



“Who needs another mess?

We could start over

Just look me in the eyes and say I’m wrong

Now there’s only emptiness

Venomous, insipid

I think we’re done

I’m not the only one”

—

Psychosocial, Slipknot.



IS THIS YOUR FIRST TIME IN MY HEAD? PERHAPS CLICKING THIS WILL ORIENTATE YOU



1619, INQUISITION

THE ONE WHO WAS MEANT TO DISCOVER.

THE ONE TO WEED OUT FALSEHOOD
TO KEEP THE LIGHT AT THE CENTER.
THE BRING TRUTH TO ALL.

WELCOME TO HIS WORLD.



“It has been awhile since they’ve let me out.” Inquisition mutters to himself, eyes adjusting to the light of the surface, lungs adjusting to the new compositions of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide and argon in the air.

“How do they live in such filth?” His head turns to the side, a hand coming up to scratch at his mask - his face was already reacting to the difference in moisture in the air. If only he could get under this leather helmet and scratch at his soft skin... Then he would have some relief.

Relief, that was his mission - to discover it, to understand it, and to bring it.

For just one of those tasks they might've sent a Scout, a Librarian or a Collector... But for all three – Inquisition was ~~what~~, who was needed.

The six foot and a bit, lanky man walked through the streets of a new city - garnering some looks but honestly, there were more oddities around than anywhere else in the world.

HOW INTERESTING.

He could feel the tension in the air, the unease that permeated everything from the biological to the artificial. The concrete his feet met was littered with pieces of burnt paper rolled into cones, he was certain he saw a plastic syringe that

he was awfully familiar with, circular pieces of metal with jagged edges... And people.

Just strewn about without a care... Or with many it might seem. Each reeking of unwashed bodies, dead dreams and the sickly sweet scent of something else. The piqued Inquisitions interest, enough for him to approach one such person.

“Oh, hello there.”

“The f*ck ya’ want freak?”

“Well, that is not very nice.”

The sound of some ruffling, rusted blade caught his sharp eyes.

“Oh, do you feel threatened?”

“Do you?”

“Hardly, my friend.”

“Well, f*ck.”

The man slips the blade back into his pocket, shoulders slumping, looking dejected.

“You keep saying that, what does it mean?”

“You some kind of loon’?”

“I unfortunately do not know what that means either.”

“Just an idiot then?”

“Ah.. That I know - no, sorry. I’m actually quite intelligent, at least comparatively with those I most often see.”

“What. The. F*ck. Do. You. Want.”

“I was curious about your... Conditions. Given such discomfort, the heat, the filth... Where do you find relief?”

The man stares blankly back at Inquisition, blinking watery, blood-shot eyes a few times.

“You a junkie?”

“I do-”

“Of course ya’ don’t. Ya probably won’t remember shit in the morning either.”

“I am certain it’s morning right now.”

Inquisition points towards the Sun, shining brightly, bringing some warmth to cold April’s day.

“God bless the Sun, this shit was unbearable last month... If I tell ya, will you help me out?”

“I certainly will... I would love to see the effects of your preferred panacea.”

“Pana-what-now? I’d just like a hot, juicy... Dripping burger. Something to warm these bones, y’know?”

“A burger... How do I spell that, and where would I get one?”

“I like the ones they got at In-and-out, animal style fries and all... Oooh daddy.”

“They remind you of your father - that does sound comforting.”

“No-what... Will you get me one or not?”

“Point me in the right direction, and I’ll certainly try my best.”

“Lemme walk with you, these knees could use some exercise.”

“That is very kind of you.”

The two unlikely companions make their way down the cracked concrete, they pass by what seems like men... Or women... Clad in tight spandex, harassing others for something called a “photo”. People seem to avoid them, possible due to the stench of his new companion, or to the unique appearance Inquisition had.

A six foot something, leather-faced man. And his five foot some ripped-jacket, urine-soaked companion.

They walked past a human-sized food item, what looked like a cylinder of meat wedged into a long piece of bread. A large pig, bounding through the streets untethered. What seemed like a literal gorilla, standing tall and beating at his chest.

Each seeking out relief, each struggling to find it.

Finally they found themselves in front of a building emblazoned with the words the man had said earlier. From it wafted the smell of searing flesh, boiling fat, and... *Gluttony*.

He knew that last scent well. It was one of many scents he'd been taught to hunt and eradicate. Instinctively he pushed through the doors and found the room full of life. The man grabs hold of Inquisition's leathered wrists, and drags him to the counter, barging through a few people waiting for their food.

"Is this where we find your burger?"

"Yeah, 'scuse me - we'd like a double-double, a reg' cheeseburger, two fries, animal-style and two cokes."

"What an interesting assortment of words."

“Gotcha... After tax., that’d be 19.88 - cash or card?”

The man looks up at Inquisition expectantly.

“Hm?”

“How you gonna pay dimwit.”

“Pay... I’m sorry - I don’t have any... Currency with me.”

“You ain’t got twenty bucks?”

“No sir, do you?”

“No, course I don’t!”

“How ya’ll gonna pay?”

Inquisition looks about the room, he could possibly leap over the barrier and take this burger for himself.... Or perhaps use his unique abilities to convince the man to simply give it to him.

A screen with what seems to be a list of products flashes,
turning into a poster for an event of sorts.

"Xtreme Wrestling Federation presents
an April Fool's Special - Prize \$20"

