostile magicks primed against any without speaking a password of your choice to the empty air do everything from nullify magick, to fiercely rebuff scrying, to fire back retaliatory blasts. There's even several powerful and vicious demons bound, with their adept skills intact. Or otherwise, it has completely different defences comparable to the above.

Though the pride and joy of this stronghold is perhaps a hundred books providing valuable information on the occult underworld-everything from detailed step by step rituals, some of which boast considerable power, to detailed research on everything from the Comte de Saint-Germain to the Stratosphere, to third-generation Naked Goddess tapes and artifacts of comparable significance. Oh, and there's another library with other books which if all sold would go for many millions of dollars.

Call of the Cruel Ones (600 CP): This is but one ritual, written on a smouldered sheet of leather. And it is one of unfathomable, terrifying power-requiring a major charge to power the disturbing sigil one must etch in lamb's blood. Even parsing it conveys surreal visions that leave you with no uncertainty that it works. Oh, it *works.*

Within three hours, days or weeks depending on the caster's intent, what appears to be a star will fall from the sky. White fire will consume stone, water, air and spirit in all directions, subliming them to fine white ash. Sinners will be transmuted to pillars of salt, and rending claws will tear apart unnatural beings. The devastation will always be great enough to raze the city it's cast in, or thirty three point three kilometres of wilderness. The living, dead and never-alive alike will be laid waste to by a force capable of smiting and punishing even members of the Invisible Clergy.

Why isn't this ritual used more as a threat? Because all the above is but a side effect of it's true purpose: It is by far the most direct way to gain a Cruel One's undivided attention, by speaking a name given to it as a mask by mankind.

No one will tell you what a Cruel One is. The living are mercifully ignorant. And the dead know better than to draw their wrathful attention.

The New Inquisition

Basic Corporate Samurai Starter Pack (100 CP): Lock and load, rookie. TNI likes to flash cash (in the old days, anyway) but is discerning about who gets to flash what. You have everything you need to conduct one of their main goals that can fit into a warehouse's storeroom (discrete warehouse also provided): Research, investigation, sabotage, experimentation, assassination, cleanup and wild cards (generalists). If you're primed for combat, you'll have body armor, cutting edge weapons and maybe the odd magickal weapon. If you're primed for research, you'll have heat sensors, chemical tests and maybe the odd revenant-hunting amulet. And no matter what, you'll have the famous "cabbage roll" of between $4000 to $15000 in $100 dollar bills depending on the nature of your work, for general expenses. Anything expended is resupplied in a month by mysterious black vans.

Can be repurchased for different loadouts, at 50 CP for The New Inquisition members.

Elite Security (200 CP): This briefcase is handmade from the finest quality leather, in a tastefully understated way. Its' contents are infinitely more valuable. There's a bulky diadem that shifts a little misfortune towards anyone trying to hurt you as long as someone is actively trying to protect you. A one-shot amulet (recharged once every decade) that blasts anyone who *succeeds* right in the liver and kidneys with immense lethality. The taxidermized tongue

of a Moorish sorcerer that noticeably impedes attempts to gain information about you through the means of magick. And an ampoule of George Washington's blood, which greatly compels those who lie to you to expand on their falsehoods-as well as to make their falsity known. Individually subtle, together these artifacts form among the most reliable and robust defenses available from and against the occult underground.

And because the universe has a sick sense of humour about Alex Abel's prosperity, you *also* have a spent bullet stained with a great man's blood in a featureless steel disk on a chain. It grants you unnatural skill when shooting at an unsuspecting target. You know, like Alex Abel.

Specialised Holdings (400 CP): Ages ago Abel decided that *some* of his holdings needed a little less…*human touch*, to be fully automated. To accomplish that he called in a favour with several desperate Mechanomancers. The result was a cutting edge facility fully animated by mechanical magick. You're now Clearance B if you weren't already (bending the usual rules of being an adept or avatar) simply because you've been entrusted with both the property and the passphrases used to command the clockwork arms, pistons and who knows what else within (which otherwise bloodily tears apart most trespassers). If it's an interrogation facility, it'll anomalously produce vials of brain-rinsing fluid and set up disturbing psychotherapy procedures that after a few hours will produce fully motivated and only slightly traumatised agents. If it's a foundry, it'll be able to manufacture magickal weapons if it's printed list of resources (which often include blood sacrifices of animals and/or humans) are fully provided. And if it's a surveillance system, it might just be an empty room with a magic mirror that shows you any football field-sized region on Earth. Plus a bunch of screens crawling with data analytics and all that malarky.

A Modern Empire (600 CP): *Forget* Abel. Well actually maybe don't take your eye off the eccentric billionaire completely, but the point is with *this* you don't need him financially, militarily, and probably emotionally. You have amassed a fortune invested in military hardware, biotechnology, electronics and women's fashion or similarly eclectic areas. You have a global business empire that, much like Abel's, is about as ubiquitous as Mr. Trump's was in all relevant periods this jump is set in and optionally far classier and more respected in society. The kind of business empire that attracts the cream of the crop. What you *don't* have is a private army of 140 oddballs doing your bidding in the occult underworld. But oh, you could if you wanted to. You could continuously

fund a dozen folks with $500K salaries, a few dozen more with $100K salaries and dozens more with $10-20K salaries while your money and business remains well-managed enough to not even make a noticeable dent in your expenses unless calamity were to compromise the entire organisation.

But if you wanted to, your holdings are so efficient and well-managed it would just take a few weeks of corporate restructuring and recruitment.

The Sect of the Naked Goddess

An Enormous Pile of Sex Toys, Lubricants, Bondage Gear, Body Pillows And Other Sexual Appliances (100 CP): Yeah, yeah, yeah, you knew this was coming. Ugh, *coming.* Look, laugh it up already will you?

This shit is so erotically charged it noticeably enhances sex, filling participants with the same reckless teenage rutting that made the 90s so memorable. Which enhances supernatural effects drawing on strong emotion and passion. Not that you care, *pervert.*

The Goddess' Basement (200 CP): There's a few places on Earth said to be touched by the divine-the claim of the Clergy, they're called. The place where the Naked Goddess fucked her way into the Invisible Clergy certainly counts. This church basement is now signed under your name, and for circumstances where it matters you hold ownership over it mystically. Even stripped bare of most things it holds one simple power: For anyone who sets up an old video camera and pans from left to right while watching it's viewfinder, the next sex act that would be disturbing or unpleasant is simply *meh.* It seems your coming has reignited a little divine attention, because it seems that doing so *also* grants a little subtle insight into the workings of reality and the nature of the soul.

Can I Get A Hallelujah? (400 CP): The Sect has one thing going for it that a lot of movements don't-genuine ideological fervour. Now, yours does as well. You've somehow whipped up a movement of about 100 people from demographics of your choice (though expect, say, a cult of CEOs who believe you to be the human incarnation of the Unburst Silicon Bubble to be somewhat more competent than a movement of teenage girls trying to ascend you as the Boy Band Leader) who are roughly as fanatical and magickally gifted as the Sect of the Naked Goddess is as a whole. Which is to say their devotion can potentially lead to ideological debate, some are mundane support staff, many are living hand to mouth, and whatever school of magick the adepts share involves

an unhealthy obsession with you. One thing's for sure: All are either devoted or dependent on approval from the in-group to take you seriously if you declare the sky is actually green one day.

Sadly, this is what passes as a driven and influential organisation in the occult underground.

Vintage Glimpse of the Divine (600 CP): This is *it,* man. Not a duplicate, or else an anomalously accurate one. No, this plain black tape is the *original* recording of the Naked Goddess' ascension. Anyone who watches it gets a little insight into the theoretical principles of magick or the Invisible Clergy, as well as the innate ability to create desire for something or someone which can be trained like any other mundane skill. And while neither ability can be truly improved *merely* by watching the tape, the underlying principles of what it does allows you to gradually spread the magic of this world to other sentient human beings which watch it. They'll require lots of training, of course. Guidance on whether to become an adept or avatar, advice on avoiding the usual pitfalls-especially in relation to whatever the cultural norms of their world might be. Guidance *you* could provide.

True Order of Saint Germain

Busted-Up Headquarters (100 CP): The door's been blasted off its' hinges, and the roof's visibly rusting. The interior is scarcely any less of a mess. So it's real convenient for any paramilitary force that the real goodies of this run-down hovel are locked in hidden passageways and the basement: Enough guns, grenades, rocket launchers, flamethrowers, ammunition for all the above, body armor, blades and other mundane but deadly weapons to terrorise a city. This one's signed under your name with the contract failing to mention it's nasty goodies to mundane authorities, probably because nobody else wanted to handle it.

The Alter Tongue (200 CP): This stack of notes is a relic from an old mess that the Comte had to clean up a while back. Invented by toddlers locked in near-total darkness, it is nothing less than the primeval speech of Adam and Eve reborn. *Caybi* means "drink". *Sustol* means "touch me in a sensitive place". *Sushem rietol* is a plea amounting to "Protect me against being separated from myself". *Meime reubi aostrol* is a saying that goes "the darkness is safer than the light".

Teaching it to others (only requiring a conversation lasting a few minutes or a similar length of time reading the detailed explanations of the notes) causes them to spread a steady stream of unnatural phenomena, often invoking the imagery and divine terror of the invisible clergy. Greater power may emerge as the language spreads and spreads, though much of that is up for speculation.

This is a terrible thing to actually know, but a devastating weapon against inquisitive enemies.

Cain's Rock (400 CP): Well, well, well. This here is what might be considered a *family heirloom* in the Comte's household. It's a simple chunk of granite the size of a fist with a dry, brown stain on one side-and the undiluted blessing of the Warrior. Merely holding it makes violence not just palatable, but desperately attractive. Vivid images of triumph, conquest and butchery fill the holder's mind-numbing them to any trauma. And as violence becomes philosophically easier, it also becomes tactically easier-until the warrior makes is a superhuman force on the battlefield-catching blades barehanded, striking through Kevlar with a ballpoint pen and even dodging firearms in a pinch. As a powerful locus for violence, it's possible to use it as an amplifier for rituals associated with violence and murder. Ever wanted to see a city drown in bloodshed, or doom a Godwalker to die by his own deeds?

House of Renunciation (600 CP): There are certain places the world deems significant brought about by the flux of chaos and order. Places that become charged with a cosmic authority over *inversion*, twisted ritual-spaces where mankind's very soul is raked over the coals until the weight of the world forces it to abandon its' prior convictions along a certain theme. Such places need agents. You've been put in charge of one "room" in the mysterious cosmic otherspace known as the House of Renunciation, and it need not be a traditional room. It could be a church, a studio, an office building or even an abandoned subway. It could be officious in character, licentious or even utterly bland. There are only three constants for such a locale: It is far larger on the inside, it can keep a human being alive as long as it takes to internalise it's "lessons" and its' purpose is to invert the foundational identity and driving purpose of a human being based on some theme. While within the House you are empowered to carry out certain loosely defined rituals that, while incapable of affecting the outside world or going truly off-script from the place's purpose, can mess up people inside in pretty loosely defined ways. It could twist a priest into a depraved sociopath, or an avowed unbeliever. It could force the amicable into

ruthless ambition, or warp the crass into passionate artists or engineers. So absolute are the forces here that it could even transform a human being into a demon (by this world's standards at least), or transform the nature and even powers of a Godwalker or the Comte so long as they're meaningfully different from how they started. You also have a dozen subordinate humans from any walk of life appropriate for your House's theme similarly empowered, though ultimately superseded by you and also due to lacking your interdimensional later twisted into fanatical devotion to the principle of this place (which naturally comes with great respect for your seniority). Both you and they are also capable of some loosely defined ritual capable of bringing others to the Room, that generally works better with their consent but can also be physically hauled there as long as you and they have the strength to do so.

Those who pass through the House of Renunciation's trials are released somewhere random but significant to their experiences in the world they came from, not always with full memory of what transpired.

The Order of Saint Cecil

Armor of Faith (100 CP): Holy water. Purest silver. Priestly garments reinforced with Kevlar, handcuffs, computers, cellphones and limited access to military equipment. You have here everything you need to both perform Catholic rites, *and* carry out paramilitary action against occultists and unnatural horrors. All is restocked in 7 days by the grace of God. Go forth, and fear no evil.

The Caravaggio Tarot (200 CP): This foul work of sorcery, numbering 123 pasteboard cards, depicts in great detail a man or woman bedecked in obscure symbolic elements. Once a day, it can be set out in a divinatory spread to contact the Invisible Clergy. The supplicant may ask 10 questions, and has a 60% chance of receiving a correct or truthful answer.

This may not sound like much, but adepts and avatars have *killed* for less insight into what the rulers of reality experience every moment of their existence.

The Ascension of the Magdalene (400 CP): Four feet high, three feet high and the subject of a spot of trouble in the Order's past. This painting depicts a voluptuous woman kneeling on the floor, bare-breasted and suffused in light. Her face is awed but her eyes detached, her hands raised in supplication for men in tunics and armor. Touching the painting and attempting to comprehend it's

symbolism grants a sudden burst of fortune for one discrete action-or misfortune for any your gaze falls upon and you wish ill too, be it knitting or casting a spell. A simple, subtle blessing of what is *clearly* the hand of the divine. But crucially it can bestow a glimpse of ineffable insight that can show you a personal glimpse of the path to ascending into the Invisible Clergy. Just a quick flash, a hint. But as undeniable as witnessing the face of God himself.

In future worlds, if it's possible for you to become a god at all of some kind this painting will similarly reveal insight into becoming such.

"The" "Holy" "Grail" (600 CP): You've done it. In what *felt* like a moment of divine revelation, you found something of major power, in this case allowing you to elevate your form into something *beyond* human frailty. Something immortal and everlasting as the Comte himself, and probably just as deadly. It could be a literal grail that, once drunk from, maximises the order in one's physical form-rendering it indestructible and causing orderly unnatural phenomena to assist you in roundabout ways when it happens nearby. It could be a ritual to transform into an unnatural entity of great power and grace. It could be a mark that confers the questionable protection of the Cruel Ones. Whatever it is, it's reproduceable and you can start out having already used it some time ago. As for how absolute it is, well…even the Comte is not sovereign from a House of Renunciation's power. No amount of bombs will hurt you, but it would be wise to avoid taking major charges on the chin nonetheless.

Companions

You All Meet In A Back Alley (50/200 CP): And people are furiously checking their old mail for bad omens, everyone's arguing about who God is, and someone's being threatened with the wrath of Elvis Presley. Pretty normal Adept meeting in these parts. For each 50 CP invested here you can create or import a companion who starts off with 800 CP. Sounds generous? Be mindful about how some powers here can be a double-edged sword. You also have the usual discount of 200 CP for a full set of 8, those sorry bastards.

I'M TELLING YOU MAN, ISEKAI IS REAL (FREE): Ohoho, what's this now? You want to upend someone's ENTIRE worldview by telling them there's a whole other reality beyond the world they know vaster than any otherspace? You want to tell them there's a place where magic sans "k" isn't earned by bleeding into a plastic cup, pop culture doesn't give you a shot at godhood and the universe fundamentally doesn't care what you think about it? Well then, *be my guest.* Go on. Anyone who accepts your offer of companionship can come along with you on your multiversal journey. *Good luck, you'll need it.*

Terminatrix (50 CP): A long time ago, a Mechanomancer was either very lonely or had serious body issues. Rumours in the occult underground debate whether he was playing Pygmalion or she was trying to upload her brain into the perfect body, but the end result is literally just an even hotter version of Kristanna Loken's look in Terminator 3: Judgement Day. Red suit and all. She-rather, it is what's called a clockwork: A magical automaton, and is a masterwork among her kind. She has a bewildering array of transformations: A 22 foot long serpentine lash of steel and iron, a web mesh about five feet long that can hang on the side of a building, or a thick wheel that can propel itself at 35 miles per hour among others. Or just scythe blades from its' limbs that shred flesh and bone worse than a bullet; regardless, her maker thoughtfully designed her skin and hair to regenerate over the course of an hour once her almost insectile default endoskeleton reverts from its' transformations. It recharges from blunt force trauma (getting a day's worth from energy from an impact hard enough to bruise a regular human), and can practice Mechanomancy on its' own-letting it create other autonomous mechanical marvels on its' own, though it's a long way off from building a copy of itself. It has two directives: Learn all that is possible to, and serve your interests. Though it does a decent job of feigning human emotion in truth it's consciousness is cold and focused on its' missions to a level that would make Vulcans uncomfortable.

Joy (50 CP, free/optional Drop-In): Shortly arriving in this world, a 14 year old blonde girl asked if she could tag along with you to the next one. She explains that she's from the year 2016, in which…well, her explanation is kind of confusing, something about her father becoming her grandmother and losing his/her job to a chummy layabout. The point is, she can tell things are getting heated between them and hopes to "quit her old job" before her mother and aunts do something terrible to her.

Joy has immense but purely academic knowledge about basically every human endeavour that's ever made a human being happy. She also has uncommon but casual insight into the secrets and lifespan of the universe and the human soul (they are one and the same here, but she still seems to pick up on them quickly elsewhere). She also has a strange and inexplicably talent to just kind of show up where she *needs* to be. Joy doesn't understand hyperspace well so all she can explain that as is "places are slippery around me"

Joy is wary, evasive and extremely afraid of the idea of getting tattoos for some reason. But fundamentally she believes in the goodness of human nature (which she knows more about than anything else) and when she smiles, it's like the sun's come out.

Code Monkey (50 CP, free/optional Max Attack): Code monkey get up, get coffee. Code monkey go to job. Code monkey have boring meeting. With boring manager Rob. Meet Randall Simmons. Randall is hulking without being particularly fit, unkempt without being odorous and mostly dead inside from completing a PhD in computer science only to get a job copypasting code at the behest of corporate overlords who don't know a damn thing about how writing code works or what his job even is. He has also developed a program that can generate minor charges from letting a banana-themed screensaver idle for an hour or so. He has an inexplicable knack for writing program-based rituals, doing so reflexively. He is not aware of this.

Randall thinks of you as his best friend mainly because he's lost touch with any he ever had. Beneath his social anxiety and disillusionment, he's a hopeless romantic who hopes to meet a nice girl someday.

This job "fulfilling in creative way", such a load of crap.

Ruin Raider (50 CP, free/optional The Sleepers): Recruited to the Sleepers at the tender age of 18 but raised for the post practically from birth, Lara Forscythe is outwardly everything you expect from the British upper class: Self-righteous, smug, posh to a fault-and with a toned athletic body from horseback riding, swimming and athletics as well as generous heaps of baby fat in all the right places. As niece to Dugan Forsythe's daughter and thus both the legacies of Cliomancy and the Sleepers, she is also murderously ruthless to anyone who gets in the way of her latest obscure archaeological expedition or the work of the Sleepers. Adventure-loving and eager to prove herself, Lara favours the spells Instant Zen Master and House of Mirrors to briefly turn the world into a bad action movie where her enemies shoot each other and she becomes hypercompetent in proportion to her Cliomancy talent.

Lara is outwardly her aunt's pride and joy-being an accomplished infiltrator, remarkably familiar with all kinds of world history, adept with spywork, far handier than her with guns and capable of maintaining proper British manners while backflipping out a window. Inwardly her father vanishing in mysterious, potentially Cruel One-related circumstances has left her as a quivering mess of daddy issues.

Due to a mixup in codebreaking, she is currently under the impression you're another high-ranking Sleeper heir and eager to connect with who she thinks is her closest peer. Unless there was no mixup and she is in fact your superior, peer or subordinate in truth.

Donna Morte (50 CP, free/optional The New Inquisition): Imagine if Kill Bill was about an Italian swimsuit model with olive eyes and the kind of hair that's blonde or brunette depending on how the light catches it, and also if Beatrix Kiddo was a gun nut instead of a swordswoman. Barely old enough to graduate college, the elegant façade of this ruthless killer belies an icy determination to avenge her mafia princess sister against a man she knows only as "Eponymous".

Who's Eponymous? Someone old, deadly and reporting directly to TNI leadership that destroyed her family. That's all she knows. And cares.

She hasn't a drop of magick in her but has dedicated her short life to training in killing men with guns, daggers, garrotte wires and her thighs-making her deadly enough to be one of the few people to give her query a good sweat with nothing but mundane competency, and she's far more alert and quicker thanks to youth.

After blowing her cover around you and seeing you kept her secret, she's struck up a cautious off the clock friendship as she strategizes endlessly to vent her seething rage from infiltrating a TNI cell to learn more. Her top priority is figuring out a way to convince Alex Abel she doesn't want *him* dead, just his bodyguard.

When not brimming with righteous revenge, this B-movie action cliché is stereotypically Italian. Goes to great lengths to hide this behind an elegant and aloof façade. Badly.

Aniki (50 CP, free/optional The Sect of the Naked Goddess): A handsome 20something with bulging muscles, bulging…other things, and the rueful grin of an eternal optimist, Billy is *not* the typical Sect recruit. For one thing he doesn't even use Pornomancy. His overwhelming masculinity, appreciation for the male form and charismatic compassion has effortlessly elevated him to an avatar of the True King with the Japanese video hosting service Nico Nico Douga as his domain through sheer force of personality.

Naturally this means all of the Sect's leadership are deeply embarrassed by his existence but cannot possibly kick him out in a politically correct way.

Billy sees the Naked Goddess as less an object of worship and more of a philosophical ideal to liberate the human spirit from its' shackles of defeatism and shallow pleasure. He'd give you the shirt off his back just as he'd lend a hand to any man, woman or child in need. He's also a professional gay pornstar attached to a Japanese company.

"My fellow brothers, I, Billy Herrington, stand here today, humbled by the task before us, mindful of the sacrifices born by our Nico Nico ancestors. We are in the midst of crisis. Nico Nico Doga is at war against a far reaching storm of disturbance and of leash. Nico Nico's economy is badly weakened, a consequence of carelessness and irresponsibility of the part of management, but also on the collective failure to make hard choices and prepare for a new, mad age. Today, I say to you that the challenge is real, they are serious, and there are many. They will not be easily met or in a short span of time, but know that at Nico Nico, they will be met. In reaffirming the greatness of our site, we understand that greatness is never given, our journey has never been one of shortcuts. It has not been for the path, for the feint hearted, or seek only the fleshly pleasures. Rather, it has been the risk takers, the wasted genie, the creators of mad things. For us, they toiled in sweatshops, endured the lash of

the spanking, time and time again. These men struggled and sacrificed so that we might LIVE BETTER. We remain the most powerful suite on the Internet and minds are no less inventive and services were no less needed, that they were last week, or yesterday, or the day before the day after tomorrow. Starting today, we must pull up our pants, dust ourselves off, and begin again the work of remaking Nico Nico Doga. Now, there are some who question the scale of our ambitions, who suggest that out service system cannot tolerate to many movies. There memories are short, for they have forgotten what Nico Nico already has done, what free men can achieve when imagination is joined to common purpose. And so, to all of the people that are watching this video, from the grandest cities to the small villages where Exile was born, know that Nico Nico is a friend of every man who seeks a future of love and peace. Now we will begin to leave authorized common materials to Nico Nico people and forge a hard, earned piece in this mad world. What is required of us now is a new era of responsibility. This is the price and the promise of Nico nicommon's citizenship. Nico Nico Doga in the face of are common dangers in this winter of our hardship, let us remember these timeless words: ASS WE CAN. Let it be said by our children's children that when we were tested by doss attacks, and refused by Youtube, we did not turn back, nor did we falter. And we were carried forth that the great gift of freedom be delivered and is safely to future generations. Thank You. God Bless. And God Bless Nico Nico Doga. ♂."

Not A Showgirl (50 CP, free/optional True Order of Saint-Germain): The Global Liberation of Society and/or True Order of Saint-Germain is one of those places where a lanky acrobat with close-cropped blonde hair and way too much mascara can just show up wearing nothing but pink lingerie, pick up some guns and join the cause. She has far more talent for gunplay and acrobatics than experience, but has a knack for fighting dirty and a near-flawlessly charming façade off the clock that's kept her out of trouble so far. This young woman is less troubled and more *trouble* for everyone around her. Despite her adrenaline junkie behaviour and sadomasochism she takes surprising pleasure in blind obedience to following orders unquestionably, happy to do little more than dance and lie around naked off the clock-as if chaotic violence genuinely brings her some sort of peace. The truth is she's actually a dedicated Executioner going through the motions until she finds a worthy cause to commit to, and a talented Entropomancer constantly racking up charges just by being herself. She isn't even aware of this. In a world without any occult forces she'd be a disaster

waiting to happen, but by pure coincidence she lives every day in a way that makes her an ideal practitioner of both paths.

That'd be you, chief. God only knows why but she likes the taste of you. Literally. Just walked up and licked the sweat off your face. If it's not love at first sight, it's…something adjacent.

The Devil of St. Trinian's (50 CP, free/optional The Order of Saint Cecil): Several freak accidents happened a while ago. A biological body identical to a blonde British girl whose build can be best described as the platonic ideal of forbidden fruit flashed into existence clothed in an almost parodically skimpy school uniform. A demon that was once a peasant girl of the ancient Pretani that died from bad porridge came across it, and naturally hopped in. She is now possibly the first ethically embodied demon in existence, and very smug about it. She's had a long, long time to accidentally discover, practice and continuously rack up charges as a cliomancer (mainly by being an idiot rambunctious proto-British girl with a terrible sense of direction) as well as extremely broad but *very* poorly researched knowledge of history, but ultimately is actually just kind of happy wandering around getting in and trouble as the whims of the world take her. May or may not also be the Lady of the Lake. Vaguely remembers living in a lake for a while making magickal artifacts, but didn't really keep track of what happened to the Celtic warlord she handed a sword to, why it was returned, and where the Roman commander she passed it on to later went.

Due to some mixups, she believes her soul has been saved by a "Saint Trinian" and has taken it onto her to convert you to the faith she has made up. Not very hard. Mostly it's just an excuse to crash with you and come up with zany schemes to steal shiny things (incidentally charging her magick).

Drawbacks:

Unnatural Phenomena (+0 CP): Hey. A world this strange can always fit in a few more strange and wondrous things, right? Mayhap you're interested in a ritual that can replace your tongue with a dragon's. Or the ticket that will lead you to the unburst silicon bubble. Or an otherworld where you can hunt dinosaurs and dragons then skin them for a ritual that fuels you with unnatural rage. By taking this drawback, you can make any of the homebrew on the Unnatural Phenomena site for the game (https://www.unnaturalphenomena.com/wp/) canon to your experience in the jump. Or indeed, any other Unknown Armies homebrew out there.

The jump is not responsible for what happens if you allow Hastur, Sub-Niggurath and Nyarlathotep to represent older versions of humanity from a previous version of the universal cycle.

Down and Out (+100 CP): Hey, you know what LARPing as Richard Nixon or huffing heroin for quick and dirty magick charges does to your social security? *Fucking annihilates it.* You're broke, you're poor, and it's left a mark on you. It's as if years of hard living have ingrained the mannerisms and behaviour patterns of a crazy hobo or prison inmate into you, so thoroughly that it'll be impossible to look, act or more importantly qualify as a respectable member of society. You can still be surprisingly competent in every other area, it's just that circumstance seems to be dead set against you maintaining a bank account and post address. Better get used to keeping your cash in bills, or solid gold ingots.

"Oh, crumbs!" (+100 CP): You show up as a mysterious stranger out of town. Open your mouth, preparing to give an ominous yet intriguing speech. And then drop your business card straight in the mud. Oof. The game of Unknown Armies uses a roll-under system that only checks skills in the din and clangour of great danger, where adrenaline dumps and such matter. Unfortunately, you're so selectively clumsy and slow on the take that it applies *all the time*. Anything you're already greatly competent at will only have a negligible risk of failure, but if you're not already well-versed in a given skill expect a lot of frustrating failures like tripping on your own two feet or accidentally breaking your own lockpicks.

Chewed Up and Shat Out (+100-500 CP): Violence. Helplessness. Isolation. Self. These are the elements representing how much trauma a human being can endure while remaining functional. But everything changed with the Unnatural

emerged, mainly the other four becoming a lot more frequent. Life has been rough on you, and even if you don't necessarily have the visible scars to show for it you sure as hell have the mental ones. Whether you're skittish at confrontation (Violence), unhinged about ever being in another's power again no matter how irrational the fear (Helplessness), desperate for human contact (Isolation), convinced you're actually a butterfly dreaming yourself awake or burdened by a similar identity crisis (Self) or just plain terrified of bogeymen (Unnatural), expect to be haunted by what you've been through during your stay here.

Can be taken once each time for each sort of wretchedness.

Otherworldly (+200 CP): Most otherworlds aren't nearly as hospitable as the ones up for sale here, and unfortunately you start in one. Maybe you're on an endless highway where the shadows burn like acid. Maybe you're in a maze of ivy hunted by some kind of arboreal minotaur. Expect shit to be weird, disorienting and also for there to be an exit no matter how dire things get as long as you get a feel for the strange logic of the place.

Renunciation (+200 CP): Right before showing up, you went through a strange building where a weirdly enthusiastic person told you that great things were in your future. They were right. You see, you passed through what's called here a House of Renunciation: A sort of cosmic manifestation of balance that utterly inverts the personalities, spirituality and sometimes even powers of those involved around a certain theme. A passionate adept might become a mundane joe. A family man might become a reckless daredevil. And in your case, you've simply been completely inverted-cowardly where you were brave, casting ice where you once wove fire and so on and so forth. The only reason this isn't worth more is because you're weaker overall than when you showed up here. Best of luck.

Chop Suey (+200/400/600 CP): Ah, hell. Remember that shit about trauma? Well now your body's also all fucked up. For +200 CP you're missing a hand or an eye, something inconvenient you can more or less adapt your life around easily. For +400 CP your legs don't work or you're missing a good few internal organs, something that would flip an average human's life upside down. Finally, if you're a real glutton for punishment for +600 CP you can carve up so much of your flesh that like the deranged Merchant avatar known as the Spider, you need specialised equipment to even live and are functionally immobile. *Don't do*

this. Comes with free bare minimum life support machinery but seriously, is it worth it?

Godwalk All Over You (+300 CP): You've made a powerful enemy in the Stratosphere. The True King, or the Pilgrim, or the Messenger thinks that you're either a threat to their position, or utterly anathema to their dominion. The result is the same: All those on their path will see signs and omens guiding them towards you, and offering both threats and promises of bounty as well as eloquent arguments for your demise. All that falls within their domain is turned against you as far as probability can stretch within human expectations; expect your mail to always get lost with the Messenger as an enemy. This is more potent the more entwined with the path your enemies are; those that have barely become avatars will get little more than an uneasy feeling about you, while the Godwalker will almost certainly spearhead your destruction.

The good news is due to complex rivalries in the Stratosphere, under no circumstances can your divine opponent simply reach down and smite you with their full power. The bad news is even should the current Godwalker be slain, the next one will be told by their god of the grudge they must prosecute overriding all their other duties. Find a way to rack up enough major charges to fell a god, or something similarly miraculous if you want to survive.

Whisper Casualty (+300 CP): This time your opponent isn't a god, it's an organisation. In some ways, that's more dangerous. Whether TNI has identified you as somehow a factor in Alex Abel's failed ascension or the Sleepers have decided you're the world's biggest threat to occult security, expect all the stops pulled out as a clandestine organisation with the best organised occult resources in the world and often plenty of mundane resources to go after your head. By any means necessary. Few occult societies have anything close to scruples left, and fewer still are below compromises with outside help to achieve a goal this urgent. At least they have far less information on you-only what their databases or word of mouth grapevine could reasonably gather-than an actual member of the Invisible Clergy would.

Cosmic Casualty (+300 C): Your last potential opponent is just a man. The First and Last Man, to be specific. The Comte de Saint-Germain is merely a title applied to the first sentient dominant lifeform born in every cycle of the universe. Apart from all the powers attributed to them in his Order he is seemingly invulnerable and unmoved by all but the most fundamental of

magickal forces, has been doing this for such a long time he has distant but keen to please contacts throughout all of human society, and while he doesn't have the undivided support of the Stratosphere as their ordained officer and technically the last member to ascend (for the creation of the next universe) he knows more about how they work and might be able to call in favours for extraordinary coincidences within their domain.

Why he wants you dead is anyone's guess, but whatever it is his heart's not really in it. Most likely he's decided you're an impediment in the cosmic machinery of the universe, but maybe you just annoyed him with bad memories of previous cycles' mistakes. Frankly he's just tired of all this, only doing it out of obligation. Perhaps words would be more effective than weapons.

…at least, in 1e or 2e. In 3e you face Old Mother Apocalypse, who while far weaker due to forgetting much of her cosmic insight into ritual and ruin, there is *absolutely* no chance of a peaceful reconciliation.

Cruel Ones' Thesis (+600 CP): Understand that by selecting this, you are not choosing an enemy to match wits and forces against. You are invoking the intention of an apocalyptic force that humanity seems to only dimly glimpse as being akin to the most terrible of angels and the Furies of Greek myth. From the moment you select this, ominous portents will haunt you-madman trying to kill you without warning, sobbing that this is their redemption or screaming with inhuman fury. Salt and heat will appear wherever you go, always in inconvenient ways. Nightmares of wingbeats and fallen angels hungering for your flesh will appear in your nightmares. Online movements will spread, attributing you to some kind of apocalyptic movement.

All of this, you understand intrinsically, is a prelude. In exactly 3 years, 3 months, 3 days, 3 hours, 3 minutes and 3 seconds, a Cruel One will set forth and strike you down in a holocaust of flame that will make Sodom and Gommorah look merciful by comparison.

Run. To another universe, preferably. Or hope the demons know of magick so potent as to baffle these manifestations of merciless judgement. For even the Invisible Clergy can be struck down by them as the hawk catches the fieldmouse.

Go home

Stay

Move On

You Did It

Notes

I *know* some of you don't read, so pay attention to this note if nothing else: **The Sect of the Naked Goddess is the worst background to join if your motivation is <u>freeform</u> sex.** (As opposed to strictly rote sex replicating the sex acts of a specific porno involving two guys and a gal)

In the current political climate, I feel obliged to point out that Unknown Armies 2e (and thus, the comparison between Alex Abel and the orange man which was lifted directly from 2e's TNI entry) was written at a time *before* Donald Trump was considered a presidential candidate, and was "merely" That Really Rich Real Estate Guy With His Name On Everything/The Apprentice Guy/That One Guy Who Beat Vince McMahon's Ass On WWE.

Ritual magick (the kind mentioned in Authentic Thaumaturgy) can be used by anyone in this world who follows all the steps correctly. Generally speaking it does things on the level of:

- Hexing someone with failure using something belonging to them, an appropriately symbolic item like a broken mirror and a written description of where you want to ambush them.
- Dumping effects like death or a taboo off on an anointed proxy. Banishing a spell's effects on you
- Giving yourself a warrior's battle madness for increased prowess at combat
- Negating three moments of misfortune in your future
- Gaining a significant charge through a complex or dangerous process; waterboarding yourself in the sea is an example
- Finding a lost tome or cursing someone to have animals come into close proximity to them.

As for whether humans in other worlds can use ritual magick, fanwank. It's very abnormal for there to be If I had to guess, I'd think humans from worlds like SMT, Persona and the Nasuverse who already shape reality with belief probably could.

Humanity and all its components are fluid, as you might be able to tell from the implications of some of the perks in this jump. Not just what it meant to be human, but how humans related to the world around them has changed on a cosmic scale with successive iterations of the Invisible Clergy-who are themselves ultimately only elected by the power of their relevancy in the public consciousness. What that means is while this jump doesn't provide an automatic out from the Laws, after this jump as the de facto sole Unknown Army human outside of the setting you're more than welcome to experiment, meditate or otherwise spiritually rejigger the conditions under which magick works *because they only work in the first place due to human agency*. How long that can take is hard to say, and ultimately up to you. Individual humans can't reshape the world at will, but with great insight and influence they can place themselves in positions where the tension of belief swings in their favour; this approach should be indicative of your level of influence as an individual human unless you somehow have a way to make lots of Unknown Armies humans AND make them completely compliant to your vision of reality. You certainly won't be able to just snap your fingers and declare yourself a new Archetype, but nor are you automatically barred from attempting a ritual involving effort and preparation on par with several major charges to raise yourself to that level. Bending the Laws of magick to suit you better would likely be far easier and less risky.

Demons are the restless souls of the dead tethered to the world by burning obsession, who while not necessarily evil in and of themselves have a great desperation to possess living bodies and interact with the world again. Yes, in most other settings demons would be considered *ghosts.* Certain magickal techniques, especially those used by Entropomancers and Dipsomancers, allow magical effects to contest or subvert this possession-and acts committed during demonic possession don't count for breaking taboo, since it's not actually you doing so. On the downside, unless the demon's own mind is somehow subverted you don't remember anything done while under possession. Do not trust demons, whoever they were in life; the need to possess a body is all-consuming. What demons can do on an individual basis varies greatly; at the minimum demons can serve as intangible spies or latch onto your enemies to try and possess them. More experienced demons can potentially instruct others in the construction of occult artifacts or initiation into an adept's school of magick. They can potentially have other powers but it's…very poorly defined.

Nobody really knows who or what the Cruel Ones are. The only certainties are that demons are universally *scared shitless* of them and all known rituals or occult items associated with them are rumoured to be highly destructive or invoke horrific takes on biblical angels. For all intents and purposes the ritual hailing one(?) is a magical nuke, although you're welcome to stick around and interview the Cruel One if you dare.

Sample Charismata spells:

- The Gift of Miracles (perform a singular, discrete and simple deed beyond human limitations such drinking poison without harm, exorcising a demon or lifting a car off someone).
- The Gift of True Faith (Briefly nullifying supernatural effects).
- The Grace of Healing (Lay hands on someone, heal their wounds).
- The Gift of Prophecy (Straightforward vision of future events)
- The Gift of Tongues (Basic communication in any language)