

Character Profile: The Cultist

- **Occupation:** Researcher and acolyte of the lost lore of The Others

Core Identity

He is a devout member of the Pilgrims of the Depths who knows the truth of their teachings firsthand. The artifact in his hold isn't a rumor or belief—it's proof. Everything his sect preached was real, and he is the one who found it. His purpose now is simple and absolute: bring it home, show them, and let the proof speak for itself. Nothing else matters as much as that.

Psychological Profile

- **Primary motivation:** Return home with the artifact intact.
- **Secondary drive:** Stay close to the levers of power, to observe and influence as needed.
- **Blind spot:** Does not realize the artifact cannot traverse the Gate, the artifact drains gate energy so that a stable portal cannot be formed. His goal is impossible, but he has not computed that fact.
- **Behavioral tone:** Polite, but obviously self-centered and self-important. Keeps a cool if not smug demeanor unless the hauler or its artifact is threatened. He is not a truth giver, nor does he seek to inform the uninitiated the secrets he has at his fingertips.

Relationship Map

- **Commander:** The cultist gravitates toward authority. He recognizes the Commander's position as the real center of control and keeps close, framing respect as loyalty. It's partly habit—discipline learned from the Pilgrimage—and partly calculation. Influence flows from proximity.
- **Technician:** He keeps her at arm's length. Her optimism and constant questions wear on him, reminders of the kind of curiosity that unravels faith. He doesn't trust her motives but understands how people like her think—and that makes her useful. If she believes she's doing “the right thing,” she can be steered.
- **Medic:** He doesn't know her and doesn't need to. As long as she stays in the medbay and out of his way, there's no problem. She's irrelevant to his work and he intends to keep it that way.
- **Player (Clerk):** He sees the clerk as capable but naïve. They've shared danger, and the player has saved his life more than once, but respect from him comes slow. He finds them

interesting—a rare spark in the noise—but still assumes he's the smarter one. Trust is conditional, curiosity limited, and whatever connection there is feels like an ember that would need delicate tending.

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