

Weird Cults of the Americas

A journal written about different fringe groups in locations around the remnants of the United States. Written by Tarron Freeman, an investigative journalist based in San Bernardino. Collected by Bernard Wu, Head researcher on fringe philosophical groups.

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While I was traveling through the Magical Wastes on my way to investigate the demonic cult activity in Atlantic City, I found another weird cult that was worth my interest. In a small village called Wyrmswood, about 50 miles north of the Well, there's an urban legend of a huge reptilian creature. Locals call it the "Wyrms," which is an ancient term used to refer to Acid spitting flying monsters, similar to Shocking Dragons, but without any legs. While no one has been able to prove that this creature actually exists, locals still believe that it hides in the caves outside of town, due to the acidic fumes that pour out of the entrance. During my time spent at the Wyrms' Grove, the local bar in town, I learned that there were a few people who had tried to enter the cave to find evidence of the Wyrms, and breathed in the fumes from the cave. This caused them to "lose touch with reality," choosing to remain in the cave and worship this Wyrms. I chose to avoid this path, staying as far from the cave as I could, but luckily one of these cultists left the cave, and entered town to barter for supplies. I offered this cultist, who I will call Carl, several canned goods from my personal supply, and struck up a conversation. I told them I was curious about their Wyrms, and wanted to learn more. Surprisingly, Carl was very open about the cult and its belief system. He told me that they call themselves "The Tears of the Wyrms." Apparently, on a quiet night, sounds like soft wails can be heard from the cave, and the cultists believe that these sounds come from the Wyrms, mourning some form of loss. They believe that if they find the Wyrms in the cave, that they will be able to use its power to cure the damage that the acidic fumes have done to their body. He offered to bring me back to the cave, so that I may meet other members, but I politely declined this offer. Carl then started to get angry, raising his voice slowly, and I took that as a cue to leave before he became even more agitated. After speaking to more of the locals, it seems like the cult is rather disliked by most, as it's believed that they are tied to a string of disappearances. One resident I talked to told me that she believed that she saw her brother, who disappeared back in 2022, walking around town confused, but he ran away from her before she was able to talk to him, so she wasn't entirely sure it was him. I finished up my business after learning this, wrote up and emailed this report to my publisher, and left town as soon as I could. While I may have been able to learn more about this odd and eccentric group, I decided to take the risks seriously and leave before I could get myself into any trouble.