IO LUPERCALIA
Revelry, Cannibalism, Renunciation

The Plain of Peerless Fires
The bell tolls for thee. Even the downtrodden and ejected from the world-society, the refused, the dispossessed. They are as you may be, they once were as you are now. The Plain reminds those unhappy pariahs that they are ultimately just reflections of the sacred flame.

Agenda
The Plain's function is to enlighten vagrants, outcasts, drifters, and those who are otherwise marginal or excluded from society, making dharma-bums of the scowling drifter and the bitter drug addict.
Its definition of excluded is wide and narrow. Narrow, because it targets only those with less than 30% in all their relationships, who do not return to any one place of residence after dark, who have 9 notches between their Self and Isolation meters.
Wide, because *any* of these criteria may be enough to bring a prospective visitor into the Room.

Appearance
The vistas of the last days stretch onto the horizon. The orange-brown sky is hazy with distant smoke. The ground is a mix of red, dusty soil and grey-black ashes matted with the charred remnants of known things.
Some buildings remain as husks. Great hulks of metal and concrete, empty on the inside like chimneys.
Around them, always, are barrels filled with burning trash, and vast, bottomless trenches choked with more smouldering garbage at sparse intervals across the landscape. They are the cause of the endless smokestacks, and standing near one for longer than ten minutes requires a Fitness roll or be reduced to a wheezing bleary-eyed wretch.

There are angels in the sky. Large, winged humanoids with skin and hair ranging from coal black to bright white, their lower bodies smeared with such thick layers of soot and mud that no sex characteristics are visible. They speak in carefree tones although with heavy, unplaceable accents. None of them seem old.

They flock throughout the day, scavenging from the trenches or plucking glistening water (heals 1d10 wounds per drink) from distant clouds, occasionally wrestling with one another, where the loser is sometimes killed, and then communally eaten by the others.

At night, they gather around the empty buildings and the fires, sitting and watching it circles, murmuring in a language that is almost but not any known on earth. These have the activity of giant sharing-circles, as objects, fistfuls of meat, and mouthfuls of water are swapped and consumed. They are abiding of strangers, but will not share unless something is given first.

RENUNCIATION
All have their place in the architecture of mankind, and the Plain makes it so. Where people are shut up, it throws them open. Where they are alone, it binds them together.

The Knowledge Imperishable: Sitting close to the fire, enduring the smoke, eventually draws it closer to you. It reaches out, like a gigantic burning hand, and seizes the motionless viewer. This burns away their clothes, belongings, 3 Hardened notches between the Self and Isolation meters…and 1d10 Wounds' worth of mild erythema,

The Call of Souls: Standing naked under the smoke-daubed sun, at dawn, awakens the mind to love for life and her fellow man, and in that love, hunger. This hunger is gnawing, and eventually maddening, with a cumulative -5% shift to Knowledge every day that it goes unanswered. But it also imparts +20% to all Connect rolls.
Eating even 20 grams of human flesh resets the penalty to 0%.
Not eating any flesh for 3 days once the penalties are equal to your Knowledge stat removes the effect of this power entirely.

Taste of Heaven: Eating the flesh of an Angel prompts visions of interactions the renunciant has had in life involving people they may have cast aside or refused to help. They immediately gain a Relationship with that person at 25%, although what form it takes is seemingly random. As long as this Relationship endures, the renunciant has a corresponding -20% shift to all actions taken during the day.

AGENTS
Agents of The Plain are those who stand apart from those who stand together. Who must always be first among equals, the black sheep, even in enlightened society. They are the shepherds and prophets of the people The Plain creates, and it gives them 3 powers to do their work.

Blameless Eucharist: By sacrificing 2d10 Wounds' worth of flesh and having another person eat a part of it, the Agent removes one of that person's Failed notches in any meter other than Unnatural. The power of the flesh is retained only for the first person who eats of it, and after that it is only meat.

Ears of Akasa: The Agent hears all words spoken on The Plain. If many people are speaking at once, they can make a Notice roll to single out a single voice.

Rising Fire: While within the Room, The Agent has wings like its native angels; they can lift off the ground with a Fitness roll, and fly as fast as with a bicycle. The ability to scoop water from thin air and wrestle others for consumption is a right that must be earned from the angels.

Ritual of Peerless Fire

Egress Ritual
Burn trash for a day. In the same container. Plastic, wood, clothes, whatever so long as it's junk and it makes ashes.
Once you've done that, find an alley or an underpass where the sun doesn't shine. Even better if it's near a highway. Then tip the entire container out, still smouldering, into the gutter, and firewalk across it. When your feet touch the ground again, you'll be in the Plain.