

Incident Report

Regarding:

Abductions and Sacrifices; Cult-like

Activities Date of Incident:

9 Months, 18 Days Post-Judgement

Report:

Given in Audio Form; Transcript Follows

REMAINING OFFICER

That thing... it took [them]. It... made them part of its, its *thing*, turned [them] on the spot. I came back, came back as soon as I could. Just... we need to go back, we need to save [them], we need to... We have to do something! But I should explain myself - next of kin, and all that.

The Eye appeared in the sky - what, two and a half weeks ago? I guess most things orbiting the Earth must've been burned up on the spot, landing in its ring of fire, and since then we've had no internet, no satellites... I wonder how the folks in the ISS are doing. Better than us, I bet.

The weird part is, what we didn't lose just kept going - people still seem to be keeping the grid in order, and this whole satellite problem really saved the radio industry. So that's all we do a lot of the time. These days, nobody really

leaves their homes unless they have to, so we've been more or less crime-free. Cops just aren't what they used to be anymore. So I've taken to listening to a lot more radio. There's not much good stuff out there. A lot of it's pretty crap, to be honest - all these new homebrew stations. They started popping up all over the place, and the tastes of the broadcasters have been... interesting, to say the least. There's this one guy I liked - he used to archive stuff from all over the internet, and now he just bootlegs old content from before... yeah. There's this one show I've been liking - Magnus Archives, it's called - kinda funny how it's so much like life nowadays.

Anyway, I was fiddling with the radio about a week ago when I landed on 111MHz. I'd just been flicking between numbers, and I landed on this channel that's just... wrong. I know I said there was some... *interesting* stuff out there but this... this is different. Freaky. Weird. Wrong. Just this one person, this one voice, sat there saying the same word, over and over. Creeped me out, to be honest. They were so... *inhuman*, so flat. Just the same word in

the same tone:

CAPTIVE #1

Ineffable. Ineffable.

Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

brrrr, you get the idea.

I usually would've ignored it, brushed it off as some creepy one-off thing. Told myself it was my imagination. Something *kind of weird* that happened, never to be thought about again. Yeah. I mean, with everything else that's going on, it was hardly the *weirdest* thing I experienced. So, yeah, I

wouldn't have thought much of it, but it just kept coming up: I'd see the clock showing 1:11; the date was 11 days Post-Judgement; the radio kept flicking to 111MHz... It got to me, eventually, and I got a friend on the force to help me look into it, maybe find its source. It's not like we were doing any *real* police work. So instead, we set to work

triangulating the signal. Didn't take long when it came down to it, and we set off to find the source of the message.

We came upon it easily enough: a decrepit warehouse, far removed from any nearby industrial estate - perfectly

conspicuous, enough that it seemed too obvious. Nobody responded to our knocks, or the subsequent cry of

TAKEN OFFICER

"Police! Open up!"

REMAINING OFFICER

So we barged in. The whole place was empty, barren but for a radio transmitter in the centre and, behind that, a person, tied to a chair. They didn't notice us, despite our loud entrance, and as we moved closer, clinging to the shadows, they didn't react at all. As we drew nearer and nearer it became clear we'd found our person. They were catatonic, completely unaware of the world around them, yet speaking calmly into a microphone:

CAPTIVE #1

Ineffable. Ineffable.
Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

This bugged me - rightfully so. We'd gone to all the effort to find them, and they just... sit there, blank-faced, not even looking at us? Something must've come over me: next I know, the radio was shattered and the batteries were rolling across the ground. Even this didn't stop them from their

chant, so in the end we just left them - they were dead weight, and I didn't want to fill out the paperwork for a conviction. Headed back to the precinct to do... well, nothing much, really.

A day or so went by relatively normal - my colleague and I didn't discuss the radio or the captive. I honestly don't think they cared, and I was still... *captivated*. I kept seeing the number everywhere: case IDs; page numbers; houses; number plates... It was insidious, growing on me like a plague until I was practically infected with the desire to... to *know*. I checked the frequency again, and I heard another voice, this time more distorted, saying the same thing:

CAPTIVE #2

Ineffable. Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

Of course, we find the location again. This time, it's a cabin out in the woods, miles from the nearest populated area. We announce ourselves again, in vain.

TAKEN OFFICER

Let us in! We're Police!

REMAINING OFFICER

Inside is fully furnished:
somebody clearly lived there..
We split up and searched the
house: I made my way through a
long living room, jumping from
my skin a little when I saw a
stuffed bear head, and
following the room around to
where it gave way to a
staircase. I made my
way up, sticking to the
less-worn sides of the steps,
tiptoeing quietly up the stairs.

As I neared the top of the
stairs I spied our host through
a doorway, bound by thick rope
to their desk chair, carelessly
repeating the word into a
microphone.

CAPTIVE #2

Ineffable. Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

This time we checked the house
from top to bottom: nothing was
disturbed, and there were no
signs of forced entry. Nothing
seemed strange about the
situation, except for a set of
large footprints leading across
the grass outside the house.
They were flat and
nondescript: nothing we could
use as a lead.

The cycle repeated itself. The
number kept cropping up:
spare change totalling £1.11

(not that money mattered anymore); in barcodes; music for my guitar; the model number of my computer screen; the way three people looked stood next to one another... trinity. Absolute unity in threes. So of course I checked the radio, knowing already what I'd hear - more or less. This time, there wasn't just the one voice; past the noise, I could make out a cacophony of mindless people, all saying the same word.

CULT

Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

My partner told me:

TAKEN OFFICER

I'm not doing this again, you know? Even in the apocalypse, I have better things to do.

REMAINING OFFICER

One more triangulation; one more location - this time, a library in some small, dead town. We knocked and announced ourselves

TAKEN OFFICER

Police! Coming in!

REMAINING OFFICER

-and entered without waiting for a response. The whole place looked as though the Judgement had never

happened, as though it were
just a library, with the glaring
exception of all the radio
equipment: powerful, high-end
stuff that was totally useless
without satellites. Even from
the entrance we could hear
them all: their voices
reverberated all over,
surrounding us with

noise. CULT

Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

We split up, trying to find the
source of the noise. I checked
the space inhabited by
shelves, equipment, and
off-branching workspaces,
while my partner searched by
the counter, in the areas
usually reserved for library
staff. I followed the shelves
round, and was overcome by
the sensation of passing
through a maze, spiralling
inwards toward a centre whose
contents I was unprepared to
see. My pace quickened - I
wanted to get this over with,
to find an answer. The voices
followed me, clinging on the
air:

CULT

Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

I felt the voices rise,

crescendo, approach a climax
which *I* approached, nearing
what I knew to be the centre
of this maze, when I heard a
cry

TAKEN OFFICER

Quick! Over here!

REMAINING OFFICER

My trance was broken in an
instant and I sprinted to find
my partner. The voices grew
louder as I came closer - how
could I have thought they
were growing louder over
there, as I'd moved away from
them?? I found the source of
their cry but didn't see them.
I looked around, dazed and
panting, when I noticed the
hole in the ground, and the
ladder leading down, out of
sight, and the heat that
seemed to radiate from that
pit and the sound which was
almost incomprehensible past
the echo, yet still clearly said

CULT

Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

I quickly descended: it was not
as deep a hole as it looked, and
as my feet hit the bottom I
heard my partner's voice.

TAKEN OFFICER

There you are, I was-
(muffled) ahhhhh!

REMAINING OFFICER

Something lurched from the darkness and grabbed their head, staring them in the eyes, while behind them hundreds of blank faces gazed onwards, not lucid enough to stare or offer help, simply repeating that word

CULT

Ineffable. Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

I saw them, squirming, hopelessly outmatched against that... that... *creature*, as blood began to drip from their ears, falling to the ground tantalisingly slowly, and landing with a tremendous echo as my partner fell, limp, to the ground and muttered - only one -

TAKEN OFFICER

Ineffable.

REMAINING OFFICER

The creature saw me, but didn't take me. I couldn't do anything but run. I ran and I got away and I'm recording this and then I'm leaving - I don't care where to - but I can't let that... that *thing* find me. I'd rather die. If you listen to this, that word... and that number... I don't know what they mean, but... keep away from them.

Please.

[Officer's recorder clicks off.]

[Inquisitor's recorder clicks off.]

[Inquisitor's recorder clicks on.]

INQUISITOR

Well, that bodes poorly. Some kind of... *cult*, dedicated for whatever reason to bringing about the Inef- the Other, spearheaded by some sort of brain-rotting creature. At this point, it's hardly even a surprise. Just... the usual, really.

I'm curious, though... if my suspicions are correct, if I'm some part of the Judgement... that creature and I aren't so different. Opposite sides of a coin, maybe, but still the very same coin. It's a simple model, but...

If this creature takes the minds of others, bends them in such a way that they are left with... with *nothing*, that they are devoid of thought... but for what it leaves - that name - and I... *I* leave everything intact, but implant the thought of compliance; *if it destroys and I do not, and yet we both implant something*; I wonder where David lies in that spectrum. Is it his gift that he modifies, perhaps? Destroys nothing, adds nothing,

but simply changes what is already there? But then, how much can you change something before it becomes something new entirely? Perhaps I'm reading into this too deeply.

Besides, I have more pressing concerns. This creature, whatever it is, it's clearly intelligent - more so than most humans. It set up satellite radio equipment, but for *what*? What is it trying to achieve? Surely the signal's just going to get lost up there, or collide with the Judge...

Oh. I see.

*Every time the word is spoke,
the evil manifests and wreaks a
single instance of chaos, a
momentary deed of evil.*

So the signals work the same. It's attacking the Judgement directly, manifesting within it - whatever *it* is like on the inside. I wonder... if I destroyed the transmitter, then what? Surely... *suuurely* if the Judgement knows this is going on, it can do its whole... *destruction* thing, solve the problem for itself.

OFFICER

Every time the word is spoke,

*The evil manifests and wreaks
A single perfect instance in
which
Evil does as evil sees.*

*Keep that word upon your tongue
Lest when the Judgement falls,
INEFFABLE commands your mind
Or slays you like your God.*

INQUISITOR
Wh- what... what are you?!

OFFICER
Don't you recognise my voice?
I've been told it's lovely.

[It's not.]

INQUISITOR
You're the...

[INQUISITOR sighs, and calms, now resolute.]

You're the officer. From the
report.

OFFICER
One and the same.

INQUISITOR
Hardly. I'm sure you didn't have
the... *teeth* in that recording.

OFFICER
Oh, I'm just the same as I've
always been... Better, in fact. Do
these things bother you? Do they
make you uncomfortable? Do they
evoke terror? Do they make you
fear for your pitiful life?

[The effects fade.]

That's fine. I'll just get rid

of them.

[Tearing noises as the mandibles are ripped off,
then clatters as they are cast aside carelessly.]

There we go. Now, I think I'm
supposed to be killing you...

INQUISITOR

Wai-wai-wai-wait... please *don't*?

OFFICER

Excuse me?

INQUISITOR

I've got some... um... some
questions. What was this
creature that took you?

OFFICER

Oh, you're *adorable*, aren't you?
Killing you would be like... like
taking candy - or, perhaps, life
itself - from a baby.

INQUISITOR

(strained) Answer me...

OFFICER

Do you *honestly* think that that
works? You sound ridiculous.

INQUISITOR

Answer me...

OFFICER

Nope!

[Combat noises.]

INQUISITOR

(shouted) Who sent you?

OFFICER

You. Idiot.

[The INQUISITOR is backed against drawers. They rifle around in them for a weapon, producing a gun.]

INQUISITOR

This hardly seems fair.

OFFICER

It's not.

[They cock the gun.]

OFFICER

Go on then... do it. Shoot me.
Kill, and maim, and tear, and
break... just like the God you
claim to hate, yet to whom all
will fall.

INQUISITOR

No. Who sent you?

OFFICER

What does it matter?

INQUISITOR

I'm interested.

OFFICER

You wouldn't shoot me. I'm just
a

[OFFICER's voice morphs back into their own,
albeit shakier.]

Scared... Terrified... *Dying*...
Mutilated... Person...

INQUISITOR

I'm more human than you'll ever be.

[TWO SHOTS. THE CREATURE CRUMPLES.]

OFFICER

Fuck you.

[Another shot. The creature flops to the ground, dead.]

INQUISITOR

(panting) It was going to kill me. It's not human, it- it *wasn't* human. I...

[INQUISITOR sighs and calms somewhat.]

I've got no doubts.

[Recording Ends.]

[A few seconds later, Recording resumes. Some time has passed. The INQUISITOR is a bit more frantic now.]

I think they made that... that *thing*, the same way that they're attacking the Judgement. God, that... that's awful. To subject one person to that direct flow of conscience, to force all of the manifestations onto one human, conscious or not... That's horrible. I think I did it a mercy, ending it quickly.

I think I prefer it when the Judgement does the killing, but...

I'll keep this on me for now. If that's what they're capable of creating, then I... I don't think there's a better time to put an end to this than now, before they make more...

[Cocks gun. (I don't know how guns work)]

I need to go and return some
books.

[Recording ends.]

[DAVID is stood atop a bridge, overlooking the City. There is some nightlife, and little traffic. DAVID is calm - too calm.]

DAVID

They recorded the other ones;
they may as well get this one,
too. Eleven months, twenty-three
days Post-Judgement, on the...
well, the *Gregorian* calendar was
on its way out, anyway - I,
David Ashton, the Prophet, had
my final Prophecy: my God has no
further use for me.

In this Prophecy, I saw the two
Gods once again - and those who
would serve them. The Silencer
and the Reader. Your Servants
are well-selected, I give you
that much - but you, Judgement -
your Reader is hopelessly
outmatched against its Silencer.
You know that, don't you?

I saw how the Silencer brings
about the Ineffable, too. It is
cruel, to break the Reader's
trust, don't you think? I've
half a mind to tell them, to
spare them that deceit - the
Reader must speak the word with
the Choir, in order to bring it
forth, and that seems
inevitable.

As for myself, I don't know to
whom I belong. I thought I was
yours - clearly not. You already
have a protegee. What does it
matter? My job is done; now let
me die.

Do it.

Go on.

[BEAT]

I've seen your killings; spare
me one. Unless... can you kill me?
You cannot intervene and kill
the Silencer, or the Reader,
even if you wanted... am I one of
them, too?

Heh... You can't kill me. Perhaps
I'll live. Just to spite you.

That is my Judgement.

[DAVID spits at the Judgement. He
misses.] [The VAULT enters, in Human
form.]

VAULT
David Ashton.

DAVID
Silencer.

VAULT
Actually, they've been calling
me Vault.

DAVID
And yet you're here to Silence
me.

VAULT
That... may be so.

DAVID
Why do you serve it? That thing?

VAULT

The Ineffable? Why, the same
reason our... inquisitive friend
serves the Judgement... I was put
here on this Earth to do
exactly that: to serve.

DAVID

But could you defy it? If you
tried?

VAULT

I haven't tried.

DAVID

Just food for thought. Your
time is running short.

VAULT

I know. Exciting, isn't it?

DAVID

That's not the word I'd use.

VAULT

To each their own.

DAVID

If you say so.

[BEAT]

Wait, can you... do your thing? On
me?

VAULT

I don't know...

Ineffable. Ineffable. Ineffable.

DAVID

Hm. Interesting. Perhaps the
Reader stands a chance.

VAULT

I wouldn't go that far. I'll

find a way.

[Noises of horror as the VAULT switches between all of its Eldritch forms.]

Now, places to go, people to be,
and all that...

[The sound of David being decapitated. His head hits the floor, then his body.]

Shame. A waste of good blood.

[The VAULT transforms again, and begins to eat.] [Recording ends.]