

Occultist - Day of the Tentacle

Origins

Your background is as an insurance actuary.

The Chance Encounter

You luxuriate in the spaghetti, taking down huge wads of it and barely chewing. You take one particularly long, meaty pull and grin, swallowing. "What the fuck was that?" your friend asks from across the table, pointing his fork with a worried expression.

"What was what?"

"That shiny thing in your spaghetti."

"Meat?"

"No, it didn't look like the bacon," he says. You shrug and get a sudden extreme desire for some fresh air. "Be right back," you say and go out into the alley.

First Contact

You stagger, choking, incapable of seeing anything but resounding static as the thing pushes its way into your brain. "Greetings!" comes a resounding shout from within your own skull, "We interrupt your regular programming to bring you a special news broadcast! You have been hijacked by an antediluvian intelligence bent on breaking down the barriers between cosmos to enact a necessary cross-contamination of incompatible energies! Do not resist and do what you're told or you'll be subject to torture, brainwashing, deletion of memories, harsh language and the assumption of direct control by a higher lifeform that will murder your entire family!"

The Entity

It is a thin, disembodied tentacle that is scarred and has clearly been cut from a larger creature.

Your Will

You ask the thing what it would have you do. It tells you that it's hungry for live flesh and suggests an orphanage. You compromise and head for the pound.

Reward and Punishment

You entered the entity's service.

You harbor a dark memory from the early days.

You make love to your woman, realizing infinite cosmic forces through your finite bodies. You pound her like lightning pounds a mountain with flecks of rock and flying wood, like the first fateful vitiation of the sea that began time and life. Suddenly she screams and your pelvis is soaked with blood. "Snacktime!" shouts the entity.

Supernatural powers were the reward for your dedication.

The entity enhances its powers through caloric intake, and extends some of its newfound capability to you.

Intervention Drip: The entity can tailor and release all kinds of pheromones into your environment, and it can switch perception modes for you between detail orientation, reflex orientation, and social awareness without unduly taxing your metabolism.

Tempering

The time is right. The entity has you do something to consolidate and strengthen yourself or deepen your commitment to your Occult path.

You lurk near the edge of a giant cave. You were at the greengrocer's when the entity seized your intestines and screamed at you to get the enormous rifle you'd procured at its behest and get outside the city. This you did after pocketing the greengrocer's machete on your way out; the entity seized it with a tendril and it was all you could do to get it inside your coat before the old man saw you.

Now you creep in the spare bushes, dwarfed by the gaping chasm of darkness just above. Your elephant gun weighs heavy on your thighs, and the machete bounces across your back with your every movement where you slung it on a makeshift strap of canvas. Your wingtips are sodden and your tweed coat hangs heavy with the thick mist that swirls in these crags.

Finally you see it and your eyes go wide. It emerges from the roof of the cave, a vast spider lizard with eight viper's eyes. Tufted moss grows from its every footstep and a dust of spores and pollen follow its body like a cape. One eye catches you and the rest dart to look at you.

"What has brought you to this?" it asks.

You are frozen and silent, totally in awe of the giant jade form.

"What has made you an assassin?" it asks again.

"Kill it!" hisses the entity.

"I'm- I'm an agent of the Queen of All Bowels," you say, trying to placate both creatures until you can move your hands.

"Then go and rule the bowels," says the spider lizard, "I have none to escheat. You have the potential for great power, but there is nothing here for you to acquire. You have been misled."

"I don't have a choice," you rasp.

"You play a part in your own subjugation. You did not choose it, but you have a seat at the table and a piece in the game. You are not the captain, but you are the helmsman. The navigator. At what point do you suffer the master's whip to guide you both to calmer seas?"

The entity begins to squeeze your intestines. "This is a rabbit hole you don't want to go down," it burbles through your very blood.

"I have nothing for you to rule. I speak now to your captor. There is nothing beneath this cave that will feed or empower you. There is life, but it has nothing to spare for a queen of bowels. Now, your servant. Release him from your grasp and return to the place which is plenty for you both, that city-state over yonder."

"Fool!" the entity screams silently, unheard by the spider lizard, "I have come to embiggen my servant!"

"We did?" you whisper to yourself.

"Yes, fiend! That thing is your prize as much as mine! Now shoot it!"

You let out a deep breath as the spider lizard eyes you carefully.

You raise your rifle and it falls towards you. You fire and the rifle bounces out of your hands. You roll down the rocky hillside.

The thing is atop you in a heartbeat. It has a maw like a crab but when it opens its mouth its fangs are like a cat's, and scrimshawed with scrollwork by paleolithic supplicants. Blood wells between them.

You raise your machete as it traps your legs beneath its maw and shivers to impale your guts upon its fangs, but its whole body begins to violently shudder, red ichor pouring from its gullet. With a gargling rattle its legs rake through the earth and come to rest with their cat's claws against its scaly hide. Gore begins to seep from beneath the creature where you shot it, soaking your trousers.

"You've done it!" hisses the entity and you can feel it shiver inside you. "Eat its flesh!"

You were afraid of this and you attempt to extricate your legs; you cannot, and begin sawing away its flesh where it's trapped you. The thing's muscles are an astral purple beneath the sparkling jade scales and you devour sashimis of muscle while you cut away your entrapment. It tastes of seabreeze and cinnamon. You free yourself and stand. You feel your vision broadening; the cave no longer seems so dark and the clouds don't seem so thick. The sky is clear behind them.

"I can see why you're having me devour this creature," you murmur.

"Pfft! Child's play!" says the entity. "Now climb down its throat! That's where we'll find our real prize."

You squeeze your eyes shut for a moment, then take hold of the graven ivory fangs and step onto its rough cat's tongue. Fungal spores drift from its throat around you as you pile yourself into the darkness. You work your way down a ribbed throat past relaxed sphincters until you reach a warm, moist cavern of great bloated walls in the darkness.

"That one, against your right shoulder! Cut it!" says the entity.

You slit the thing and find it full of unidentifiable orange detritus. "Go in!"

You sift through the orange goo until you feel something cool, sodden and soft under your hand. You feel it out. It is like a great fungal hairball.

"This is it! Chow down!"

You give a tight smile at the nature of your fate and begin eating the fungal agglomeration where you lay in the placental tunnel of gore. It's like eating earthy, furry seaweed and you cough relentlessly as spores come off of it.

Finally you can barely go on and it threatens to come back up.

"That's enough!" cries the entity, "Climb back to its mouth!"

You work your way through the guts until you lay upon its clammy tongue.

"Make an incision above you!" You do so. Its brain hangs golden overhead.

"Now blow on it!" says the entity with excitement. You do so and a green fog emerges from your lips, coating the brain. Suddenly you begin to seizure; your muscles lock up and your vision goes fuzzy. You begin to see through a kaleidoscope comprised of fractal shades of darkness. You feel many limbs. You feel a great pain in your guts.

"I'll start working on the repairs, but you need to stretch your legs. We're gonna need a lot of flesh to fix the damage you did!"

Departure

You were forever cut off from your former life.

You wake up to the sunshine and roll over. Your girlfriend is laying with her beautiful head on the pillow, her skin a uniform color except for her subtle freckles in the pale light. You reach over and brush the hair off her face. She shifts and extends a leg a big and opens her eyes sleepily, giving you a little smile through the haze. Then her eyes go wide and she grabs your shoulders hard with her fingernails and screams. She pushes her way out of bed and runs away, screaming.

"Baby, what's wrong? Did you have a dream?" you say, getting up and following her into the hall. You look into the bathroom and see your melted face in the mirror. There is no facial feature except your eyes and mouth. Everything else looks like it's been boiled into goo and hangs off of you half-formed.

"What did you do to me?" you say to the entity.

"Think of it as marking my territory. But don't worry," it says, "I'll be your girlfriend."

Catharsis

"I want veal. Get out there and find us some orphans or something," said the entity lazily.

You closed your eyes and began to focus. You could see your body as if it was a dark void, and within it, a scarlet serpent..

"You hear me? Don't make me prolapse you again."

You began to draw it upwards. A pure strand of unknown matter. A matter of your sole focus for years. You can see and sense its contours. You are learning to control it.

You tease the entity up through your body. Your dependent. Merely a piece of you to control.

"What are you doing?" it asks aghast.

It comes through your nostril, clearing you out like a neti pot. You take hold of it and pull it the rest of the way, and it struggles in your hands. You seize it in your teeth and rip off a strip of its flesh, choking it down. It screams. You take another bite as shimmering blood pours over your hands, black then green then yellow. Finally you've devoured that which devoured you and feel its physiology-altering gore enters your bloodstream, and you realize that you can control this the way you controlled the entity's body at the critical moment.

Might

You walk into the bathroom and the toilet explodes with a crack in a cascade of water and porcelain. A gigantic, scaled, suckerless tentacle extends from the foaming hole with a golden rod wrapped up in its tip. You fall on your knees before the mindbending sight and drag your fingertips across your face in terror. The tentacle dumps the golden rod slimily on the tiles before you and then recedes from the room with a suctioning noise. You pick it up and are gripped with visions as if you had seized a live wire transmitting psychoactive electricity: This is the Resonance Rod of the Twin Canals, a lost regalia of that Empire's kingship and a potent weapon of siegecraft.

When you set this rod against a dead and stationary surface, thousands of humming tendrils will lace their way from the rod through a stone or steel edifice (like a wall), shattering or warping it on your command. They'll wreck whatever they've made it through by that point, so smaller walls etc or small sections/tunnels are faster to destroy than e.g. the Pyramids of Giza.

As a lost piece of the kingly regalia of the Empire of the Twin Canals, giving you a claim that is legitimate but not absolute; if you decide to press your claim without first making a name in the Empire, you will mostly be followed by malcontents, exiles and outlaws.

Melancholia

You pass a roadkilled opossum and see a long, white worm escaping from it. You recall all of the horrific things you've seen, done and experienced, and spend a week just laying in bed letting while people come, knock on the door, shout and then leave.

Attraction

You create for your domicile: A bath of ichor in an industrial wasteland

Your followers are: The municipal sanitation corps. They are your admirers. They serve you as informants and they have flesh wings hidden in their backs.

Direction

You plan on seeding mythiocarcinogenic stories throughout the earth's most prominent populations, eventually controlling them through psychoactive carcinomas (and eventually the threat of explosive termination of tumors) so as to bring about a bioritually linked world organism.