

Brosiapods

Description: appears similar to a single-serving coffee pod, and can indeed be used in standard single-serve coffee brewer. Someone opening the pod will find a small collection of sticky, honey-colored beads instead of coffee. The scent is indescribably wonderful; so is the taste.

Effects: drink a cup. Huzzah! You won't age for the next twenty four hours. Or get sick. You should be healing much faster, too.

Basically, Brosiapods are in fact ambrosia, straight from the Greek Gods. Oh, it's cut with honey and fiddled with to make it soluble in hot water, but a Brosiapod is a straight-up microdose of immortality. And there are no hidden costs, either: stop drinking a cup every day, and all that happens to you is that you start aging again. Drink a whole box's worth of the pods, and there's no extra benefit. At this level, you won't even have your blood replaced with ichor!

So what's the problem? The problem is that there's an entire warehouse of the stuff, being prepared right now to get distributed to every big-box retailer in the United

States. Because apparently the Greek gods are trying to stage a comeback. Or else their essential nature as petty, vindictive jackwagons is expressing itself again. Either way, that warehouse needs to be secured, and preferably burned to the ground. I can hardly tell you of the chaos that would hit if half the country got to literally taste immortality for a month, **and no longer**, right?

What? No, the Secret Masters **don't** do the immortality thing. Too much of a zero-sum game, and it made assassination of one's superiors into practically a public service. Besides, there's an afterlife, hey? Quite a few, in fact. So you just find one convenient to you that has the celestial equivalent of good network coverage.

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