

Five Gods Go to the Seaside

Announcement/Poster Note

You aren't much of a pantheon, but you are accustomed to getting by. The humans of Little Creeper Swamp don't ask for too much, and believe enough, and no missionaries have come poaching on behalf of the big boys up on Cori Celesti for years now.

But that was before the railway. Before the outside world came knocking with steam and steel. Your worshippers are getting antsy. And how can you keep them down on the swamp, once they've seen Quirm?

So it looks like time to take a trip out of the swamp yourselves. Time to remind wandering worshippers that about some old-time religion. And hopefully not time to dodge retaliatory lightning bolts from the Hub.

GM Notes

Initially:

Check familiarity with GURPS/Discworld RPG – and with the Discworld if necessary. Note that this game is set as of the time period of *Raising Steam*, though not in the most advanced areas of the Disc. Note also that this scenario demonstrates one of the more exotic possibilities of the system; **playing small gods**.

Dish out character sheets and notes. The Available characters:

Father Walf, God of Leadership and Boatbuilding

Mother G'zarr, Goddess of the Hearth and Sensible Relationships

N'frerra, Goddess of Sulky Adolescents

Chag Yuk, God of Swamp Animals and Hunting

Yomm, God of Being a Nuisance

Okay, the rule mechanics on these sheets are a bit detailed, but this is just to represent that these characters are (very small) Discworld gods. They can manifest as individuals of approximately human power, but they can also turn into invisible, intangible spirits who can move in any direction at their basic Move rate. (The PCs who've got the Flight advantage can move twice as fast, even when solid.) They can throw a bit of lightning or fire around, but only while materialised. (Well, they can always attack other immaterial beings while immaterial.) They're also immune to disease, poison, suffocation, starvation, ageing, heat, and cold.

Significantly, they do have the status of gods in divine society – however minor they are, they aren't supposed to get into fights with other deities (that's what worshippers are for), and they can also request favours from other gods – *with a price of the other deity's choosing at a future date*. Oh, and if someone mentions their name, anywhere on the Disc, they hear it and have a rough idea of what was said and where.

Physical attacks on other gods' worshippers and temples are also against the rules, unless they directly assault your own priests or temples, although the occasional non-lethal smack round the head or equivalent will mostly be ignored. Outspoken atheists are fair game, but if you don't know who some mortal worships, you can't just assume that they're legitimate targets. In general, lightning bolting mortals and their stuff is just seen as *crass* these days; apart from anything else, if

you show off, other gods may feel obliged to step into match you, and things inevitably just go downhill from there.

So... Go over the character sheets, explaining the 3d-roll-low mechanic and what each section of the sheet means. Note that the back of the character sheet has space for possessions and such, which gods don't generally worry about much, though it does also have some combat reference stats – and there are brief background notes attached to each character sheet. Note also that all of these characters have **TL 3**, which is one level below the Disc's current norm (and technically *two* levels behind stuff like steam trains) – because these are the deities of a very backwoods swamp clan, and so have drifted out of touch with events in the rest of the Disc these last few decades.

Specifically, they're the tribal gods of the clannish humans inhabiting **Little Creeper Swamp**, in the **Netherglades**, a lush, mosquito-infested swamp region by the coast between Quirm and the Sto Plains. Basically, when a bunch of humans moved into this swamp for some reason a few decades or centuries ago, they appeared not to have much in the way of gods – and our five PCs, who were mostly barely-sentient marsh will o' wisps at the time, jumped in and set up as a local pantheon.

The tribe now consists of about 250 people, who for game convenience are assumed to be divided into five sets of followers for the PCs. They are in touch with the wider world, but have tended to be inward-looking and parochial, which suits their gods quite well. They provide just enough prayer and belief for the PCs to manifest in human form, toss around the odd lightning bolt for effect, and perform a few effects, but not enough for real power; most "miracles" these gods perform are carefully stage-managed tricks. Note that they are quite vulnerable; if they took enough physical damage, they could "die." They might in theory come back in a few years, having put their ectoplasm back together, but for game purposes, they'd be out of play.

The situation in Little Creeper Swamp has been stable for some years, with the five gods just about getting along and the occasional missionary from bigger religions in the outside world not causing much trouble – but lately, things have changed. Worshippers have been travelling away from the Swamp for days at a time, and there have been a few more outsiders visiting the area, mostly to trade. Some of you could swear that you recently heard one or two voices *abjuring* you, whatever that means (it doesn't sound good) – and now, all five of you have definitely heard your names spoken, repeatedly and formally, from the wooden temple at the centre of the village...

What's Going On

The new railway line now runs through the Netherglades, and there's a stop just a few miles from Little Creeper Swamp. Swamp-dwellers found themselves trading there, quite successfully, and some took enough interest in the people they met, and were commercially enterprising enough, that they took occasional short trips by train for business or pleasure.

Eventually, a similarly enterprising railway company agent, **Thomis Cater**, recognised a commercial opportunity, and began selling people from the area (including but not limited to some from Little Creeper Swamp) pleasure trips to the growing resort town of **Quiremouth**. These usually involved an overnight stay or two at a cheap local B&B, as the trip takes in excess of three hours each way. All of which might not have caused an *immediate* problem if some of the visitors hadn't encountered ... religion.

Alastor Creeply is a demonologist, moderately magically competent, who has done a deal with some low-level demons that doesn't involve selling his soul – by promising them a lot of unwitting, manipulable worshippers, who'll give Creeply secular power and wealth. This involves setting up

“The Temple of True-Om Triumphant”, performing a few miracles by a combination of secular magic, demonic power, and trickery, and raking in the collections and belief. By always referring to “True-Om” rather than just Om, actually getting mainstream Omnianism to deny the validity of this faith, holding services on ground attuned to demonic powers, and focussing the biggest shows of belief on a minor summoned demon disguised as a weird sort of angel, Creeply ensures that his patrons get the benefit of the belief, and a crack at the worshippers’ souls. His demonological magic is basically wizardry with no staff and a lot of ritual casting; instead, demons can channel him MP, which is helped if they’re receiving a lot of belief.

However, Creeply needs an audience, somewhere safely clear of serious religious attention, but with an adequate supply of gullible marks. After a bit of searching, he chanced across Quiremouth. People on holiday are sometimes bored and often in search of novelty, so getting them into his marquee (“The Tabernacle of True-Om”) just outside the town is often easy – and quite a few of the Little Creeper folk, seeking amusement in Quiremouth, have taken an interest, with a proportion actually becoming increasingly eager converts. The marquee has some fairly high-powered wards against spiritual effects (in either direction) on it, backed up by the faith of the converts, so the PCs are only hearing stuff said outside, which is why they haven’t picked up on this sooner.

However, this means that some of the holidaymakers are staying in Quiremouth as converts and even training as missionaries. Only one or two not-very-convinced semi-converts have come home so far, but those who stayed have sent some postcards to relatives, and those have worried people who received them, and the sense of disquiet has now percolated up to the village priesthood.

Opening Scene

The Temple of the Five Gods is a circular wooden structure on one of the few bits of good dry land in the whole area, tended by...

- **The Reverend Porlock**, the one full-time priest who likes to think that he represents the pantheon in its entirety. He’s a bit stuffy and pompous, but mostly perpetually a bit stressed (because let’s face it, this job doesn’t grant him half the supernatural powers that people expect). Religious Ritual-13, Public Speaking-13.

There are also five part-time chaplains:

- **Mr. Fish**, worshipper of Father Walf, who basically thinks that a god ought to exist in his image, which is that of a grumpy middle-aged man. Assorted boatbuilding and boating skills at 13, Politics-9, Religious Ritual-10.
- **Mrs. Crane**, a stupendously bossy old lady, quite capable of trying to boss gods around, who feels that she qualifies as Mother G’zarr’s representative as of right. Fast Talk-12, Housekeeping-12, Intimidation-14, Religious Ritual-9.
- **Holena Patch**, the slightly superannuated (age 25) representative of the cult of N’frerra, whose teenage years as the quintessential sulky teen were her glory days, and who’s hanging on to the position by her fingernails despite several challengers (two of whom have actually transferred their loyalties to “True-Om” because there are more opportunities for getting on there). Leadership-12, Fast-Talk-12, Religious Ritual-11, Will-13.
- **Umbur Infang**, a hunter who’s discovered a nice new income trapping wild swamp dragons for sale to breeders in Ankh-Morpork, and who’s generally settled into the role of Mr. Swamp Dragon in every possible way, snaffling the role of representative of Chag Yuk almost by accident. Assorted hunting skills at 14, Merchant-12, Religious Ritual-8.

- **Mr. Raggard**, actually Mr. Fish's very similar neighbour and bitter rival, who's hatcheted his way into the position of representing Yomm despite not being much of a nuisance to anyone except Mr. Fish, so he can undermine "Old Fishy" any way he can. Boatbuilding and boating skills at 12, Stealth-10, Politics-10, Religious Ritual-9.

All of these five are much more likely to think about their personal concerns than those of the gods, though they do genuinely believe in a generic sort of way. The PCs are vaguely acquainted with Porlock and their respective chaplains – IQ rolls to be aware of specific details if they ask.

However, it's Porlock who takes the lead if and when any gods do actually manifest, explaining that some of the congregation have recently gone away from the village for some kind of frivolous reason that isn't clear to him – they wanted to "see the world" or something ridiculous - and *haven't all come back*. What's more, some of them have sent messages that look a bit worrying.

At this point, he can produce a couple of what the players will recognise as postcards – cheap two-tone prints of some kind of seaside village on one side, and on the other, an odd colourful square thing stuck on one corner, an address – <Name>, *Little Creeper Swamp, Near Clathering Halt, The Netherglades* – and a hand-scrawled note. Each of these notes has (suspiciously) similar wording.

Dear <Mother/Sister/Parents/Whatever>, Having a lovely time here in Quiremouth, weather fine, enjoying making sandcastles. Food not bad, but not as good as swamp crabbies. Also, I have found a new and important system of theological devotion, and I will be staying here a little longer while I commit myself totally to the One True Faith. Wish you were here, Your Ever-Loving <Whoever>

That's about as much as anyone here knows. If the PCs suggest talking to someone who *has* come back from Quiremouth, one of the chaplains will lean out of the door and send a runner to fetch **Old Jimsy** and **Verasta Olden**, two middle-aged villagers who'll have a little difficulty communicating because their response to a bunch of irritated-looking deities will be to fall on their faces on the temple floor. Intimidating them will be a bit counter-productive, because they feel worried that they were somewhat impressed by the preaching of the faith of the True-Om, and will say that they heard about some kind of evil preaching going on in the town, but they had nothing to do with it. However, if handled moderately carefully, they'll say that some of the holidaymakers heard about some kind of preaching by Wrong Gods, and they got dragged along to some big tent thing, where a preacher-man got up and gave an awful good speech – which some silly folks may have been impressed by, though they weren't, so they left soon.

Detect Lies or Psychology may discern that actually, they were quite impressed. They're still on board with the Five Gods, but there's a potential threat here. If anyone asks, incidentally, they stayed at **Mrs. Gruntbloom's Lodging House**, which was "alright, though you have to wipe your feet when you come in".

So the PCs will have to do something about this. They may talk about sending more worshippers along, but then Porlock will look embarrassed; he's already sent a couple of people – and a few days later, they sent a couple of those postcards. (Actually, this is the snag with religious devotees. They're remarkably easy to switch over to another flavour of fanaticism.) Plus, yellowberry gathering time is coming up, and some big ceremonies – so sending large groups or any of the priests would be a bad idea. It's possible to insist on the village sending a couple of sturdy lads – **Suth** and **Horm**, both ST 12, DX 10, IQ 8, HT 10, Brawling-11 – but if there's a supernatural issue here, it looks like it's down to the PCs. Taking the Reverend Porlock would be a bad idea, weakening the faith of many villagers, and he'll quietly have a private word if anyone suggests taking any of the chaplains, because he

doesn't actually think they're likely to be very resistant to the Powers Of Evil, and losing them would be disastrous.

Getting to Quiremouth

The PCs might think about flying or astral-walking to Quiremouth, but it's at least a hundred miles away even as the crow flies, so that would be a long and tiring trip; they've never felt the need to master long-range teleportation. Hopefully, somebody will think to ask how the villagers got there. Which is when the TL3 deities get introduced to the concept of a railway train.

The relevant halt is at **Clathering Halt**, about five miles from Little Creeper Swamp. One or more of the chaplains can accompany the gods at least that far, if pushed; anyway, several of the gods have Area Knowledge for the vicinity, which makes finding their way trivial. The villagers are at least vaguely aware that three or four trains a day stop there while going in the right direction. If anyone thinks to ask about cost, return tickets cost a few dollars per person; the temple can raise this by imposing a special tithe on the villagers, though Porlock will have to convince them that this is necessary; some divine interventions might help...

The Halt consists of a couple of small wooden huts with signs indicating that they are the Ticket Office and "Thomis Cater, Travel Agent", another small wooden building with an intricate mechanism atop it (actually a small clacks station, operated by Railway employees), a booth with an awning occupied by someone selling stewed tea and stale buns, and a slightly damp wooden platform alongside the iron tracks. The clerk will *not* give discounts to self-proclaimed deities, and is a good Omnian. The Thomis Cater agent is open to good business ideas, but is even more dedicated to turning a profit; if anyone demands to know where he's sending people in Quiremouth, his answer is "Mrs. Gruntbloom's Lodging House". The tea seller is actually a semi-lapsed devotee of Mother G'zarr, but doesn't have much spare cash. Of course, there's absolutely nothing to stop the PCs slipping aboard a train while insubstantial and invisible, except possibly their sense of dignity.

A train will arrive a couple of hours after the PCs arrive at the Halt. The PCs can board easily enough, but if they try throwing their divine weight around while on board, they will fail, and the train crew are totally immune to their powers. It may take a little effort to identify the source of the problem, but the engine is the vessel of a very powerful but barely sentient spirit which *looks after its own*. Hence, if the PCs interact with any of the assorted humans and dwarfs on board, they will do so as humans – and humans with the look of backwoods peasants.

The trip to Quiremouth takes about three and a half hours, passing first through swamps, then through pine forests with glimpses of the sea, then through a wine-growing area (where pretty well everything is under the erratic protection of Bibulous, God of Wine, and the train stops fairly frequently to pick stuff up, including wine for the passengers to drink), before it slides into the small, pretty fishing village of Quiremouth.

Quiremouth

A small fishing village turned seaside resort, population 120 plus visitors; the PCs arrive is something of an off-season, although there are a few visitors wandering on the beach, eating sweet confections that look like pink clouds or fried fish wrapped in back copies of the *Ankh-Morpork Times*, paddling in the rather chilly sea, and so on.

Lodging Houses: There is also a row of painted guest-houses along the seafront; Mrs. Gruntbloom's is one of these. She's a stern seaside landlady whose main pleasure in life seems to be telling visitors

to wipe their feet. If she's asked about what's been happening to visitors from Little Creeper Swamp, all she can say is that some of them seem to have been taking an interest in the "so-called travelling preacher" in "that oversized tent outside town". None of them stayed too long with her, though; when their bookings ran out, they just left.

She isn't impressed with that preacher, though – and she did go along to see him once. Her bitter conservatism and lack of true passion actually makes her immune to Creeply's preaching. (Will 13 and Indomitable.) She's a devoutly ultra-conventional Omnian who attends weekly services in "the chapel"; she doesn't think much of the priest there, "but at least he doesn't get over-excited". She can give directions there...

The Chapel is easy to find by asking or even just strolling around at random; it serves the community's general religious needs, such as they are. It's consecrated to Om, and the PCs really should respect it accordingly. If they venture inside – which they can without obvious trouble – they get a kind of cold feeling; on an IQ+2 roll, they can work out that the belief of their worshippers isn't reaching them here. This is no problem in the short term, but staying here for days would be seriously dangerous. It has a single priest in residence; **The Reverend Valerian Lollmartin**.

Play this guy as a stereotyped Church of England wannabe-cool young vicar with slightly too sophisticated theological ideas. The local believers have doubts about him, but he seems nice and clearly means well. His understanding of other gods is that they *exist*, and one shouldn't pick fights with them, but exactly what they *are* is uncertain. Actually, his view of Om is similar, except that he mentally puts Om on a higher level. Hence, if the PCs come on to him as deities, he'll be *fascinated*; he's never actually spoken with a god before, and just because he's speaking with the wrong ones doesn't make this less interesting. In particular, he's likely to challenge them with the question that, if they claim to be deities, what's their answer to the Problem of Evil? He has Theology (Omnian)-13, Theology (Comparative)-11, Public Speaking-12, and Will-12.

He does of course know about the Tabernacle of True-Om, which he regards as a bit of an embarrassment – as he'll admit if pushed a very little, although he'll initially be hesitant. He personally feels that anything that brings more people to church is a Good Thing (Psychology roll to realise that he's a bit jealous there), but the, well, *enthusiasm* of "High Brother Creeply" is a little unnerving, and he can't escape the fact that the doctrines of the Temple of True-Om Triumphant have been officially declared, well, *heretical* by an Omnian Bishop. Which means that he himself can't actually attend any services there.

Lollmartin will be of limited help initially, but if the PCs, say, inform him of the details of Creeply's preaching, he'll be increasingly clear in his own mind that this isn't actually Omnianism. It's quite possible that Creeply and his followers don't believe in Om as such at all. It *is* possible to believe in the same deity in different, even contradictory forms – modern Omnian theology is clear on that – but specifically denying the validity of another form is just too disruptive. Which might get the PCs wondering where that belief is *actually* going.

The Tabernacle of True-Om

The marquee is on one of the lanes leading out of the village along the chalk cliffs, set up in a cliffside field which Creeply is renting from a farmer he hornswoggled into giving him a low price. There are now a cluster of other tents beyond it; Creeply is accumulating a decent-sized congregation, who he likes to keep close to hand, at least to begin with. (Yep, it's turning into a bit of a cult compound.) Wandering around the field is mostly easy – Creeply relies on mind control to keep his followers in line, and is too cheap to pay for security – but the marquee is another question.

Creeply is a modestly competent magic-worker who has his efforts boosted by demonic aid, which in turn draws on the belief of his congregation – so he’s got a low-end warding around the entire tent. For any PC to enter, in material or spirit form, requires success in a quick contest of Will vs. the ward’s effective skill of 13. Failures permit another attempt after 10 seconds, but at a cumulative -1 to Will, and any critical failure triggers a Fright Check at -4. If the ward gets a critical success, you get a *Forbidden Planet* crackling energy outline around the PC. Meanwhile, succeed or fail, Creeply will become aware of the incursion, which may cause him to send a bunch of his people round to see what’s going on, or more likely give a sermon full of stuff about “Evil Walking Among Us”; he’ll even have a bit where he says “look at your neighbour; is that the face of Evil you see?”

Getting divine powers (including dematerialisation or rematerialisation) to work inside, into, or against the ward requires another quick contest on the same basis. If the PCs ask, this might be the sort of thing you’d get from a divine temple, but you’d normally only expect that sort of resistance to other divinities from a serious permanent establishment. The players may have cause to note that it’s a lot tougher for them than the effects associated with the chapel in town – and this is just a tent...

Alastor Creeply is short, middle-aged, bald, and broad-shouldered, but not strong, with a taste for basic black that can just about pass as “priestly”. He can get various Summonation and Psychomancy effects to work, with skill mostly around 13, but all but the simplest require a ritual working and the backing of his demon allies. He does have Public Speaking-13, Intimidation-11, Thaumatology-13, Occultism-13, and Hidden Lore (Demon Lore)-11. In emergencies, he can try hitting mortals with a Mental Illusion (p. 210) of a wrathful angel, with a skill of 11, then run a contest of his IQ 12 against the target’s Will-3 to make it convincing, but he can only get two of these working before he runs out of oomph, and note that a second casting is at -1 while the first is running. He’s sneaky, smug, selfish, and slightly overconfident.

If the PCs do attend a service in the marquee, they’ll notice that Creeply begins by getting the audience to engage in some simple chants of “Praise the True-Om!”; on a Per roll, they can see that he’s muttering something under his breath. Another Per roll at +2 will note that, by the time that Creeply launches into his sermon, the congregation is *remarkably* slack-jawed and focused on him, a state that persists until some time after the end of the service. Actually, he’s used a Psychomancy spell to render them hypnotically gullible. Then, he launches into a sermon – routine in itself, and delivered with a noticeable lack of conviction. (Creeply is frankly bored of this routine by now, so he’s leaning on the magic.) Still, some members of the congregation seem very enthused.

Then comes the highlight of the service, as Creeply demands that that the congregation beg that “The True-Om send his messenger among us!” As the suckers chant “The Messenger! The Messenger!”, another Per roll will pick up some more muttering from Creeply, and then he waves his hands...

If Yomm is present, roll some dice, but actually this is an automatic recognition for him; pass his player a note saying “*That looks remarkably like standard portal to Hell, of the sort that follows a Summoning spell.*” What everyone sees is a red glowing disc in the air behind Creeply. Then something comes through; it looks like a set of interlocking bronze wheels, around 6’ in diameter, each with number of eyes round the rim, spinning through and around each other in an utterly confusing way, all while swathed in a flickering lilac glow. Again, now or later, Yomm gets a fake roll and an automatic note; “*You KNOW that sickly purple glow; it looks like this is a Krankomorph – a breed of low-rent demon who like messing about with weird shapes!*”

In fact, **Zomzolgrau the Krankomorph** is here to inspire and harvest a wave of belief in True-Om, although it and two others which Creeply can summon may eventually get into a brawl with some of the PCs. Being a demon rather than a god, it tends to get trapped in material form while on the Disc; this form is quite hard to hurt, being made of brass, but kind of fragile – if any significant damage gets through to it, it loses track of which bits of itself it needs to be folding through extradimensional space just now, and starts going to pieces like an overwound clock that’s been hit by a hammer. It’s really quite feeble, but its job here is really as a special effect rather than a serious monster.

Krankomorphs: ST 12, DX 10, IQ 8, HT 9, HP 12; DR 5; Move 10 (rolling); No Blood or Vitals, No Manipulators, Unliving (see p. 183 for damage mods), Bad Temper (6), Unnaturally Fragile (automatically fails HT rolls to stay alive), Vulnerability (2x damage from Crushing and Lighting); 360° Vision, and can perceive the spirit plane – which allows them to see immaterial beings, and to recognise spirits in material form as such

Attack: Slam (10) for 1d cr, and the victim must roll vs. DX, at -4 if facing away from the attack, to avoid being knocked down, after which the demon can bounce up and down on them for 1d+1 damage/round – defence rolls are possible, but at -3 if lying or -2 if kneeling; attacks are -4 if lying or -2 if kneeling. Change Posture precludes attacking.

Special Defence: If hit with a weapon, get Quick Contest of their ST 12 vs. the wielders – if they win, the weapon gets caught in the contrarotating wheels and snatched away. If hit bare-handed, attacker takes 1d-3 cr (minimum 0), representing getting their hands or feet caught in the wheels.

The Krankomorphs won’t recognise Yomm – there’s no reason why they should – but he doesn’t know that.

Zomzolgrau: HP 5

Jogjomrid: HP 5

Tragtrog huk: HP 5

Note that fights are likely to take place near a cliff edge, with possibilities for clever tactics there.

Problems and Solutions

The PCs have to determine that True-Om doesn’t exist and his “angels” are actually demons, and may convince enough of his followers of this to cause the collapse of the cult scam. At the very least, they need to convince enough of his congregation, preferably including their own former worshippers, to turn away from True-Om. The snag is, they’re largely de-powered inside the Tabernacle, and so long as they think that True-Om may be a real deity, they can’t go chucking lightning bolts around too freely.

They might in principle challenge Creeply head on, on his own ground, but he has a lot of advantages there. Even if they can provoke one or more of his “angels” to fight them outside the Tabernacle, some of the worshippers are likely to join in against the PCs. However, they have access to one or even two useful potential allies.

The Reverend Lollmartin may seem a bit feeble, but he is a sincere if over-sophisticated Omnian, with enough knowledge to assess Creeply’s theology as fairly barking and incoherent. He also has some basic training in theology and demonology, and if he formally sanctifies a space, neither demons nor the demonic enhancements to Creeply’s power can get in there. (The Chapel is already covered.) He can’t call down the power of Om, but he can provide useful advice as needed.

Mrs. Gruntbloom is functionally immune to Creeply's tricks (though he might in principle whip up a Psychomantic illusion that could affect her), and she can come and go safely from the True-Om services. She'll also tear a verbal strip off anyone blaspheming Om.

There are also various former followers of the PCs among the converts, including two former wannabe-priestesses of N'frerra; **Froolea** and **Iffilmea**. These two teenage girls could be rather easily swayed by promises of authority back home (IQ/Will 9); this would overcome their interest in Creeply's cult, which is really just adolescent annoyance. They can't do much, but can report on cult doctrines and procedures among the converts, create distractions, and generally be annoying.

Just acting all divine at the converts won't convince anyone sufficiently; Creeply will just tell his followers that they should shelter in the Tabernacle from these Manifestations of Evil. However, calling out Creeply might force his hand. Once the PCs are 100% sure that he isn't protected by any other god, they can even just lightning-bolt him – but there's a slight danger that martyring him could have weird consequences, so it may be better to, say, give Lollmartin some behind-the-scenes support while he out-argues Creeply. But basically, it's a matter of letting the PCs come up with a plan and then running with it.