

SOMA'S HIGH HOLLOW PLACE



Io, big cheese! Smell! Bless! Fruit!

—traditional cooked offering chant, vulgar translation

The peak of Mount Babiru is now officially designated the Outdoor Museum of the Death of False Gods and the Triumph of Proper Reason and Etiquette.

The mouth of Bliss Lord Soma, the last part of that false Blue God's smashed visage, remains upon the mount called Babiru. There its former slaves come to spit upon its memory, certainly not to offer prayer and growth.

Blue God, also Bliss Lord Soma

In the Dream Text their mineral is sapphire, their animal is salamander, and their vegetable is mold.

"They that brings the Illusion that replaces meaning. They that brings the pleasure that consumes time. They that consoles the fallen flesh. But also, the eater of minds, the corruptor of ambitions, and the thief of time."

Warning. Praise of Blue Soma is restricted until the confusion with the Blue God situation is resolved. Normal pleasure worship will resume soon.

SINE DEIS, ABSENTE NUMINE

Twinkle, twinkle gentle Lords, so high above, so near at heart. We dare not wonder what you are, for yours is Heaven and ours to enjoy. We avert our eyes, gentle Lords, lest we offend and lose today our daily bread. Guide our souls lest we sin, temper our thoughts lest we question, save us all forever within the comfort and leisure of your Dream Canopy.

—prehistoric prayer, ethno-vidy crystal,
unearthed at the Machine Museum

There are two sentient types in the Given World. First, the humans in their pananthropic excess of forms. Mortal, finite, possessed of soul and body and personality. Then there are the gods. The viles. The lords. The builders. The unlords. Those immortal sentiences, infinite, entwined with the stuff of the cosmos, of it and bound by it.

Throughout history and, if the anthropologist priests are to be believed, prehistory, fallen humans, forgetting their abilities and achievements, have been drawn to worship the gods, to seek guidance and support from them.

But the gods were never on humanity's side.

They exist in their own strange world, where memory and premonition collide, combine, and collapse into an alien eternity unmoored from human passions and privations.

They are the volcano and the second sun, the living fast star and the slumbering city, the invisible hand of the market and the rancid process of decay. Their power over the cosmos is great—indeed, they make and remake the cosmos by their existence according to some traditions— but they do not fundamentally

care about humans. This must be repeated: the natural state of the gods is absence.

A child possessed by a daemon, a pet stolen by a razor storm, a village consumed by the eating dark. These, by themselves, arouse neither interest nor pity in the gods.

Sacrifice

Prayer hopes to make the dread angel pass unseeing; sacrifice seeks to attract divine attention, to moan for aid, to grovel for blessing.

- 1 **Whisper.** The barest promise. A future token at a temple; 1 cash, to add 1 to a roll. Roll 1d6: (1–3) alas, no blessing, (4–5) promise one more, (6) you are heard!
- 2 **Nudge.** So little between failure and success. A drop of blood, 1 life, to add 1 to a roll. Roll 1d6: (1) alas, no blessing, (2–3) pay 1 more, (4–6) you are heard!
- 3 **Oath.** Certainty through submission. Add 1 to a roll, resolve the roll, then lose 1d4 life.
- 4 **Burn.** A gift sent willing and happy, through an altar, its sweet aroma a perfume to the god. €10 gives 1d6 to a chosen roll, €100 gives 1d8, €1,000 gives 1d10.
- 5 **Penance.** A week of life, a session's absence, a prized item surrendered. A weighty burden is removed.
- 6 **The Greatest Sacrifice.** A terrible offering, a permanent loss. The future softens and is made malleable, where things were hopeless, a chance appears for heroes to seize. Even a million-in-one chance might now be as 1-in-6.

Prayers to Bliss Lord Soma

How could a dead god hear one's prayers? Yet, though abjured, dead, smashed ... some spark may hear.

Once per session or so, when the toil of order and machine might overwhelm you, when you would sink back into Soil and Green, murmur Soma's solace to make the mind-eater pass by:

"There is no I, there is no mind, there is no drive; there is only the pebble on the wave-tossed shore ..."

ROLL D20 + CHARISMA - AURA

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| 1 or less | A crawling horror enters your mind through the jeweled back door. A burden comes to steal a memory. |
| 2–19 | Hold your rolled number hot in your heart. When you see it again, steal it and reassign it as you wish! |
| 20 or more | A numinous presence mushrooms within you. It cloaks your mind from sight, undoes a burden, or halves your suffering. |