

In Nomine

REVELATIONS III

Heaven and Hell



STEVE JACKSON GAMES



IN NOMINE

Heaven AND Hell

Revelations III

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TWO COURTS

In Heaven, Judgment Never Rests . . .

Among the many spires where the Seraphim Council meets is one where angels fear to tread. The Spire of Decision, the place of final reckoning. Only the prosecutors of the Divine Inquisition speak here, pronouncing judgment upon one of the Host.

On this day, a single angel knelt in the blinding light that shines perpetually on the center of the chamber. She was young and beautiful, created in the image of God, for she was a Mercurian, whose celestial form was a perfect reflection of humanity.

Dominic himself was the judge this day. Towering over her, his presence filled the chamber. The angel could not find the courage to lift her eyes to look upon the Archangel, but she did not tremble.

Opposite Dominic, Archangel Michael permitted himself a grim smile. "Well done, my servant," he thought. "Whatever happens, don't show fear." She would submit to whatever judgment was passed on her. Michael had spoken on her behalf earlier, but even he did not dare speak now.

"Apphiael, Angel of War, you stand accused of consorting with the enemy. Furthermore, you stand accused of engaging in an unholy tryst, and spawning offspring without the knowledge or consent of your Archangel."

"You have acknowledged your guilt on both charges, and you have thrown yourself on divine mercy."

Perhaps Michael made the slightest sound then, something that might, anywhere else, have been taken for a snort. And perhaps one eye rose ever so slightly from the darkness of Dominic's cowl and peered suspiciously at the other Seraph. If so, neither acknowledged the exchange.

Michael was angry. He had been furious at Apphiael when she confessed to him, but he had tried to protect her from the Inquisition, believing his own punishment would be harsh enough. Nonetheless, Dominic's minions had discovered her and brought her to trial, and even Michael could not oppose the laws of the Seraphim Council.

When Dominic spoke again, his words were engraved by an unseen hand on the white marble wall to his right.

"Apphiael, your crime is unmitigated by circumstances, and you sinned of your own free will.

However, your Archangel speaks on your behalf, you confessed freely, and your contrition is genuine."

"Your punishment shall be the stripping of all your Corporeal Forces, none to be regained for a period of thirty-four years; two for every year you spent on Earth. Furthermore, at the end of this period, you will return to the corporeal plane with a Triad of Judgment, for the purpose of locating the child you and your demon consort sired. You will execute their sentence."

Apphiael bowed her head lower, while Michael remained expressionless. Inwardly, both were relieved. It could have been far worse.

In Hell, Judgment Is a Game . . .

Asmodeus' Principality is shunned by most demons, but there is one place in Hades more feared than any other place in Hell: the Hall of Inquisitors. Few demons brought here ever emerge, and fewer still emerge intact.

On this day, a Shedite of Lust writhed and trembled before the Prince of the Game, trying to compact itself into as small a form as possible. Asmodeus stood as tall and rigid as an impaler's spike, his yellow eyes blazing down upon the demon. Behind him Prince Andrealphus affected disdain, examining his nails, but inwardly he seethed. The plan had been brilliant, and Carpus had executed it perfectly . . . until he was caught. Andrealphus spared one glance at his Servitor, and a red-hot stare from beneath an arched eyebrow said, "Betray me, and you'll experience the other side of pleasure."

"Do you continue to insist that your initial crime of consorting with the Host was your own idea?" Asmodeus' voice was like a coiled whip, unleashed with a brutal crack.

"Yes, Prince Asmodeus," the Shedite murmured.

"And you continue to insist it was the angel who facilitated the procreation," Asmodeus grated, gnashing his teeth. "Seducing an angel is one thing, but I don't believe even one of Prince Andrealphus' most . . . accomplished servants could entice an angel into a fruitful union."

"You give me and my Servitors too little credit, Prince Asmodeus," Andrealphus cooed, but turned silent when the other Prince turned and stared him down.

"It . . . it was all her doing!" the Shedite stammered. "She wanted offspring, she said her Archangel wouldn't



allow it, and no other angel would conspire with her, she . . .”

“Silence.” Asmodeus didn’t raise his voice, but the command was as effective as if he’d screamed it. He gazed deeply into Carpus’ celestial form – to the place where the Shedite’s nascent progeny simmered, an inchoate glimmer of Forces.

“You are guilty of a capital crime,” Asmodeus said, quite casually, but his next words stilled the Shedite’s gibbering. “However, we certainly wouldn’t want to waste this unexpected blessing, would we?” His question was

directed more at the Prince of Lust than at Carpus. Neither responded.

“You, Carpus, will have your Forces separated and then added to those of your offspring. The product will be Bound into a corporeal body.” He smiled. “I rather imagine that eventually, the Host will come looking for you. That should provide . . . opportunities.”

Asmodeus continued to smile as Carpus was dragged off wailing. Andrealphus sauntered away with a smirk. Opportunities, indeed.

SUPERIORS



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SUPERIORS

DOMINIC

ARCHANGEL OF JUDGMENT

"The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."
— Psalms 19:9

Archangel of Judgment and chief of the Celestial Inquisition, Dominic is a power to be reckoned with in the councils of Heaven. Disliked by many and feared by all, he is tireless in his efforts to weed out any signs of weakness or imperfection among the Host. He is among the highest of the Seraphim, but he cloaks his shining form in dark robes that add to his sinister air.

HISTORY

Dominic gained his Word long before the Fall. For thousands of years he was the Angel of Judgment, in charge of helping his fellow celestials know right from wrong. It was an easy job, and if any angel judged wrongly, all Dominic had to do was point out the mistake. For what member of the Host would wish to do anything but what was right?

Then something happened which shattered Dominic's world. The Angel of Judgment had noticed that the Archangel Lucifer had been acting strangely. In several instances he appeared to have deliberately chosen to do the wrong thing. It took Dominic a little time to work up enough courage to correct an Archangel's judgment, and finally he decided to send one of his underlings to inform the Lightbringer of his error. The Servitor – an angel called Asmodeus – reported back that Lucifer was aware of his unusual behavior, and that there was a reason for it that would be revealed soon. Asmodeus spoke the truth: Lucifer's rebellion began a few days later.

A full third of the Host went over to the enemy, including many of Dominic's oldest and closest friends. His chief underling, Asmodeus, turned out to be a traitor, seduced by Lucifer. Dominic himself was approached by the Lightbringer as the rebellion began, and the Archangel Lucifer tempted the Angel Dominic with promises of power and authority. As Demon of Judgment, he would sit in a place of honor, assigning punishments to the damned. For a moment, Dominic wavered. But he wasn't Angel of Judgment for nothing – his Word flared up within him, and the lowly Word-bound angel told the shining Archangel "No!"



COLLABORATION WITH THE FALLEN

Everybody in Heaven knows about it – next to Eli's latest party it's the most common subject of gossip among the Host. Dominic and his angels are stubbornly silent on the topic, which only fuels more speculation. Whisper it, now: Dominic's angels cooperate with demons!

It's true. Though it only happens rarely, and even then under very special circumstances, Dominic's angels have teamed up with Diabolicals serving Asmodeus.

Needless to say, the circumstances must be extremely serious. An ordinary Fallen angel or Outcast demon isn't enough; Dominic's agents can handle those perfectly well by themselves. Only something that threatens both Heaven and Hell is likely to cause cooperation – a renegade Archangel or Prince, the mysterious activities of the Grigori or perhaps some plot among the old pagan deities dwelling in the Marches.

The first collaboration between Dominic and Asmodeus involved the attempt by Makatiel, the Demon Prince of Disease, to exterminate humanity by unleashing the Black Death. Asmodeus' agents led Dominic's forces to the elusive and quite insane demon, and after an epic battle Makatiel was destroyed.

Cooperation of this sort is always a delicate balancing act; both sides are alert for treachery, and both usually have multiple levels of hidden agendas. Even during the hunt for Makatiel, the demons neglected to mention that the Prince of Plagues had concocted some germs capable of infecting the vessels of Celestials. Fortunately Dominic had been forewarned of this possibility by Yves and was able to avoid an epidemic among the servants of Heaven.

When face-to-face negotiations are needed, Dominic and Asmodeus generally meet in the Deep Marches, where they cannot be observed by either Blandine or Beleth. More often they communicate via agents on Earth.

God raised Dominic to Archangel rank soon after the Fall. Since that day, Dominic has striven mightily to keep Heaven pure of the taint of corruption and to foil the plans of Lucifer on Earth. The new Archangel of Judgment organized his Servitors into an Inquisition to root out any in Heaven who might yet succumb to temptation.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Dominic has felt temptation himself, and he knows how seductive Lucifer's promises can be. If even the Angel of Judgment could waver, nobody's loyalty can be absolutely certain. All of his relations with fellow celestials are colored by Dominic's lack of trust in others.

Since emotional ties to others are a potential vulnerability, Dominic is distant. He has withdrawn from those who were once dear to him and discourages intimacy. He cannot allow himself the luxury of friends or lovers, because that might impair the correctness of his judgment. A loved one could betray him, so he has none. For Dominic the world consists only of enemies, temporary allies and useful tools.

He abhors gray areas and subjective opinions. As Archangel of Judgment it is his nature to categorize things neatly as Good or Evil. To Dominic, nothing else is possible. Where others see shades of gray, he sees only black and white. Since the world is so simple and clear-cut to Dominic, he is gravely upset when others disagree with him. It is simply not in him to "agree to disagree" or to accept the validity of multiple points of view. There are only two sides to every question: Dominic's side and the wrong side. Even other Seraphim seem hopelessly muddled to Dominic on occasion, much as humans seem to the Seraphim.

Because Dominic distrusts nearly everyone, he paradoxically has an easier time dealing with outright enemies than with his allies. After all, an ally might secretly be a traitor, but with an obvious enemy you know where you stand. That is how Dominic has been able to maintain a tenuous line of communication with the Diabolicals.

Dominic hates to have anyone free of supervision. His Servitors are organized into a complex hierarchy with checks and cross-checks built into the system so that treason cannot be concealed. Angels – or humans – who operate alone are always vulnerable to temptation, so Dominic has very few solo agents. His servants work in teams of three so that they can monitor each other. Often team members are picked at random to make sure that they aren't part of a conspiracy. Even so, the Archangel checks up on his minions regularly with unannounced visits.

PRIORITIES

Dominic has become totally obsessed with the process of the War, often to the exclusion of its ultimate end. Perhaps he cannot imagine a state of affairs in which his job would be over.

In the conduct of the War, Dominic handles defense and counterintelligence. Other Superiors may carry the fight to the enemy; the Celestial Inquisition roots out signs of infiltration and subversion within the Host.

Dominic is most concerned with making sure all angels are obedient and free of corruption. His secondary priority is to detect and foil Diabolical plots on Earth. Finally, Dominic and his minions work to promote the Word of Judgment.

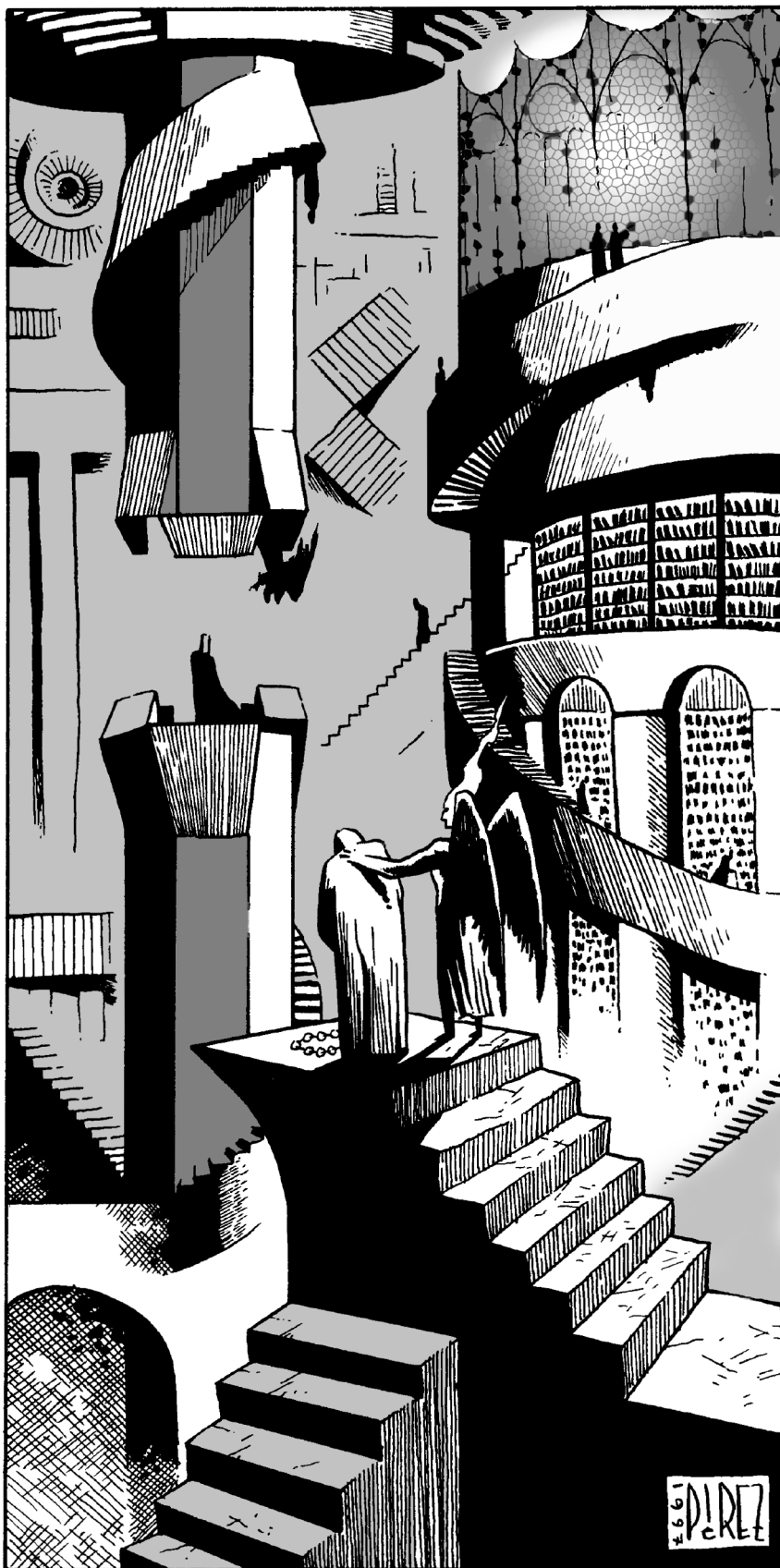
The Word of Judgment

Dominic's basic Word is that of Judgment. Judgment is what allows all beings to choose between Good and Evil. With the coming of the War, Dominic has had to expand the scope of his Word. Now he not only judges good and evil, he actively hunts the wicked and punishes them.

But the basic nature of judgment remains dear to Dominic's heart. Besides simply tracking down the Fallen, his minions also work to help humans refine and develop their own sense of right and wrong. In this aspect he is the patron Archangel of judges and police on Earth and of all those who fight for justice.

Another aspect of Dominic's Word is the resolution of disputes. That was his original function, in fact – teaching humans how to resolve their differences peacefully. A small group of Dominic's older Servitors have Words of their own based on that function. The Angel of Mediation, the Angel of Arbitration and the Angel of Negotiation still do their best to teach humans how to judge which side of a dispute is correct.

It is important to note that Dominic is far more concerned with justice than with law. He and his Servitors respect human laws only insofar as the laws actually promote justice. Laws which are just and fair should be obeyed, but unjust laws can and should be ignored. By the same token, Dominic



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DOMINIC

hates for those who serve him to take refuge in legalisms or other tactics better suited to Asmodeus and his demons. That is why Dominic's tethers are in courtrooms and not law firms or legislatures.

It should be remembered that Dominic's Word involves protecting the innocent as much as punishing the guilty. For the Archangel of Judgment, a wrongful conviction is as bad as letting the guilty go free – worse, in fact, for the guilty can be punished later, but it is impossible to unpunish the innocent.

This means that Dominic's Servitors had better get it right the first time.

POLITICS

The Archangel of Judgment truly wishes to remain aloof and impartial in the political power struggles of the other Superiors. But he can't help but become involved, especially since his investigations inevitably take on a political tinge. In fact, he is at the center of some of Heaven's bitterest disputes.

Dominic's lack of confidence in the loyalty or ability of others has led him to cast a suspicious eye at several of the other Archangels. His feud with Michael is best known. Michael's warrior ethic of individual glory sounded ominously similar to the promises Lucifer was making before the Fall. It wasn't that Dominic suspected Michael's loyalty, but that he feared weaker beings might be vulnerable if they followed Michael's example.

Naturally, Michael didn't take well at all to these accusations, and his indignation turned to rage when Dominic convened a formal trial and found Michael guilty of the sin of Pride. But Dominic's ruling was overturned by God Himself, and Michael retained his position as the greatest of the Archangels. Dominic accepted the Divine verdict calmly and since then has shown no special animosity toward Michael or his Servitors.

Eli is a more straightforward case. By abandoning his position, he has become nothing but a rebel. If he hasn't actually joined Lucifer's side, that doesn't alter the fact of his rebellion. Dominic wants to bring in Eli for a full-dress trial and settle his fate once and for all. The fact that other Superiors – including Yves, of all people – for some reason are protecting Eli makes Dominic quite uneasy.

Dominic's feelings about Gabriel are mixed, and that also disturbs him greatly. The two of them were once

closely associated, as Gabriel's function of punishing the cruel dovetailed nicely with Dominic's role as judge. (How close they were is the subject of much speculation, but nobody who knew them in the old days is talking.) But her ideas of justice gradually diverged from his as Gabriel protested some of the harsher acts committed in the name of law and order.

The final break came over the matter of Islam. Dominic opposed the creation of Islam, considering it a threat to his ideal of a universal Catholic Church. Despite the objections of several other Superiors, Yves and Gabriel went ahead with their plan and began dictating the Koran to the Prophet Muhammad. Dominic accused Gabriel of treason and began preparing a trial. But she refused to be judged and stormed angrily out of Heaven.

Yves did his best to calm the waters and exerted all his influence on Dominic to have the charges revoked. But Gabriel refused to return and became increasingly unstable as the decades passed. Dominic now maintains that Gabriel's madness makes her too dangerous to be wandering around loose, and he has repeatedly urged that she be confined for her own safety. But he has made no effort to bring her into custody himself. For now, Dominic is content to wait. Someday, Gabriel's madness will cause a major disaster, and then the other Archangels will *have* to agree with him.



EXPANDED RITES

Servitors of Dominic can use the following methods to regain Essence:

- Resolve a dispute fairly and impartially.
- Serve as referee at a sporting event.
- Spend four hours on patrol with police.
- Serve on a jury.
- Assist for four hours in drafting a new law which is fair and just.
- Prevent someone from committing a crime.
- Convince a wrongdoer to voluntarily confess his crimes and accept punishment (+2).
- Discover an injustice being done and correct it. (+3)

Janus and Dominic have never seen eye to eye. The anarchic, rebellious nature of the Archangel of Wind seems to embody everything that Dominic fights against. More of Janus' Servitors have been hauled before the Celestial Court than of any other Archangel. Dominic has been gathering evidence on Janus for centuries now, but so far hasn't found proof of anything that would justify a full-scale trial. He has been severely frustrated by the fact that he can't seem to plant any agents among Janus' followers.

He isn't hostile toward all the other Superiors, of course. Yves is probably the closest thing Dominic has to a friend, and the two consult frequently. The Archangel of Destiny is one of the very few who can persuade Dominic to change his mind. Dominic and Laurence work together often to foil Diabolical plots and are both staunch patrons of Christianity. They frequently grant attunements to each others' Servitors. Dominic also works well with David, as the Archangel of Stone's unshakeable loyalty is soothing.

Relations between Dominic and Jean are cordial, if distant. The two even share a couple of Servitors – the EloHITE Angel of Logic answers to both masters. But some of Jean's innovations have been tremendously annoying to Dominic. New technologies change the rules of society and make it possible for humans to come up with new ways to do wrong. Similarly, Dominic and Marc both understand the importance of fairness and following the rules, but Marc's insistence on complete freedom for markets sounds dangerously anarchic to Dominic.

Novalis, Jordi and Blandine all lie beyond the scope of Dominic's activities, and he has little to do with them. Their Words are outside the realm of law and justice, and of the three only Novalis is frequently seen in Heaven. Novalis and Dominic often clash in the councils of the Archangels – she delights in teasing Dominic for his overly serious attitude, while he grumbles that she behaves more like a new-fledged angel than one of the leaders of the Host.

This is how the other Archangels view Dominic:

Blandine: Dominic amuses me. He has spun his political webs for so long that he has become like a fat little spider waiting for flies instead of a shining angel of the War.

David: Dominic gets his job done. We've got to be strong and pure if we're going to win this fight, and he weeds out the weak and treacherous. I've heard some of the others griping about the way his servants are always snooping around. Tough. Better Dominic's agents than Lucifer's.

Eli: So many eyes, how can he be so blind? Such shining wings, why doesn't he fly? Such a beautiful voice, why doesn't he sing? Poor Dominic.



Gabriel: I have heard him call me mad. He would bind all with his chains of laws until Heaven is a frozen crystal realm. If any fire burns within him, it is a cold fire that gives no light. Better to be mad than cold and sane, a blind worm crawling in the dark.

Janus: He's too rigid, too static. He thinks justice is another word for punishment. You can't compel anyone to be good; they have to choose it for themselves.

Jean: Any system needs a feedback mechanism to prevent it from going out of control. Dominic is our regulator.

Jordi: I sometimes must smile at the way everyone takes Dominic so seriously. All the little paper laws he collects, all the solemn words he says – they are just a game for people. The true law is written in the genes, and all living things are under sentence of death from the moment they are born.

Laurence: Dominic? Dominic has a thankless task and performs it well. None of us likes to think that we are less than perfect or that someone we trust might be an enemy. Dominic knows that the enemy can come with an army – or as a whisper in the night. It is his job to hear the whispers.

Marc: He is strict but fair. He never contradicts himself. You always know exactly where you stand with Dominic. I like that. He gets a little paranoid at times, but with his job, who wouldn't? We may not see eye to eye all the time, but I'm glad to know Dominic's on the job.

Michael: Dominic is no warrior. Some of us battle in iron and blood against Lucifer and his brood, but Dominic just skulks around the Council Spires whispering soft accusations. Anything that doesn't fit his rules is automatically a sign of Hell's influence. He should look under his own robes once in a while and see the corruption hidden there.

Novalis: He has become obsessed with listening for the tiny notes of discord in the Symphony and can no longer appreciate the music itself. He needs to take a break, get a better perspective on things, maybe unwind a little. He's been looking at evil so long he's forgotten what good looks like.

Yves: Dominic is a paradox. His nature is to trust, but he must be suspicious. He is an idealist, who must be cynical. He seeks perfection by finding corruption. The conflicts are taking a toll on him, more than he knows. In him are the makings of tragedy.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

The following Servitor attunements can be taken by any of Dominic's angels at the usual cost. These attunements reflect some less well-known aspects of Dominic's Word.

Divine Mediation

Servitors with this attunement can end a dispute between two individuals by listening to the Symphony to tell which of them is in the wrong. Total the Ethereal Forces of the two disputants and subtract them from the Will of the Divine Mediator. The Mediator must make a d666 roll against the difference. Obviously, if the sum of Ethereal Forces is greater than the Mediator's Will, there is no effect. If the roll is successful, both disputants are under a Geas to abide by the Mediator's decision. The level of the Geas is equal to the check digit of the d666 roll.

Advocate

A Servitor with the Advocate attunement can attune himself to a human or celestial by expending 1 Essence and making a Perception roll. Once attuned, the Advocate can tell whether any statement made about the subject of the attunement is true by making a Perception roll. The subject does not have to be present once the Advocate is attuned. An Advocate can be attuned to a number of individuals equal to his Ethereal Forces.

OTHER DISTINCTIONS

Dominic has two special distinctions which he grants to his favored agents. These distinctions can be awarded to angels of any rank within Dominic's organization.



Inquisitor

Those honored by Dominic as his special Inquisitors have sweeping powers to seek out heretical angels. An Inquisitor can probe the memories of a human or a celestial, seeking evidence of past misdeeds either of the subject or of others. To successfully read someone's memories, the Inquisitor must expend 1 Essence and make a Will roll. The subject can resist by making a Will roll of his own. If the subject resists successfully, the Inquisitor cannot try again for a number of hours equal to the check digit of the subject's roll.



Warder

Dominic's Warders are the angels who are charged with holding prisoners, whether angels accused of crimes or captive demons. Warders can use their Will to compel a human or celestial to remain where he is. Several Warders can combine their Wills to hold especially powerful captives. Subtract the subject's Will from the combined Wills of the Warders attempting to restrain him. The Warders must make a d666 roll against the difference. If successful, the subject's feet are rooted to one spot, and he

A VISIT FROM DOMINIC

Portia had just gotten home from a grueling day at the Bureau. The team was working around the clock on the bombing investigation, and even her celestial stamina was starting to give out.

A sudden breeze ruffled the papers on her desk, and then there he was, tall and robed, peering at her with a dozen eyes from the darkness of his hood. (Or was it *her* hood?)

"Portia," Dominic whispered.

The young Cherub scrambled to her feet, thinking *Why now?* She said nothing, merely waited.

"Erael reports your work goes well." Dominic glided to the desk and turned over a few pages.

"I suspect the bombing was the work of Belial's servants and am looking for definite proof."

"And then?"

"The mortals in the Bureau can track down the human servants of evil. I will try to find the demon who inspired them."

"Try?"

"I *will* find the demon."

"Indeed. Erael also reports you have been seen with the Ofanite Liri."

Portia hesitated for a second. "He is assisting in my search."

"He is riddled with Discord. As one would expect from one who serves Fire."

There was a long silence, until Portia spoke again. "He has been very helpful."

"No doubt. And if he should transgress once more and lose the grace of his mad mistress?"

"I would bring him in for trial."

Dominic sighed. "You presume much, Portia. That duty is for others. Yours is merely to report the fact and continue with your assignment."

"I'm sorry, Archangel. I spoke without thinking."

"Always think. To act in haste is to allow emotions to interfere with reason. Meditate upon that." Portia expected her Superior to leave then, as he usually did, but the robed Archangel lingered for a moment, then spoke again. "It troubles you, does it not? The idea of betraying one who you call a friend?"

"I wouldn't want to see Liri harmed."

A whispery chuckle sounded somewhere deep inside the heavy robes. "What a tricky thing compassion is. By protecting him, you would only be doing him a greater harm."

"I don't understand."

The robed Seraph glided to the window and gazed out. "If you betray your friend, he would be tried in the Celestial Tribunal. If guilty, he would probably be sentenced to death – his forces unbound and scattered. That must seem a terrible thing to you."

Portia didn't know how to respond, and after a moment Dominic resumed. He turned to face her and slowly approached, the dozen burning eyes intent upon her. "But there are worse things than death. Imagine what could happen if you protect your friend and do not report if he is Outcast. He would wander the Earth, lost and friendless. Inevitably he would slip into the grasp of the Fallen and soon would join them. Instead of a clean death, he would become a foul servant of the Adversary, doomed to spend centuries undoing all he currently stands for. *That* is what your mercy would give him. Now do you understand, Portia?"

"I understand, Archangel. I won't fail you."

"Good." And with that, he was gone, leaving the room faintly smelling of incense.

DOMINIC'S TETHERS

Dominic's Tethers are either churches or courtrooms. The Temple in London is one; so are the Palais de Justice in Paris, the World Court building in The Hague and the Nuremburg Tribunal chamber.

In the United States, nearly all of Dominic's Tethers are courthouses, from the Supreme Court building in Washington down to Judge Roy Bean's saloon courtroom in west Texas. Servitors should note that by no means all courthouses are Tethers. Most are just buildings, and a few are even Tethers of Asmodeus!

The Supreme Court building is Dominic's most important Tether in America, and he is very protective of it. The Court's Seneschal is the angel Etecus, a Seraph of 21 Forces. Etecus is supported in turn by a small band of Soldiers of God, most of them serving in various law-enforcement agencies in Washington.

cannot leave by any means; neither can he use Songs or expend Essence *unless* he is attacked. The effect lasts as long as the Warder is present.

ORGANIZATION

Dominic's angels are among the most bureaucratic in Heaven. The rules and procedures are clearly established, and everything must go through proper channels. Angels report to their superiors and so on up to the Archangel of Judgment himself. Dominic's angels have no need to invoke him for ordinary matters – they can send their reports up the hierarchy.

Dominic's Cathedral, known as the Celestial Tribunal, is attached to the Council Spires. It is a labyrinthine complex of offices and chambers, full of busy angels hurrying about their master's business. Dominic's Chancery fills the basement, with records of judicial decisions and court proceedings both on Earth and in Heaven.

The Tribunal is where Dominic's Servitors conduct trials and hearings to ensure proper conduct by the other angels of the Host. The Celestial Inquisition has its Inquiry Rooms in the basements, where Warders and Inquisitors search the souls of the accused for the truth and where the guilty are punished.

At the center is Dominic's own courtroom, where the Archangel of Judgment sits as the chief judge of Heaven.





There are thousands of subordinate judges with authority over specific kinds of cases. Dominic himself hears the most important cases – trials of Archangels or disputes between them. Only God can overrule Dominic and He has not done so for centuries.

Starting characters in the service of Dominic are likely to have an overlord who gives them their assignments. Normal angels of 9 Forces generally report to 12-Force supervisors, who often have the Vassal of Conscience distinction. Some of these supervisory angels have a specific geographic territory, usually with about a million human inhabitants. Others – often those working toward gaining a Word – supervise angels associated with a particular subject or activity.

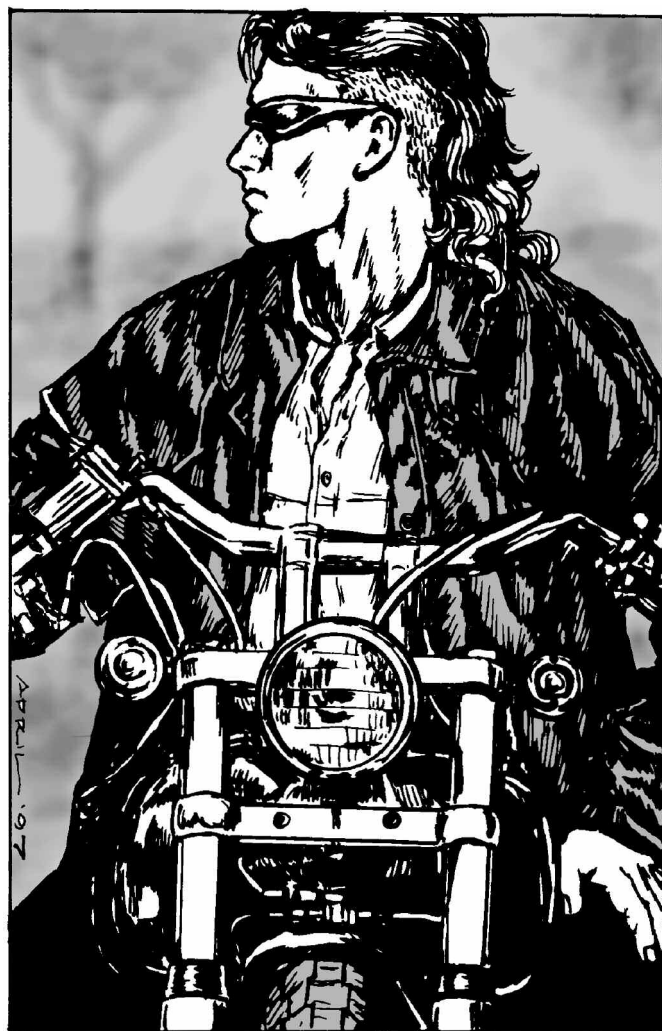
Dominic himself checks in with all his angels on a weekly basis as a way of monitoring the loyalty of his underlings. But he takes a dim view of angels who complain about their superior officers. Unless the angels have proof of definite wrongdoing by a supervisor, Dominic deals very severely with insubordination.

SERVITORS OF DOMINIC

Dominic has a use for all types of angels. Seraphim are his investigators – nearly all those with the Inquisitor distinction are Seraphim. Cherubim are most often found as Warders. Many Elohim serve under Dominic as judges, and he always keeps a staff of wise Elohite advisors nearby. Ofanim of Dominic seldom have patience for long investigations, but serve instead as warriors and spies. Malakim are Dominic's executioners, and he prizes them greatly for their incorruptibility. His Kyriotates are Dominic's undercover agents; because of their mutable nature, Dominic monitors Kyriotates very closely. Mercurians are often found as advocates or mediators in Dominic's service, protecting the innocent and resolving disputes rather than punishing evildoers.

When Dominic sends angels to investigate a fellow celestial, they go in a triad. This makes sure that no single traitor can let a fellow traitor under investigation go. It also ensures that the investigators are not moved by individual emotions. The makeup of a triad varies depending on the situation – certain cases require certain special abilities. One of the more common triads consists of a Seraph Inquisitor, a Cherub Warder and a Malakite executioner.

Some of the Word-bound Servitors of Dominic include the Angel of Swift Justice, the Angel of Police, the Angel of Restitution and the Angel of Investigations. By far the most impressive of Dominic's Servitors are Daniel and Hutriel, the two Angels of Final Justice,



who stand at the portals of Hell to make sure that only the damned enter. In sheer power, those two – a Malakite and a Cherub – are the equal of any Archangel, as several Diabolicals have learned to their very brief sorrow. Obviously two such potent Servitors right at the gates of the enemy camp must be perfectly loyal. Dominic contacts the two twice a week to see how they are doing.

The most feared of Dominic's angels are the elite group of Malakim known as the Monitors. They are charged with making sure that the agents of the Inquisition are all entirely loyal and incorruptible. The Monitors keep watch on other servants of Dominic exclusively, acting as the "Internal Affairs Bureau" for the angels of Judgment. Many of the Monitors have cover identities working in other branches of Dominic's organization while they seek out signs of corruption or infiltration.

Humans

The Archangel of Judgment has an extensive network of human Servitors on Earth. Dominic prefers to have his mortals serve as part of an organization, subject to monitoring and orders. His favorite group is the Roman Catholic Church, which has a well-defined hierarchy and many codified rules for proper behavior. Dominic, along with Laurence, is the patron of the Church and still dreams of the day when it encompasses all who are truly faithful.

The Purifiers are an organization of Soldiers of God within the Church; Dominic frequently makes use of them in his operations on Earth. They are probably the most powerful group of Soldiers currently active. Earlier such organizations within the Church included the Garduna, the Holy Vehm and the Knights Templar.

Given that the final breach between Dominic and Gabriel arose over the creation of Islam, it is ironic that Dominic has gradually come around to a grudging approval of that faith because of the strict emphasis on justice within Muslim societies.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF DOMINIC

GESTRIAN

Cherub Servitor of Dominic

Corporeal Forces – 3	Strength 5	Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 3	Intelligence 6	Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 3	Will 4	Perception 8

Vessel: Human/3

Role: Private Detective/3 (Status 2)

Skills: Detect Lies/1, Dodge/4, Driving/1, Lockpicking/2, Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol)

Songs: Form (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2), Motion (Celestial/2)

Attunements: Cherub of Judgment, Incarnate Law

Gestrian is a young Cherub, less than a century old. She is known to humans as Justine Pick, a private investigator. Her celestial abilities make her very good at handling the routine workload of a private detective – tracking down missing persons, acting as a bodyguard and gathering evidence. Her mandate from Dominic is to seek out signs of Diabolical activity and report them to Heaven. Gestrian is a fanatical devotee of detective stories, particularly the hard-boiled school, and she privately dreams of someday becoming the Angel of Gumshoes.

Gestrian is a balanced starting character.

FALENDRIC

Ofanite Inquisitor and Friend of Judgment

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Vessel: Human/3

Songs: Entropy (Celestial/5), Motion (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2, Celestial/2)

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Dodge/3, Driving/3, Escape/2, Fighting/2, Large Weapon/2, Ranged Weapon (Pistol)/2, Running/3, Tracking/1

Artifacts: Stunt Cycle/2

Attunements: Ofanite of Judgment, Heavenly Judgment, Malakite attunement of Dominic

Distinctions: Friend of Judgment, Inquisitor

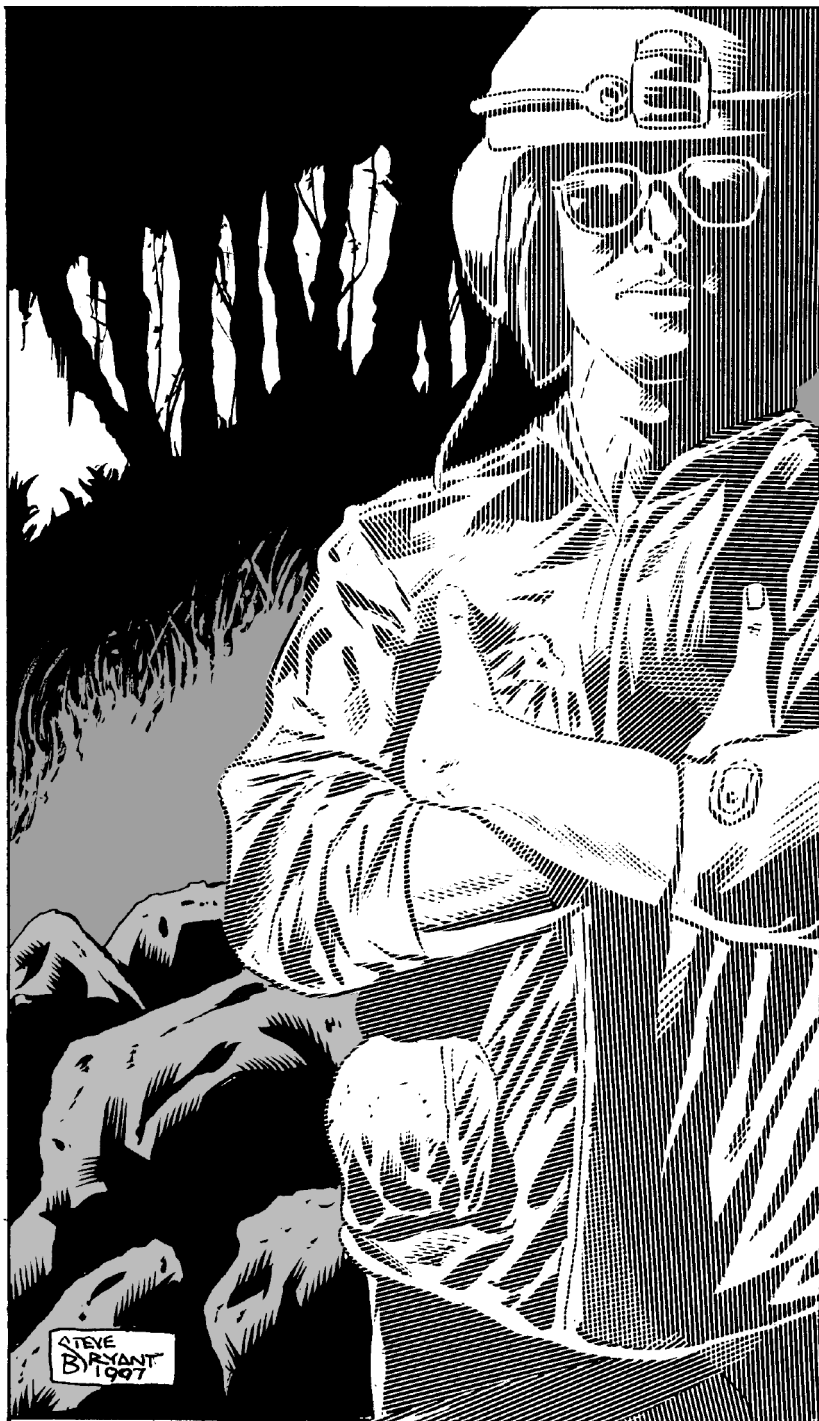
Falendric is one of Dominic's unattached agents. He is an Ofanite who proved himself exceptionally worthy by uncovering a ring of Diabolical sympathizers within the Eternal City itself. Dominic rewarded him by making him a freelance Inquisitor. Now Falendric endlessly roams the Earth on his motorcycle, monitoring other angels for signs of corruption. Typically Falendric roars into town at some ridiculous hour and descends upon the local angels with no warning, demanding a full accounting of all recent activities. With his fondness for sunglasses and long black overcoats, and his peremptory manner, Falendric can be quite intimidating. Depending on what Falendric finds, he may call in a triad of Dominic's angels for a formal investigation.

Falendric can be a patron for a group of starting characters, involving them in his investigations. Or he could be a recurring nemesis for angels or demons.

Judgment Glade

Another extremely important Tether for Dominic is the site of a Yuba Indian village near Sacramento; the location is known only to celestials since the tribe was driven out. For centuries the Yuba resolved disputes and punished criminals atop a broad, flat boulder in a pine glade. Today the pines

and the boulder are on the grounds of McClellan Air Force Base, and the site is still linked to Dominic's Cathedral. The Seneschal of the Tether is Mosai, a Kyriotate with 12 Forces. Mosai spends most of her time in various animal hosts, but she commands a trio of Air Force Soldiers of God whose bodies she can borrow if necessary. David has given her his Kyriotate attunement, so she can even inhabit the stone itself.





ASMODEUS

DEMON PRINCE OF THE GAME

"It is better to be feared than loved, if you cannot be both."
— Nicolo Machiavelli, *The Prince*

HISTORY

Asmodeus was once one of the most devoted angels in the service of Dominic, the Angel of Judgment. He served his Superior with great loyalty and worked to further the Word of Judgment. Dominic assigned Asmodeus to speak with Lucifer, one of the greatest of the Archangels. Lucifer had grown distant, and Dominic was curious about the Lightbringer's judgment. Asmodeus took to the work with his usual professionalism and quickly gained Lucifer's confidence. The Lightbringer told Asmodeus the reasons for his behavior and revealed to Asmodeus the most audacious idea the Servitor of Judgment ever heard: the idea of a rebellion against the word of God.

Like many undercover agents since, Asmodeus listened to what Lucifer had to say and found something in it that spoke to him. Lucifer's complaints and concerns seemed truly justified in Asmodeus' eyes, and for the first time since his creation the angel began to doubt the righteousness of his work. Lucifer's complaints were valid. Why would the Most High not hear them? Where was the justice in that? Lucifer appealed to Asmodeus' sense of justice and promised changes would be made in the heavenly hierarchy, changes which might benefit those loyal to the Lightbringer. Lucifer promised Asmodeus a Word in his new order, and the angel accepted.

In reporting back to Dominic, Asmodeus hid the truth. He only said Lucifer's behavior was justified and everything would be explained soon. Dominic turned his attention to other matters, satisfied that Asmodeus had the situation well in hand. When Lucifer led his rebellion, Asmodeus was at his side. When Lucifer's rebellion failed, Asmodeus Fell into the pit with him. Dominic and all of the Heavenly Host learned of betrayal for the first time on that day.

For his loyalty, and in recognition of his skill as an investigator, Lucifer made Asmodeus Prince of the Game, the contest between the Heavenly Host and the forces of Hell. In short order, Asmodeus and his servants brought the anarchy of Hell under control and enforced

the will of Lucifer to ensure that the infernal domain ran smoothly. Lucifer and Asmodeus understood better than anyone the dangers of rebellion and disloyalty, so Asmodeus saw to it that the selfish denizens of Hell were kept in line and that no one disturbed the complex plots of Lucifer.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

The Prince of the Game is a fearsome presence, always calm and composed. His burning eyes can chill nearly anyone he turns them on. He delivers the most blood-curdling threats in a controlled and even tone of voice, making the hideous punishments he describes all the more fearsome. The Princes of Hell fear the attention of Asmodeus and his secret police more than anything but Lucifer himself.

A cynical, bitter and jaded Prince, Asmodeus learned the hard way that rebellion against the way of things only gets you trouble. He feels that his position in the hierarchy of Hell is only a portion of what Lucifer owes him – were it not for his aid, Lucifer's rebellion would have been doomed from the start. He assuages his pride by taking grim pleasure in enforcing the rule of Lucifer over all other demons. He does not seek forgiveness for his rebellion against the will of God or his Heavenly Superior. Although Asmodeus thinks rebellion is foolish, he does not really believe in anything other than his own gain. God and His Archangels are merely petty tyrants, just as he and Lucifer are. It's all no more than a game to Asmodeus, but it is a game that he plays to win.

Asmodeus is a master plotter and conspirator and a great admirer of the ideas of Machiavelli (who he did not influence, despite the rumors). The Prince of the Game knows all of the plans, plots, schemes and secrets of the other Demon Princes that he and his vast network of agents can dig up, which is pretty much everything worth knowing. Asmodeus keeps abreast of all of these things while keeping his own cards close to his chest, pulling the strings of numerous plots and schemes behind the scenes. He practices deception as a fine art and prides himself on keeping the other Demon Princes confused about his true plans or motivations.

As one of the greatest traitors in creation, Asmodeus knows both the value of treason as a tool and the dangers of it to a hierarchy like Hell's. To call Asmodeus paranoid is to insult the finely honed sense for betrayal that the Demon Prince has developed. Asmodeus can smell disloyalty and deception on the wind, and he always seems to know the plans of the other Demon Princes even before they do. Only Kronos is better informed about goings-on in Hell, and even he does not have Asmodeus' feel for the ebb and flow of struggles in the infernal realm. Malphas' work in Hell and elsewhere actually helps Asmodeus along most of the time, since infighting and factions prevent the opponents of Lucifer and Hell from working together. This makes it all the easier for Asmodeus and his servants to ferret out any threats to the ruling order.





a rule to suit himself, but woe betide any other demon who does so and gets caught. Unless the rule-breaker's audacity is enough to amuse Asmodeus, the demon is in for a long and painful discovery period with the Prince's interrogators.

In addition to the complex strategies of the War, Asmodeus oversees all forms of the Game played by humans. Whenever a human plays mind-games with another person, or twists the truth for personal gain or pleasure, they are playing the Game of Asmodeus. Hypocrites, oath-breakers and those who exploit the letter of the law rather than following its spirit all further the cause of Asmodeus' Word.

Asmodeus is in charge of all forms of the Game throughout the Symphony. While Baal may command the armies of Hell in the War, Asmodeus is the spy-master and strategist Baal relies on. Asmodeus not only reports on the doings of the Heavenly Host, he also roots out disloyal elements in Baal's ranks and the rest of Hell. From the grand conflicts of the War to the work of the most minor Servitor on Earth, Asmodeus sees everything as a complex symphony of his own making with himself as the conductor. Asmodeus considers himself to be a little like God, who he sees as a puppet master pulling all of the strings of those beneath him to shape the world according to an inscrutable plan. One day, his plan will come to fruition and the War will be decided.

PRIORITIES

Order is Asmodeus' watchword. The Prince is charged with maintaining order and loyalty among demons, who are inherently selfish, chaotic and traitorous creatures. Asmodeus takes great pride in the fact that he manages to do his job so well under such difficult conditions.

Asmodeus' Word

Asmodeus is Prince of the Game, and he wants everyone else to play by the rules. Of course, he and Lucifer get to make up new rules when it suits them to do so, but generally Asmodeus is as law-abiding as a demon can be. He is not above twisting the interpretation or wording of

Order and Loyalty

Asmodeus' main goal is to keep a sense of order in Hell and maintain the loyalty of the rank and file demons to their respective Princes (and to Lucifer himself, of course). This includes keeping the other Princes in line to one degree or another. Although Lucifer sometimes chooses to intervene, he relies on Asmodeus to take care of the day-to-day matters of keeping Hell running smoothly.

The Prince of the Game acts as a counterbalance to the influence of Malphas in Hell. While the Prince of Factions works to break down alliances and order, Asmodeus builds those structures back up and maintains

them. The two Princes are not enemies, however. Malphas considers Asmodeus an excellent scapegoat for all the troubles in Hell, one which prevents the other Princes from analyzing Malphas' actions too closely. Asmodeus, in turn, finds Malphas' factionalizing a useful means of turning over the stones of Hell to discover the disloyalties squirming beneath them.

When his servants uncover some disloyal or dangerous element among the demons, Asmodeus does not always order them to take action. Often, the Prince prefers to wait patiently and observe before he takes action. This allows Asmodeus to get a more complete picture and may lead his servants to accomplices or allies of the rogue elements. Then, when the powder keg is just about ready to explode, the Prince of the Game can command his servants to move in, clean up the whole mess and take credit for averting another disaster. If the plans or prestige of a rival Demon Prince are damaged in the process, so much the better.

Cooperation with Heaven

Dominic and Asmodeus, ironically enough, find themselves working together more often than any two Superiors on opposite sides of the War. Despite Asmodeus' betrayal, what he and Dominic have in common far outweighs their "mere philosophical differences," as Asmodeus puts it. Both Superiors want to maintain order in their respective realms and enforce rules of behavior on others of their kind. It is in the interests of both sides to see to it that Outcasts, Renegades and other wild cards in the game of the War are not allowed to run amok and wreck the carefully laid plans of either side.

Therefore, Asmodeus has instituted a policy of cooperating with the forces of Heaven in certain matters in the interest of maintaining order and loyalty in Hell. Certainly the fact the Prince of the Game has connections with Dominic's Malakim is enough to enhance the fear of Asmodeus among demons. Asmodeus' police sometimes work with Dominic's Inquisitors to track down Renegades and Outcasts and see them brought to justice. The abilities of the two Superiors complement each other, and their combined teams of Servitors are frightfully effective.

Asmodeus imagines that this must be a sore spot for the pure and pious Dominic, and the Prince of the Game enjoys prodding it from time to time. Asmodeus considers Dominic a hypocrite for his posturing and zealotry. The Prince of the Game knows the truth Dominic refuses to see: all of the War is nothing more than a game, and there is no justice in the world. Asmodeus' servants delight in proving that fact again and again in human legal systems the world over. Dominic sees justice

as a higher spiritual ideal, while to Asmodeus it is all just part of the Game.

MEETING THE BOSS

Asmodeus takes a personal hand in managing the work of all of his Servitors. Each and every Servant of the Game, from the highest Duke to the lowliest demon, can plan on a weekly visit from Asmodeus to check in with them on their progress. What the Servants of the Game can't plan on is when their boss will show up. Asmodeus is fond of surprise meetings and snap inspections to keep his servants on their toes. He examines the work and the





report of each servant with a sharp eye, and any Servitor who gives the Prince of the Game reason for suspicion will be placed under surveillance.

Asmodeus is fond of turning up in different vessels and guises to meet with his Servitors. Oftentimes, a servant may speak with Asmodeus for some time before realizing it is their Prince they are talking to. This allows Asmodeus to cut through much of the dissembling of his servants to get the real story, or at least a different version of the lies they prepared for him. Asmodeus might appear as an innocent bystander, a door-to-door salesman, a bartender, a therapist or even a friend or confidant.

This cloak-and-dagger micromanagement style tends to discourage independent thinking among Asmodeus' servants, but it does allow them to bring matters to the attention of their Prince and plead their case more easily than many other demons can. If Asmodeus is pleased with the progress of his servants' work, he is quick to reward them or offer them the support they need. If he is displeased, however, he is equally quick to punish the offender and demand immediate improvement . . . or else.

POLITICS

Here's how Asmodeus is seen by the rest of Lucifer's Princes:

Andrealphus: What a cold fish! His passion is paper. He wouldn't know how to have fun if his life depended on it.

Baal: He understands the importance of maintaining order in the ranks, and he does so with considerable artistry. We must be unified where the Hosts of Heaven are scattered and discordant.

Beleth: He is of no concern to my realm. I do not play his game and he does not interfere with mine much. Let Asmodeus attend to keeping the forces of Hell in line. I don't envy him the job.

Belial: Bah! He is a wet blanket who knows no fire. Everything is so cautious and so planned – there's no room to breathe in Hell. Why Lucifer allows him so much control is beyond me.

Haagenti: Rules, rules, rules! All this talk about rules gives me indigestion! Can't he ever leave well enough alone? You catch more flies with honey than with vinegar . . . mmmm, flies . . .

Kobal: It's almost too easy. He's so full of himself, so puffed up with his own importance that I just have to poke a few holes to deflate him. But then he spoils the game anyway, because he just doesn't get it.

Kronos: He is more aware of his role in the grand scheme of things than most. More than any other, he

knows being a leader often means being a follower as well.

Lilith: To him, I owe nothing. He is a slave at heart, knowing nothing of real freedom. I'm amazed he found the spirit to rebel against Heaven in the first place.

Malphas: Everyone thinks I should have a problem with him, but it's just the opposite. My work would be much less interesting without all of his rules to play the game by. And while everyone is looking over their shoulder for Asmodeus, they never see me.

Nybbas: Hey, games are boffo! Bread and Circuses sell to the masses like nobody's business, but you have to make sure the Game is a spectacle for people to watch! Cheerleaders, lighted scoreboards, jump cuts to the extreme! Nobody wants to watch a guy play solitaire behind a screen of smoke. Strictly C-SPAN.

Saminga: He used to laugh at me, like they all did. Now he's laughing out the other side of his face. He can have his stupid games. I have all I need.

Valefor: He doesn't like me, and I don't like him, it's that simple. I don't play the game by any rules but my own and he just can't stand that. When it comes right down to it, he only wishes he had the kind of freedom I do.

Vapula: Rules and order are important, and he does a good job of enforcing them here in Hell, but I don't see what he does to move things along in the corporeal world. He would have humanity cling to the ways of the past when they should really be looking forward to the future.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Argument of Casuistry

The Servitor using this attunement can make use of convoluted logic to convince someone else of the rightness or wrongness of a particular premise. This ability functions like the Choir attunement of the Balseraphs, except the demon using Argument of Casuistry can only make use of the attunement to convince a target a premise is right or wrong based on evidence, no matter how flimsy or circumstantial. For example, a demon using Argument of Casuistry could try to convince the witness of a crime they saw something entirely different ("Of course it's not real blood, you can see that it's fake. We're just filming a movie.") but could not convince a victim that the sky is really green or that their spouse was cheating on them without some evidence, even if it was evidence the demon has manufactured personally.

Victims of this attunement get a Perception roll to resist. This is not a Contest; a simple success is enough to resist the effect. A victim who successfully resists

A SAMPLE TETHER: ST. SEBASTIAN'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Nestled in a wooded valley near a small town, St. Sebastian's has long had a reputation as a privately-run school in the old English boarding school tradition that turned wayward boys into confident young men. The students of St. Sebastian's fondly recall their school ties decades later and form friendships that last a lifetime. Many alumni of the school are in important positions in business and government, sending their own children to the school.

What these proud alumni do not know is that the school they attended is no more. St. Sebastian's was once a divine Tether for Eli, the Archangel of Creation, and carried out the work of his Word on Earth by promoting creative thought and expression. Unfortunately, the Tether's Seneschal has been corrupted and Fallen into the clutches of Asmodeus. Asmodeus has taken the Tether for his own and is using it to further the cause of the Game on Earth while Eli is absent and apparently unaware of the goings-on in his former holding.

The Seneschal, Cadfiel, was a Seraph in service to Eli; he delighted in discovering the true potential of youth and developing it through teaching and sport. Cadfiel was sorely stricken by what he saw as the abandonment of his Superior to follow his own pursuits, and he lost the fire that fueled his work. He lost the love of his students and teachers and became more and more despondent. He was officially on loan to Christopher, the Archangel of Children, but he longed for the days of his service to Eli and could not understand why his Superior had abandoned him. He thought that he could regain Eli's attention by working with greater dedication, but his methods were only effective at producing rote learning and conformity. His inability to learn the truth of Eli's motives made him question other truths. What if there was no truth? What if all of his work was nothing more than a lie? With the loss of his faith, Cadfiel Fell.

Asmodeus was quick to seize the opportunity to claim St. Sebastian's for his own. A new, infernal Tether connected St. Sebastian's to Hades. The children of the alumni of St. Sebastian's would be sent to the school, but they would learn different lessons than their parents and grandparents had. They would learn how to be successful in a harsh and often uncaring world. They would be given the skills that would let them succeed where others failed because they would know not to care about what got in the way of their goals. The school has strengthened its traditions into unbreakable rules that are strictly enforced. Students have complained to their parents, but most of the parents believe "there is nothing wrong with a little discipline in a young man's life."

Christopher, outraged at the corruption of his Tether, has appealed to Dominic to judge Cadfiel. Dominic has agreed to aid Christopher and has sent Inquisitors to infiltrate the school and learn more about Asmodeus' plans for it. Dominic is hoping to find some evidence of collusion between Asmodeus and Eli that he can use to put the final nails in Eli's coffin and drag him before the Seraphim Council for judgment. Christopher simply wants to free the school from the grip of Hell and protect the students from Asmodeus' influence.

The quiet valley where St. Sebastian's is located is quickly becoming a hotbed of celestial activities as Servitors of Dominic and Christopher gather to plan ways to eliminate the infernal Tether, and servants of Asmodeus work to ferret them out and protect their master's interests. Rumors that Baal might be cooperating with Asmodeus to turn St. Sebastian's into a military school have greatly concerned Christopher and made it all the more urgent to succeed in reclaiming the school and the children within.

notices holes and inconsistencies in the demon's argument. The demon cannot attempt to use this attunement on the victim for a number of hours equal to the check digit of the Perception roll. If a 6 is rolled, the demon also gains a point of dissonance! Otherwise, this attunement works exactly like the Balseraph choir attunement.

Sense for Betrayal

Many of Asmodeus' Servitors can hear discordant notes in the personal symphonies of other celestials. This allows them to track Renegades and Outcasts and

to have a better idea whether a particular celestial has the potential for disloyalty. If a Will roll is successful, the demon learns whether or not the subject has any dissonance and approximately how much. This effect can be resisted with a Will roll.

Servants of Asmodeus use this attunement to detect dangerous levels of dissonance in other demons that might indicate they have betrayed their Superior and could be on the verge of Redemption. They can also use it to detect angels who have accumulated enough dissonance to be in danger of Falling, a process the Servitor is encouraged to help along in any way possible.



Rule of Law

Some of Asmodeus' Servitors actually have the ability to force celestials in the corporeal world to play by the rules, whether they want to or not! This attunement can only be used while the demon is using the Humanity attunement (see *In Nomine*, p. 161). It requires 3 Essence and forces the subject into a human (or animal, or whatever) state much like the Humanity attunement. The target of the attunement must be inhabiting a Corporeal Vessel. For a number of hours equal to the check digit, the target celestial becomes like a normal example of his corporeal vessel: human vessels require

food and maintenance, electronic vessels require electricity and so forth. The celestial cannot perform Songs, regenerate Essence or assume celestial form. The target may continue to use attunements and resonance. He may spend Essence to enhance die rolls, but he cannot exchange Essence with another. The target also does not disturb the Symphony except by expending Essence.

This attunement puts a demon in human form and another celestial on even footing for a while, and is used by Asmodeus' Servitors in times of dire need when they are vulnerable in their human guises. It is also a useful means of "muffling" the disturbances created by



Renegades the servant might be hunting while at the same time limiting the Renegade's ability to fight back or escape. This attunement is especially useful in dealing with celestials that have human vessels with Roles but limited status compared to the demon's. When all else is even, the demon's greater influence in human society may be the deciding factor in a contest.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Distinctions above Baron are granted by Asmodeus for faithful and loyal service over a long period of time, which is saying a great deal when you are talking about immortal celestials. A servant of the Game must have a spotless record for Asmodeus to even consider offering a promotion to such an exalted position. One slip-up could mean decades or centuries of menial work before the demon has a chance of winning back any measure of the Prince's trust.

Higher distinctions also come with a commensurate increase in duties. High-ranked Servitors of Asmodeus work closely with their Prince to carry out his will. The closer a demon of the Game gets to the top of the ladder, the more of Asmodeus' attention he draws, which is not always a good thing.

Asmodeus' Marquises, Counts and Dukes are always Word-bound to some lesser aspect of the Word of the Game. Each plays a particular role on Asmodeus' team in Hell. The higher distinctions are reserved for Words important to Asmodeus' own, and their possessors tend to spend more time carrying out the plans of their master in Hell than on Earth.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF ASMODEUS

CAVEATAL

The Demon of Loopholes

Impudite Baron of Justice

Corporeal Forces – 3 **Strength** 6 **Agility** 6
Ethereal Forces – 6 **Intelligence** 12 **Precision** 12
Celestial Forces – 6 **Will** 12 **Perception** 12

Vessel: Human/4 (Charisma +1)

Role: Lawyer/6 (Status 6)

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Dodge/3, Emote/4, Fast-Talk/5, Fighting/3, Knowledge/6 (Law), Lying/6, Savoir-Faire/5, Seduction/3

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/3), Charm (Ethereal/4), Form (Ethereal/3), Harmony (Ethereal/4), Possession (Celestial/4), Shields (Celestial/4)

Attunements: Argument of Casuistry, Baron of Justice, Captain of Integrity, Dissonance Binding, Humanity, Knight of Judgment

Special Attunement: As the Demon of Loopholes, Caveatal can find any legal loopholes or technicalities to his advantage in any rule, law or set of legal precedents with a successful Will roll.

Special Rites: Any time Caveatal successfully explodes an opponent's argument or case in a court of law, arbitration or argument through the use of a loophole or technicality without using his resonance he gains 1 Essence.

Lewis "Loophole" Lawson, Esq., is one of the winningest trial lawyers in the country. He has handled numerous famous cases for millionaires and celebrities. He can make his client seem to be the most childlike innocent imaginable while the witnesses for the other side look like depraved liars. Young, hotshot lawyers tremble at the thought of going up against him in a courtroom, and he could give classes in how to get a jury in the palm of your hand (he's certainly gotten enough offers from law schools).

In truth, Lewis Lawson is the primary Role of Caveatal, the Demon of Loopholes and an up-and-coming Servitor of Asmodeus on Earth. Caveatal has served the Prince of the Game for centuries and proven himself a loyal and valued servant. His personal work in corrupting the ideals of the American legal system has earned him rewards from his Prince. Caveatal is working hard for a position of influence in Asmodeus' court in Hades where he can relax and get into the important disputes.

Like all of Asmodeus' Servitors on Earth, part of Caveatal's work involves tracking down and dealing with Renegade demons. He usually leaves such work in the hands of his own Servitors, preferring an administrative role. On occasion, Caveatal will use his influence in

human society and his vast knowledge of the legal system to render assistance to his hunters working to capture a particularly difficult Renegade. Any celestial maintaining a human Role who crosses Caveatal will quickly find his Role mired in a series of lawsuits and legal entanglements.

Caveatal is a powerful demon suited as a patron for a demon or a group of demons working for Asmodeus. Any Servitors of Caveatal should have access to his special Rite and Attunement.

OJORO

Shedite Servitor of the Game

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessel: None

Skills: Artistry/2, Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/3, Fighting/4, Lying/3

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/3), Claws/3, Entropy (Ethereal/4)

Attunements: Shedite of the Game, Humanity

Ojoro's attunement as a Shedite of the Game allows him to inhabit human vessels over a long period of time without the need to corrupt them. Vessels are nothing more than tools to Ojoro, whose primary duty is gathering information for Asmodeus and assisting in tracking down Renegade demons and the occasional Outcast angel in cooperation with Dominic's Inquisitors. Although he has only been on Earth for slightly over a year, Ojoro has assisted in the capture of two Renegades and one Outcast and looks like a rising star in the ranks of Asmodeus' players.

Ojoro Fell the last time he was on Earth, hundreds of years ago. The lure of people's lives was too strong for him and he became entangled in a dissonant web of human activities that eventually dragged him down into Hell. His return to Earth may be leading him into problems again, but this time he swears it will be different. He carefully distances himself from his human hosts, something his service to Asmodeus allows him to do. He can enjoy the game of it all without worrying about the consequences of his actions against anyone but himself.

Ojoro's work with the cool and superior angels of Dominic has made him occasionally regret what he lost in his Fall. He carefully buries any such feelings and maintains his loyalty to his Prince and his duty. He knows well the difficulties involved in changing sides in the War and does not wish to invoke Asmodeus' wrath by generating dissonance.

Ojoro is a demon suitable for use as a starting character.





ΨVES

ARCHANGEL OF DESTINYΨ

*"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."*

— William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, V:iii:10

HISTORY

The Symphony (call it what you like: reality, the universe, the Cosmic All) is both aware and self-aware. You're a part of it, and so is everybody else and everything else. It sings, it dances, and it lives. When Yves was given the task of naming the Symphony's awareness, he called it God.

From time to time, God *manifests*, taking on a single perspective within Himself, speaking with a single Voice that resonates with the truth of every age past and every possible future. The light and music is pure enough to knock an Archangel to his knees, weeping with joy. It is an experience akin to the overwhelming nature of the upper heavens, where God is always visible.

Why God first manifested at all is a mystery. Many of the demons say that the Symphony got lonely, and solved the problem by fragmenting into a schizoid mess. They also hasten to point out that until the Fall, it was still *really* alone, and that it's probably happier now that it isn't. But that's just hearsay from demons. Take it for what it's worth.

Whatever the reason, God manifested, creating within Himself a consciousness with which to really *look* at Himself, and called it Yves. Yves named God in turn, and for the first time the universe stared itself in the eye.

What followed was less the story of the Archangel of Destiny and more the story of the birth of the living cosmos. Suffice it to say that Yves was there to name Heaven when it was created and each layer of reality above and below it. He named Michael, the first angel, and then each of the choirs. He named Man. He organized Heaven and gave the first great angels Words.

Yves is a part of God. We *all* are, really – everything is, since God and the Symphony are just two ways of looking at the same thing. In the sense, though, of God as a single all-encompassing Persona of the Symphony, Yves is more than just the Archangel who speaks to God. Yves is God manifest. It's more complicated than that, of course; in the heavenly realms above that which the

Archangels know, *everyone* has much greater oneness with the Symphony. Yves, though, was the first, and he stayed down here with us. The angels don't fully understand this, and that's fine. Their understanding of Yves is no more complete than man's understanding of the angels.

God is concerned with destiny on every level . . . including the Divine. It's a mistake to assume that Good and Evil apply to God, or that He is one or the other. Yves created those words to simplify initial understanding of the way things work – introductory terms that outlive their usefulness once you move on to the next step. The truth is that the entire Symphony has a Destiny and a Fate, and the final movement of the Symphony depends on the destiny and fate of every smaller thing within it. That's where Yves comes in. Yves is God's own Destiny, working to complete itself in heavenly perfection; Kronos, also a (warped and damaged) manifestation of the Almighty, is God's own dark Fate, trying to drag the rest of the Symphony down with him into the pit.

Armed with a singular purpose – the safekeeping of *everyone's* destiny – Yves created religion in the earliest days of mankind. This simple exercise turned into a millennia-long experiment in the nature of independence and learning. As the angelic Host grew and matured and learned about mankind, they did so through the channels created by religion, since it provided a natural interface between the Divine and the mundane. Some of the wilder spirits of the younger Earth reveled in the concept, and cults and faiths of all kinds flourished, met one another and fought. What had been meant as a teaching tool was often twisted by human selfishness and ignorance into a justification for hatred and war and atrocity, and every new attempt just seemed to make things more complex.

Most of this took place in the days when the Seraphim Council was still young, and humanity had spent only a few scant centuries forming nations

and kingdoms. These days, young and brash angels see all this history as errors of Yves, errors of the elder Archangels and, most of all, errors of Man. Maybe. The trouble is, many of the angels, while they like to talk about how everything is a reflection of God, find it easy to forget how true that is. The Symphony learns, and it was learning then, as it is now.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Amid the strained relations and emphatic personalities of the Seraphim Council, Yves is an island of pleasant, self-assured good humor. He treats every angel as a friend, and in turn is treated by every angel as the most benevolent of mentors. An encounter with Yves is an experience in casual, comfortable awe. Yves is very, very easy to like, and he never gives anyone reason to feel otherwise.

Unlike his infernal counterpart Kronos, who is concerned only with the powerful and overtly significant, Yves truly cares about everybody. Anyone talking to him gets a sense of this, but also notices the tiniest hint of distraction . . . Yves himself is perpetually calm and mellow, but his mind is always busy, even when he isn't wandering in the depths of his Library.





There is no greater optimist than the Archangel of Destiny. GMs portraying him should keep in mind that he sees the best in everybody, often seeing qualities and potential in them that they've never seen in themselves. It is, after all, the task of Yves and his followers to encourage those hidden qualities to emerge.

In dialogue, Yves will always refer to everyone by the names they are most comfortable with – but will never call them by anything that they'd find embarrassing in front of others. There isn't a single subject that Yves doesn't enjoy discussing. He knows everything that has ever been written down . . . but every living memory contains experiences that are unique, that contain valuable lessons. Yves is always curious to learn more.

PRIORITIES

Yves works in mysterious ways. Rather than expending his resources on key humans, or even key conflicts in the war, Yves works through the broad spectrum of human thought and learning, in order to aid humanity's betterment of itself. He does the same for the celestials, in ways every bit as subtle. Yves understands that destiny cannot be forced (to attempt it is practically an invitation to Fate). Destiny, ultimately, is a gradual process of learning and maturity. Yves seeks to nurture, not to overtly drive. The signature tools of the angels of Yves are insight and inspiration.

Yves' priorities and methods have themselves changed over the course of time. Before the incident of Islam (see *In Nomine*, p. 134), Yves was equally concerned with knowledge and names, but was more overt, seeking to inspire mankind through awareness of the Divine. Now, his approach is more concerned with mankind's *self*-awareness and each human's awareness of every other.

Yves' Word

Not only is Yves dedicated to furthering the concept of Destiny on the individual level (see *In Nomine*, p. 67), he really *exemplifies* his Word on a larger scale. As a manifestation of the Symphony – indeed, a manifestation of God – Yves is the Symphony reaching its own good potential by guiding the rest of itself toward the light. By the same token, Kronos is the Symphony falling toward its Fate. In a sense, the conflict between Yves and Kronos could be described as God's own Fate and Destiny colliding.

That's pretty controversial stuff in Heaven *or* Hell, however. The suggestion that God's nature is so divisible, and so potentially contradictory, causes angels and demons alike to nervously stare at their feet and change the subject. It brings up complex issues of self-determination and interdependence, issues with more complex names than Good and Evil.

Organization

From the beginning Yves has set a pattern for Heaven to follow. As the original Giver of Names, he invented Words, giving each principle in the Symphony an angelic custodian bound to it by nature. He selected the Word of Destiny for himself and arranged spheres of meaning beneath it in a cascading hierarchy of Words. Before the War very little in the way of a chain of command was necessary at all in Heaven, but after the Fall the Archangels followed Yves' example.

Since Yves' principal spheres of operation in the modern world are philosophy and words, his angels carry on a constant and usually good-natured competition amongst themselves, jockeying for both semantics and truth. Since they are in a position to *define* each to some degree, this at times takes the concept of the philosophical argument to new levels of logic-defying chaos. It all seems to be according to Yves' plans, and it might be a genuine miracle that every angel beneath him still sees it as a cooperative effort.

Naming Things

Yves named Light and Dark, Good and Evil, God and Heaven and Angels and a billion other things. He was the original Giver of Names, and he and his angels still serve that function. Naming things lacks the overt grandeur of seeing to mankind's destiny, but it is nevertheless a powerful tool often underestimated by both sides of the War. The names of things can define the way things are considered, forever shaping the path taken by mankind. If "good" and "evil" had never been defined, for instance, everything would be *very* different. Whether or not good and evil literally exist isn't even the point. Because they are concepts, because they have *names*, they take on a reality that must be dealt with, and their reality touches everything else. A problem must be named to be solved, but by naming it you give it even more hold on what is real.

Today, most of the actual run-of-the-mill naming is carried out by humans (lexicographers, taxonomists, inventors and others) watched over by angelic functionaries, not by Yves himself. These angels are among the most political in the Host, since they must answer to Yves and cooperate with the rest of the Heaven. While Archangel Jean's servants are the angels of technology now, it is the angels of Yves who invented the concept of the technical jargon that gives engineers and programmers much of their freedom to work as they please (the same concept introduced in antiquity for doctors, priests and mystics).

These angels are also often caught up in a sort of semantic "spin control," keeping important words like "honor," "virtue" or "justice" from being given foul or deceptive meanings by their demonic opposite numbers. The Servitors of Nybbas have been the greatest challenge for Yves' Servitors in recent years, as the Demon Prince of the Media tries to recast words like "true," "family" or "adult" in his own corrupt idiom.

Knowledge and the Library

The quiet, loving patron of teachers, scholars, chroniclers and wise men, Yves is the dedicated shepherd of all human knowledge. Everything ever written (and many



things not yet put down on paper) is kept within his heavenly Library. Everything ever recorded in painting or sculpture, on tape, CD or film is there, too. If it has been recorded, in the corporeal, celestial or ethereal realms, it is there.

The Library, once occupied mostly by the quietly industrious servants of Yves, now sees a lot more traffic from heaven as a whole – you're just as likely to bump

into one of the bodhisattvas reading up on the history of the Texas Rangers as a quiet Seraph reflecting on the biography of a saint.

GMs should keep in mind that the Library seems to live and think on its own. If it plays a part in an *In Nomine* campaign, it should be treated as a subtle NPC, not just a surreal location. Its persona reflects every part of what it is: the sum knowledge of the Symphony. In

some ways, it's as much a focused "face" of the Symphony as Yves himself is. In some ways, it's as much "Yves" as Yves himself is.

Philosophy

For a very long time, Yves worked with the theory that the best way to help mankind find its destiny was to reveal some direct knowledge of the Divine wrapped in packages that included insight on living lives that avoided the dark temptations of fate. Yves invented religion to this end and was once Heaven's principal proponent of the concept.

Today religion is still an active issue, but it resides closer to the camp of young Laurence and the Halls of Worship. Yves now prefers philosophy – the same packages of insight, but tied to observations of human life rather than knowledge of the Divine. It seems to be more effective, in the circles where it can take hold, because philosophy encourages thought rather than obedience, and one of the first lessons that Yves and his angels learned about humans is that you can do them a lot more good by asking than by ordering. Yves named this quality "independence," and, joking aside, it was a hard lesson for the angels to learn, since it's something that humans have a lot more of than they. Some of the Archangels are still in need of that lesson.

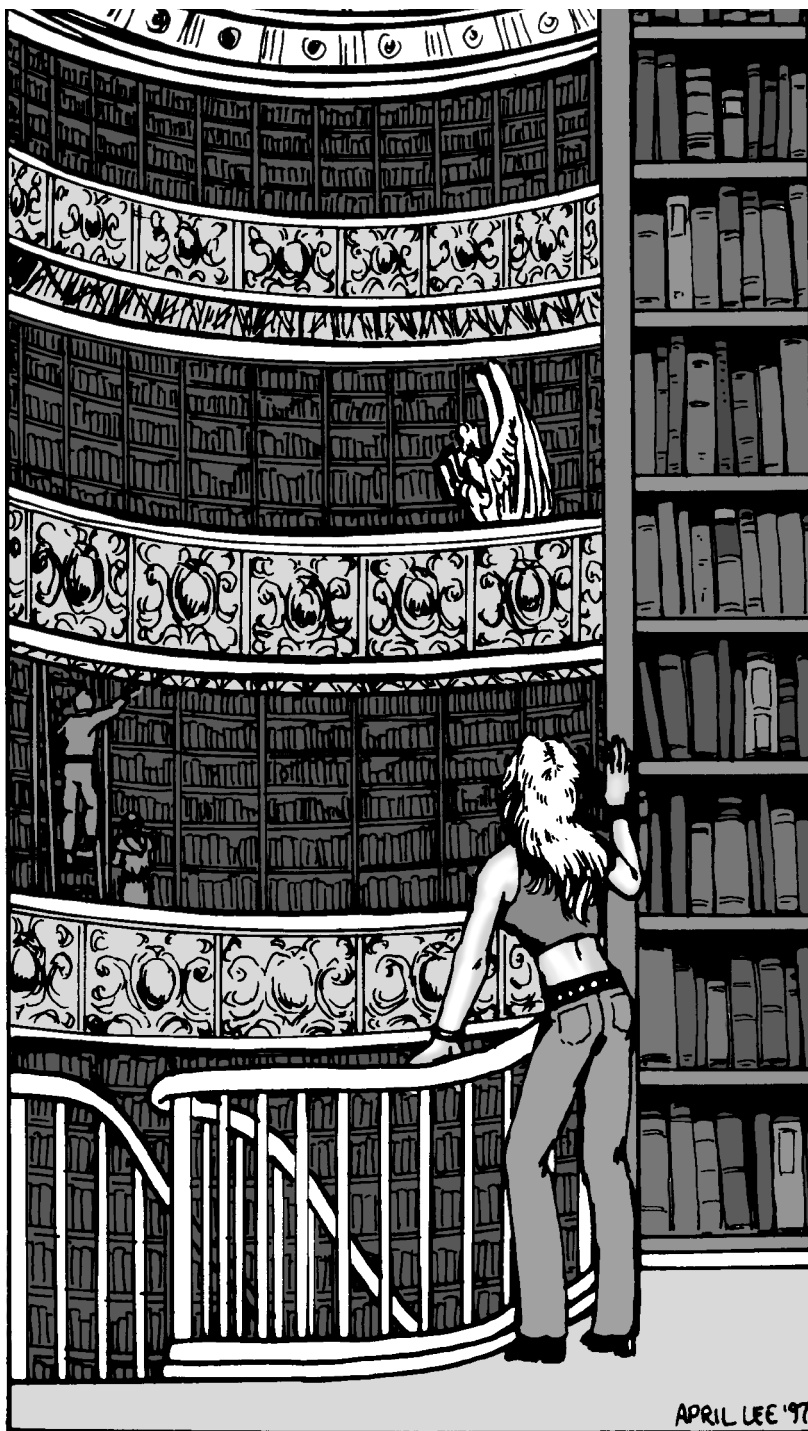
POLITICS

It would be inaccurate to say that Yves plays no politics. Rather, he plays politics on a different level than the other Archangels. While it is not widely understood that Yves is, after a fashion, God manifest, it *is* understood that Yves has a kind of "in" with the Almighty. If you want to get word to Him, then Yves is known to be one to talk to (some angels *do* pray, but just talking to Yves is more efficient).

Here is Yves to his fellow Archangels:

Blandine: Kind, sweet old Yves . . . When I was younger and understood less, I once was foolish enough to be angry with him. Never since. He is a mentor and a friend and does as much to bring the bright dreams of mankind to reality as I do.

David: My respect for Yves is boundless. We don't really work the same way, but how



can you do anything *but* respect him? It's the only thing that I think Michael is very wrong about. Among us all, only he seems bitter toward Yves, and talking to him about it does no good.

Dominic: His kindness is often remarked upon. His unfailing sense of order and justice is less often spoken of. He is my most valued ally and perhaps the first and last hope for everything.

Eli: Yves? Yves? Oh, God. I love him, he's wonderful. Always was. Half of the Seraphim Council are as stuffy and narrow as they are just to compensate for the humility he makes them feel. It's not something he does on purpose, but it's a problem for *them* to get over someday.

Gabriel: When a long time passes and we do not speak, I remember his madness . . . his quiet, deep, *essential* madness. He is such a good friend and the kindest of them all.

Janus: He changes; that's fantastic. He is proof that wisdom and stagnation have *nothing* to do with one another. As the chaotic forces erode the old surfaces and bare new ones, he's *already there*, smiling back at you as though he'd been sitting there all along, reading.

Jean: A respectable scholar. *The* respectable scholar; many of the younger angels lack the wit to give him his proper due. Our purposes are really much the same; I meet him often in the Library.

Jordi: He was right to discard religion; it even tears angels apart. Big buildings, big temples, more people clustered together between walls. They don't belong there. These days, they're out there in the wild, finding the real truth again. And Yves – he cares about everything. I've seen his angels risk eternal destruction to help a crippled rat heal itself and return to its family. Understand that this animal had never met a human and never would . . . They have destinies, too, and fates . . . Yves doesn't ignore them.

Laurence: I respect him. I admire him. There are days when I envy him, and one or two days when I think I'm lucky enough to understand him. I'm glad



the Halls of Worship are left to me, though. He made some mistakes there that he's been wise enough to avoid making again.

Marc: He is the master of information, and that's the new gold, the gold that will last. He's always understood that. I'm a little embarrassed to admit how much of it I had to learn from him. Well – not really embarrassed. We all learn from Yves. He teaches us. I think that's what he's here for.

Michael: I stood by his side to defend Gabriel. I don't think we've really talked since without fighting. He's wrong about so much.

Novalis: I adore the old man. You don't really know Yves until you've seen him in a garden . . . it's like another library to him. He sits down and smells the air and sees a million truths dancing in the sunlight. He's always been there for me, you know. When things get to be a little too much, he'll always find time to talk.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

The following Servitor Attunements may be reserved as gifts for excellent service, or be allowed to starting characters, at the GM's option.

Library Card

An angel with this attunement can never be kept from recorded knowledge. Whether he wants to walk into the private stacks at a university library or access an Interpol

database, all security effectively ceases to exist to the angel. Stuffy librarians will cheerfully wave him toward the suddenly unlocked door, the database will recognize whatever username he elects to try, and so on.

The Akashic Record

This powerful attunement allows the angel to direct a question to the vaults of heavenly Omniscience, gaining the answer to any *one* question about the present or past for a cost of 5 Essence. The question must be simple, direct and answerable in three words or less. Proper names, such as “Angela Garrett” or even “Sword of Commerce Municipal Savings & Loan” count as a single word. Use of this attunement requires a minute of quiet communication with Heaven.

Right of Passage

This attunement is never granted casually. It should be reserved for those angels who have distinguished themselves in play. It allows the angel to travel the gateways that exist in every repository of knowledge (see *In Nomine*, p. 139) for a cost of 6 Essence per trip to the Library (returning to the library used as an entrance costs no Essence). This ability is normally limited to Yves himself and to the pure of heart. Any angel granted this attunement must display a similar purity.

For every additional point of Essence spent, the angel can bring another with him, but if that person strays from the angel, he will become lost. This attunement may only be used to travel from one library to The Library and back again.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Beyond Master of Divine Knowledge, Yves grants higher distinction to those who have distinguished themselves in his service serving the Word of Destiny as well as their own word. Yves’

Scholars and Philosophers are the celestial equivalent of honored university dons, each sharing their wisdom in leadership of the namers and thinkers of the Host. They are each respected, Word-bound angels in their own right, equally comfortable in the chaos of the earthly War and in the calm peace of Yves’ Library. It should take a lot of serious play for angel PCs to attain these distinctions. Neither title is inherently superior to the other, and some angels bear *both*.

The full title of angels bearing these distinctions is derived from their Word. The Angel of Secret Languages, one of Yves’ Scholars, is titled the Scholar of Secret Languages. Yves’ higher distinctions carry with them no special powers, unlike the lower distinctions. Rather, they are typically awarded along with several unique Rites – and a new level of responsibility. The higher in the hierarchy an angel gets, the less time he will spend on Earth.



SAMPLE SERVITOR OF YVES

RANDOLPH

Ofanite Servitor of Destiny *Scholar of Dictionaries*

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 11 Precision 9
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessel: Human/5 (Charisma +2)

Skills: Computer Operation/4, Detect Lies/3, Driving/1, Singing/2

Songs: Light (Ethereal/2), Projection (Corporeal/4), Tongues (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/4, Celestial/3)

Attunements: All of Yves' choir attunements and attunements of rank, plus Divine Logic and The Akashic Record. When he first achieved the rank of Master of Divine Knowledge (in 1244), he elected to take on the resonance of a Cherub.

Special Rites: As the Angel of Dictionaries, Randolph generates 2 points of Essence whenever he peaceably settles a semantic argument that he didn't start.

Randolph is one of the oldest of the Ofanim, manifesting on Earth most often as a spry, captivating, restless old eccentric with an armload of books and the irritating habit of quoting chapter and verse from the *Oxford English Dictionary*. He's been serving Yves for a long time, his own Word serving as a vital cement to the concept of words in general. He watched over Flaccus in 23 B.C., and he saw Richelieu found the Academie Francaise in 1634 (Richelieu's idea, of course, but Randolph fought hard to support it and still considers it his greatest personal triumph). He watched over Samuel Johnson, and over the Grimms and Webster and Murray and the rest.

Randolph's mission – to keep the importance of words and definite meaning strong in the minds of humanity's thinkers – has brought him afoul of the forces of Hell on numerous occasions. Were he in the service of any other Archangel, his role might go unnoticed and underestimated, but Kronos, and other Princes too, give a very high priority to thwarting any servitor of Yves. It's a good thing that, as an Ofanite, Randolph can run *really* fast. He *hates* conflict, and once beat an Impudite senseless with a hardcover copy of the *American Heritage Unabridged* just to make that point clear. He has been considered a bit daft, but he knows what he's doing.

One of the more colorful occasional visitors to the Library, Randolph can be encountered either there or on Earth. These days, he spends a lot of time peering over the shoulders of Jean's angels, fascinated by the efficiency and pure *speed* of properly-used hypertext.





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KRONOS

KRONOS

DEMON PRINCE OF FATE

"... It is plain that the further a thing is from God, the more bound up it becomes in the chain of fate."

— St. Thomas Aquinas (1225–1274), citing Boethius

HISTORY

The story as most demons understand it: Centuries ago, not too long after the Fall, Lucifer found a fallen Seraph, his Forces nearly scattered, lying at the edge of the Marches (in some versions of the tale, Lucifer found the new Balseraph wandering the Earth). The fallen angel was incoherent and rambling, nearly idiotic, but his eyes shone like razors, and his voice *still sang with the Symphony*.

Lucifer was suspicious. Naturally! It was clearly one of the Fallen who hadn't been completely cut free. A Trojan horse of sorts? A clever ruse on the part of the heavenly Host? Lucifer smiled at the thought. *Heaven has too much pride for that*, he said, and he bundled up the torn body of the new demon to take home.

And besides, he added, *if this is a deception, I'm that much closer to victory*.

The broken Balseraph returned slowly to health, and the news of his arrival was all but forgotten for awhile as he rested in the palace of Lucifer (in those days, Lucifer was a little more accessible, so the story goes). Then, one dark day, Lucifer emerged, and Kronos walked with him. Every demon could feel the deep burn of envy, since it was plain that here was a demon of great power that, alone among them, was still one with the Symphony. Hell was wired for sound.

That's the party line, anyway . . . the official version of the story. Demons who were around at the time remember that even most of the cosmetic details are lies or exaggerations, but that's hardly unusual.

A few kernels of truth are there. Lucifer did find Kronos broken and gibbering, stripped of all but a handful of Forces, yet connected to the Symphony. Lucifer brought him into Hell, but the "slow return to health" was not a restful time for Kronos. Rather, Lucifer was busy breaking Kronos down further, carefully, to see if he could rebuild his remaining Forces into *several* Symphony-connected beings or (barring that) infernal artifacts. Lucifer is nothing if not practical.

The principal lie in the story is one that is perpetuated today. Only Kronos and Lucifer know the real truth of it, but Lilith has been getting close. The truth is this: Kronos, corrupting liar though he is, is not a Balseraph. Lucifer wasn't sure *what* he was – he *had* been something much more than an angel, before he fell, or was damaged, or maybe thrown out. After Lucifer decided to heal him instead of using him for component Forces, it took both Lucifer and Kronos a while to see the truth. Kronos, like Yves and some other, higher beings, was God manifest . . . and in this case, Fallen.

Concerned with the reactions of the Demon Princes, Lucifer and Kronos wisely kept that particular ace up their sleeves. Kronos didn't remember much, anyway . . . and admitted to even less. But now he was Hell's connection to the Symphony, and he liked that just fine.

His acceptance in the newly-formed infernal court was as good as any . . . there were a few almost instant rivalries, a few kindred black hearts and much glancing behind backs and sharpening of daggers. Hell hasn't changed much in that sense. Kronos was at first singularly obsessed with *time*, and with records of the passage of time. He took the scraps of what had been collected by Lucifer's minions already, built it into the beginnings of the Archive and pressed Lucifer to demand more strict recording of events and assignments (one of the reasons he and Asmodeus get along).

It wasn't long, though, until Kronos' true calling became more apparent. His examinations of the nature of time – and the nature of history in particular – led him to discover that destiny, the brightest good that all things have within them, had a dark opposite that was just as attractive. Mankind, when left to its own devices, would find a million reasons to move toward either, or both. The flow of events in time, Kronos

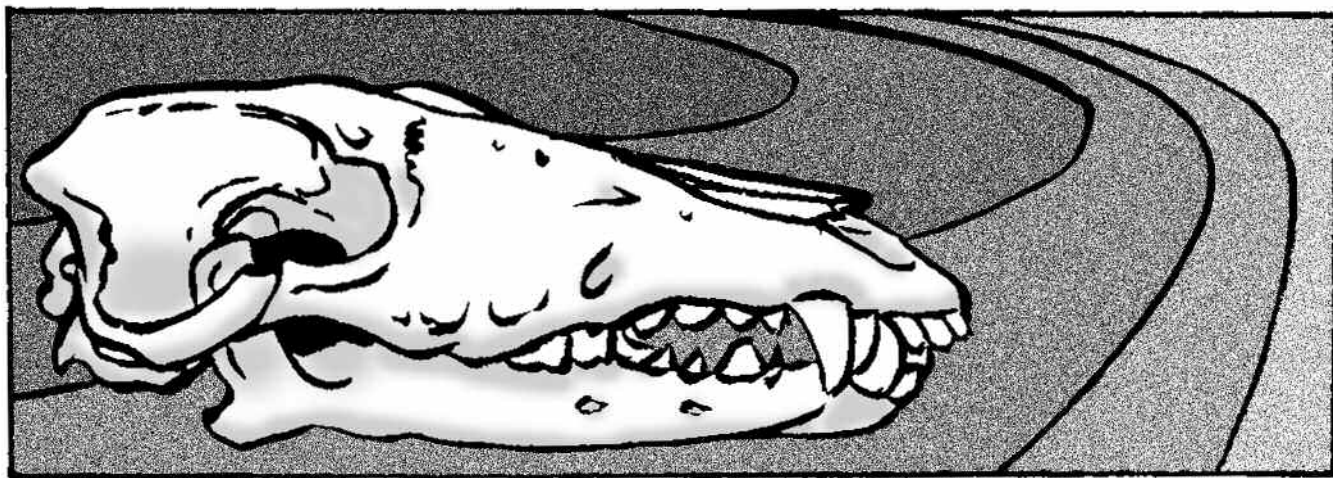
found, depended on great patterns moving smaller ones.

Yves, at that time, was doing much to organize Heaven for the War. Names and Words had greater meaning than ever before, and Yves had taken the initiative for Destiny, working to tip the balance on the Earthly front. Kronos was happy to fight that, and he did. In the meantime, he helped define, as much as Lucifer, the workings of the royalty of the Pit. His unique tie to the Symphony at large, his tactical and political brilliance and his skill at manipulating the other demons made him the most powerful of the Princes and have kept him there. None dare challenge his power openly, and any who wish to challenge it secretly must tread very, very lightly.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

The core of the Prince of Fate is a cold ball of iron hatred, coated in a thick layer of icy optimism. Kronos smiles inwardly, his confidence braced by a single inescapable truth: Hell is the Fate of the Symphony . . . Everything, *everything*, from the lowliest virus to the highest towers of Heaven, is drawn toward the darkness. It's a truth that the angels like to deny and one that humans are scarcely aware of. But Kronos knows that to bring everything to Hell, you just have to convince it to come on its own. All in good time.

Kronos is not regarded as the "demoniacal" extrovert that other Princes are. No vainglorious pronouncements or maniacal laughter for him. Rather, he is cool, self-assured and authoritative. When the rest of the Princes are up in arms, shouting at the tops of their lungs and threatening one another with flames and hordes, Kronos has a habit of strolling by, absorbed in deep reflection, sipping at his cup and looking purposeful. The constant air of desperation in Hell runs so deep



that no one really notices it until Kronos walks by, lacking it.

Kronos inspires respect in his followers, whereas most Princes simply demand it. His information network is unsurpassed in Hell, and he keeps constant tabs on his entire structure as he moves through the Archive and over the Earth as well. He's hard to contact when he's wanted, but he always shows up, eventually, for his own reasons.

When portraying Kronos, the GM should make plain his almost total lack of anxiety and his minimalist approach to expressing anything. Within, Kronos is a cold stew of drive and energy, but Kronos on the surface is simply calm.

PRIORITIES

Kronos believes that Fate is the natural direction in which all things travel and that the cool darkness has a more *fundamental* attraction than the glare of ordered Heaven. Men and women that history call "great" – those who answered the call of their destiny and avoided their fate – are unnatural *pillars* propped up by Heaven. On those pillars rests the foundation of mankind's future. Time, Kronos believes, is all it will take under normal circumstances to erode the strength of these pillars and let the slide to fate really happen . . . but normal circumstances are being thwarted by Yves and the others in the Host.

It is Kronos' first priority to forcibly smash those pillars, to force patterns of greatness down paths of temptation, distraction and darkness. More Nixons and fewer Gandhis, Kronos reasons, and the frail humanity that clings to its paragons will open itself to the natural tendency toward Hell that all things possess.

Kronos cares little about the ordinary human or angel. Since, in his mind, they are only the gnats swarming and feeding on the great beasts, they are barely worth swatting. Only the great beasts themselves are worth the slaughter. This has led in the past to tactics of mass sac-

rifice that have brought admonitions from Lucifer – but on the whole, Kronos' approach has had a dramatic and very real effect.

In addition to serving his Word, Kronos oversees the Archive, the clerical nerve center of Hell. Emulating the great Library of Heaven, the Archive is a proud achievement for Kronos, containing (in addition to histories and studies of mankind, and mundane records of the harvest of human souls) enough information on many of the demons in all parts of Hell (including some of quite high rank) for quite rewarding blackmail, should the occasion demand it.

Kronos' Word

Kronos is not personally concerned with small fates, because of his deduction that small fates follow larger ones. To the end of facilitating the entire Symphony's tumble toward its Fate, Kronos focuses on the potentially great or inspiring – those who might become "pillars" of destiny.

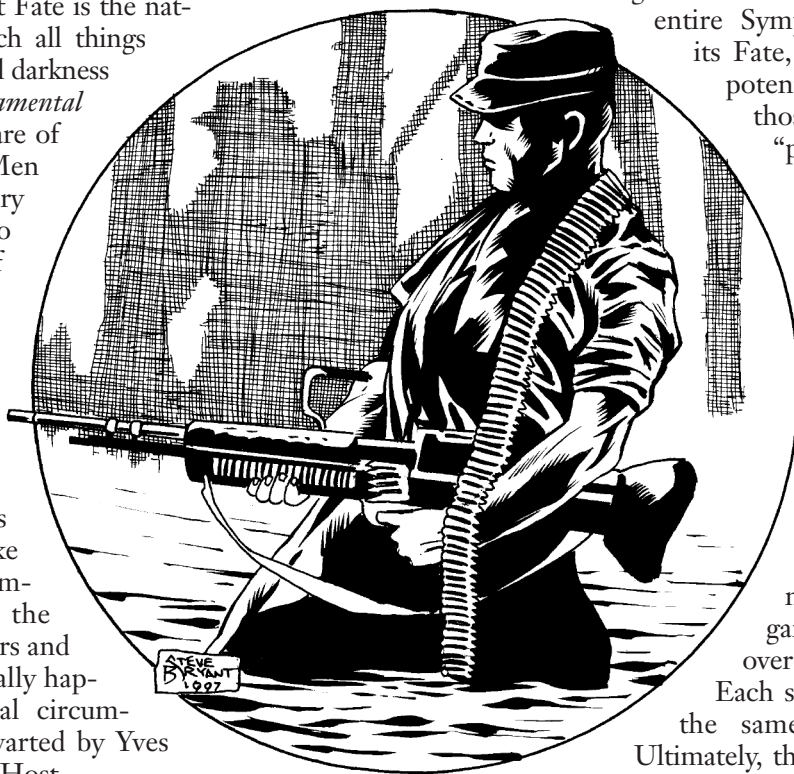
This approach differs greatly from that of his heavenly counterpart, the Archangel of Destiny. Yves is concerned, on an *individual level*, with the destiny of everything. Kronos considers this a foolish sentiment and a tactical error to be exploited. Curiously, though, neither has been able to gain a significant advantage over the other in the War.

Each side has suffered roughly the same number of defeats.

Ultimately, this puts the fate and destiny of mankind in mankind's own hands more often than not.

Organization

Kronos runs a tight ship. The analogy of clockwork wouldn't make him smile, but it might make him nod (he has no sense of humor about time). He considers the demons under him analogous to humans . . . there are great ones, and the small ones follow in the shadow of greatness. Kronos watches carefully and patiently, observes each demon that shows promise and elevates



them to positions of power to help that promise come to fruition.

Surprisingly, he's had very little trouble with dissent in his own ranks. He has an instinctive eye for the flow of power. If a demon rises out of the Archive with potential for greatness combined with potential for trouble, that demon is put down like a dog. Greatness and obedience are tricky things to combine, so Kronos instead looks for demons who understand their own motives well enough to see the value serving their betters. Besides, most of Kronos' demons find their jobs *enjoyable* – they get to wreck the lives of great men and women, and that feeds the ego and stimulates the demonic sense of fun.

POLITICS

Kronos walks the deadly web of infernal politics with the casual air of a man taking out the trash. He's well-entrenched and nigh-untouchable, and he knows it. He alone among all the Princes has a direct connection to the Symphony, and he alone among the Princes comprehends the overwhelming detail of the Archive. He is bureaucracy personified, wrapping himself in a quiet halo of lies, and he's comfortable knowing it. He'll deal with nearly anyone, provided the haggling goes one way and he gets payment up front. The only Princes he *really* takes time out of his schedule to despise are the two sensualists, Andrealphus and Haagenti.

Kronos, to his peers of the Pit:

Andrealphus: A brilliant one, in his way, but sad and wretched just the same. He thinks we win by plotting out the future. I say we win by sliding softly around them – binding them, gasping, to the sensations of the moment.

Asmodeus: He's the key to the whole truth. He brings the Symphony singing into the pit where it *wants* to be. And I like the way he thinks.

Baal: A hundred Malakim can be shooting up our troops on Earth, and that balding simp insists that the key to the battle is making sure the artist next door paints an ugly picture of his girlfriend. He's soft and he's weak and he's afraid of his own power. He hides it behind dodgy logic and coward's talk.

Beleth: He inspires me. He can look at a hundred nightmares in the mind of a tortured human soul, and know *exactly* which one needs to become *real*.

Belial: Kronos isn't my enemy, but I think Baal has the old idiot pegged hard. His mind burns with the *Symphony*; he could soak the canvas with unholy fuel and set it to light, but he's *scared*. If I had that kind of power, there would never be anything, anywhere, but flames.

Haagenti: Kronos? *Fate*? I don't care! I'm fated to suck down that pile of sausages right behind you! Either put on some mustard or get the Hell out of my way!

Kobal: No sense of irony. No sense of real pathos. Just lots of knowledge, the keys to the whole orchestra, and no clue. He doesn't get it. Frankly, he's in the way, an accident waiting to be finished. [Smiles wickedly] That'll be good for a laugh.

Lilith: Kronos . . . [bites her lower lip thoughtfully and distractingly] I have my theories about what he really is. [Smiles even more distractingly] No. No, I don't intend to share.

Malphas: I don't hate him. Unlike many others, I don't envy him. I just *disagree* with him and find his company personally distasteful. He obsesses on some bright individual and makes that the whole War, lashing out at their hopes like a spurned lover. The net result of the whole silly exercise is that one insignificant human becomes either *more* insignificant or some kind of dark paragon. Neither serves my function. I break down every tower from within, including those built to Kronos' pet projects.

Nybbas: He's a gas. The others need to lighten up about him. He brings us the sound bites, baby! *Think* about it for a minute. Fate makes the headlines! Talented Physician Turns Child Molester! That packs the house!

Saminga: Stupid. Lives are finite. Everyone has the same fate. Me.

Valefor: He sits on top of the flow of souls and plays the bean-counter for the rest of us, doling them out as Lucifer's glorified secretary. I never could resist the temptation of such a pat operation . . . there's always a loophole.

Vapula: He has a fascinating effect on the flow of technology. Men who were destined to write beautiful arias are often fated to develop even *more* beautiful tools of mass destruction. Bravo, Kronos.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

The following attunements are available to any servitor of Kronos, but the GM may, at his option, reserve them for acquisition in play.

Bad Company

This attunement complements the Fated Future attunement (see *In Nomine*, p. 173) and is typically granted to those demons who have already proven skilled in that attunement's application. For a cost of 1 Essence, the demon can look at anyone's friends, lovers, spouses or casual acquaintances and read the *influence* they have on the subject's fate and destiny. Those that are more likely to help draw the subject to his fate are, of course, encouraged . . .



Window of Time

A demon with this attunement can shift his perceptions backward in time exactly 24 hours. Everything he sees, everything he hears, everything he smells will be a reflection of what things were in the exact spot where he is, at the same time on the previous day. This carries a cost of only 1 Essence, and the “shift” can last as long as

the demon likes. While the window is open, however, the demon has no sense of the *present*: the immersion in the past is complete.

Another version of this ability (a separate attunement) allows a window of one *year* instead of one day. The cost in Essence is 7 instead of one, but it is otherwise identical.

File Extraction

This attunement isn't often granted by Kronos. Rather, it is a *trick* that some demons pick up while working in the Archive. It allows the demon to "pull another demon's file," so to speak, burying all past records of that demon's activities, Earthly assignments and involvements. The records of individual damned souls can *also* be "zeroed" in this way. Kronos or Lucifer alone could find and restore such a buried record, but they'd notice it had been tampered with, and they'd have to compare their prodigious memories of the doings of Hell with the record – a time-consuming and annoying task. Demons caught manipulating the Archive (without explicit instructions from Kronos) suffer amazingly creative fates.

If taken at character creation, it is assumed the demon learned the tricks necessary during earlier service in the Archives. In play, it can be learned directly from those demons currently serving there. A demon that can extract files can also unerringly find the files of a soul or demon to *peruse* them, of course, without burying the information. This itself is unusual, considering the confusing nature of the Archive's filing system.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Beyond Baron of the Book of Days, Kronos grants higher distinction to those demons who have repeatedly found and exploited the fateful weaknesses of men of bright destiny, and who have organized demons beneath them into an effective force for Kronos' Word. Kronos' Marquises, Counts, and Dukes are each Word-bound demons of great power, demons who revel in the deadly interplay of the infernal court as well as the forcible destruction of Destiny. All have significantly altered the course of human events by their subtle machinations.

The full title of demons bearing these distinctions is derived from their Word. The Demon of Distraction, a Marquis in Kronos' hierarchy, is titled the Marquis of Distraction. He is a constant presence in and out of the Archive who coordinates the action of many demons beneath him, from the minor Demon of Uninvited Visitors to the increasingly influential Demon of Debt.

Kronos' higher Distinctions carry with them no special powers, such as those of the lower Distinctions. Rather, they are typically awarded along with several unique Rites and a new level of responsibility. The higher in the hierarchy a demon gets, the less time he will spend on Earth.

SAMPLE SERVITOR OF KRONOS

LENNIS

Calabite Servitor of Fate

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 8 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 8 Perception 4

Vessel: Human/3

Skills: Driving/4, Fast-Talk/2, Fighting/5, Knowledge (Cars)/4, Ranged Weapon (Pistol)/1, Throwing/2

Songs: Entropy (Celestial/3), Motion (Celestial/3), Thunder/3

Attunements: Calabite of Fate

On Earth, Lennis looks to everyone else like an ordinary loser, a drifter. He runs from city to city in stolen cars (he doesn't bother to *jimmy* the locks; he's a Calabite), taking part-time work in any job that allows him to shout a lot, drink a lot and break things. Usually, it's under-the-table work tearing down old houses or clearing junk. He doesn't exactly have a driver's license or social security number, after all.

He's one of Kronos' favorite demons, because he's utterly loyal and totally enthusiastic. More to the point, he has a sense of restraint when it comes to his orders. What needs broken, gets broken. Who needs scared, gets scared. Anything else . . . well, Lennis likes to let the need to destroy build up in him. When he finally gets to do it, it feels that much better.

Lennis doesn't really think much about the Big Issues. He's not a philosopher. He likes comic books, really *big* stereo speakers, chili dogs and blondes. Sometimes, when he's feeling creative instead of destructive, he tries to combine them in amusing ways. He's wanted in four states for murders he doesn't even bother to remember.

Unlike a lot of Calabim, who get stuck in an earthly team as cheap muscle, Kronos reserves Lennis to "break in" new demons assigned to Earth. If Kronos has assembled a band of eager young demons, wet behind the ears but eager to make sure that some Tulsa oncologist turns to heroin instead of curing lung cancer, he gives them to Lennis. Lennis heads out to Tulsa in a stolen El Camino, and by the time the young demons have had the grand tour of the city, half of the storm drains have cracks in them, and one of the hands in front of the City of Faith is missing every finger but the middle one. He's a fun guy, and he scares the new demons to death. Kronos likes that.

Lennis is a balanced character suitable for beginning play, or as an amusing encounter for a new group of Kronos' Servitors.



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ZADKIEL

ZADKIEL

ARCHANGEL OF PROTECTION

The world is harsh; I will give you solace.

As John Donne said, “no man is an island unto himself,” and the Archangel of Protection knows that better than any other being. Zadkiel has an understanding of human frailty and a genuine compassion for the human race. Her angels are the true guardian angels, and she expects her Servitors to care for and protect humanity as a loving parent should.

Zadkiel often appears as maternal figure with soft features and bright, understanding eyes. In the presence of the faithful, her appearance is soothing. Even when she is angry with her Servitors, she chides them as a mother would – stressing her disappointment in their failure to meet her expectations but providing them with encouragement to learn from their mistakes and continue on their respective paths.

While her appearance to the faithful is warm and caring, her attitude toward those who tread the dark path is harsh. Her righteous anger is frightening, and she is not above terrible violence when dealing with those who dwell outside the light of God.

Zadkiel is a Cherub, although she loves humanity more than any Mercurian. She is often torn between her duties in Heaven and her desire to walk among humanity and personally tend to them.

DISSONANCE

An angel of Zadkiel is charged with the protection of the faithful, i.e., those humans who have not chosen the dark path. It is dissonant not to provide protection to a faithful human in need. Angels of Protection are their keepers against evil.

CHOIR ATTUNEMENTS

Seraphim

Seraphim of Protection can utilize their resonance to detect individuals who through lying to themselves inwardly are harming themselves or others.

Cherubim

The classic guardian angels, Zadkiel's Cherubim must always choose one human in need to whom they are attuned as their Charge. Cherubim of Protection are especially to their Charge; their check digit is always assumed to be a 6 when using their resonance on their Charge.

Ofanim

Ofanim of Protection can move double the check digit in miles per minute in celestial form when using their resonance to find aid for a human in need.

Elohim

Zadkiel's Elohim know those who are in emotional pain, especially those who will hurt themselves. They also know how to point out the objective facts about their situation (i.e., the pragmatic "bright side") to show avenues by which their subject can help himself. A successful roll subdues the subject's emotional pain, allowing them to act in a calm and rational manner for a number of minutes equal to the check digit.

Malakim

Malakim of Protection are those who protect the protectors. They will often be sent to aid other angels in especially hard times, or to act as guardian for a policeman, soldier, caseworker, or the like. They are also the forces of justice who destroy those who prey on others. Zadkiel's Malakim will never be stunned or fall unconscious in battle until their vessels die or their Minds drop to zero. Most Malakim of Protection choose female vessels.

Kyriotates

Kyriotates serving Zadkiel have access to their host's memories and abilities. They enter hosts in need and attempt to sort out their problems or enter them in an attempt to save their mortal hides when necessary. The hosts remember the Kyriotate's actions as though they were some sort of dream or divine intervention. These Kyriotates gain no dissonance if the host's body is damaged further in an attempt to rescue it from an already dangerous situation; if the host is killed in such

a situation, the Kyriotate gains dissonance normally. In any other situation, they also gain dissonance normally.

Mercurians

Mercurians of Protection are the best therapists in the universe. They always know what will brighten a person's day and mood. They can make even the most miserable person crack a smile. They gain an additional +2 Charisma.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Aura of Divinity

The Aura of Divinity creates a ten-foot globe of divine protection around the servitor. No diabolical or malevolent being may physically pass through the barrier of the Aura. Furthermore, the Aura protects against all forms of harm, acting as armor equal to twice the Aura's check digit or as a bonus to resistance equal to the Aura's check digit. The Aura of Divinity costs 4 Essence to erect.

Succor

Succor grants the target respite from pain, both physical and emotional, for a duration equal to the check digit in hours. The angel must touch the target in order to provide succor.

DISTINCTIONS

Vassal of Protection

A Vassal can sense malevolent intent within a certain area. Check vs. the angel's Perception plus Celestial Forces.

The check digit indicates how many tens of yards the angel can sense, as well as basic directional quality.

Friend of the Guard

A Friend can sense a human in dire need within a certain area. Check vs. the angel's Perception plus Celestial Forces.

The check digit indicates how many tens of yards the angel can sense, as well as basic directional quality.



Master of the Watch

In addition to the above senses, the Master will always know his target on sight.

RELATIONS

Zadkiel follows the lead of her fellow Cherub and patroness, Novalis, in most matters of heavenly politics, though her circle of "friends" is somewhat different. Zadkiel loves Gabriel, tries to help her in her madness, yet also loves the way Gabriel destroys the cruel. Marc and Yves, as practical agents of calm and protection, are also Zadkiel's close allies.

But she gets along well with all the other Archangels, even cold Dominic . . . except for three. Zadkiel has too big a heart to truly be hostile toward any being who is not evil. Zadkiel behaves in a distantly neutral fashion toward these Archangels simply because she disagrees with their treatment of humanity. She hopes someday to resolve these differences so that she can truly smile on them as comrades-in-arms.

Allied: Novalis, Gabriel, Marc, Yves

Associated: all others except . . .

Neutral: David, Jean, Jordi

BASIC RITES

- Spend two hours tending to a human in need.
- Rescue a deserving human from mortal danger.

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 3

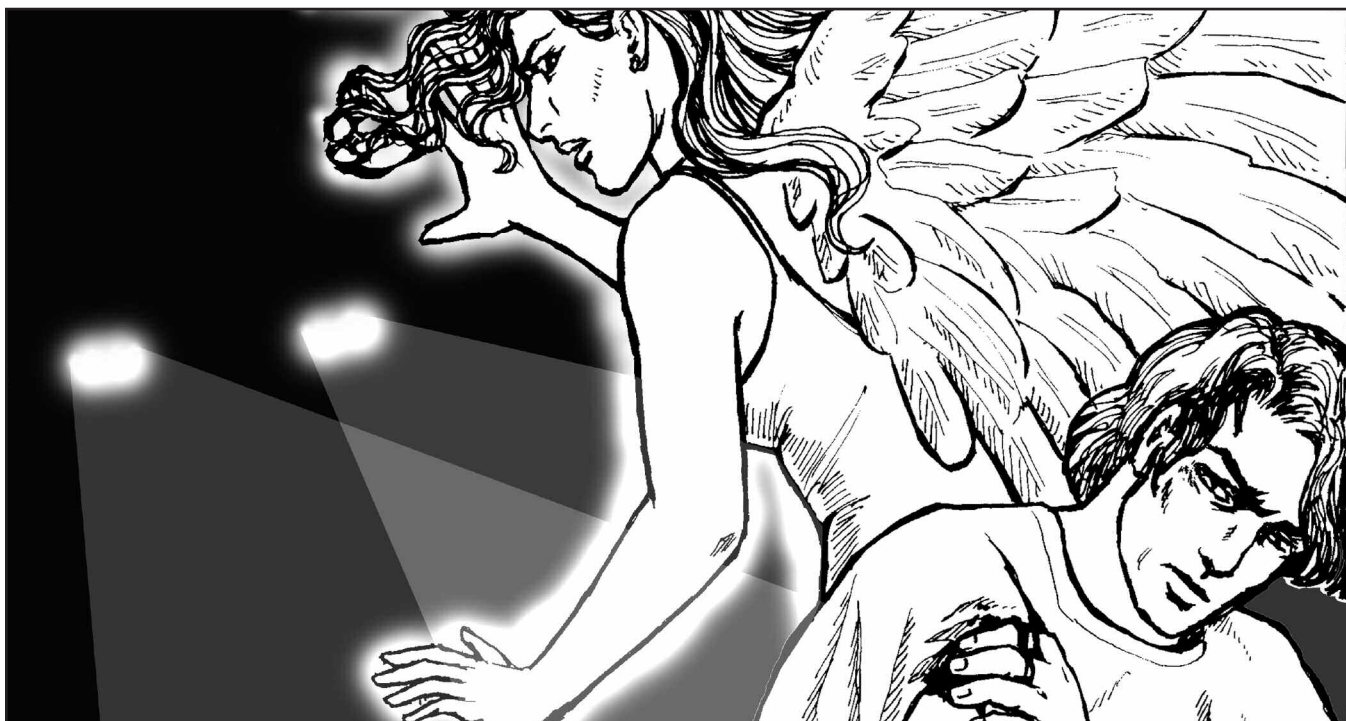
INVOCATION MODIFIERS

Automatically add an additional +2 to any rolls for invocation of Zadkiel if the invoker is himself in need of protection.

- +1 An alarm, such as a burglar alarm, smoke detector, etc.
- +2 A shield of some kind
- +3 A suit of armor
- +4 A fortification built to protect the forces of Good
- +5 A mother protecting her young
- +6 Someone giving his life to protect another

TETHERS

Zadkiel favors Tethers that are warm and inviting. That nice old lady down the street who always has an open ear, a hot meal and a little bit of money to help people get back on their feet might be a Seneschal of a Tether of Protection. The soup kitchen and shelter which provides meals to those who would have gone hungry and beds to those without homes, the rehab center that treats their patients with care, the center for battered women which helps women escape abuse and the halfway houses which help people get off the streets are all possible Tethers of Zadkiel. Her Tethers always have a profoundly positive effect on all those who seek shelter within.



MAMMON

DEMON PRINCE OF GREED

"Greed is Good."

— Gordon Gecko

The world is full of worthy things, and they should all belong to you.

Mammon lives large. He loves Creation – it's just so cool. So cool that he'd like to have it all for his own. He supports the War in principle, but he is more of a war profiteer than a soldier on the front lines. If he had his way, he'd just plain own everything. But he is, after all, the servant of a greater power. So Mammon does the best he can: instilling greed in humans whom his Servitors can control like puppets. The more his human vassals accumulate, the more Mammon owns by proxy. He's the ultimate conglomerate: every human vassal is a wholly-owned subsidiary. And the profits – ah, the sweet profits – all flow straight up the corporate ladder and down into Hell.

A Balseraph, Mammon is the band-brother of Baal. Baal fights the war; Mammon gathers the spoils. Baal despises Mammon for being the diabolic equivalent of a draft-dodger, but Mammon adores Baal. War is always good for business and creates the climate of uncertainty in which the strong can go for the gusto.

Mammon's demons are charged with finding powerful, ambitious people who need a break to get started or to move forward. They care little for the rank and file of humanity. Some of Mammon's fellow Princes – especially Kronos – think Mammon should expend his efforts on corrupting the selfless, turning them down the path of Greed. Mammon refuses. To Mammon's way of thinking, it serves Hell's interests better to have a small clutch of humans who own everything, because it only makes everyone else that much more miserable.

Mammon's appearance varies. He likes to play the role of the fat medieval merchant, gold coins and roast turkey legs spilling out of his pockets. He also likes to be the svelte, modern aesthete, immaculate in his appreciation for the finer things. On occasion, he even likes to appear as Santa Claus . . . one of his best creations.



DISSONANCE

It is dissonant for a demon of Greed to be generous: he can never give anything away, not even the time of day. He can loan something, but always for a price and even then only grudgingly. Barter is great . . . as long as the other guy gets the short end of the stick.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs

A business contract prepared by a Balseraph of Mammon will look fine to the other party until it is signed, at which point the real terms of the contract – which are skewed in the Balseraph's favor – appear on the page instead. If the target makes a Perception check, he can notice the chicanery before signing. If the target fails a Will check, the target thinks the contract read like that all along.

Djinn

Djinn of Greed are attuned to deals. They can smell an opportunity for one human to unfairly exploit another from a mile away and will set diligently about making the deal happen.

Calabim

Mammon's Calabim are whitewashers – they destroy evidence of dishonorable transactions. If something specific is known to exist that can sabotage a crooked deal, or expose a fraud, a Calabite of Greed can find it with a Will check.

Habbalah

Habbalah of Mammon have a special emotional effect: Self-Loathing. It functions like Sadness (see *In Nomine*, p. 147) except that the target – the victim of a bad deal brokered by a demon or human vassal of Mammon –

realizes he's been taken for a fool and hates himself for it. Extreme cases may result in suicide.

Lilim

Lilim of Mammon may add their Ethereal Forces to an attempt to Geas a person into signing a contract brokered by a demon or human Servitor of Mammon.

Shedim

Mammon's Possessors automatically succeed in any Contest of Will with their host in which the desired evil act directly satisfies the host's greed.

Impudites

Victims of Mammon's Impudites receive no resistance roll to Charm attempts if the victim thinks that he has the upper hand and is about to rip off the Impudite. (The reverse, naturally, is usually the sad truth.)



SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Only the Best

With this attunement, a Servitor of Mammon can tell what item at hand is of the highest quality. In a restaurant, they always pick the best dish; in a used-car lot, they find the cream puff; at an auction, they spot the unrecognized Chagall. If they can succeed in a Will check, they also get said item for 25% off the usual price.

Art of the Deal

This attunement allows a Servitor of Mammon to spontaneously generate legal contracts. After conversing with someone about a deal and establishing the terms, the Servitor need only reach into his jacket pocket or briefcase and produce – always with a flourish – a legal document encompassing all of the established terms, ready to be signed right away.

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Treasure

For 2 points of Essence, a Knight may perfectly forge a target's signature on any document – and on reality itself. All humans (including the target) will believe that the target really did sign that document for a number of hours equal to the Knight's Forces.

Captain of the Motherlode

Mammon's Captains can always get a human to tell them what thing he is most greedy for – that secret desire the target has always wanted to fulfill. With a suc-

cessful Will roll, the Captain can convince the target that making a deal with the Captain will make those greedy wishes come true.

Baron of El Dorado

Mammon's Barons are lucky devils. Items of substantial monetary value – which are of immediate use to the Baron in the situation at hand – just sort of appear at the



right time. Stuck for cab fare? Hey, there's twenty bucks on the sidewalk! Trapped in a plane that's going down? Look, a parachute sewn from fine platinum! The player *cannot* choose to use this power, but the GM may make it happen whenever it seems appropriate. The GM may also charge Essence for this power, from zero points for trivialities to 6 points for real lifesavers. At the GM's option the item can be clumsily valuable, such as a soccer ball made of solid gold.

RELATIONS

Allied: Andrealphus, Nybbas

Associated: Haagenti, Valefor

Hostile: Baal, Kronos

BASIC RITES

- Roll around in a big pile of cash.

- Make a 100% profit on a dishonorable transaction.
- Get somebody fired to advance another's career.

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 3

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 A store selling expensive, useless things that feed buyers' desire to appear wealthy
- +2 The house of a miser
- +3 A wealthy thief
- +4 A room full of lawyers
- +5 A millionaire who has given nothing to charity in a year
- +6 A binding contract for a human's immortal soul, freshly signed in blood

TETHERS

The Tethers of the Prince of Greed are in places dedicated to the senseless accumulation of wealth: miser's palaces such as Hearst Castle in San Simeon. Other Tethers are in monuments to the exaltation of greed itself: luxurious casinos, especially those in impoverished cities or countries. Still others are where the malevolent use of wealth to accumulate power (or vice versa) is plotted: presidential palaces or multinational corporate headquarters across the Third World.



THE CELESTIAL REALMS



49

CELESTIAL REALMS



The celestial realms lie across the infinite gulf of the Marches that separates them from the corporeal realm of Earth. There the misty dream-stuff of the Marches gives way to pure spirit, celestial Essence given form. Heaven towers above while Hell, its twisted reflection, boils below. Here, the concepts of Good and Evil take form and are made perceptible, at the twin poles of the Earth's spiritual field.

GETTING THERE

FROM EARTH

The celestial realms are too pure, too intense for corporeal existence to bear; the light of Heaven would sear mortal flesh as surely as the fires of Hell. Nothing corporeal can exist on or travel to the celestial; only pure spirit can abide there. Even those rare mortals who enter the celestial realms before their time can only do so through the projection of their spirits from their vulnerable mortal flesh.

Celestials have the easiest time entering Heaven or Hell, since the celestial realms are home to them. An angel or demon must be in celestial form in order to ascend to the celestial realm. A celestial may ascend to his proper realm at any time by assuming celestial form and making a successful Will roll. An angel at a divine Tether, or a demon at an infernal Tether, may ascend automatically.

Normally, celestials manifest beside their Hearts when they ascend. It is possible to "follow" another celestial by ascending after them within a minute of their departure, starting within the follower's Celestial Forces in yards from where the other celestial ascended. With a successful Perception roll – after making the Will roll to ascend – the follower will manifest in the celestial realm near the being he followed. For celestials following someone on the opposite side to their celestial realm, see *Behind Enemy Lines*, p. 59.

Outcast angels and Renegade demons cannot ascend to the celestial realm, although Renegades can still assume their celestial form on Earth.

Humans cannot assume celestial form and so cannot normally travel to the celestial realms. Mortal flesh cannot enter Heaven or Hell. However, humans using the Celestial Song of Projection (see *In Nomine*, p. 84) can send their spirits into Heaven or Hell. Outcasts and Renegades can also use this Song to enter the celestial realms. These beings must be in a Tether to make use of the Celestial Song of Projection and will manifest in the celestial hall of the Archangel or Demon Prince who controls the Tether. Naturally,

unwanted visitors will first have to deal with the Seneschal of the Tether.

Humans have one other way of getting into the celestial realms, of course: they can die. Humans go to Heaven or Hell depending on the kind of lives they have led (and the GM's judgment). The majority of human souls do not return from the celestial once they have passed on. Most of them ascend to the higher levels of Heaven or fall permanently into their punishments in Hell. Some rare humans (usually those who were Soldiers in life) are given the opportunity to create a vessel of their own and return to Earth to continue the work of their Superior.

FROM THE MARCHES

Celestials in the Marches can assume their celestial form and ascend to the celestial plane just as they do from Earth, with one difference: their corporeal form does not vanish if it is still on Earth. Celestials returning from Heaven or Hell have the option of returning to the point where they left the Marches or to their sleeping corporeal vessel, whichever they prefer.

Humans in the Marches must use the Celestial Song of Projection to enter Heaven or Hell. The song must be performed at the base of either Beleth's or Blandine's towers, the primary Tethers in the Marches. Ethereal spirits who wish to enter the celestial realm must also use the Song of Projection from one of these two towers. Ethereals are generally barred from Blandine's tower, but they have been known to visit Beleth's on occasion. Most ethereal spirits prefer to remain in the Marches, and few will enter Hell without a very good reason to do so.

FROM HEAVEN OR HELL

Angels or demons in one celestial realm can travel to the other automatically under most conditions. An angel who has followed a demon to Hell can travel to Heaven or back to Earth with no roll required, simply by willing it. Likewise, a demon who finds himself in the unlikely position of entering Heaven can go to Hell or Earth instantly without having to roll. Like travel within Heaven and Hell (see *Getting Around*, below), travel between the two realms varies in difficulty based on where the celestial is at the time. Some circumstances might require a Will roll (or even a Perception roll) for an angel to leave Hell at the GM's discretion, although it should be noted that a roll is never required for a demon to leave Heaven, since it is in the demon's nature to reject Heaven (see *Behind Enemy Lines*, p. 59, for more information).

GETTING BACK

Returning to the corporeal plane from the celestial takes no time or effort, and no roll is required. When a celestial returns, he reappears near the place he left from, unless his Superior sends him somewhere else or he returns with someone else to the place that they left from. If the celestial is following someone else without their knowledge, a successful Perception roll is required to succeed; otherwise the would-be follower returns where he originally left the corporeal realm.

Celestials appear on Earth in their corporeal vessel (their choice, if the celestial has more than one vessel available). Non-celestials using the Song of Projection return to the location of their corporeal or ethereal body. Celestials cannot travel to Earth without a vessel to inhabit, with the exception of Kyriotates and Shedim, who must inhabit a corporeal vessel within (10 times Celestial Forces) minutes or else be yanked back to their celestial home.

GETTING AROUND

Corporeal concepts like space and distance are meaningless in the celestial realm. Time remains a constant between the two, but things of the spirit remain incorruptible and eternal. So, although time passes in Heaven and Hell much as it does on Earth, there are no days, no seasons, no aging and no signs of the passage of time save those willed by the Archangels or Demon Princes in their own domains. It is quite easy for the inhabitants of the celestial to lose track of time in the corporeal world. Celestials who have been away from Earth for a time may return a bit disoriented regarding how much time has passed while they were away.

It is impossible to say how large Heaven or Hell are except to say "large enough." Neither is ever "overcrowded" by the entities and souls dwelling there, and both have layers and levels unknown even to the most powerful Superiors. Lucifer reserves knowledge of the deepest and darkest depths of Hell to himself, and God only knows what lies in the uppermost reaches of Heaven. Angels and demons called or taken into the

unknown depths of the celestial realms are often never heard from again.

Travel in the celestial realm can be quite rapid, but in some regions it is limited by restrictions placed by their Superiors, as well as by the will of God or Lucifer.

Generally speaking, it is fairly easy to get around in Heaven. Hell is a labyrinth of complex passages, difficult terrain and other barriers created by the various Demon Princes to keep their Principalities separate and block the prying eyes of their associates. Certainly, there are parts of Heaven forbidden to certain angels, but for the most part the Heavens are open for angels to move about as required by their Superiors.



HEAVEN

The only part of Heaven player characters ever see is the lowest and least divine. This is the part of Heaven closest to the corporeal realm, where the front-line planning and activity of the War takes place. There are many levels of Heaven above this, but not even the Archangels know what truly goes on there. Most angels, like Uriel, called to the higher realms have not returned to tell about it. The rest cannot or will not speak of what they have seen.

CATHEDRALS

The "geography" of Heaven is made up of the various Cathedrals. Despite the name, not all of the Cathedrals are actual buildings. They are places that reflect their Words, making them suitable for the Archangels who dwell in them and their Servitors to carry out the business of promoting those Words and maintaining the Symphony against the forces of Hell.

Each Cathedral is potentially infinite in size, yet there always seems to be enough space for one more in Heaven. This can make finding one's way around some of the Cathedrals difficult without the help of a guide. It's best to know where you are going in Heaven before you go there. Angels rarely ever become lost in their Superior's Cathedral – they have an intuitive sense of how to navigate it – but other Cathedrals can pose problems, especially if the angel is not overly welcome there.

The major Cathedrals of Heaven are described in *Heaven*, pp. 62–80. There are, of course, other Cathedrals for the lesser Archangels; most of these are additions or extensions to their patron's domain.

THINGS TO DO IN HEAVEN

There aren't a lot of angels sitting around on clouds playing harps, that's for sure. Heaven is a busy place with a lot going on. Superiors and Word-bound angels spend a great deal of time overseeing and furthering their Words in the Symphony. Lesser angels and celestial spirits handle the duties delegated to them by their Superiors, keeping the chorus of the Symphony humming along smoothly. Serving God and their Superiors is the angels' reason for being. They love their work and most do it gladly. There will be plenty of time to enjoy the fruits of one's labors and bask in the glory of God and the Symphony when the War is finished.

Angels assigned to carry out tasks on Earth tend to visit Heaven only rarely. The work of the War is car-

ried out on a more strategic scale in Heaven than most earthly angels are used to. The Archangels and their Servitors in Heaven devise large-scale plans to further the cause on Earth, and they pass information on to the angels in the corporeal realm to see them carried out.

Archangels rarely call their earthly Servitors back to Heaven without good reason. They have many other servants in the celestial realm to carry out the various day-to-day duties of supporting the Superior's Word. Capable earthly agents are few and valued, so a wise Archangel does not use them wastefully. If an Archangel calls a servant back to Heaven to perform a task, it is usually one that cannot be entrusted to the Superior's regular servants for various reasons. This may be due to Heavenly politics or because the task is especially sensitive and the Archangel wants it handled by someone with "field experience."

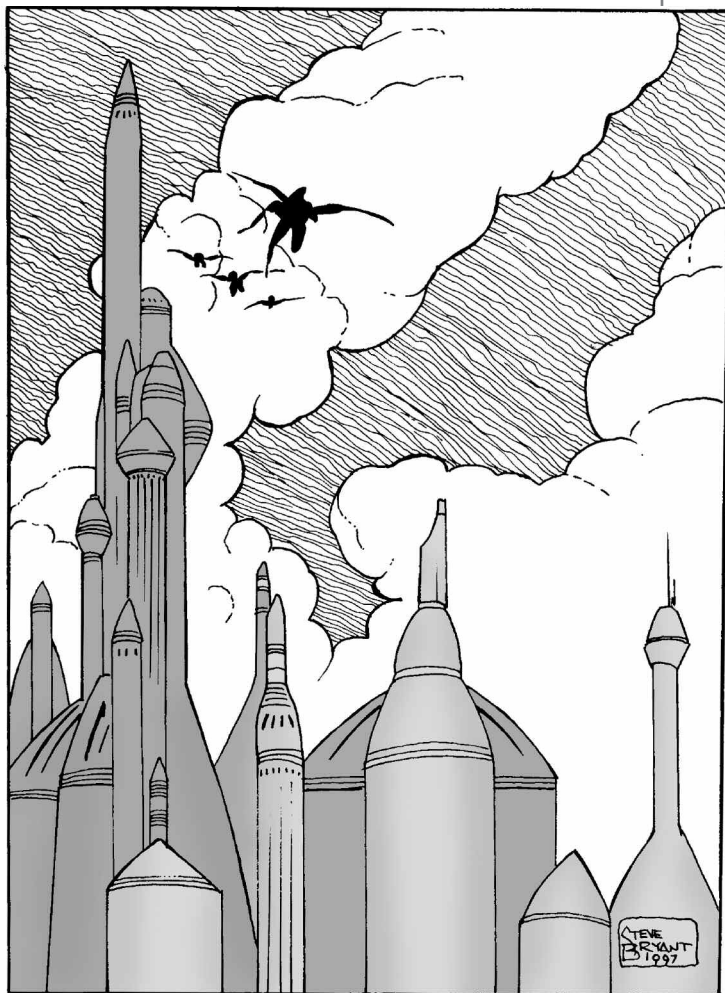
Archangels will also summon a servant to Heaven for certain ceremonial occasions. This can be a proud and happy occasion, such as rewarding a faithful servant with a new attunement, a new Rite or even a Word. Or it can be a grim matter, like bringing an angel before his Superior or the Seraphim Council to render judgment for some crime or transgression.

Angels also sometimes return to Heaven on their own initiative to seek advice or assistance from their Superior or another angel. They might also wish to consult with a human spirit who has become a bodhisattva, or with some other blessed soul. Generally speaking, angels assigned to duties in the corporeal realm are expected to be fairly self-sufficient and should not run back to Heaven every time a problem comes up. Angels who do are quickly given less taxing duties elsewhere.

Finally, an angel might arrive in Heaven as a casualty of a battle that destroyed his vessel or for some other reason outside his control (a Kyriotate not finding a host in time, for example). While falling in combat is honorable, repeatedly going to Heaven "by accident" is frowned upon as malingering or incompetence.

HELL

Hell jars like a permanent flat note in the perfection of the Symphony, a dark shadow cast by Heaven's light. It is considered a tragedy or an abomination (or both) by the inhabitants of Heaven. To the demons, it is home, bleak and





dangerous, but home nonetheless. Hell sits on the lowest level of the celestial realm, just outside the borders of Nightmare overseen by Beleth's citadel.

PRINCIPALITIES

Hell is divided into Principalities, each overseen by a Demon Prince. Lucifer himself divided up the realm and decides on the assignment of a Principality to any given Demon Prince. The various Principalities are connected by a labyrinthine system of tunnels, walkways and gates.

Travel between the Principalities varies greatly depending on the relations of the ruling Princes. Some are wide open, while others are restricted.

Like Heaven, Hell is potentially infinite in size. No matter how many Princes Lucifer appoints, or how many human souls march through the gates of Hades to swell the ranks of the damned, Hell always has more room. Demons tell tales of numerous dark passages and mysterious gates leading to unknown and unclaimed areas of Hell containing strange and often unspeakable things (even by demonic standards). Only Lucifer can be said to



truly know the full scope of Hell. Everyone else is well-advised to stick to the places and routes they know.

The major Principalities are described in *Hell*, pp. 81-111. In the interstices of these major Principalities are many minor ones, ruled by lesser Demon Princes. These smaller Principalities usually exist at the sufferance of the major Princes, either as satellites or as buffer states.

THINGS TO DO IN HELL

There are really only two things to do in Hell: whatever you want and whatever your Superior tells you. Hell is a place of complete selfishness, where the inhabitants are limited only by their ability to enforce their wills and seize the objects of their desire. Of course, while demons (and even damned human spirits) are theoretically free to do as they please, in practice things are quite different.

Most of the demons in Hell are occupied with supporting their Superior's Word or milking Essence and Forces from damned human souls. Some demons simply torture the damned until they surrender their precious Essence to make the torment abate briefly. Others, perhaps more subtle, prey on human greed and selfishness to trade pleasure or power for Essence.

Generally speaking, demons assigned to work on Earth try to avoid returning to Hell unless they have some kind of "gift" to offer to their Prince, whether a bit of gossip or good news, or something as big as a celestial artifact. Demon Princes don't like to be disturbed, and most demons prefer to avoid the attention of their Superior unless they know they can look good and score some points.

Demons in Hell are usually busy carrying out the work given them by their Superior. There is no lack of political intrigue and skullduggery among the Demon Princes themselves, but most demons would actually prefer to deal with the forces of Heaven on Earth

rather than get caught up in some of the infighting going on back home. Doing tasks for one's Prince in Hell is a constant struggle to win approval while making as few enemies as possible along the way. It can be a good path to advancement in the ranks, provided you survive long enough to enjoy it.

Demons do return to Hell to bring important news and information, especially since this often disturbs the Symphony less than calling upon their Prince to appear on Earth. Demons can be called back by their Superiors to provide reports, hear instructions and receive rewards or punishments for their work on Earth. Different Princes vary in attitude toward servants that return to Hell. Some, like Asmodeus, expect Servitors to check in regularly. Others, such as Haagenti, are more lax. Demons also go back to Hell to regain Essence or simply to hide out and lick their wounds after a rumble with the angels. Regardless of the reason, any demon who abandons the earthly task assigned by his Prince had better be ready to do some fast talking.

CELESTIAL EXISTENCE

Everyone in the celestial realms must exist there in celestial form. No corporeal or ethereal form can exist in Heaven or Hell. This means celestials have none of the usual benefits of their corporeal vessels while they are in celestial form, not that things such as Roles are needed in the celestial realms. Celestials wear their true celestial form, while visiting mortals and spirits have a celestial form similar to their corporeal or ethereal form.

There are no difficulties perceiving celestial forms while in Heaven or Hell, since everything there is made up of celestial Essence. The rules for perceiving celestial forms (*In Nomine*, p. 53) are only used for attempting to perceive a celestial in celestial form on the corporeal

plane. Anyone in the celestial realm may perceive others there normally. Things like walls block line of sight in the celestial as they do in the corporeal world (except for the unearthly geometries in areas of some specific Principalities and Cathedrals).

The celestial form is not bound by gravity, so those on the celestial plane may move freely in any direction they will. Many of the structures of Heaven and Hell take advantage of this fact, offering open, vaulted halls and vast, deep pits for celestials to soar across and move through.

Language

Communication in the celestial realm makes use of the celestial language, a musical tongue that is a reflection of the Symphony itself. The original, angelic language is incapable of expressing falsehoods. Each word embodies a concept and resonates with the Symphony. Any lie would be instantly detected by its Discordant notes. This is important to keep in mind for interactions between angels in celestial form. While it's never good form to lie to your fellow angels (or, God forbid, your Superior) it is impossible to do so while speaking the celestial tongue.

Demons, on the other hand, communicate in a corrupted form of the angelic language that *is* capable of expressing falsehoods – very good at it, in fact. This language resonates with the selfish nature of demons and has diverged greatly from its parent tongue. Most angels are normally incapable of understanding demonic speech, although demons still understand the original, angelic language, and can speak in it if they wish.

It is possible for an angel to learn the demonic language in much the same way they would learn an attunement; this costs 5 character points. The language must be learned from another celestial who can speak it (nearly always a demon). Doing so corrupts the purity of the angelic speech and automatically earns the angel a point of dissonance for learning the language and another point every time he expresses a falsehood with it. Such angels are quick to Fall, so some Archangels have forbidden learning the demonic tongue.

Other inhabitants of the celestial realms, human souls as well as mortal and spirit visitors, all have the ability to understand and communicate in the native tongue of the realm. This only applies while they are in the celestial realm. After returning to the corporeal or ethereal realm, visitors retain no knowledge or understanding of the celestial language. To them, it is as if they heard all communication in their own native language.

COMBAT

Although it is rare, combat does happen in the celestial realms. The primary battleground for the War is the corporeal realm, but there are reasons why celestials will sometimes fight among themselves in Heaven or Hell. The greatest battle of the War, the original Fall, took place in Heaven. Many believe that the last battle, Armageddon, will also take place when the forces of one side storm the celestial realm of the other.

Corporeal combat is not possible in Heaven or Hell since no one has a corporeal vessel there, and ethereal combat cannot be invoked in the celestial realm. Celestial combat is the only option, and it is considered an even more grave matter in Heaven and Hell than it is on Earth. There are no weapons in the celestial realm save for celestial artifacts and Songs – it is the strength of a combatant's Essence and Forces that largely determines the outcome of a fight.

Heaven

Combat in Heaven is forbidden by the Pax Dei, the Peace of God. The Pax Dei says Heaven is a place of peace and understanding where all spirits exist in harmony under the grace of God. Lucifer proved the Pax Dei is not necessarily a law of nature, although there are serious repercussions in the Symphony for an angel who violates it.

The more martial superiors like Laurence and Michael can and do stage combat drills and exercises to maintain constant readiness and vigilance in the War. The Groves often see war games and other practice maneuvers of

INTERVENTION IN THE CELESTIAL REALMS

A roll of 666 has no supernatural effect in Heaven – Lucifer has no power there, and so his infernal intervention would come to naught. The GM may well rule it a spectacular and embarrassing failure if rolled by a player on the side of the angels, of course. The GM may also rule that the player character has somehow come to the notice of the Lord of Hell, with repercussions later in the campaign.

A roll of 111 still results in divine intervention in Hell. Life is not fair, especially in Hell, as Lucifer has every reason to know.

warrior angels. Such combat is always intended simply for practice, of course, causing no lasting harm.

Attacking another being in Heaven without very good cause is a very serious crime. Unwarranted celestial combat is certain to have the offender brought before the Seraphim Council for judgment.

In addition to the legal penalties involved, any angel who invokes celestial combat against a fellow angel in Heaven automatically gains a point of dissonance, and gains another for every Celestial Force he destroys in the combat. There is no penalty, either in censure or in dissonance, for defending oneself against celestial attack. Bringing needless violence to break the peace of Heaven is an excellent road to a Fall.

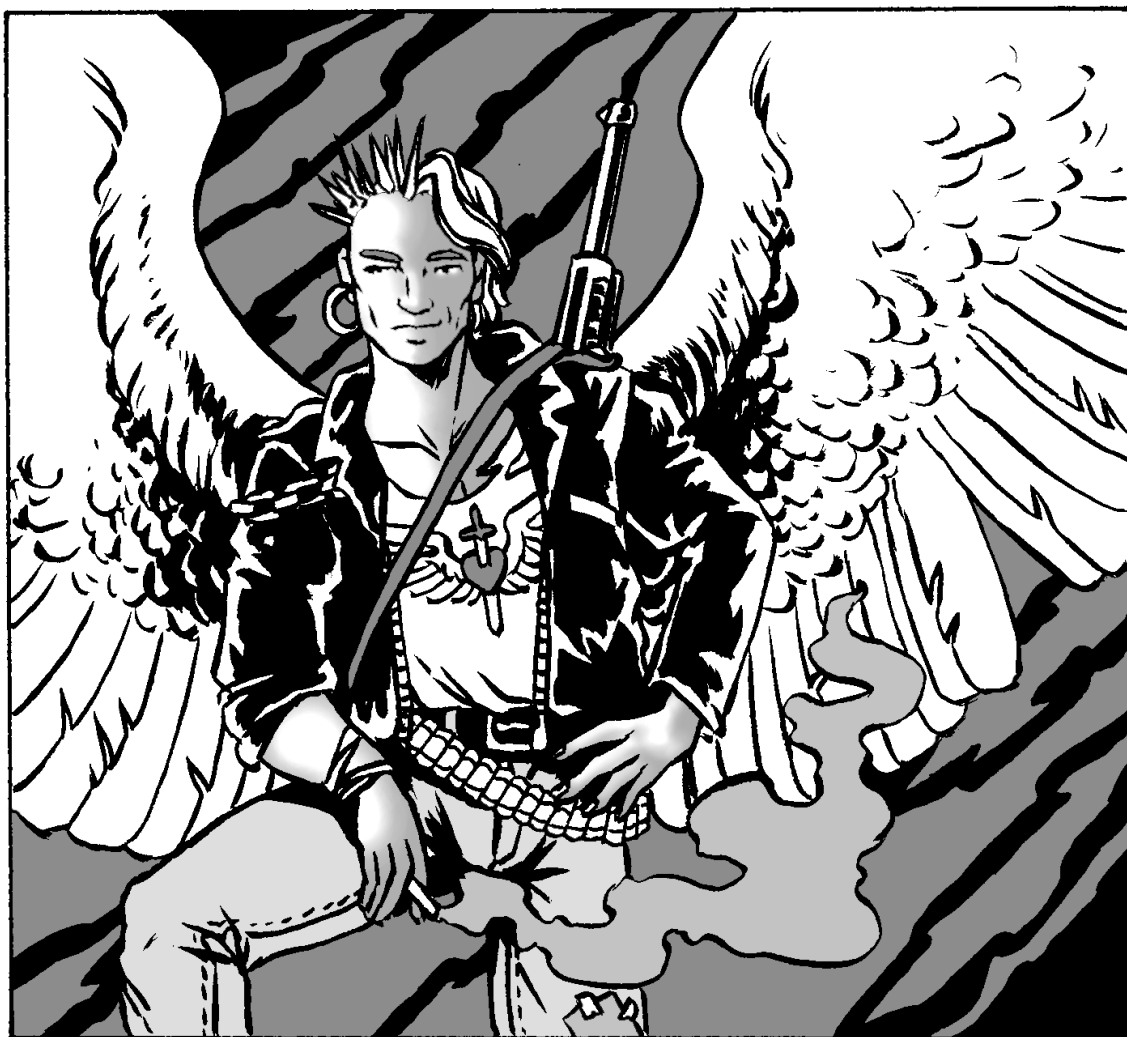
Hell

Combat in Hell is common. The ranks of demons are constantly at each other's throats in a struggle for power and dominance. However, the denizens of Hell generally prefer to settle their differences using cunning, guile

and treachery rather than outright battle. For one thing, Lucifer and Asmodeus frown on unsupervised combat in the ranks, so demons who regularly stir up fights tend to be slapped down sooner or later, usually by their own Prince, to avoid Asmodeus' attention.

There are many exceptions, of course. Gehenna is nothing more than one giant battlefield, with combat going on almost constantly to test the strength of Hell's troops and weed out the weak and unworthy so that their Forces can be put to more productive use. Violence and torture against human spirits in Hell is a daily occurrence, but it's considered either "work" or "spectator sport," not combat.

There are no penalties for celestial combat in Hell apart from whatever a Superior might wish to impose. Angels and demons can fight in Hell, but the Archangels frown on outright invasions of Hell simply to kill demons. It is usually a sure way for a Servitor to commit suicide, and it often indicates an angel who has become especially dissonant or unbalanced.



THE CELESTIAL SYMPHONY

The celestial realms are close to the pure music of the Symphony and in tune with the angels and demons who inhabit them. Very little that celestials do on their home turf creates disturbances in the Symphony. Spending Essence and using Songs still creates ripples in the celestial music, but the other actions of celestials in their home do not affect the Symphony, since they are in their natural place within it. Even interaction with human spirits in Heaven or Hell does not cause a disturbance, since the spirits are no longer living or corporeal.

Celestials do cause disturbances in the Symphony on the celestial plane when they enter the realm that is not their own. Angels entering Hell or, worse yet, demons trying to enter Heaven can create a great noise in the Symphony. See *Behind Enemy Lines*, p. 59, for more information.

SONGS

Celestials can use Songs to influence the Symphony in the celestial realm, but many Songs intended to affect the worlds of thought and matter (the ethereal and the corporeal) are of no use in the realm of pure spirit. Generally, Songs that affect corporeal matter or vessels, or Songs that are corporeal or ethereal attacks, do not function in the celestial realm even if they are Celestial Songs. For example, the Celestial Song of Form reshapes the user's vessel, and so would be useless to an angel or demon in celestial form.

The Song of Projection allows celestials to project their consciousness into the corporeal or ethereal realm from the celestial (*In Nomine*, pp. 83-84). The projection is able to sense things as if it were actually present, but it cannot affect the realm it is projected into, and the performer cannot use other Songs through the projection. It is merely an image. Celestials in Heaven or Hell can use the Song of Projection to "check up on things" and to communicate with the corporeal or ethereal worlds, and many celestials and Superiors use this Song to keep in touch with earthly allies without actually manifesting in the corporeal world.



DISCORD

In the pure Symphony of the celestial realm, Discordant notes are especially evident. It is impossible for an angel or demon in celestial form to hide any Discord they might possess; it is immediately noticeable to any other celestial who sees them. For demons this is not much of a concern unless the demon has so much Discord that his Prince might begin to question his value or loyalty, in which case the demon will have a lot of explaining to do.

For angels, showing Discord in Heaven is a more serious matter. Any other angel will be able to detect the wayward angel's Discord in the notes of the angel's celestial form and will react accordingly (*In Nomine*, p. 61). Especially Discordant angels much prefer to remain in the corporeal world, where they have a chance of hiding





their shame, until they have been able to petition their Superior to eliminate some of the Discord. Archangels tend to prefer this arrangement as well, since having a Discordant Servitor in Heaven reflects badly on the Superior as well as the servant.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

Sooner or later every new celestial asks the question: "Why don't we simply attack the other side *en masse* and bring a quick end to this whole War?" Most of the time, their Superiors simply shake their heads and wonder about the kind of brains new celestials have these days, but sometimes, if they are feeling generous, a Superior will explain the reasoning behind the nature of the War.

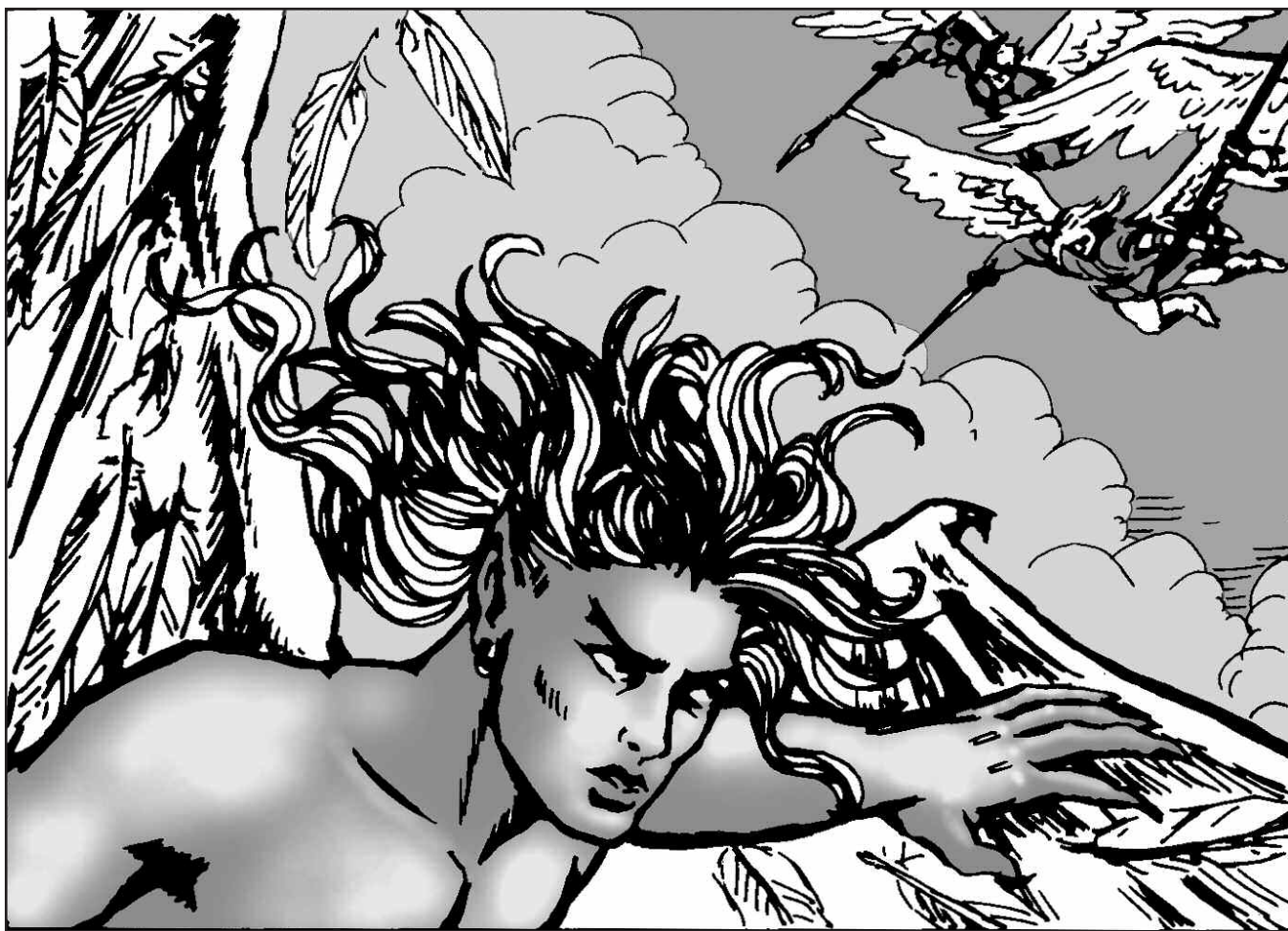
Laurence shows curious angels his unclassified estimates of the large percentage of the Host that would be lost in the storming of Hell, or Michael explains to them the overwhelming advantage enjoyed by ferocious, unprincipled, deadly creatures fighting for their lives on their dangerous home territory. Dominic points out that when God judges that it is time to end the War is when it will end, not a nanosecond earlier, and asks the curious angel if he places his own judgment above the Divine. Other Superiors are equally discouraging.

Curious demons are told by their Superior that Baal has been informed of their willingness to fight on the front lines against legions of disciplined Malakim, and they are assured that their sacrifice will not be in vain. If they don't get the point by then, they're usually assigned to something less mentally challenging, like raking the bottom of Sheol for loose change. Lucifer has learned all he needs to know about attacking God before being absolutely sure of success.

So a Cold War exists between Heaven and Hell. Demons do their best to poke holes in the Symphony and undermine God's plan so that Heaven can be weakened enough for Hell to launch an all-out assault. God's angels do their best to protect humanity from the activities of the demons and support the Symphony against demonic schemes. Eventually, one side or the other will get the upper hand and be able to pull off a decisive victory, or a large enough faction will grow tired of the stalemate and launch a suicidal final assault to force the issue.

There are certainly factions on both sides of the War who would prefer Armageddon came sooner rather than later, but those factions have largely been reined in by the majority. Uriel's Purification Crusade in the eighth century and his calling to the upper Heavens serves as a strong reminder to angels of the dangers of taking too much initiative.





Still, it is not unknown for individual angels and demons to invade enemy territory for various reasons while pursuing their duties in the War. Usually, it is angels making trouble in Hell, since demons have more problems getting into Heaven.

DEMONS IN HEAVEN

It is not actually true – as much as the angels would like to believe – that it is impossible for demons to enter Heaven. It is only *very, very hard* for them to do so. If a demon attempts to ascend to Heaven by following an angel, the demon will succeed with a successful Will roll followed by a successful Perception roll as normal (*In Nomine*, p. 53). The difference is that normally a demon entering the perfect harmony of Heaven creates a note of Discord in the Symphony so great that *every* celestial in Heaven can sense it. This “alarm klaxon” brings the Armies of God down on the intruder. Demons in Heaven must also make a Will roll every hour or else be ejected from Heaven and cast back into Hell. This is because demons have rejected

Heaven. They are in essence trying to overcome their own desire to flee from God, and overcoming desire is not exactly common in Hell. An ejected demon materializes in Hell near his Heart, and will probably have to explain his actions to Lucifer himself, who will *not* be pleased at this violation of his rules. In addition to the above, demons in Heaven cannot regain Essence in any way.

That said, of course the demons have attempted numerous stratagems to place demonic skulkers in Heaven. The best-known methods involve Kronos, who still retains enough connection with the Symphony to mask the Discord of demonic entry. At his discretion, he can replace the Celestial Forces of a demon with some of his own, creating a Symphonic “cloak” that will pass muster. Such a cloak is still vulnerable to a successful angelic Perception roll, so demons covertly entering Heaven are advised to be discreet and get out rapidly. Since it involves expenditure of his own personal Forces, Kronos will not cloak any demon except when asked to do so by Lucifer directly, or when it *greatly* furthers his own plans.

Dominic, of course, suspects every other Demon Prince of developing their own methods of covertly entering Heaven. Valefor might use some stolen relic to blanket demonic Discord with heavenly Essence, Saminga might attempt to insert soulless “ringers” among the crowds of arriving dead, Beleth might conspire with the unknown powers of the Far Marches to infiltrate some non-demonic but still Hell-bound agent for her own purposes, and Asmodeus might have plans even more subtle than all of these. Hence, the Inquisition always stays wary, and the Malakim on the walls of Heaven look inward at times as well.

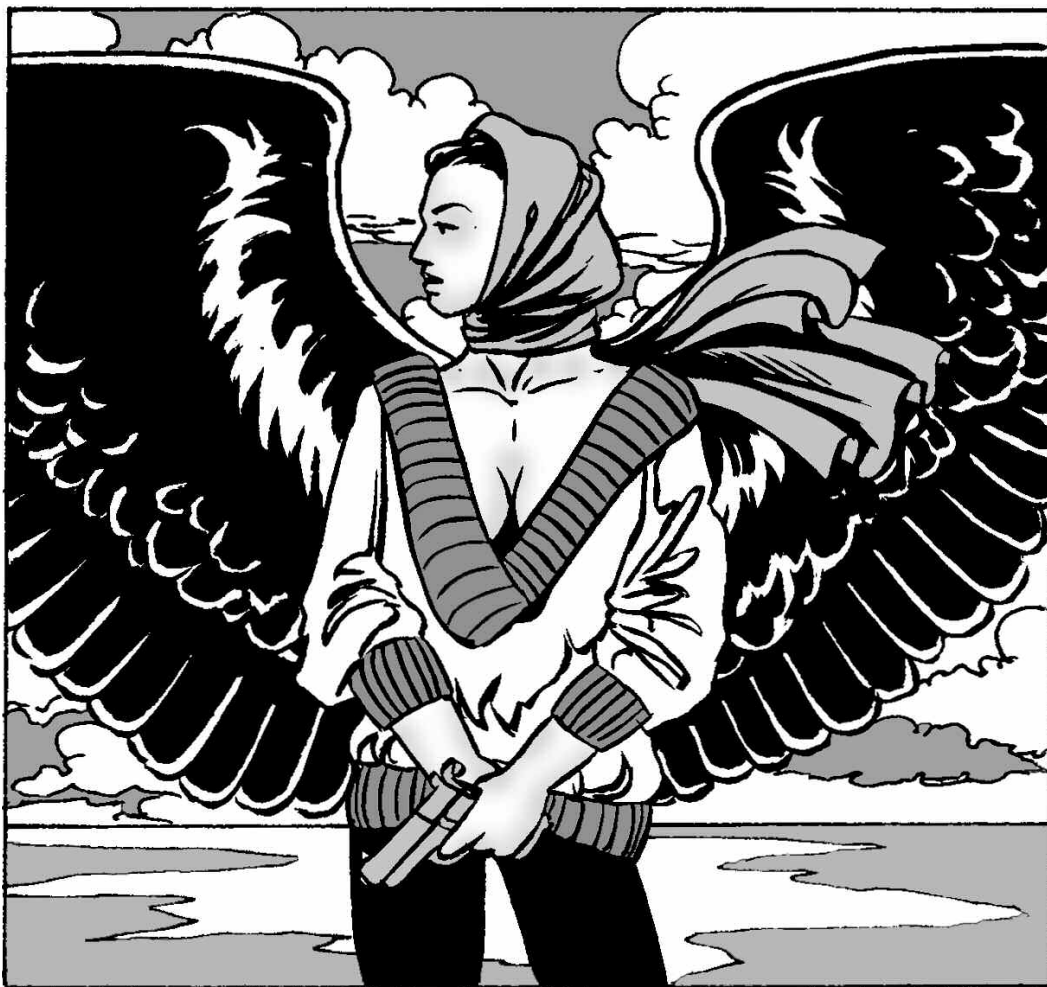
ANGELS IN HELL

Angels, on the other hand, can travel to Hell without any problem by following a demon there. Angels do not automatically set off any great alarms just by entering Hell, nor do they have to make any sort of roll to remain there as long as they wish. Still, angelic trips into Hell are no picnic. Angels must enter Hell in celestial form, and their true divine nature is clear to anyone who can see them. Their presence does ripple the Symphony, although not as dramatically as the presence of demons in Heaven. Angels cannot regenerate Essence in Hell, either naturally or through the use of Rites. Angels in Hell, as elsewhere, can normally only communicate in the angelic language. This makes them incapable of lying, a definite disadvantage among demons.

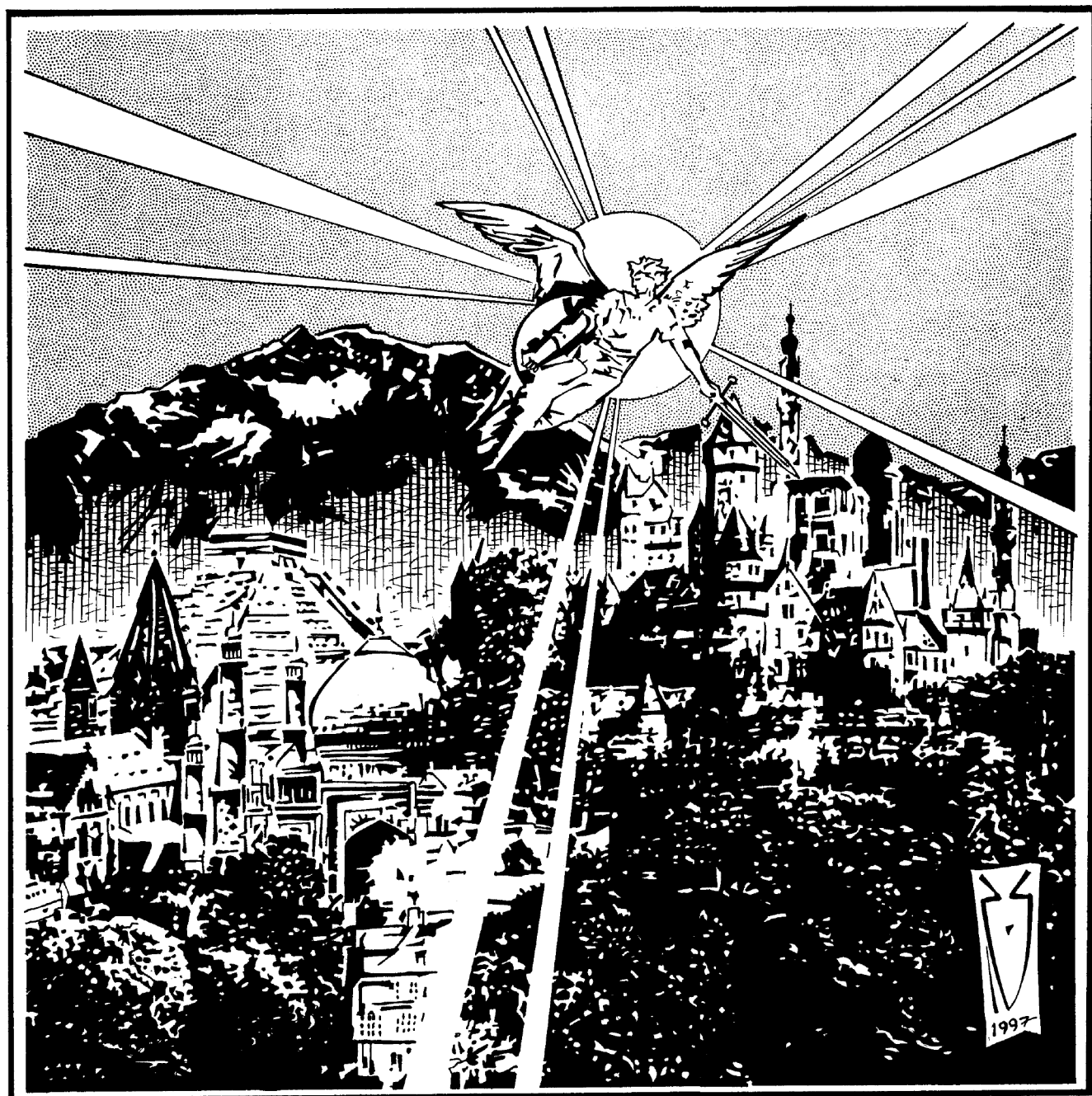
Although the presence of an angel will not immediately be detected, once discovered the angel will have a very difficult time avoiding all of Hell's demons. Lucifer's standing orders prevent demons from killing an angelic trespasser outright. He would rather find out why an angel is

in Hell and have the opportunity to torture him before seeing him destroyed. Most Demon Princes offer substantial rewards for the capture of any angel found in their Principality. Angels trapped in Hell usually have little chance of escape; no Superior will risk bringing on Armageddon simply to rescue a single Servitor. A group of angels staging an assault on Hell to rescue a captured friend (against the orders of their Superiors) would make for a truly epic adventure!

Heaven does sometimes have reason to send angels into Hell. The servants of Dominic stationed at the gates of Hades are one example (see *Dominic*, p. 7). Angels may be assigned by their Superior to take a specific message to one of the Princes of Hell. Usually Superiors from opposite sides prefer to handle the rare meetings between them on the “neutral ground” of the corporeal realm, but sometimes the Archangels like to drive home the point that angels have the ability to enter Hell with impunity, something the demons cannot say about Heaven.



Heaven



62

HEAVEN

What is Heaven? No answer satisfies: Paradise, Elysium, Beulah, Isles of the Blessed, the Promised Land, not even Heaven. Heaven is perfection, by its nature and by definition, and thus imperfect words cannot describe it meaningfully. They can barely even ask the question.

One answer is “Heaven is up above us.” There is, of course, no “up” any more – Copernicus proved that. But there is something above – higher than – the corporeal, something that breathes through our natures, something that makes us ask the question and answer it. That something is Heaven, and we see it most clearly in the skies, where nothing comes between us and the pure Creation of the Symphony. To our human senses and souls, heaven is up above us.

Another answer is “Heaven is where God is.” God, of course, is everywhere at once equally. But Heaven is where those beings closest to God are: the angels and blessed human souls whose entire beings resonate with the Symphony. Even if God is everywhere, everyone closest to Him, it seems, is still somewhere. That somewhere is Heaven.

The angels grasp this more firmly, but even for them it is a twisting puzzle. They live there, but can no more explain it than a fish can explain water. Why is Heaven the way it is? What is Heaven? Perhaps only Yves really knows the answer, but when the younger angels ask him he simply smiles and gestures at the vast expanse of his Library. He already did the hard part – he named it. The rest is just research.

IN HEAVEN

Things in Heaven are not like things on Earth, no matter how the eyes of man (or angel) cling to familiar forms like buildings, trees or clouds. Things in Heaven seem perfect, larger than life and twice as splendid. (Only God Himself is *truly* perfect, but Heaven is very, very good.) All Heaven is made of Essence, the pure stuff of Creation, the notes of the Symphony. Sometimes it seems like purest alabaster, or sunlight on water, or gold so fine that it has become almost transparent. But this is just the edge of the Essence that can be seen – there are thousands of facets on every jewel in Heaven.

This numinous expansion of forms is echoed by the angels, as they echo every aspect of the Symphony. In Heaven, angels take their purest celestial forms. The gemlike feathered serpents of the Seraphim, the radiant lions and bulls that are the Cherubim, the fiery wheels of the Ofanim and the thousand wings and eyes of the glorious Kyriotates move through the azure skies and shafts of golden light unremarked by any. What might cause remark is that the smoothness of the Elohim, the bold

ebony shades of the Malakim and the perfected human beauty of the Mercurians are equally wondrous and eye-catching.

Even the human souls can compete for attention. They are visible as idealized forms of themselves. They look the way God intended them to look, the way Yves saw their destined appearance. The smallest human soul in Heaven can, and sometimes does, look more beautiful than the most resplendent Seraph. Mercurians are fond of saying “God made man in His image, you know,” when that kind of thing happens. The Kyriotates have the only good answer to that: “One of His images, at least.”

Perhaps the least perfect thing about Heaven is the angels. They, too, are very, very good . . . or at least, they try to be. But they are fallible creatures, with free will. Some human souls are very disappointed when they first discover that angels can argue, err, grieve and feel wrath. Older souls begin to understand the angels for what they are, and love them even more.

This vast throng of angels and human souls moves through the ideal spaces between the Cathedrals or in their perfectly-proportioned vaults and corridors without confusion. Malakim and Cherubim never bump wings, Ofanim never careen into hovering Seraphim, and everybody gets where they were going as rapidly or as slowly as they intended. It's Heaven, after all.

THE WAY THINGS LOOK IN HEAVEN

In Nomine is not about “all angels” (or demons, for that matter). It is about those angels who were created to serve on Earth, to serve and protect the creatures of Earth. All these angels, unavoidably, share many mortal perceptions . . . even the lofty Seraphim are far more “human” than the ineffable celestials of the Higher Heavens.

Therefore, when the Choirs of *In Nomine* angels perceive Heaven, they perceive it through eyes predisposed to think in human terms. To them, the Council Spires look like elegant, perfectly tapering needles of pure gold. To other celestials, the Spires might appear quite different (though still perfect, of course). But *In Nomine* is about human souls, and those celestials who are most directly concerned with human souls. And the Heaven they see is described here.

THE FAMOUS DEAD IN HEAVEN

GMs may wish to populate the celestial realms with the souls of famous humans. After all, Dante did it, so it must be all right. Of course, Dante also peppered his *Divine Comedy* with his political buddies, family members and girlfriend – GMs might want to stick to less personal figures for their own tours of the celestial realms.

The famous dead can be simply “local color”: St. Francis of Assisi can be spotted communing with the souls of exotic birds in Jordi’s Savannah, or George Washington and one of Laurence’s Servitors can be seen in deep conversation over a map of Africa in the Hall of the Sword. It can also serve as the focus of a specific adventure: perhaps Albert Einstein is the NPC bodhisattva assigned to the PCs by Jean for some Earthly mission. Bodhisattvas and saints (see *Night Music*, pp. 14 and 44) make ideal roles for the famous dead, although the GM is encouraged to have plenty of “average” people in those roles as well – goodness, not fame, is what counts in Heaven.

Heaven does not obey corporeal physical laws. Energy can be produced from nothingness, light does not need to cast shadows or give off heat and gravity is optional. Angels fly as easily as they walk; whatever is right at the time. The architecture of Heaven is, as a result, unearthly. Soaring vaults that would collapse of their own weight on Earth are standard features in Heavenly buildings. Towering spires, dizzying rainbow arches, skyscraping trees – all the things of Heaven reach toward God and are bathed in His radiance. The colors are pure, the lines are clean, the ornament is neither too plain nor too rococo. All the noblest architectural traditions of Earth are present at their radiant pitch in Heaven, but none of them contrast jarringly with one another. Somehow, every view from every window or street or park in Heaven is as perfectly composed and harmonious as a Hokusai landscape.

THE EDGES OF HEAVEN

Heaven is vast, but it has definite boundaries. (It didn’t, once, and after the Final Judgement and the end of the War it won’t have them any more – but for now it does.) The Tower of Blandine, Archangel of Dreams, marks the boundary between Heaven and the Marches, the dream realms. Across the Marches from Blandine’s

Tower is the Tower of Beleth, Demon Princess of Nightmares, at the edge of Hell.

Gabriel’s Cathedral, the Volcano of Fire, marks the other boundary. Some of Michael’s older captains will tell stories of the combat between Michael and Lucifer on the peak of the Volcano . . . before it was a volcano. Lucifer’s fall from the top of Gabriel’s Mountain took the mountaintop with him. Its ruined crags became the foundation stones of Hell. On the other edge of Gabriel’s Cathedral from Heaven is a dramatic caesura between the swelling hymns of Heaven and the discordant atonalism of Hell. Far below, or beyond – the terms are synonymous in this context, at least – is the rim of Sheol, Belial’s citadel in Hell. Thus, Hell is the farthest thing from Heaven, no matter which direction you travel.

Heaven is usually pictured as circular. The patrolling Malakim, Cherubim and other warrior angels of Michael and Laurence’s Hosts move along the top of a vast wall running the circumference of Heaven from Gabriel’s Cathedral to Blandine’s Tower and back around. This wall is only visible from Hell, of course – only Hell has cut itself so completely off from Heaven that it can no longer see the place.

Most other boundary points of Heaven are Tethers, which run from the “bottom” of Heaven “down” to the Earth. They are guarded well by their Seneschals on Earth and by trusted and mighty Servitors of the Superior to whose Cathedral they are linked. Tethers, or the Cathedral holding their Heart, are where angels appear when they travel to Heaven from Earth. With the vastness of the Cathedrals and the multiplicity of Tethers, there are seldom very many angels appearing in any one place.

The two final “borders” of Heaven are almost exclusively used by human souls: the Pearly Gates and Jacob’s Ladder.

The Pearly Gates

The Pearly Gates are where human souls enter Heaven after death. They are the main entrance to the Eternal City, commonly appearing as a towering filigree of pearl-encrusted gold, curving and looping like the notes of an overture. Sometimes they almost vanish insubstantially in the shafts of Heavenly light that pour through them. At other times they seem to be imperishable, hewn from living sapphires.

Human souls stream through the Gates in throngs during wars and plagues or drizzle through in the rare times of peace and plenty. Each soul, however, has as much time as it needs to be met at the Gates by Radueriel, the Recording Angel. Radueriel is a Seraph Servitor of Yves; it is his job to make sure that the

WHERE IS LIMBO?

Nowhere. Nowhere at all. (See p. 79.)

entering human souls belong in Heaven. Most of them do. The demons haven't tried to sneak a ringer in for some time, certainly, and Yves has left theological decisions to the other Archangels for the last millennium or so. Radueriel is usually assisted by Vretil and Moakkibat, Mercurian Servitors of Yves, who help the incoming souls adjust to the total peace and rapture that they feel – and to the sight of a 100-foot winged serpent asking their name.

Dominic does like to make sure that the Christian dead, at least, are met by St. Peter, and occasionally other angels will seek out favored Soldiers or especially protected or beloved humans. This often makes the piazza just inside the Gates a place of joyous reunion and greeting, on top of the transcendent joy that every human soul feels upon entering Heaven.

Jacob's Ladder

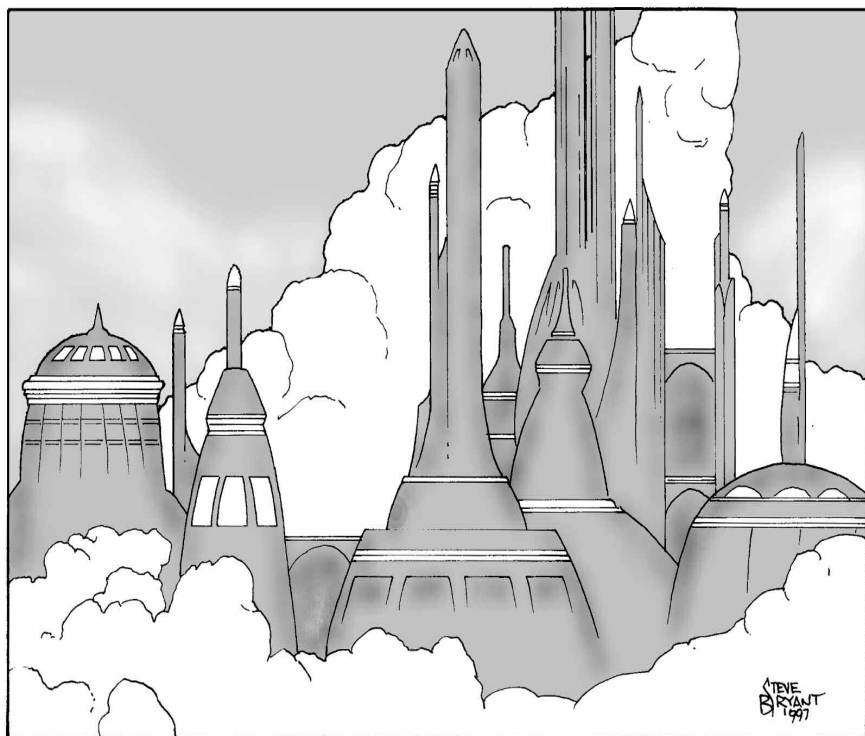
Jacob's Ladder rises from the center of the Eternal City into the Higher Heavens. Some of the blessed human dead, even those who don't become bodhisattvas, spend some time in the lowest Heaven, waiting for their loved ones or enjoying a well-deserved respite from the fear and pain of Earth. Eventually, though, most of them climb Jacob's Ladder into the Higher Heavens, where they may enjoy perfect communion with God, perceiving nothing but the beautiful notes of the Symphony and raising their voices in its chorus. Climbing the Ladder seems to get easier, and the climbers seem to get less fatigued, the farther up they go. Seldom do humans return from the Higher Heavens – God never commands them to, and it takes more than human willpower to leave untrammelled perfection on your own.

The Higher Heavens

The Heaven where *In Nomine* games take place is only the lowest of the heavens, the one closest to the Earth and to the War. Even its divine nature can be hard to comprehend – some angels suspect that the “earthier” aspects of Heaven (Novalis' party, Marc's tents, Jean's laboratories or even Yves' video gallery) are purposely placed there to prevent the discontinuity from being too great for angels who must commute from Heaven to Earth on divine business.

The heavens above Heaven are the Higher Heavens, or the Upper Heavens. There is no possibility of comparing them to Earth or to any Earthly experience. Mere angels do not go there. The Archangels seldom go there and do not speak of what they have seen. Even Dominic has been known to look wistful on contemplating the Higher Heavens, where the Symphony is perfectly clear and God's radiance can be beheld without obstruction.





HEAVENLY ANGELS

Albertus Magnus calculated in the 12th century that there were 399,920,004 angels in Heaven. (When he finally got to ask Yves if his calculations were correct, Yves only smiled and said “That’s close enough for Church work.”) Absolute numbers aside, there are a lot of angels in Heaven. Many of them are of the Celestial Choirs, the Choirs that never journey to Earth. Their celestial forms are of all varieties, from tiny winged motes to enormous hovering spheres of crystal.

The Shepherds

These angels make sure that the human souls in Heaven are comfortable and where they’d like to be. They serve both Laurence, the ruler of the Eternal City, and Yves, who concerns himself with every human. They often reunite human souls with friends, spouses or relatives who predeceased them. Their form is whatever the individual human finds most comforting and friendly. To an Iroquois woman, a Shepherd might appear as her clan’s totem animal; to a Chinese man, the same Shepherd might appear as a venerable old sage; to an English child, the Shepherd might appear as a teddy bear or an imaginary friend. Shepherds also keep the humans out of the way of angelic arguments – hearing one of Dominic’s Inquisitors accusing an angel of conspiring with Lucifer is not part of God’s plan for most people. Fortunately, the human souls in Heaven seldom want to wander into the Council Spires, for instance.

The Ministering Angels

These angels work to heal those angels and bodhisattvas who have suffered Trauma or other wounds in the course of battles on Earth or in other realms. They serve many Superiors, although most of them serve under Zadkiel or Laurence. Their celestial form is a classic one: androgynously beautiful, limned in a soft aura, barefoot, robed, with noble visages and gentle hands.

THE CATHEDRALS

Hanging in the pure Essence of Heaven are the Cathedrals of the various Archangels. They are not buildings in any Earthly sense; they are barely *places* in any Earthly sense. They are hanging notes in the Symphony, clusters of harmony that encapsulate the ideal form of their Superiors’ Word. Since they are not material (although some of them, such as David’s Catacombs, appear quite material indeed to the casual observer) they can be both bounded and infinite. They have all the space they need, not just to perform their tasks but to be beautiful and pure symbols of their Word. If an Archangel decides to alter his Cathedral, it can be done at his whim. Only Eli used to do that very often – the other Superiors don’t usually believe that the representation of their Word needs changing.

Moving Between Cathedrals

Angels sometimes fly (or walk, or glide or teleport using whatever Songs or Attunements may allow it) between Cathedrals on one or another errand. Given the nature of Heaven’s design, although the vistas between Cathedrals (looking down on the Groves from between the Council Spires and the Eternal City, for example) are always breathtakingly different and beautiful, there can never be a moment when an angel is lost and at large in Heaven. There will always be some landmark or remembered sight to help you orient yourself.

Within the Cathedrals, it may be a different story – some Superiors are jealous of their domains and do not make great efforts at hospitality toward others’ Servitors. Still, it *is* Heaven, after all – a courteous and genuinely lost angel can always count on some passerby to show them where they are trying to go. An unwelcome visitor, of course, must take his chances.

THE ETERNAL CITY

The Eternal City stands at the center of Heaven. It is a vast metropolis, home to millions of angels and human souls. The Eternal City is an ideal city, with broad avenues, handsome buildings and no traffic or pollution. It is frequently called the “New Jerusalem” by Christian believers; actually it would be more accurate to call it the *original* Jerusalem – the terrestrial Holy City is a mundane echo of the capital of Heaven. In its layout and organization, ancient Jerusalem was a miniature version of the Eternal City.

As Jerusalem once was, the Eternal City is walled, surrounded by strong bastions built of blocks of semi-precious stones. Nobody, least of all the Archangel Laurence, expects the walls to be any use in defending the place against infernal attack. They are symbolic walls, representing the defense of Heaven against evil. When Lucifer and his hordes are finally defeated, the walls of the Eternal City will dissolve into mist.

The Eternal City contains the Cathedrals of two great Archangels – Laurence and Khalid – and the main entrance to Yves’ Library. The whole city is under Laurence’s jurisdiction, but Servitors of all the Archangels can be found in its streets and buildings.

The Halls of Worship

The greatest building in the Eternal City is the Halls of Worship. Its location is analogous to the site of the Temple of Solomon in the mundane Jerusalem. Within the Halls of Worship are spaces for every kind of worship pleasing to God.

The Halls of Worship is the most “subjective” building in the Eternal City. It appears different to all human souls beholding it. To each, it is the perfect embodiment of a house of worship. Muslims perceive it as the ultimate mosque; Christians see it as a glorious church; Jews behold a temple of perfect beauty. This “subjective”

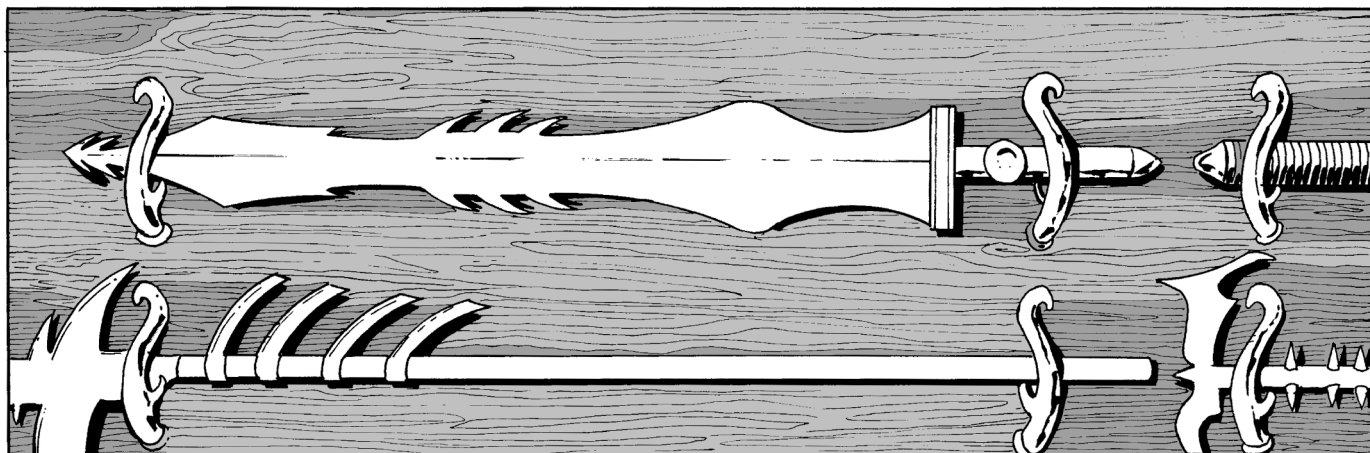
nature is maintained inside, as well. Though the Halls of Worship contain thousands of sanctuaries, human souls entering find themselves immediately in the one they seek. Angels are conscious of the building’s aspect, and can choose how they wish to perceive it. The souls of great theologians and religious leaders often meet here for days, praying and discussing the new truths they have perceived in Heaven. St. Ignatius Loyola and Confucius seem the most indefatigable, taking breaks only to hurry to Yves’ Library to look up some reference.

The Church of the Sword

Laurence’s great hall stands near the Halls of Worship, on the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in the earthly Jerusalem. There is nothing subjective about the Church of the Sword – it is a Catholic church, with tall Gothic spires, stained-glass windows of unearthly beauty and a great cruciform sword standing behind the altar. The air is cool and scented with incense, and the stone walls echo to the sound of choral music. Side chapels contain trophies of battles won and works of art by some of the most talented souls to enter Heaven. St. Bernard of Clairvaux preaches, Giotto paints and Bach rhapsodizes on the nine-story pipe organ.

The Church of the Sword is a sanctuary. Anyone may enter, and once inside they cannot be removed by force if they refuse to go. Only Laurence himself can expel someone seeking sanctuary within his Church. An angel or soul that has taken refuge in the Church can get a fair hearing from Laurence, but he is merciless to those who abuse the blessing of sanctuary for unworthy reasons.

The Hearts of Laurence’s angels are kept in the crypt beneath the Church. A special locked vault below the crypt holds the Archangel of the Sword’s mightiest weapons in readiness for the final battle. Only Laurence himself knows what is down there, and the two Cherubim guarding the door do not allow sightseers. But rumor has it that it’s something *big*.



Laurence himself spends little time in his Church. He is constantly busy, attending meetings in the Council Spires, overseeing maneuvers, tending to affairs on Earth, monitoring his angels and trying to keep up with the infinity of problems demanding his attention. When he does venture into the Church, he is always surrounded by a crowd of angels hoping to get in a word with him.

Khalid's Mosque

The headquarters for the Word of Faith is a grand mosque in the Eternal City, just opposite the Halls of Worship. Its master no longer maintains residence there. Khalid has been focusing on earthly matters for more than 1,200 years, and reportedly hasn't been in Heaven for over two centuries. He spends his increasingly dark days in desperately promoting Islam as a tool for grace.

Khalid's detractors fear that he has given in and embraced the religion's fundamentalists, aiding their violence against the West. The Archangel of the Sword is thought to have restrained Dominic from moving against the Archangel of Faith, who is rumored to be on the brink of Falling. Khalid and Laurence were once close comrades, Servitors of Purity. The leader of God's army hopes he knows his old friend better than anyone else, though his angels will tell you that it's growing increasingly difficult for Laurence to keep the faith, as it were.

Within the Mosque of Faith is a great open square, where the souls of devout Muslims pray to Allah. In the structure's humble courtyards and gardens, the great Muslim teachers from Abu Hamid al-Ghazali to Jalad al-Dun Rumi sit at the feet of Khalid's wisest Servitors and drink in the wondrous learning they loved on Earth, their doctrinal differences forgotten in the glory of Faith.

Along the perimeter of the mosque are dusty chambers containing the Hearts of Khalid's angels. Among the glittering caps that grace the tall towers of this proud structure, only a few angels of Faith may be found on any

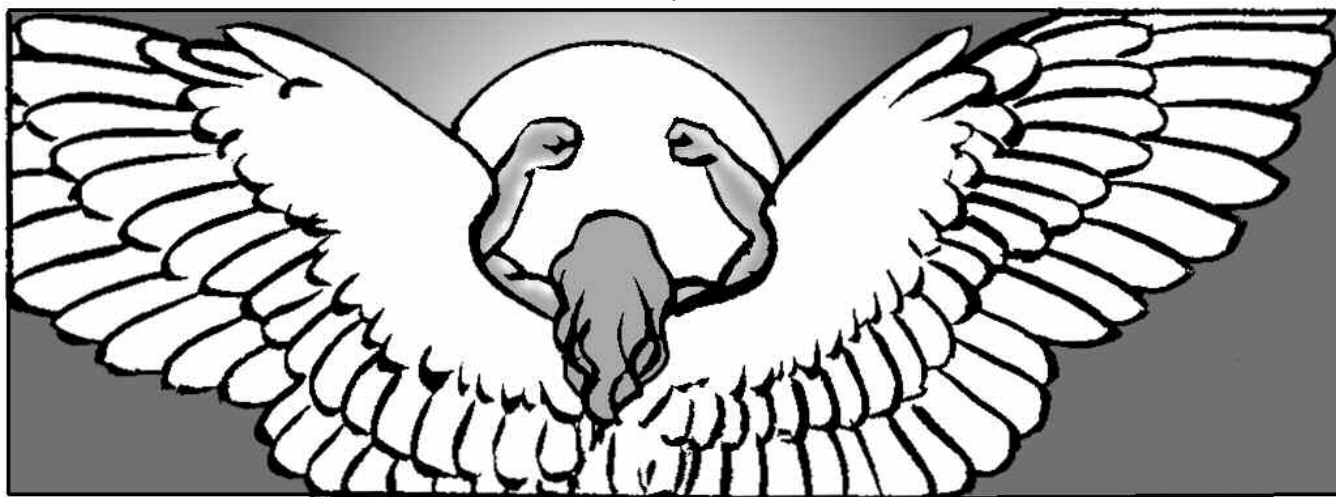
given day. Most are on Earth, serving their master. Those who hover among the mosque's soaring minarets call out with thunderous voices, praising the Divine Name and occasionally whispering prayers of their own. They fear for their master's soul, but their bond to the Word of Faith commands obedience and patience.

Litheroy's Abbey

The Cathedral of Litheroy, Archangel of Revelation, is a place of quiet fountains and lush gardens in the south quarter of the Eternal City on the site analogous to the earthly Pool of Siloam. While it lacks the prestige and outright grandeur of the City's more important locales, it wears a cheerful air of humility and resembles a 15th-century monastery. Every part of the abbey is open to visitors and easily found. The angels that work there are generally both friendly and outgoing.

A path of crushed green stone leads through one of the gardens to what in an earthly monastery would be the eel pond, where Litheroy's angels and their friends often rest. Here they contemplate "The Labyrinth," Litheroy's metaphor for their chosen enemy: the tendency of humankind to hide and deceive. The eel pond also serves as a public scrying pool. Any visitor can, for a cost of 1 Essence, open up a window to Earth in the quiet surface of the pond. The "window" lasts for up to a half-hour, and can reveal any outdoor scene in the corporeal realm in present time (one perspective per point of Essence). For anything more complex, the angels of Revelation seek out the truth in person, or consult the angels at Yves' Library.

Litheroy himself is seldom present; he spends most of his time on Earth, questing and investigating. His particular fascination with archaeology is represented in the decor of the Abbey; whenever his travels open up a forgotten piece of human history or culture, one of the many chambers of his monastery is reshaped to commemorate it and to encourage others to take interest.



YVES' LIBRARY

The Library of Heaven is located every place and no place. Its main entrance is in the Eternal City, but it has connections to all libraries and collections of knowledge, including those in the Marches and in Hell. The Library even connects to film archives, video stores and any collection of written or recorded information. Fortunately, only Yves and a select few of his servants can pass through those connections, though from time to time a human who is entirely innocent of evil (usually a child) can stumble into the Library by accident. The entrance in the Eternal City is an ordinary-seeming door on a small side street, marked only with a small brass plate. For such an unassuming door it gets a lot of traffic; both angels and human souls are constantly coming and going.

Within, the Library is an endless and seemingly random sprawl of shelves, reading rooms and passages. It is very quiet and musty-smelling. The servants of Yves who tend the collection move about in complete silence. Fortunately, there are soundproof chambers well-stocked with sofas and comfortable leather chairs where those who like to read aloud or discuss what they read can gather. In one such room, G. K. Chesterton and C. S. Lewis are rumored to be collaborating on a novel about the Millennium; in others the curious soul can see Thomas Aquinas or Li Po catching up on the centuries of reverent commentary on themselves – Heaven indeed for the writer.

Yves' Library is not just a collection of reading materials. It is alive and aware, conscious of what it contains and who is within it. And since the Library knows everything Yves does, it can tell who belongs and who does not. Interlopers who sneak into the Library for their own purposes are allowed to wander for hours, never meeting anyone and never finding the books they seek, until finally they are dumped out into a mundane library.

Innocents who have stumbled into the Library by accident are led straight to Yves, who can lead them safely home again. Those fortunates almost always go on to fulfill an important destiny.

The Library contains *all* knowledge. Every word that has ever been written – even in the Infernal records of Hell itself – is collected in the Library. Books that were only written in dreams are there, as well as the writings of Archangels and pagan gods. And since many human authors continue to write in Heaven, there are vast numbers of volumes that exist nowhere else.

What *doesn't* the Library contain? Information that was never recorded cannot be found in the Library. That includes spoken words never printed and books yet to be written or conceived in dream.

BORROWING PRIVILEGES

Servants of Yves have full access to the Library, though even they must spend days to find the book or material desired. Other angels must petition to be allowed into the collection. The success of a petition depends on what is being researched, and why. Angels must make a d666 roll against their Celestial Forces to be given access. Add 1 to the angel's Celestial Forces if the request will help a human achieve his destiny. A roll of 111 always succeeds; a result of 666 means the angel is permanently barred from the Library. Requests from other Archangels are nearly always granted, but Yves keeps track of these favors and occasionally requests something in return.

There are a few servants of other Superiors who have been granted the same access to Yves' Library as his own Servitors. Some of Blandine's angels, especially those whose Words relate to inspiring authors, can get in at any time. A few of Dominic's legal researchers can enter the Library freely from the Chancery under the Celestial Tribunal. Eli's angels of literary creation are now mostly serving Yves anyway and have full access. Several of Jean's angels may enter, in order to consult scientific works.

Even those who have permission to use the Library must contend with its quirky "personality." Normally it takes 10 days, minus the searcher's Celestial Forces, to find a book. Those who are quiet and tidy, who reshelve books properly and don't manhandle the volumes, can subtract an additional 1d6 days on subsequent visits. But woe to anyone who causes a disturbance or, worse yet, dares to damage a book. They must wander the stacks for 10 *plus* 1d6 days. Don't even *think* about stealing a book from the Library – although there are no metal detectors or officious searches, no book is stolen for long. The thieves can find themselves leaving through some *very* uncomfortable exits: the ship's library on the *Titanic*, the lost Library of Menander under the land-mined sands of Afghanistan . . . or even Kronos' Archive in extreme cases.

Angels who have done something important to help preserve knowledge (such as saving a municipal library from an arsonist, or stopping legislation banning certain books) may find the Library taking an interest in them. In the course of searching for the right materials, they will stumble across other useful books, often containing clues and hints they never would have thought to look for.

The Special Collection

Deep within Yves' Library is a single room known as the "Special Collection." It is the only room in the Library that is locked, and no one but Yves himself has

the key. The Library itself actively tries to prevent visitors from stumbling across the Special Collection, but a determined searcher might find it.

On the shelves of the Special Collection are books of lore that would be too dangerous for even angels to read. Only Yves and a couple of other senior Archangels have seen the books in the Special Collection. Among the perilous works are the writings of the Grigori, the *Testament of Lucifer* (written to justify his rebellion) and the dreadful *Book of Fate*. Game Masters should feel free to add whatever blasphemous and unholy texts they choose to the Special Collection.

THE COUNCIL SPIRES

The Council Spires stand just outside the Eternal City, surrounded by vast plazas paved with gold. The Spires are tall, shining towers of pure gold, like no buildings ever imagined on Earth. Few human souls are found around the Council Spires – as the “administrative center” of Heaven they are of interest only to those deeply involved in celestial power games or whose particular Heaven is bureaucracy. Philip II of Spain and Sir Francis Walsingham work in neighboring cubicles, their Earthly enmity forgotten in the sea of heavenly paperwork and celestial intrigue.

The Seraphim Council meets in a spherical auditorium within the tallest spire. To gain a seat on the Council, a Seraph must have at least 12 Forces and have been granted a Master-level Distinction. A handful of extremely ancient angels of other Choirs are also members of the Council. All Archangels are members of the Council; during meetings the senior Archangel (usually Yves, but sometimes Michael or David) serves as chairman and casts the tie-breaking vote.

The Seraphim Council decides on matters of importance to all of Heaven. The members approve the granting of Words to worthy angels, resolve disputes among celestials and serve as the jury during trials of Archangels. The Council can overrule the decisions of individual Archangels, though the Seraphim do so only in extreme circumstances. Occasionally the Council may summon an angel to testify, usually to provide facts relevant to a topic under discussion.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Seraphim Council is Martenas, a Malakite Friend of the Lord's Troops with 18 Forces and many attunements. Martenas makes sure everyone behaves while in the Seraphim Council; nobody argues with Martenas.

is a labyrinthine complex of offices and courtrooms, full of busy angels hurrying about their master's business. Dominic's Chancery (see *Dominic*, p. 7) fills the basement and connects to Yves' Library.

The Celestial Tribunal is where Dominic and his Servitors conduct trials and hearings to ensure proper conduct by the other angels of the Host. Dominic's Inquisition has its Inquiry Rooms in the basements, where Warders and Inquisitors search the souls of the accused for the truth. At the center is Dominic's own courtroom, used only for cases too important to be left to his Servitors. Really big events, such as the Trial of Michael, are held in the great chamber of the Seraphim Council.

The Hearts of Dominic's angels are stored carefully in monastic cells within the upper spires. Tethers link the Council Spires to a variety of courtrooms and legislative chambers on Earth.

COMMERCE PARK

The bustling “business district” of Heaven is Marc's Commerce Park, occupying a large tract adjacent to the Eternal City. It is vast and crowded; parts of it are as busy as the floor of the Stock Exchange, while other sections are quiet places for angels to negotiate deals. Of all the places in Heaven, Commerce Park is the least serene, the most like modern Earth. Some human souls are drawn there because of that; others shun it like a trapdoor to Hell.

All are welcome to do business in Commerce Park. Customers can find just about anything (or its representation, in the case of corporeal or mundane items) here, but must trade for it, and Marc's angels are some of the best dealers in the Universe. Each servant of Commerce has a tent, stall or office in the Park where he can conduct his own business and store his Heart. Angels assigned to duty on Earth can rest assured that only Marc can enter the tent of an absent Servitor.

The main avenue of the Park is called the Bazaar. Along the Bazaar are stalls where angels exchange items and information. They are sharp traders, but strictly honest. The wealth and the purchases mostly do not exist in Heaven – Marc's traders transfer ownership of corporeal items on Earth.

The end of the Bazaar closest to the Eternal City is where the sellers of celestial artifacts and relics congregate. For items such as artifacts, talismans or relics the customer must trade a Resource of equal or greater value. Game Masters should use the point cost of an artifact or other Resource as a rough guide for determining what the merchants of the Park will trade for it. The cost of a celestial relic in Essence is liable to be more than any



given angel can contain – but Marc understands time payments.

On either side of the Bazaar are office buildings and banks. Clustered together and under heavy guard by Marc's Malakim are the Treasure Vaults, where much of the mobile wealth of Heaven is stored. (It's not that Marc doesn't trust his fellow angels – it's just that it is the nature of treasure to be guarded.)

Marc's Tower

Marc himself makes his headquarters in a tall, stately marble skyscraper at the center of the Park, just off the Bazaar. Within the Tower, hundreds of Marc's angels manage Heaven's business holdings, channelling funds honestly earned by angels into celestial operations on Earth.

Getting in to see the boss himself is difficult – Marc has little time to spare from his work – but angels willing to sit in the anteroom of his palatial office on the top floor can get an appointment. Roll a d666 and subtract the angel's total Forces; the result is the number of days the individual must wait to see Marc. If the result is 0 or negative, then there is an opening that very day, in only 1d hours.

Marc's receptionist and appointments secretary is the angel Estinore, a Seraph of Marc's who has been granted the Master of the Armies of God Distinction by Laurence. When Estinore says Marc can't see you, she means it. Marc's personal assistant and advisor is a bodhisattva, the human who in life was called Adam Smith. Smith is present at nearly all of Marc's meetings, and has been granted all of Marc's Attunements and Distinctions.

THE HALLS OF CREATION

Though forsaken by Eli, his Halls of Creation still stand just outside the Eternal City. The Halls are an achingly beautiful complex of buildings, like a burst of music made solid. The Cathedral of Eli still contains a fantastic collection of works by human and celestial artists, and gets frequent visitors. His angels have moved their Hearts to the Cathedrals of other Superiors, but they linger here in free moments and sometimes hold enormous parties just as Eli did in the old days.

The Halls of Creation were once the workshop and foundry of Heaven, where Eli's angels joyfully practiced the creative arts in truly Heavenly surroundings. Now the great smithies, potteries and kitchens stand idle and quiet, but someone with the proper skill can still make anything celestial using the tools and materials stored in the Halls of Creation.

Between the galleries of Eli's Cathedral and the materials in the Halls of Creation, the souls of artists flit happily: Leonardo has finally tired of building flying machines and has turned to holography, Hokusai is working on his 1,515th *View of Mount Fuji From Heaven*, and the light is *always* just right for Turner.

At the center of the Halls of Creation is the Master Plan Chamber, a room that contains a complete model of the Universe. By operating the controls in the Chamber, visitors can examine any part of the Universe down to the subatomic level. Angels of Yves and Jean occasionally visit the Master Plan for reference, and now and then one of Dominic's servants can be found using the Chamber to snoop.



There are still plenty of active Tethers linking the Halls of Creation to Earth. They connect to the studios of artists or musicians, to workshops of master craftsmen, to factories, soundstages and maternity wards.

THE HALLS OF PROGRESS

Adjacent to the Halls of Creation, at the edge of the Eternal City, are the Halls of Progress, where the Archangel Jean and his angels produce new marvels of technology. The Halls themselves are a wonderland of domes, spires and electric lights. Many visitors have likened the Halls of Progress to a giant World's Fair, but with no sideshows or thrill rides, only educational exhibits.

Among the great halls in Jean's domain are buildings devoted to Communication, Computation, Machinery, Materials, Medicine, Power and Transportation. There are many vacant spaces, set aside to accomodate future needs – Jean has plans for a Hall of Nanotechnology, a Hall of Interstellar Travel and a Hall of Terraforming, among others. Robert A. Heinlein and Willy Ley happily supervise the engineering on those Halls, and have a sheaf of notes on others “for when Jean has a spare minute.”

If Jean had a “throne room” it would be in the Hall of Electricity, but of course he's too busy for that sort of foolishness. He does maintain a suite of offices and a private lab there, and during his very rare periods of free time he likes to stand beneath the great central dome between two enormous Tesla coils, basking in soothing high-voltage arcs of pure electrical power.

Each Hall has a museum gallery on the ground floor, with laboratories and offices on the upper levels. The Hearts of Jean's angels are stored in climate-controlled basements. In his Heavenly labs, Jean uses virtual reality or computer models, of course. His corporeal experiments are carried out in hidden and well-protected laboratories on Earth (a university campus in Ohio and the Swiss Alps are the rumored locations of Jean's laboratory tethers). Whether in Heaven or on Earth, Jean's labs are immaculate and orderly, with plenty of safety precautions during dangerous experiments.

“Hall 23”

A large, windowless building just behind the Hall of Electricity is one of the most carefully guarded locations in all of Heaven. Here Jean keeps his most secret prototypes, along with experimental devices captured from the Other Side, and a few mysterious objects of unknown origin. Security is provided by a hand-picked group of powerful Cherubim, Malakim and Ofanim, all armed with advanced weaponry. Their leader is Esjion, the Angel of Technological Secrets. Nobody gets in without Jean's personal pass.

The contents of the nameless building are up to the GM; they can include anything from a working cold fusion generator on up to the Ultimate Doomsday Device. These gadgets make great “McGuffins” – adventure hooks – but are generally too powerful for player characters to keep.

THE GROVES

Stretching from the Eternal City to Blandine's Tower at the edge of the Marches is a great forest of colossal trees. The mighty sequoias of California would be mere saplings compared to the skyscraper-tall trees of the Groves. The great forest serves as the green Cathedral of three warrior Archangels – David, Janus and Michael.

The great trees of the Groves are more than just big plants. They are conscious, sentient beings older than almost all the angels. Celestials may communicate with the trees using the Ethereal Song of Tongues. They are very wise, but very ancient, and pay little attention to recent events (the birth of Christianity is still “recent” to the trees). They can also sense the destinies and fates of celestial beings and sometimes reply to questions with dire prophecies. Black Elk, their newest human friend, will sometimes speak to visitors; the other human souls there are as still and distant as the trees themselves.

Michael's Camp

The Archangel Michael's Cathedral is an encampment beneath the tall trees of the Grove. There Michael's angels endlessly hone their skills for battle against the forces of Lucifer. Many human souls train with them – warriors and Soldiers who cannot enjoy eternity knowing of the threat from Hell. Hector, Richard Lionheart, Crazy Horse and Patton all work with Michael's warriors – too impatient for Laurence and too driven to stay out of the War.

Michael himself seldom visits his troops in the Camp, preferring to spend his time on the front lines down on Earth. In his absence the command falls to Doxas, the Angel of Glory. She encourages the troops to compete in strenuous and bloody games, to fight duels and to win honor by counting coup on other warriors. Afterwards there are feasts and songs, retelling great exploits.



The camp can be an intimidating place for visitors, especially since some of Michael's rougher servants delight in challenging visitors to a bit of “friendly” combat. Strangers who decline are liable to get a cool reception from the warrior angels, while someone willing to risk a bloody nose can earn the respect of Michael's army.

The Dueling Ground

At the center of the Groves is a clearing used by angels of the warrior Superiors to settle questions of honor in combat. More peaceful angels consider this practice to be primitive and barbaric, but Michael, Janus and David encourage their followers to resolve disputes here. Musashi and Cyrano serve as seconds for those who need them.



The Canopy

Janus' Servitors congregate in the upper reaches of the Groves, though this is but a temporary rest for most of them – the servants of the Wind can be found all over Heaven. Their Hearts are stashed among the branches of the forest canopy. On his rare visits to Heaven, Janus himself is generally to be found in the skies above the forest at the center of a storm vortex.

The servants of Janus are less combat-obsessed than Michael's angels, and visitors don't have to prove their worth in battle. But souls venturing into the forest canopy should leave their valuables behind, as things have a way of going missing when Janus' angels are around.

The Caverns

Beneath the Groves are the caves and tunnels of David's Cathedral. In niches carved from the stone walls his angels store their Hearts, and in the larger chambers they congregate to affirm their loyalty to the Archangel of Stone in long rituals that they are forbidden to reveal.

David's Cathedral is one of the most private places in Heaven. His Servitors can easily navigate the labyrinthine passages, but outsiders quickly become lost.

That is deliberate – David doesn't like strangers hanging around. Visitors with legitimate business can get a guide to show them where they need to go, but anyone else will only be shown the exit.

THE GLADE

Between the Groves of the warrior Archangels and the rolling Savannah of the Archangel of Animals is a pleasant tract of country known as the Glade. It is the home of Novalis and her angels, and they have made it a place of peace and beauty. The terrain of the Glade is a mixture of woods and meadows with occasional small streams and quiet ponds. Angels serving other Superiors often come to stroll in the sun or relax under a tree. Many human souls find in the Glade their idea of Heaven, but somehow the place is never crowded.

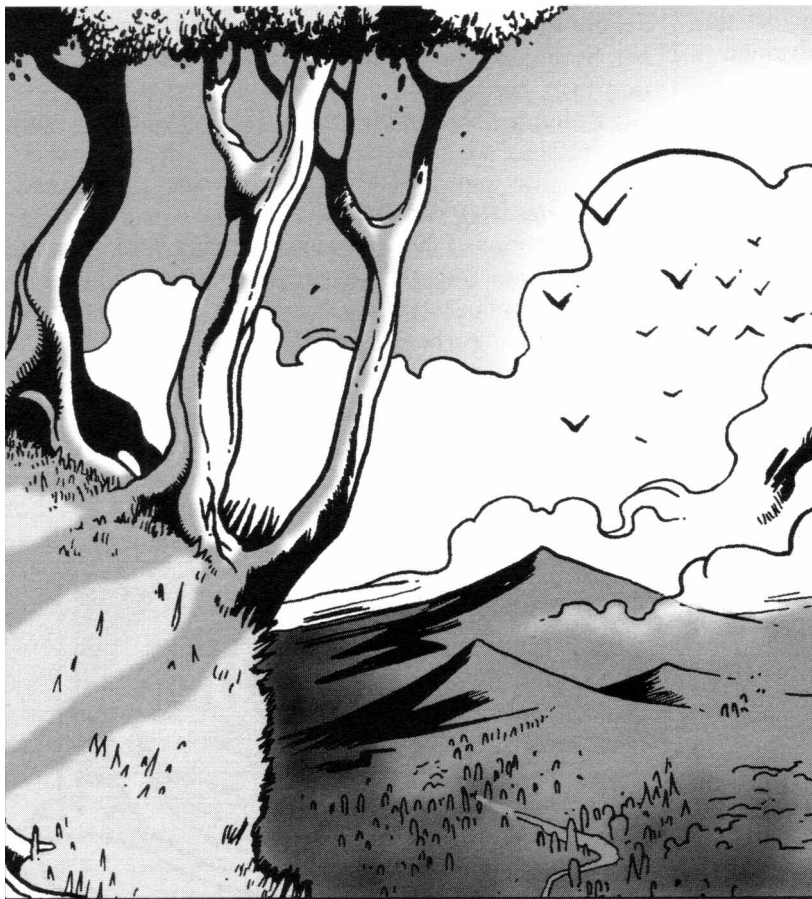
Here and there within the Glade are wonderful gardens, tended mostly by human souls who love to make things grow. Some are natural gardens, some are elaborate formal designs, but all are beautiful and ever-blooming. A few of the gardens grow plants unknown on Earth, including some with magical properties.

Some of the celestial food grown in them is consumed by angels or saints in Heaven (those who acquired the habit of eating on Earth and enjoy it too much to stop). And some of the bounty is quietly conveyed by devious routes to the damned souls in Hell. Overall, Novalis' Glade is a celebration of plant life in all its many forms, from rain forest to cactus desert, all beautiful. Exemplars of every plant that ever lived, and some that don't live yet, may be found there. Luther Burbank is there, and Gregor Mendel, and Capability Brown; George Washington Carver visits occasionally, though mostly he works with Jean.

The Party Lawn

At the center of the Glade is a great green lawn where Novalis holds court surrounded by her angels and a great host of human souls. The court of Novalis is a never-ending party, where music fills the air and tables hold a bounty of food and drink.

It isn't hard to speak with Novalis – she's a perfect hostess and is never too busy for her guests – but she doesn't like to discuss business at the Party Lawn. Unless the matter is of tremendous importance ("Has the Final



Battle started?") a visitor must wait 1d6 days to speak with Novalis. But while you wait, feel free to load up at the buffet table and maybe dance a little . . . Mendelssohn is just finishing his set, and it looks like Bob Marley is coming back for another encore.

The Farm

An endless field of amber wheat in Novalis' Glade is linked to The Farm, one of Novalis' most important earthly tethers. It is a large expanse of land where hard-working angelic farmers (led by Sealiah, Angel of Fruit, and Sofiel, Angel of Vegetables) and many human saints tend crops that produce an astounding quantity of food. New techniques to help improve crop yields are studied here, and portions of the Farm are deliberately kept too dry or too cold in order to study how to make plants thrive in hostile conditions. The Farm is probably in Nebraska somewhere, but its products travel all over the world.

The food produced by the angels of Novalis has a variety of destinations. Some is packaged and tucked in among the goods for famine-relief programs or soup kitchens on Earth. Other angels may wrestle with complex moral issues, or gird themselves for battle with the forces of Evil, but the farmers of Novalis toil humbly on, dedicated to keeping humans fed.

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTOPHER

The Cathedral of the Archangel Christopher is located at one edge of Novalis' Glade, in a pleasant valley of cool streams, green grass and tall trees. In the center of the valley is a large, brightly-colored house. Despite its size, the house seems modest and livable as it hugs the curves of the land.

All about are the souls of children, free to learn and play eternally. Among them move Christopher's angels, as joyous and playful as the children themselves. Souls of humans who loved children help out – the place is as much a paradise for them as for the children. The Hearts of Christopher's angels are stored throughout the house, tucked away in cupboards out of harm's way.

Within the house of Christopher are playrooms, kitchens and quiet corners just right for curling up with a book or favorite toy. The whole house is full of interesting things – not just toys, but curios, books and gizmos to inspire a child's curiosity. There are secret passages and tunnels to explore and quiet rooms for naps.

Christopher himself has a large study in the house where he attends to the tiresome administrative details of his position. But his door is never locked, and there are always a couple of kids in the room. The Archangel

spends a good deal of time in and around his house, and is always glad to see visitors. When he is away the place is run jointly by Rampal, the hyperkinetic Ofanite Angel of Play, and Mirapon, the unflappable Mercurian Angel of Nannies.



THE CASTLE OF ZADKIEL

Zadkiel, the Archangel of Protection, maintains her Cathedral at the edge of Heaven, forming part of the defensive perimeter beyond the Glade of Novalis. The Castle is a study in contrasts.

On the outside it is a grim fortress, with four concentric sets of walls, all made of indestructible adamant and studded with high towers. Zadkiel's warriors keep constant vigil for danger. They are helped by the souls of loyal dogs.

But within the walls the Castle of Protection is a gentle and serene place. The great central hall is warm and brightly-lit, the floors are carpeted and delicious smells waft through the air. Everything is soft and safe, and visitors feel a sense of security and contentment which is hard to match even in Heaven.

Zadkiel's Castle is staffed by her angels and the souls of humans who in life followed her Word. Aetius keeps watch on the walls, while Jane Addams helps Zadkiel find souls on Earth in need. Most of Zadkiel's servants are on Earth, actively working to save humans from danger. Those within the castle are mostly souls and angels whose vessels on Earth were destroyed and have not yet been replaced.

The Hearts of Zadkiel's angels are stored (very safely) in the castle keep. The Archangel of Protection herself remains in her castle much of the time and is always willing to hear petitions from visitors.

JORDI'S SAVANNAH

Stretching a nearly infinite distance is the great Savannah where the servants of the Archangel Jordi roam. Most of the Savannah is grassland, but here and there are patches that duplicate every kind of environment on Earth. The weather is constantly changing, but it is always early Spring on the Savannah.

The Savannah is inhabited by the spirit of every kind of animal, living or extinct. In general, species now alive are found nearest the center of Heaven, while extinct animals withdraw off to the distant reaches of Jordi's realm. Far off at the edge of Heaven the dinosaurs still roam.

The Hearts of Jordi's angels are scattered all through the Savannah. Usually an angel caches his Heart in a native environment of his animal form. The more powerful Servitors bury their Hearts near the Council Fire.

Strangers visiting the Savannah do not get a warm welcome. One can wander for days, shadowed by lurking beasts, before encountering one of Jordi's angels. Unless the interloper has a good reason for being on the Savannah, Jordi's angels will only help them leave. Consultations with the Archangel take place at the Council Fire.

The Council Fire

At the center of the Savannah is a campfire continually burning without fuel. Jordi meets with his angels at the fire, and there he plans activities and doles out rewards and punishments. The Council Fire is the only place Jordi can reliably be found; otherwise he is constantly on the move, either on Earth or in the Savannah.

The flames of the Council Fire are where Jordi stores spare Essence and loose Forces. When he wishes

to gift an angel with extra powers, the favored celestial must pass through the flame to emerge unharmed and improved. But if someone gets greedy and tries to enter the fire without Jordi's permission, *nothing* comes out.

THE CITADEL OF FIRE

Gabriel's Cathedral is a fortress of shining bronze, with strong towers and high walls, rising from the center of a lake of lava in the crater of a titanic volcano. The volcano marks one edge of Heaven and is a strong defensive bastion against Diabolical attack. Only Gabriel's angels ever enter the Citadel – the heat, flames and smoke remind too many souls of Lucifer's domain.

Gabriel seldom visits her Cathedral any more, preferring to wander alone in Death Valley or the crater of Mauna Kea. Her angels maintain their Hearts within the Citadel, and keep the place ready in case Gabriel should return. Her chief lieutenant, Soldekai, is nominally in charge of the Citadel, but his duties keep him busy on Earth most of the time.

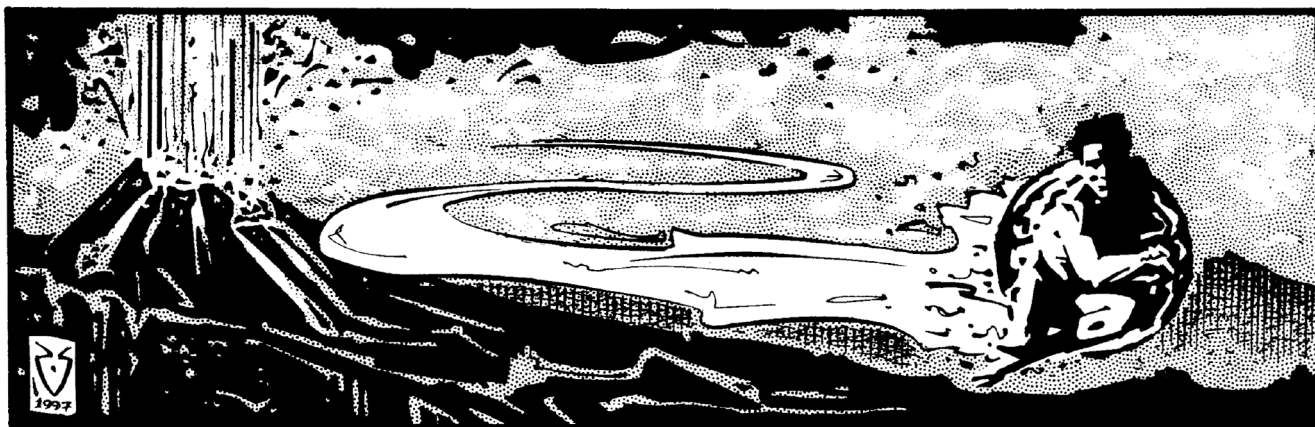
The Citadel is kept in a state of military readiness at all times. Patrols of Ofanim watch the edges of Heaven, and Malakim and Cherubim man the battlements. If the legions of Hell think that Gabriel's madness means her Citadel is undefended, her angels are prepared to demonstrate otherwise. Only a few human souls stay here; William Blake prefers the Citadel of Fire, but most of those burning with the fires of inspiration are found in Yves' Library or the Halls of Creation.

Lately a few of Gabriel's Servitors have noticed some disturbing signs around the Citadel. Portions of Gabriel's Cathedral have started to disappear. Rooms and passages have simply ceased to exist, replaced by blank walls. At present only a few disused hallways and empty rooms have gone missing, but if the process continues the entire Citadel could be in jeopardy. Nobody knows what is causing it or how to prevent it, and for now the angels of Gabriel are keeping it quiet. But they're worried.

EMPTY CATHEDRALS

Over the ages some Cathedrals have fallen into disuse as their Archangels have died, ascended to the higher realms or gone to join the Evil One. Some abandoned Cathedrals cease to exist; others remain as forlorn reminders of past glory.





THE CASTLE OF PURITY

Uriel's Castle of Purity was once the headquarters for the Armies of the Lord. Now it is abandoned. It is still an impressive and imposing building, with strong walls of alabaster and tall towers roofed with gold, standing on a hill at the edge of the Groves. It is the ultimate castle, of which all mundane fortresses are feeble copies. The walls still hold trophies of great battles won. An entire great gallery is filled with the mounted heads of dragons, griffins, manticores and other mythical beasts.

Though it is not generally known (only a few of Uriel's old Servitors remember), the Castle of Purity can help angels purge their own souls of imperfections. Each day spent in quiet contemplation within the Castle of Purity removes one point of dissonance.

On rare occasions the Archangel Laurence visits the castle of his old chief in order to walk the silent corridors alone and reflect on the burdens of command. Angels coming across Laurence unawares in the castle may find him extremely annoyed at being disturbed, or unusually friendly and willing to chat.

THE GROTTO OF OANNES

Oannes was the Archangel of the Sea, one of the most ancient of the heavenly Superiors. Lord of the waters, Oannes taught humans about irrigation and sailing, helping them spread and flourish. As a leader of angels in the War he was strong and clever. His death at the hands of Belial was a great tragedy for humans and angels alike – the island of Thera was destroyed in the battle, and the cataclysm helped bring down the Minoan civilization.

Oannes' Cathedral is a great sea-cave, not far from Jordi's Savannah. Within, it is a serene and beautiful place of coral and nacre, lit by cool green light. There are no more Hearts in the Grotto, for the few angels of Oannes who still survive are now in the service of other Superiors. Any Tethers have long since been cut, and

all of Oannes's artifacts and relics are now in other hands.

Over the centuries since the death of Oannes, his grotto has become a favorite place for clandestine meetings in Heaven. If one of Jean's subordinates needs to talk with a servitor of Jordi, or if a servant of Michael wants to chat with one of Novalis' angels, the Grotto is a good place to go. As yet, the Celestial Inquisition hasn't started monitoring the Grotto – or if they have, they're keeping it very secret.

LUCIFER'S CATHEDRAL

Once the grandest structure in all of Heaven, the Cathedral of Light still shines brightly, though few angels ever go there. Lucifer's Cathedral is a great dome of pure crystal, surrounded by tall spires. A pure white light shines from within the central dome, and the spires catch and refract the light into dazzling rainbows of color. It seems perfectly intact, but an alert observer can trace a hair-thin black crack, running all the way from the foundations to the apex of the dome.

Within, all is bare. Any furnishings left by Lucifer and his minions have long ago been destroyed. Only the crystal walls, the floors inlaid with jewels, and the mirrored ceilings remain.

Angels naturally shun Lucifer's Cathedral as if it was a plague spot. Only two beings ever visit the Cathedral of Light regularly. The first is Sabach, an extremely old EloHITE, who once served the Prince of the Morning Star long ago in the days before the Fall. Now in service to Jean, Sabach still comes daily to the Cathedral and makes sure the place is kept up. She avoids company, flitting through the crystal corridors silently, still mourning the loss of the Archangel of Light.

The second occasional visitor is Yves, who sometimes comes here to sit in the center of the dome and contemplate. Nobody has yet worked up the courage to ask him why he comes here or what he thinks about.



HEAVEN IN THE GAME

Heaven is *not* where the action of *In Nomine* takes place. The corporeal realms are the front lines of the War, where the outcome is in doubt and every celestial counts. Angelic player characters are expected by their Superiors to remain on Earth doing their duty unless explicitly told otherwise. That said, there are many in-game reasons for an earthly Servitor to go to Heaven (see *Things to Do In Heaven*, p. 52).

GMs may also want to set an occasional adventure in Heaven as a change of pace, or as one movement in an ongoing Earthly composition. These should be cerebral, personality-based adventures. Gathering information or playing Heavenly politics, not mayhem and combat, should be the PCs' priorities while in Heaven. Keep the tone elevated; angels should be polite around Laurence,

quietly resolute around Michael or Dominic, friendly around Novalis and respectful to Yves. Don't let conversations get nasty, even between the most irksome rivals – in Heaven, politeness is not just a good idea, it's the Law. Keep the jealous sniping and rude comments on Earth; that's what it's there for.

Even (*especially*) demonic PCs in Heaven (see *Behind Enemy Lines*, p. 59) should avoid combat; combat in Heaven brings out the Malakim faster than anything else. Demonic adventurers should be doing quick, undercover jobs – espionage, theft or similarly subtle missions. For demonic PCs,

the GM should emphasize the “mindless conformity,” “sterile cleanliness” and “painful brightness” of everything and everyone the PCs see. The ignorant arrogance of the human souls, mingling at will with celestials! The smug superiority or vacant grin on the face of every single angel! Right-thinking demons can't stand the place.

Heaven's main role in the game is inspirational. A trip to Heaven as a reward for a well-fought battle on earth can revive the flagging spirits of both PCs and players. Seeing the golden, shimmering perfection of the Promised Land can remind war-weary angels what they are fighting for. Players tired of battling the endless machinations of the demonic hordes can similarly be refreshed by a brief visit to a place where they needn't keep one hand on their holster and where everyone is (usually) happy to see them.

HALF-TRUTHS: A HEAVENLY ADVENTURE SEED

A friend of the PCs, a bodhisattva working in the court of Michael, approaches the characters filled with worry and uncertainty. He believes that he has become privy to a dangerous conspiracy on the part of Michael and David to remove Laurence from his position of authority “for his own good and the good of the cause.” The bodhisattva, Jeremy, came across several records of plans to undermine Laurence's tethers – not through overtly destructive means, but by carefully steering earthly problems that Laurence would have difficulty handling in his direction. The plans involve the problems being solved by Michael and David's Servitors, increasing their esteem in the eyes of the Council and harming Laurence. The poor clerk believes that Michael invented the plan, and that it may already be in motion.

The bodhisattva has made a terrible mistake. While Michael and David may have their problems with Laurence, they are devoted to the War and work

with him, not against him. This is not, however, entirely true of all their Servitors . . . The records the unfortunate clerk found were records made by Michael describing problems he had observed in his own and David's Servitors, and that he is now in the process of taking care of – Michael has little patience for ambitious angels who let their politics get in the way of their duty.

The PCs must get to the root of the problem, since otherwise the desperately concerned bodhisattva may do something stupid. But they will have to be very careful in what they choose to believe . . . If they play their cards disastrously wrong, they might wind up on the receiving end of Michael's own clean-up efforts. And in any case, they will eventually have to deal with the problem of explaining where they got their information. Keeping the mistaken bodhi out of trouble, and uncovering the truth without tripping up, could be quite a challenge.

LIMBO

Limbo is nowhere. Celestials argue about whether Limbo is a “place” at all or just a condition. Limbo is what happens to a celestial who loses his only corporeal vessel and has no Heart to draw him to Heaven or Hell.

GOING TO LIMBO

Angels and demons without Hearts (see *In Nomine*, pp. 137 and 185) who are pushed from the corporeal plane – most commonly by having their only corporeal vessel destroyed – find themselves in Limbo. Humans and ethereal spirits, and even stranger beings (for example, celestial Children of the Grigori), have also found their way into Limbo on rare occasions. Kyriotates and Shedim, because of their uniquely “placeless” nature, cannot go to Limbo. Heartless Kyriotates and Shedim are very careful to keep spare vessels nearby.

A celestial can also go voluntarily to Limbo, whether he has a Heart or not . . . though when he emerges, his Superior will want an explanation. He must start in the

corporeal realm, spend five minutes steeling himself, and make a Will roll. If it succeeds, his vessel vanishes – lost forever – and he finds himself seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing. He is nowhere. He is in Limbo.

Limbo is the loneliest place in all Creation. Nothing in Limbo can communicate with anything outside of Limbo . . . or anything else *inside* Limbo, either. A soul in Limbo has no one to talk to but itself.

There are only a few advantages to being in Limbo. The first, of course, is that it is the ultimate hiding place. No one can find you in Limbo. Cherubic resonance, geases and other “tracking tools” give no response – it is as though the target no longer exists. (Once he emerges, of course, he can be tracked again.) The very existence of Limbo makes the lives of Outcasts and Renegades easier . . . eventually, the hunters will say “He must have gone to Limbo” and turn their attentions elsewhere. (But *nothing* can be taken to Limbo, not even Celestial Artifacts. A celestial who voluntarily goes to Limbo leaves all such things behind in the corporeal realm.)

ESSENCE COSTS FOR VESSELS

Normally, the corporeal vessels of celestials are the gifts of Archangels and Demon Princes. The Superiors are the only beings with the knowledge and Essence to create vessels without recourse to Limbo. Angel and demon characters pay points for vessels – which, in game terms, translates to favors obtained from a Superior in exchange for a body.

In Limbo, souls can gather far greater amounts of celestial energies. Eventually, they escape by creating a new vessel for themselves. This is very much like the way that ethereal spirits collect Essence from their worshippers to create vessels. But note that outside Limbo, normal celestials still cannot create vessels, even the smallest ones.

Vessels cost 15 Essence per level as a resource, per Force the vessel typically contains. The smallest vessel (say, a rat), would cost 15 Essence at level 1. A human vessel, which typically has five Forces, would cost 75 Essence at level 1, 150 at level 2, and so on.

One may choose to absorb some Discord in order to lower the cost of a new vessel. Each level of Corporeal or Ethereal Discord reduces the Essence cost of a new vessel by 3, per level of the vessel as a resource. Each level of Celestial Discord reduces the Essence cost of a new vessel by 5, per level of the ves-

sel as a resource. So a level 1 human vessel with 3 levels of Need, a Celestial Discord, would cost not 75 Essence, but 60. A level 2 human vessel with 3 level of Need would cost not 150 Essence, but 120.

It is appropriate to take a Discord which can be roleplayed as a mental or emotional effect of the stay in Limbo. Twitchiness is a reasonable choice; so is any over-attachment to corporeal sensation – Greed, Lust, or just a Need for constant companionship!

No matter how much Discord is taken, a vessel never costs less than 1 Essence. For instance, Panuel, a weak-willed Outcast, is desperate to get out of Limbo. He swallows his pride, and returns to Earth as soon as he collects a single point of Essence. His new vessel is a rat, a 1-Force animal, with 5 levels of Stigmata, a Corporeal Discord. This only costs 1 Essence – but he’s trapped on Earth as a rat with a permanently gaping wound. He’ll have a hard time doing anything in that state, but some might say it’s better than nothing. He can still take his celestial form, and he can communicate with anyone around him, but one stiff broom will send him back to Limbo. Furthermore, losing the vessel won’t rid him of his Discord . . . it will be with him in every form he takes, until he buys it off.

INTERVENTION ON WILL ROLLS IN LIMBO

An intervention from Your Side takes the form of an urgent message from a well-disposed Superior, with a gift of a lot of Essence. The exact amount of "a lot" is left up to the GM, or you can roll all the dice you can find . . .

An intervention from the Other Side consists of a single point of Essence bearing very bad news. This might be a reason why you urgently need to leave Limbo right now, or a reason why you had better not leave, or just a taunt from a foe. If this does not fit the campaign, the victim can just be stripped of his accumulated Essence.

WHAT TO DO IN LIMBO

A soul in Limbo can still think. In fact, his memory becomes very sharp. Those in Limbo can always reflect on their situation; in fact, they can do little else. Strong-willed souls find the experience enlightening, even purifying, and have been known to return from Limbo with strange insights. Demons have come back from Limbo and sought redemption . . . but, then, angels have returned from Limbo and immediately Fallen. Weak-willed souls cannot bear Limbo, and often cannot stop themselves from leaving, even if it means returning to a dangerous corporeal world in an inadequate vessel.

No attunements, resonances or Songs work in Limbo. All you can do in Limbo is wait. Wait, and think. Wait, and think, and remember . . . and regenerate Essence. The unique nature of Limbo allows those imprisoned there to collect unlimited amounts of Essence, very slowly . . . one point a week. Beings in Limbo also retain any Essence they had before entering Limbo. But in Limbo, Essence is useful for only one thing: getting out.

Trauma in Limbo

A celestial who was sent to Limbo by the death of his physical body will be Traumatized, unless he is of a sort immune to Trauma. Recovery is slower in Limbo . . . as described on p. 67 of *In Nomine*, but in weeks instead of days. No Essence is gained, and no Will rolls are made to escape Limbo, while in Trauma.

GETTING OUT

When a PC enters Limbo, the player may choose to give up, relegating that celestial to Limbo for all eternity. If the player wants to get his character out of Limbo, however far in the future, a little patience is required.

Every week (after recovering from any Trauma) the trapped celestial earns another point of Essence, which will eventually go toward creating a new vessel. Once enough Essence is earned to buy a new vessel, he may reincarnate at his most recent physical location on the Earth (or at a safe place very close to it). Remaining Essence, up to the celestial's normal maximum reservoir, may be saved;

any excess is lost. If someone had an extra vessel other than the one they expended to enter Limbo, it will be available for them after they escape in the normal way.

There is one loophole in Limbo. While it's impossible to communicate with the outside, those on the outside can cast messages into the void in the form of Essence. This Essence must be attuned to a specific person, and may contain a brief note (no more than five words per point of Essence sent). Any being capable of consciously manipulating Essence may do this, after being shown how by someone who already can; it's assumed that all angels and demons know how to throw Essence into Limbo. Using the Celestial Song of Tongues can increase the length of the note to 15 words per point of Essence sent. If the target of the Essence was truly in Limbo, he receives the message . . . and adds the Essence to his slowly-growing store. If the target isn't really in Limbo, then the effort was wasted; the Essence returns to the Symphony.

Occasionally, an Archangel will send Essence into Limbo, attuned to an Outcast who's been missing overly long. Most such gifts are coupled with vague implications of forgiveness – or, occasionally, outright offers of redemption if the Outcast undertakes a mission. Demon Princes are less interested in those in Limbo, unless the target is thought to hold some useful information (or has become otherwise valuable).

More often, the comrades of a missing celestial will make a point of sending Essence into Limbo "with his name on it," in the often-vain hope that their friend can hear them and that they're speeding his return.

"I Can't Stand This!"

Every number of weeks equal to the prisoner's Celestial Forces, a Will roll must be made. The effective Will of the prisoner is increased by the amount of Essence the prisoner has been sent from outside Limbo since the last Will roll. If the roll is successful, then the celestial may continue drifting in peace, quietly generating Essence until the monotony of life in Limbo rises up again.

But if the Will roll is failed, the celestial must either spend his current collection of Essence on whatever vessel he can, regardless of how pathetic it might be, or lose all his collected Essence! And if he chooses to lose his collected Essence, he must then stay in Limbo until he has collected at least 15 Essence. He must still make Will rolls as above, but he has lost the option to leave with a lesser vessel either voluntarily or as a result of a failed roll. Thus, a weak-willed being who foolishly tries to stay in Limbo to collect Essence may be trapped there for hundreds of years until released by luck or gifts of Essence.

Some peculiar "Remnants" encountered in the corporeal realm, Remnants who somehow retain Celestial Forces, are really long-time inhabitants of Limbo, forgotten by their friends, driven completely out of their celestial minds by millennia of failed Will rolls and eternal grayness. By the time they finally made it back to Earth, they had forgotten who and what they were.

HELL



Hell is the final resting place of diabolically slanted human souls and the “home” of the fallen angels. Each Demon Prince rules an area, and each Principality is different from all the others. A confusing, maddening place, Hell offers many variations, but always the same damned theme.

IN HELL

The very land of Hell, gouged out by the Fall, has become warped and twisted by the demons’ presence. Greed, pride, madness, egotism and despair have formed the Inferno. As the land is malformed, so is the Symphony. Hell is the only place where God is not the Conductor of the Symphony – the score has been overwhelmed by the cacophony of millions of personal off-key riffs all competing for dominance.

Human souls drawn to Hell are divided up in an unfair method devised by Lucifer. For the most part a human’s soul belongs to that Prince whose Word the soul best promoted in life. The demons “harvest” the Essence of the countless billions of souls that have ended up in the Pit. Essence runs the economy of the infernal reaches. Damned souls and demons regenerate Essence at a rate of one point every 24 hours. Some Principalities are built upon the premise of ripping or torturing Essence from the souls, some trick it out of them and others let the souls purchase some good or service with the Essence . . . such as a respite from their punishments. The purpose of Hell is *not* to torment the damned; the damned are tormented because demons like tormenting people. Only the Habbalah believe that their mission is to punish the guilty in the name of God – if demons had wanted to serve God in the first place, they wouldn’t be in Hell.

Hell might seem to an outsider to be a police state: a vicious totalitarian world where little is tolerated and less is allowed. That, of course, depends on the Superior. While Lucifer certainly could run his domain more strictly than Stalin ran Russia, he prefers to let a thousand evil flowers bloom. Each Prince runs his Principality as he sees fit, from the regimented routine of Hades to the laissez-faire decadence of Shal-Mari. Demons are always plotting to better their lot and to hamper their rivals, but they have only to look at the souls of humans being tortured to remind themselves of the punishments that might await them if they cross the wrong line or stab the wrong back.

Hell is a place where demons can meet and conspire together, let their hair down, take a respite from the angel-haunted corporeal world and shelter from the Light of God. It is the place to find allies and resources for their own schemes, both in Hell and on Earth. A “dog eat dog” world, Hell is filled with self-pity, resentment, envy and passion. Hell is a place where everyone wants to be on the top, or at least higher than they are now. The clever or strong survive, unless they are targeted by those more powerful or by many less clever rivals. Mediocrity can hide forever in Hell, with luck – but luck is in short supply.

The Lower Hells

Demons in *In Nomine* do not venture into the lower hells, which lie below all the Principalities. The ways into them are easily found and easily traveled: smoothly sloping caverns, open cenotes smelling of brimstone, great stairways carved into the living rocks or elevators that only go down from the basements of the Demon Princes’ palaces.

However, in the lower Hells, Lucifer rules supreme. Demon Princes are arbitrarily called down to audience, and when they return they are in an even worse mood

THE FAMOUS DEAD IN HELL

The famous dead are not restricted to Heaven, of course. Whether the GM chooses a quick glimpse of Hermann Goering being gobbled down by Haagenti, a fully role-played argument with an officious Benedict Arnold over access to a subsection of Kronos’ Archive or an extended bureaucratic attempt to undermine Lenin’s influence at the Court of Malphas, using the famous dead can add instant depth and player involvement to any trip to Hell.

The famous evil dead can make excellent Hellsworn villains on Earth; granted preternaturally long life, extra Forces and suitable Songs by their demonic masters, Rodrigo Borgia or Otto Skorzeny would make formidable opponents even for angelic parties. The famous evil dead can also become the famous evil undead; a vampiric Vlad Tepes (or Nicolae Ceaucescu) would have tradition and Saminga’s low sense of humor behind him.

Really evil souls might even be graduated to demonic status after their death, assuming they prosper in Hell’s economy of suffering (see *Infernal Opportunity*, p. 93). A properly motivated Prince can certainly bind an evil and useful human’s Forces into a nascent demon – not necessarily an outcome devoutly to be wished, but really selfish human souls never seem to look at the long view.

than normal. Lesser demons don't even lie about having been down there – Lucifer is rumored to recruit such storytellers for “special duties below.” The few whispered stories speak of blasphemies that make Shedim blanch, the agonizing subsonics of eternal Discord and the bittter, bone-chilling *cold*.

THE PRINCIPALITIES

Scattered across the rocky floors of Hell are the Principalities of the various Demon Princes. Although they seem material enough to the unfortunate souls trapped within them, they are both bounded and infinite. Celestial matter does not necessarily obey earthly laws. Each Principality may seem crowded to the point of bursting, but there's always room for more souls in Hell. If a Demon Prince decides to alter his Principality, he can do it at his whim. Of course, it's usually more fun to dragoon huge gangs of enslaved souls and harassed demonic overseers to do it the hard way.

Travel in (and out of) Hell

Travel between most Principalities is closely monitored and often not allowed at all. The Princes, being a paranoid lot, do not want their charges wandering far, to where they could be subverted or used in another's diabolical plot. They also do not want to have another Prince's minions playing in their own backyard. A clever demon, though, can usually find a way to get where or what he wants. Bribery is a well-honed skill in the Abyss. Luckier or more high-ranking demons can move between Principalities by ducking into the corporeal realm. For example, if you want to go to Shal-Mari (and doesn't everyone?), just follow an earthly minion of Andrealphus home. You won't always be well received, of course.

Those demons that are allowed to travel to Earth are granted Hearts. These Hearts are very closely guarded by the Servitor's Prince so they cannot be moved by a ambitious servant, destroyed by a rival, or stolen by the demon in an attempt to go Renegade. Many demons

never get a Heart and therefore cannot leave Hell for the corporeal world. They stay in Hell and do various menial duties; keeping records, harvesting Essence, torturing the damned, running errands and scheming for the day when they will emerge from the darkness. The lucky, the



THE RIVERS OF HELL

The landscape of Hell is cut by five great rivers, which run through the Pit between and across the Principalities. These rivers are choked with refuse, oily with fetid miasmas and patrolled by great and monstrous Things which make meals out of unwary damned and demon alike. Their sources are unknown . . . perhaps from foul springs in the Lower Hells or something even less pleasant.

The River Styx is the River of Hate. It rises in Stygia, which draws its name from this black current, and rings all of Hell. Its waters corrode all metals, glass, stone and ceramics. Charon, a mighty demon in service to Kronos, is in charge of the ferries that cross the Styx; he mostly transports human souls to the Gates of Hell, but he (or his minions) might bring a demon across for some dark consideration. Beleth's Tower overlooks the Styx, but Beleth and her Pachadim (and those they escort) can cross it in the shallow mists of the Marches.

The River Acheron is the River of Bitterness. It issues from the joining of the Cocytus and Phlegethon and empties into the Styx. It touches on Stygia and Perdition, but flows through the center of Shal-Mari. Its smell is that of old and rancid pleasures; stale beer, dried sweat or rotting food. Some souls seek dissolution by throwing themselves into it, but they are usually depos-

ited by the Styx in some even less-pleasant Principality.

The River Cocytus is the River of Lamentation. It rises in icy caverns beneath the heart of Perdition and oozes through Tartarus and Abaddon into the Acheron. It is perennially cold and syrupy, with chunks of dirty ice grinding together along its length and dank fogs rising from its surface until it reaches Tartarus. The toxic sludges, radioactive ventings and tumbled corpses that Tartarus dumps into it leave the Cocytus horribly poisonous (if slightly warmer) for the rest of its journey.

The River Phlegethon is the River of Anger. Its source is the great volcano at the heart of Sheol, and its surface is aflame with oil, floating lava and clouds of methane. It boils through Sheol and Gehenna, meeting the Cocytus to form the Acheron at the edge of Stygia. The sky above it is a choking riot of smog, sparks and brimstone.

The River Lethe is the River of Forgetfulness. Its course and nature are forgotten. It may once have flowed (and perhaps still does) through dead Gebbeleth's Principality of Secrets in Stygia, but no demon (save perhaps Kronos or Lucifer) remembers for sure. Asmodeus would like to find it again, since removing memories comes in very handy in his job.

skilled, the talented and, in some cases, the expendable are the only ones sent out of Hell to do their Prince's bidding. All the others spend their days in bondage to their Prince's whim.

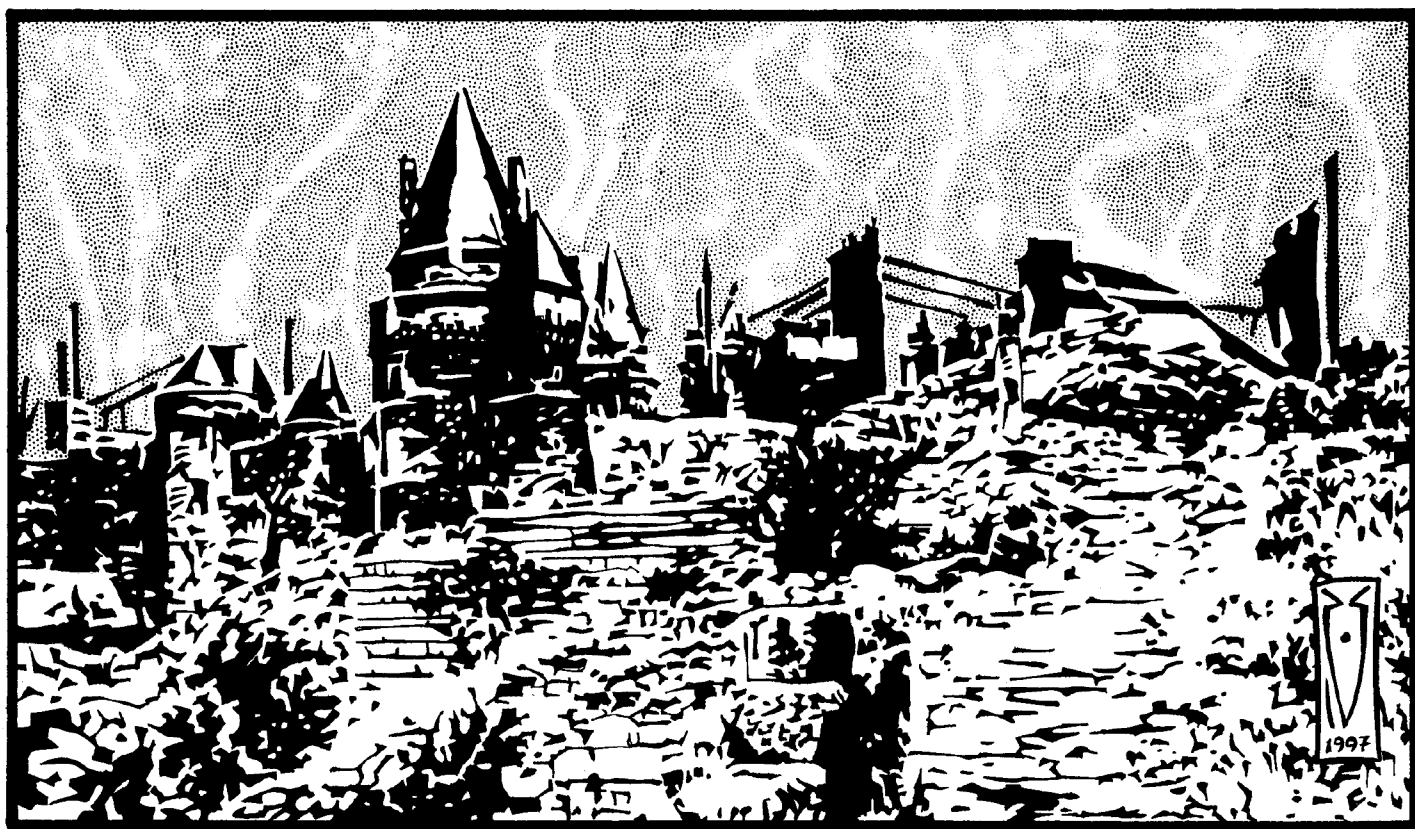
ABADDON

Tempestuous storms borne by winds that never cease lash the gray wasteland of Abaddon. This is the home of Saminga, the Demon Prince of Death. Abaddon is a barren desert where all inhabitants seek refuge from the storms. Human souls who served Death well, willingly or unwillingly, are allotted to Saminga. They face even worse threats than the relentless storms and Saminga's harvesters; Saminga and his Servitors often unleash monstrous experiments out into the wasteland.

Only the most recently dead humans, the Mengeles and Kaganoviches, are still recognizable. Most have been

harvested, their Forces stripped. After losing a Force, a soul is pushed back down the ladder of creation, becoming a gibbering ape, a foaming dog, a mad-eyed rat, a skittering lizard and so on. These beast-souls roam the wasteland of Abaddon, until they are captured again by the harvesters and reduced further down the evolutionary scale. If the procedure did not go as planned, the soul becomes a gross parody of an animal or human. These creatures flop and twitter across the endless wastes of Abaddon, feeding on the souls that were once their fellow men.

Abaddon is a place of fear and agony, which serves Saminga well. He cares little for his Servitors and nothing for those souls put into his charge. He cares only for power and feeds off of the emotions of those around him. The relatively new Prince exploits what is given to him in his lust for power, and Abaddon has been twisted to become a mirror image of its Prince.



PLACES IN ABADDON

The Wasteland

The wasteland is a place of relentless dust storms and no shelter. The inhabitants fear the inevitable emergence of a predator from the storm, whether it be one of their own number now reduced to bestiality or something worse. Although they cannot be killed by the slaving animals and monstrosities that hunt them, being dismembered and having your entrails and limbs eaten is grotesquely painful – and it leaves the soul very vulnerable to being harvested by Saminga's lazy and resentful Servitors. The harvester demons have built lean-tos and small camps around the wasteland, where they sometimes steal a rest rather than pursue the same tedious prey. These small shelters, built of human bone and wind-leathered skin, give the only respite from the endless wind of the wastes.

The Bone Citadel

Saminga's Bone Citadel can be seen looming on the horizon from anywhere in the wastes of Abaddon. It is not long after arriving that a soul learns to fear this macabre structure.

The Bone Citadel is a dark twisting maze of corridors and chambers where the reek of death and the screams of the hapless are ever-present. The source of the screaming is the Essence smelter deep within the Citadel. Held in a vast chamber vaulted with millions of human rib bones, the smelter is where captured souls have their Essence wrenched from them, along with the Forces that are carefully saved to be bound into Saminga's undead armies. Locked in the crypts below the Citadel are the Hearts of Saminga's demons, concealed from all.

Saminga's laboratory is inside a giant ivory skull surmounting the Citadel's skeletal towers. Here Saminga and his favored servitors experiment with the manipulation of the Forces wrenched from suffering souls. Since the undead are corporeal, Saminga must produce them on the corporeal plane. From Saminga's laboratory, well-guarded and well-hidden tethers run to his earthly factories of the undead. Their locations are unknown to any but Saminga's most trusted Servitors, but it is whispered that they are in hidden caverns and forest grottoes in night-haunted lands such as Transylvania, Haiti and wherever else the dead are said to walk. So debased and sickening are these places, where Saminga oversees the manufacture, design and testing of new types of undead, that one would be hard pressed to tell them from the Bone Citadel itself.

The Chasm

Across the Wasteland of Abaddon, there is one niche that is truly safe . . . a gorge once thought bottomless, a thin rift in the dusty rock floor stretching from one horizon to the other. If you want to be free, if you *really* want to get away from the harvesters, you just leap in. There's no turning back.

Not surprisingly, most souls that still *can* think, think that it's better to run, better to beg, better to try to fight. Since nobody was sure, for a long time, what was even at the bottom of the Chasm, few dared to just leap in. But now, what lies at the bottom is known, because it's seeping to the top.

The dirt grubs, the hopeless, formless wormlike souls that are humans all but stripped to nothingness, have been crawling to the Chasm as a last hope for centuries. All but mindless, they tip their dusty, wet bodies over the edge into the abyss. They only know that they are hunted and doomed anyway, and at least the Chasm is an alternative. Saminga became aware of this long ago, but took little interest. It tickled his vanity to know that he was striking terror into the lowest creatures in Hell, and besides, he knew that the gorge was just a gorge.

Now, the gorge is rising. The grubs are just now coming into view, just now filling the Chasm to a level where you can stand at the edge and look. They're visible as a shifting, black gelatinous surface. A *single* shifting, black gelatinous surface . . . Somehow, they seem to be fusing together into . . . Something. Even Saminga, it is whispered, is now curious, and the harvesters are starting to intercept grubs crawling toward the edge.

PERSONALITIES IN ABADDON

Human souls that catch Saminga's fancy somehow are more likely to be made into the undead than given positions of responsibility in Abaddon. There are rumors of a mummy army, made up of history's most implacable killers from Sennacherib to John Wesley Hardin, secreted somewhere in one of Saminga's earthly caverns.

Harvesters

Harvesters are the demons who search the reaches of Abaddon for souls to bring back to the smelter at the center of the Bone Citadel. While the job might be considered fun by some demons at first, after millennia it gets boring, and it has little potential for advancement. Occasionally the harvesters will make bets upon the speed or stamina of their human (or once-human) quarry, or set them to fighting among themselves. Gambling upon the outcome of these macabre fights is the only

break in the endless monotony that the harvesters have. The current fashion is for "teeth only" fights, in which the human souls' limbs are wrenched off before the bets are placed.

Thanartists

The thanartists are the demons that come up with original or creative ways to manifest Saminga's Word. They work in the long warrens of cubicles that riddle the Bone Citadel, developing plague vectors, fads in suicide, bizarre gardening accidents and dangerous children's toys. Many peculiar or romanticized deaths are "signature works" of Saminga's Servitors. Saminga, against all objective evidence, considers himself quite a deft thanartist and often suggests ideas to his harassed and simmeringly contemptuous staff. Thanartists must walk a fine line: to show too much creativity is to invoke Saminga's jealous wrath; to design nothing but humdrum auto accidents or house fires is to risk being transferred to harvester detail.

NURBIS

Demon of Mummification

Habbalite Marquis of the Tuaut

Corporeal Forces – 6 Strength 16 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 10 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 8 Perception 8

Vessel: Human/5 (bald tanned male)

Skills: Chemistry/6 (Alchemy), Engineering/3, Fighting/4, Knowledge/6 (Funerary Rites), Languages (Ancient Egyptian/4, Quechua/4), Large Weapon/3 (Flail), Move Silently/2, Survival/4 (Desert)

Songs: Attraction (Corporeal/3), Entropy (Corporeal/3), Form (Corporeal/4, Celestial/4), Jackal Head (Fangs/4), Possession (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Tongues (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: Knight of the Dead, Captain of the Infernal Legion, Baron of the Undead Kingdom, Marquis of the Tuaut, all Band Attunements of Death

Special Rites: Nurbis gains 1 Essence for each mummy he makes.

Discord: Paranoia/5, Need (mummification)/3

Nurbis is both Saminga's most skilled mummifier and his most mentally disturbed Servitor. Nurbis was with Saminga in the old days in Egypt. He was the only demon who would pay attention to Saminga's plans for an undead army, and he was rewarded with his Word once Saminga became a Prince. Lately, Nurbis has begun to suspect (correctly) that Stander, Demon of Embalming, is plotting to take his job as head of the mummification factories.



"THE REAPER"

Calabite Baron of Death

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 8 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 10 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 8 Perception 8

Vessel: Human/3 (pale skeletal man)

Skills: Artistry/3, Large Weapon/3 (Scythe), Move Silently/3

Songs: Dreams (Celestial/3), Entropy (Ethereal/3), Form (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/4) Tongues (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: Knight of the Dead, Captain of the Infernal Legion, Baron of the Undead Army, Calabite of Death

"The Reaper" is the thanartist who came up with the Grim Reaper "look." He spent centuries on Earth, terrifying the dying and making Saminga's Word especially feared. Office politics and Saminga's jealousy of his success got him "promoted" back to the Citadel. Now he spends his days doing paperwork and supervising the junior demons of Death. They resent having to wear his outmoded uniform while stalking the plague grounds and battlefields of Earth.

TETHERS

The Bone Citadel holds many tethers. Some lead to Saminga's undead factories. Other, better known ones, lead to graveyards and mausoleums of prodigious size. Along with these graveyards, elimination camps that were once active in Europe, Russia, Africa and Cambodia are strong links to this day, especially Auschwitz, Vorkuta and mass graves throughout the Biafran jungle.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

Skimming off the Top

Saminga's Dukes are pleased to note that the amount of terror among the damned seems to be increasing slightly . . . then they find out why. Some of the harvesters are working overtime, chasing down more souls and stripping them down faster and faster. Some are even defying convention and reducing souls to grubs – or entirely destroying them – in a single stroke. The problem is, the flow of Forces into the Bone Citadel has not increased; someone is hoarding the excess. The harvesters who are doing their duty as Saminga demands are getting nervous, concerned that they will be accused. The Dukes

and Barons are worried for the same reason . . . but somebody *is* doing it, and nobody is talking. PC Servitors of Saminga are needed to get to the bottom of the thefts; PC Servitors of other Princes (Malphas, in particular) might be needed to keep the scheme running.

Rescuing the Damned

Right out from under the agents of Vapula, two hundred souls were stolen from the Soul Yards . . . very *special* souls. Every one of them, in life, had been a skilled engineer, programmer or researcher. Every one of them had been involved in "black money" projects for their respective governments, everything from weapons of mass destruction to instruments of torture and mind



control. Every one of them had been captured, taken to a secret place on Earth and executed on the same day to forever seal their secrets. Vapula bargained hard to collect the souls on the day they arrived, trading away his entire allotment for weeks. And then they vanished, leaving his agents bewildered, his beefed-up defenses stumped. Only one of the souls, a stray who managed to break away into the streets of Hades, was captured. According to the terrified chemical weapons engineer, new to his damnation and gibbering with confusion, his fellow souls were taken by the servants of Death. Where Vapula wanted the souls for their expertise in technology, Saminga wanted them for their expertise in killing – can the PCs catch up with the shipment of souls before they reach the Bone Citadel? Things become complicated when a group of rogue harvesters (see *Skimming Off the Top*, above) decide that the new souls will make tasty Forces for their hoard.



THE ARCHIVE

On the far edge of Hades is a massive building that seems to have been designed by a committee of drunken or deranged architects. The Archive is the Hellish perversion of Yves' Library, the domain of Kronos. Inside its twisting, turning corridors and chambers are countless volumes of demonic interest, everything from C. S. Lewis to Aleister Crowley. The Archive is also home to the official records of Hell. Words given by Lucifer, demons granted earthly service, the current distribution of souls, celestial history and the current status of the Symphony are recorded by Kronos' scribes in the official records. The records' veracity is doubted by the uncharitable – the best liars in the universe are transcribing the information – so everything is recorded in triplicate.

Kronos and Lucifer are the only beings who can successfully and rapidly negotiate the labyrinth and find the volume or file that they need. Anyone else will be hopelessly lost in a matter of minutes – except the Servitors of Fate, who are granted a measure of knowledge of the lay-

out of the Archive. These Servitors are never given enough information to become a danger to Kronos' superiority. Many very stubborn and pedantic librarians are allowed to rearrange the Archive, each with their own classifications, at frequent intervals. This allows only Kronos and Lucifer to be certain of a volume's location, unless of course a demon is willing to listen to a thousand different lectures on library classification, by which time some other librarian will have moved the volume in question anyway. This allows Kronos to charge a hefty price for information and keeps most information safe from thieves.

Souls allotted to Kronos are made to shelve books, pushing heavy carts up and down the endless halls in search of the proper section, which changes irregularly. Others slave in the bindery and "paper" mill, where they are often forced to become part of the book or paper that they are attempting to make. Their Essence stripped, the souls are then forever bound in a volume that will be used by the demons in their war against anything good that the person valued in their former life.

The Archive has portals, tunnels and doorways to all of the other Principalities. Their locations are among the most closely guarded secrets in Hell. Often the physical location of a gate will be moved by one of Kronos' "remodelings."

IN THE ARCHIVE

The Archive is one massive and ever-changing building. It has been said that the librarians are merely ordering the library to the chaotic Symphony that they hear in their heads. The bindery and "paper" mill are located beneath the Archive, and their constant whirring and thumping make it very hard for anyone to concentrate on reading, filing or other work.

Above the bindery and "paper" mill lies the Archive itself, in all its entropic glory. As the Archive is ever-changing, demons can never be sure if what they once knew will even remotely resemble the current chaotic state. One day Kronos may be holding court in a huge circular chamber lined with volumes bound in matched human leathers, and the next day the same chamber might be an enormous atrium filled to the rafters with a myriad of seemingly unrelated files suspended on chains or teetering on hanging catwalks. The Hearts of demons in Kronos' service are likewise moved and shuffled about, interfiled with the countless volumes.

The stacks and file rooms are also ever-changing, but they usually twist and turn in narrow hairpin curves, altering elevation and direction seemingly at random. There is never room for two demons to pass each other in the corridors, there is a constantly hanging smell of

either dust or insecticide in the air, and the randomly-timed lights in any given section go off right when you've finally found the shelf you were looking for. The switch, of course, is always in a different section entirely.

The Children's Section

Kronos' Archive pales beside the heavenly Library, a truth that is a permanent bruise on the collective ego of the Principality. To the credit of the busy demonic librarians and the tortured souls that serve them, however, there are a few isolated subjects on which the Archive's collection is the equal of Heaven's. The Children's Section is one such.

Luris, a Shedite, has been the master archivist of the Children's Section for nearly a century. Assigned permanently to her post, Luris flows across the tops of iron shelves and wooden racks, seeing to her duty with a thousand cold eyes and a hundred grim smiles: to understand human youth, to provide Kronos with cracks into which he can pry the instruments of fate. Her large section of the Archive, the size of several dozen earthly libraries, is arranged in a haphazard tesseract furnished with giant stuffed animals and fading beanbag chairs. It is possibly the only part of Hell with a Story Room.

The souls of children are a precious commodity in Hell. The innocence of youth *almost* always means that children make their way into the Divine realm when they die . . . but not always. The souls of rotten youngsters are traded like pearls by their demonic masters; some enjoy tormenting them, others specialize in using them to torment *other* souls . . . and some learn from them. Kronos is one who studies, as he has observed that the roots of greatness – for good or evil – often take purchase when a human can barely walk. With the help of Beleth's demons, Kronos has taken a very active interest in the hopes and fears of children.

So, Luris runs her section of the Archive like a laboratory, herding expensive groups of damned and dead children into cubicles and comfortable seats, into quiet circles of listeners . . . to enjoy fables, beast-tales, fairy stories and nonsense rhymes. The child-souls are also

expected to write; describing what scares them, what makes them smile, what gives them hope that they'll see their parents again. Luris has a sense of humor, and she enjoys her work.

PERSONALITIES IN THE ARCHIVE

The demons and damned in the Archive with the most influence are those who direct or advise Kronos' Servitors on Earth or oversee the disorganization of the Archive itself. Kim Philby and other traitors with connections on Earth typify the souls in the former category; the bishop Theophilus and 'Amr ibn-al-As, who between them destroyed the Library of Alexandria over petty theological differences, typify the souls in the latter.

Scribes

Scribes are the demons that transcribe the works of human writers. They also record reports of souls, earthbound demons, or Words issued by Lucifer. Selected for their lack of imagination (to prevent their adding their own creative spin), scribes are the lowest of Kronos' minions. Even file clerks are better off, since they can "get lost in the stacks" if they want a break – scribes have to reach for the next document in the pile.

Librarians

Kronos uses thousands of librarians, selected for their single-mindedness. Thus, his librarians never want to work together and bring order out of the chaos in the Archive. They are not stupid, but any work that gets done is soon redone by another librarian with their own "better idea." Any librarian that shows too much understanding, or repeatedly learns the layout on his own despite the obstacles, is removed to serve Kronos' will on Earth. This serves the twin functions of making sure that Kronos' earthly Servitors are capable finders of patterns (such as those in human destinies) and keeping any being from knowing too much about the Archive and the secrets within.



CAIUS GALENDRON

Impudite Captain of Fate

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 2 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 10 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 8 Perception 12

Vessel: None granted

Skills: Computer Operation/4, Detect Lies/4, Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge/5 (Library Science), Knowledge/6 (Archive Layout), Lockpicking/3, Lying/3, Move Silently/3, Savoir-Faire/2

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/3), Form (Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Shields (Celestial/2), Tongues (Corporeal/4)

Attunements: Knight of the Winged Chariot, Captain of the Infernal Hourglass, File Extraction, Humanity

Caius is one of the most promising librarians in service to Kronos. On two occasions he has been slated for promotion to Earthly duty, but has loused up so thoroughly (losing shipments of souls, or letting Valefor steal something) that Kronos decided to keep him in Hell. Caius is again slated to go to Earth soon. Caius' fellow librarians mock him for choking in the clutch, and many demons are waiting for his next spectacular failure. The most interested party is Asmodeus, who will be more than peeved to lose one of his spies inside the Archive. What blackmail Asmodeus first held over Caius is unimportant now – Asmodeus has plenty of evidence of Caius' treason to his Superior, which Caius knows Kronos will see the instant Caius sets foot on Earth.



Scribe No. 1023

Once a promising Balseraph named Taledic, 1023 decided to have a little fun while transcribing the most recent list of Words handed out by Lucifer. When the Djinn of Forgetfulness found that he had been recorded as the Calabite of Navel Lint, he came to the Archive to make an example of Taledic. To this day Taledic remembers nothing but how to do his job and how to read the number burned into his chest, 1023. Taledic's prank did manage to get a smirk out of Kobal. No stats are provided for Taledic, since he has no existence remaining but a hollow shell.

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HELL

TETHERS

The chaotic Archive is linked to Earth in a few places. Any storehouse of knowledge that is almost unusable is linked to the Archive. With enough budget cuts, most big city public libraries can be made tethers to the Archive, for example. Any library containing secrets man was not meant to know may also be a tether to the Archive: private collections of sorcerous millionaires or the restricted collections of many libraries worldwide (including, perhaps, the Vatican). Collections of information about evil deeds, such as the secret files of the KGB or SAVAK, also connect to the Archive.

ADVENTURE SEED

Clerical Error

Your Prince wants the name of one of his demons to be omitted from the log of those on Earth. Find the scribe in charge of transcribing the information and "persuade" him to help your cause. Don't get lost. If caught, don't say who sent you. Don't go through the wrong portal . . . you really don't want to end up somewhere even *worse*. Oh, and keep in mind all records are kept in *triplicate* . . .

GEHENNA

Baal, the commander of Hell's hordes, has made his domain into a raging battleground. Gehenna is the furnace that tempers the forces of Hell. The demons expect that Baal and Hell's armies, after millennia of training to fever pitch, will be able to bring victory in the last battle.

Damned souls and demons alike are forced to fight a struggle ranging the breadth and width of Gehenna. The terrain of the battleground and the weapons used change – a legion might be fighting with swords and axes across a jungle one day and making a mechanized paratroop landing into a sprawling city full of civilian souls the next – but savagery and victory are always rewarded. The most vicious and successful demons are promoted to higher ranks. Souls are mainly cannon fodder or civilians (their Essence stripped from them by the victorious armies in vile atrocities), but they can also prove themselves. If they fight well, they are given weapons or armor equal to those of the demons.

PLACES IN GEHENNA

Gehenna is a land of strife and conflict, a very dangerous place if you do not belong (and even if you do). Unless Baal is currently reviewing Hell's forces, there is certain to be a battle of some magnitude raging.

To say that Gehenna is battle-scarred is a grievous understatement. Centuries of building fortifications and their subsequent destruction have left the land riddled with concrete and stone ghost towns, squalid trenches and broken weaponry. Cities have been erected just to be destroyed and their shells left for further battles to be fought in. Nothing of value can be found on the battlefields of Gehenna, unless it is battle itself and bloodshed that you seek.

The Fortress of Baal

The Fortress of Baal is a massive spiked steel structure at the center of the maelstrom of combat. Around it lie the endless perfect parade grounds where Baal reviews his troops. Beyond the parade grounds, brutal training camps mold unfortunate demons and human souls into the obedient soldiers of Hell. The Fortress itself contains the Armory of the Abyss, along with the noisome barracks of those roistering demon troopers currently off duty. It is also headquarters to the despised and envied rear-echelon demons who handle logistics, clerical work, strategic planning and other “soft” non-combat jobs. Baal’s courts-martial meet in the bowels of the Fortress and dispense demonic military justice – the courtyards of the Fortress are always ringing with the echoes from the firing squads. Human souls keep the steel spit-shined to polished military perfection. Baal is seldom present, though his general staff is always watching the fighting below.

Lake Phlegyas

A lake of boiling blood fed from the River Phlegethon, Phlegyas is where Baal puts human souls and demons who are too promising as warriors to destroy, but whose discipline and attitude toward Baal’s orders still leaves something to be desired. (Nathan Bedford Forrest has been sent “to the lake” four separate times.) The lake’s edges are a constant turmoil, as souls and demons try to shove their way to the shore for a modicum of relief and force the weak to remain in the deeper sections. Even in Gehenna’s “cooler,” warfare still burns hot.

The Holy Wars

It’s been said that in a foxhole, there are no atheists. They say that no man who has ever had a gun pointed at his face, or a sword cut his side, has gone to sleep that night without uttering a prayer . . . just in case. In Gehenna, where the battle never ends, religion rules a nameless city of twisted metal buildings and baking metal highways, not far from the border crossing into Hades. Amid the smoke and noise, the wretched souls damned to eternal warfare are praying to God and erecting tem-



ples from the ruins of their city of iron. The infernal court may raise an eyebrow at this, but the birth of religion in Gehenna is a deliberate military exercise, even if the soldiers involved don’t know it.

Trickling, scattered groups of the damned gone AWOL found the ruin, abandoned from old fights, by weaving a careful path through the active military zones. Baal, supreme general of the armies of Hell, deliberately left that path to the ruin, where his agents would plant the seeds of false hope. Human souls (rumor says that one of them was Peter the Hermit), charismatic in death as they were in life, were given comfortable leave-time in Shal-Mari in exchange for their treachery: to convince the damned that their prayers could still be heard. At first, it was a simple cult, a way that the desperate refugees from the battleground would pass the time and cope with the terror of Hell. But after a while, as Baal’s advisors had assured him, human nature asserted itself even in death. The cult splintered; there were schisms. Where a simple, hopeless faith had lived, there grew a dozen and more angry ones – and the fighting started to hold the holy iron city against the “heretics.” Baal watches, and takes notes as the holy wars escalate . . .

PERSONALITIES IN GEHENNA

The road to success in Gehenna is paved with the smoldering bodies of your enemies. This is true for demons and damned alike; some humans (the Runstedts,

Malinovskys and Matsuis who combine mechanized tactics with industrial atrocity are favored) even hold command rank in Baal's legions.

Soldiers

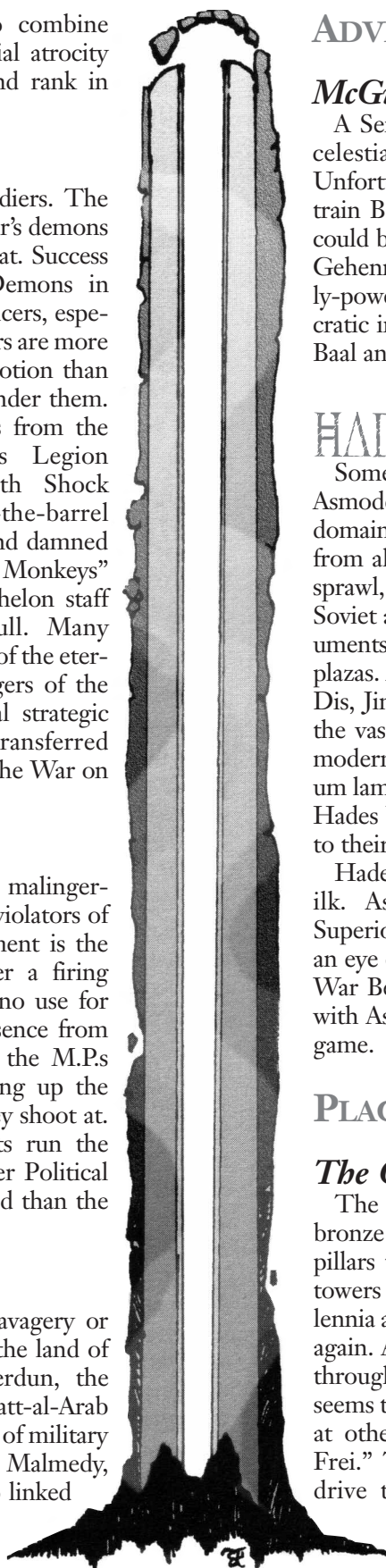
Baal always needs capable soldiers. The vast majority of the Prince of War's demons fight in Gehenna's endless combat. Success in battle brings promotion. Demons in many units often "frag" their officers, especially if they sense that said officers are more concerned with their own promotion than with the safety of the demons under them. Morale in demonic units varies from the elite 666th Infernal Guards Legion (Airborne) or the crack 13th Shock Armored to the bottom-of-the-barrel legions of transfers, mavericks and damned human souls like the 23rd "Brass Monkeys" Legion. Transfer to the rear-echelon staff only comes with political pull. Many demons prefer the relative safety of the eternal battlefield to the quiet dangers of the general staff. Demons with real strategic gifts and viciousness are transferred "Upstairs" to serve the cause of the War on Earth.

Military Police

Baal's M.P.s seek out slackers, malingerers, thieves, deserters and other violators of military law. The usual punishment is the disbanding of their Forces after a firing squad. The Prince of War has no use for cowards, but can always use Essence from the meek. In their spare time, the M.P.s engage in target practice, lapping up the Essence from the fallen souls they shoot at. Baal's Military Intelligence units run the M.P. teams, including undercover Political Police who are justly more feared than the battlefield.

TETHERS

Battlefields of extraordinary savagery or bloodiness on Earth are tied to the land of eternal warfare. Stalingrad, Verdun, the Virginia Wilderness and the Shatt-al-Arab all hold tethers to Gehenna. Sites of military atrocities such as Sand Creek, Malmedy, Srebrenica and Nanking are also linked to Baal's domain.



ADVENTURE SEED

McGuffin of the Damned

A Servitor of Baal has been seen on Earth with a celestial relic that your Superior desires. Unfortunately, he has been recalled to Hell to help train Baal's armies. Depending on the situation, this could become a kill-crazy gunfest across the plains of Gehenna, a continuous chase in a series of increasingly-powerful military vehicles or a contest of bureaucratic intrigue after the relic has been confiscated by Baal and placed in the Armory for safekeeping.

HADES

Somehow, it is fitting that the Principality of Asmodeus rings the rest of the Demon Princes' domains, watching over them and insulating them from all outside influence. Hades is a massive urban sprawl, reminiscent of the worst public housing or Soviet architecture interspersed with grandiose monuments, pseudomedieval battlements and echoing plazas. All of the great cities of Hell – Pandemonium, Dis, Jinjing and the others – have run together into the vast metropolis of Hades. Hades is oppressively modern, from the howling subways and flaring sodium lamps to the choking smog. Souls must first enter Hades before they are transferred in a moaning mass to their final destinations.

Hades is the home to all sorts of demons and their ilk. Asmodeus allows even Servitors of other Superiors temporary refuge, making it easier to keep an eye on the opposition. A demonic version of Cold War Berlin, Hades is the conspiracy capital of Hell, with Asmodeus and Lucifer the grand masters of the game.

PLACES IN HADES

The Gates of Hell

The Gates of Hell are gigantic doors of red-hot bronze which stand open at the edge of Hades. The pillars they hang from were once mighty mile-high towers of ebony, but they were knocked askew millennia ago and nobody has bothered to put them right again. Above the gates is an inscription barely visible through the choking, sulfurous smog: sometimes it seems to read "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here"; at other times the words look like "Arbeit Macht Frei." Through the gates, whip-wielding Habbalah drive the masses of human souls damned to an eternity at Hell's mercies.

INFERNAL OPPORTUNITY

Hell loves a sinner. Every time a human life is overcome by corruption, tempted toward fate and turned forever down the path of darkness, Hell is guaranteed a new resident – and a new source of Essence. Earthly religions frequently teach that Hell exists to *punish* the sinner . . . but if that were true, Hell would be little more than an enforcement arm of Heaven. It is not.

This is not to say that going to Hell is a trip into the lap of luxury. Hell *is* a place of suffering, fear, hopelessness and despair – and many demons are devoted to making the damned suffer, whether to further a Word, extract Essence or just to have a good time. Only a very lucky, clever and ruthless few manage to carve anything resembling a pleasant afterlife out of the terror of Hell. There are many oily souls in the Pit that simply get by, grabbing their kicks where they can and dodging into the shadows when things get tough. Beware these souls most of all; they'll be the most eager to sell you out. The rest of the pitiful damned look on, their own wretchedness thrown into sharp relief by these enviable exceptions. *Life* isn't fair; the afterlife, in Hell, is worse.

In terms of opportunity, much depends on which Prince gets your soul. Herewith, a rough guideline to the freedoms offered in each of the major regions of the Abyss:

Abaddon: Souls brought from the soul yards of Hades to Abaddon are simply set free into the wastelands, left to wander. Most eventually band together out of loneliness . . . the warm, dusty winds and monotonous landscape are a sure ticket to madness without someone to talk to. Trust, however, is a deadly luxury, since the Dukes of Abaddon serve their Prince a tax in Forces stripped from the wandering "herds" of the damned. Most souls that served Death in life have no compunctions about serving the harvesters in some way if it helps prolong their own miserable existence.

The Archive: The Archive's chambers, corridors and stacks are busy with the activity of the damned. A soul can earn an eternity of filing and paper-shuffling, network administration and bindery-work. The constant attempts by other Princes to slip spies into Kronos' maze of information keeps such an afterlife interestingly dangerous, and if you walk a careful line between utility and uselessness it's easy to get traded to other Principalities. The very talented souls are either kept or killed as threats; the useless ones are used as raw materials, amusements, or both.

Gehenna: Souls who can fight, and *love* it, can often thrive in Gehenna. Newcomers are herded into one of several small cities that serve as recruitment camps, where the demons hand-pick souls to fill out the rank and file of their forces. The camps themselves are often targets of attack in Gehenna's endless wars, though, so many of the fresh souls win attention in actual combat right from the get-go . . . and some escape to wander the battlefields on their own. Damned souls are rarely given much rank; the demons covet the role of officers for themselves.

Hades, Shal-Mari and Stygia: These three regions offer the greatest range of opportunities to the damned. The human dead can make a name for themselves, or at least get by, selling their services and their Essence for an eternity of careful bargaining and constant, nagging fear. Most souls end up on the latter path, working for demons who in turn protect them as charges, or property. But some few bold souls have stolen or bargained their way into a position that could almost be called powerful, at which point they were either stomped flat as examples, or recruited by more powerful demonic factions.

There are many hopeless souls in these Principalities, of course; the souls of the young or the weak are often captured and sold as slaves or "meat" (raw Forces) in the open markets to the representatives of Princes elsewhere in Hell.

Perdition: Freedom is not really a factor in Perdition, where the damned are placidly mesmerized by some demonic stimulus. Any souls that escape do so because the object of their focused attention has been harmed somehow, by troublemakers from other Princes or by occasional escapees from Tartarus. Most simply sit and smile, the happiest souls in the Pit, free from worry, concern or identity. Most, when "rescued," simply shriek or cry until they are restored to their state of perpetual amusement.

Sheol and Tartarus: Abandon all hope. In much of Hell, the relationship between safety and freedom is one of inverse proportions: If you have a lot of one, you have a lot less of the other. In the lakes of fire, and in Vapula's sinister labs and factories, the damned are granted little of either . . . Here, souls are cattle, much like in Abaddon, without even the freedom to wander. Between fiery torture and vicious experimentation, they cluster naked on rocky banks or cold shelves.



Daniel and Hutriel, the Angels of Final Judgment (see pp. 15-16), stand at either side of the gateway examining the incoming souls for virtue – nobody goes to Hell by accident. The sight of the angelic servants of Dominic causes many of the shades to fall weeping for mercy, but the angels know their duties and stand fast, revealing no sympathy, and that's the last glimpse of divinity the damned ever see. Demons do not hamper the angels. They have learned better. Daniel and Hutriel are constant reminders of Heaven's sovereignty over Hell

The Soul Yards

The path of the damned from the Gates of Hell runs over stone bridges and passes through dripping tunnels. The urban unlife of Hades goes on around the constant procession just as an Earthly city carries on above a sewer. At the end of the miserable march are the Soul Yards, where at any time up to sixty thousand souls will be waiting, frightened yet ironically naive about how really bad things are going to be. The Habbalah wander among them with whips, prods, switches and smiles, pressing them into lines, screaming at them to quit sobbing, satisfied with their work.

The Soul Yards, a filthy sprawl of broken cobbles and brick, is a popular site. Young demons laugh and jeer at the fresh souls, tossing everything from glass bottles to balls of flame into the yard from the elevated brick avenues that surround it. The practice is not discouraged, provided the demons who work there are not unduly distracted. At the corners of the yard are several squat brick towers, from which the overseers tally the souls and issue orders for them to be inspected, judged and branded as the property of one of the infernal court. Demonic overseers move the branded souls into holding pens for shipment to their new eternal masters.

In the overseers' towers, the atmosphere resembles a cattle auction in unholy union with the Tokyo stock exchange. Agents of each of the Demon Princes, major and minor, bicker with the overseers about quotas and ratios. A lot of actual trading goes on right at the Yards, as most of the agents are empowered not only to collect the souls that are their due, but to bargain with other agents. When Andrealphus decides that he needs seven thousand more souls of teenage girls, when Vapula is determined that those who were colorblind in life belong to him or when Nybbas is playing with a new demographic, the bargaining gets furious, and great deals can be made. To the agents of Haagenti, one great Thai chef and mass poisoner destined for the wastes of Abaddon might be given a new destination in the kitchens of Shal-Mari in exchange for a double dozen wicked souls who

choked to death on chicken bones. Some agents bargain for volume, some for skills or other qualities. None are ever satisfied, because they must answer to the strict demands of their Princes.

When the deals are made and the arguments die down, the agents move down into the pens with their new charges and urge them to their fate. Moving the tens of thousands of souls that enter hell each day through Hades and towards their final home is often fraught with perils of its own. Few of the Princes are above stealing the souls granted to their rivals, and in some instances entire "herds" of fresh souls have been scattered as refugees or destroyed out of spite. Measures are taken to prevent this, if only to keep the streets of Hades relatively free of the stray damned. The measures are only as perfect as the demons assigned to enforce them, however, and everyone in Hell is corruptible.

Asmodeus' Palace

Asmodeus' Palace is second only to Kronos' Archive in the amount of diabolical information it has available. Unlike Kronos' Archive, the files of Asmodeus are meticulously ordered – and the human souls that maintain them have their Ethereal Forces stripped to the bare minimum needed for alphabetization. The lobotomized damned can never betray Asmodeus, and they never make a mistake twice. The center of all machinations in Hell, the Palace is the hub of Asmodeus' spy web and the poisonous home of his most powerful Servitors. Most demons and their Princes would give anything for a mole inside the Palace, but Asmodeus' secret police make sure that only the most loyal are ever allowed inside its gray concrete walls.

The Hall of Loyalty

The Hall of Loyalty is located next to Asmodeus' Palace, with tunnels connecting it to the Palace file rooms. It rises like a stadium from Albert Speer's nightmares, faced with gleaming marble kept scrubbed by human souls. A place to make examples of wrongdoers and a headquarters for Asmodeus' secret police, the Hall is perhaps the most shunned building in Hell. Demons brought here, innocent or guilty, are seldom seen again – it's usually easier to immure a suspect in the miles of dungeons beneath the Hall than to admit a mistake.

PERSONALITIES IN HADES

Souls in Hades are taxed for their Essence by Asmodeus' bureaucracy. Most souls are so cowed or shellshocked that they pay up regularly. Others try to escape to the black market – where their demonic ward bosses and gang leaders take their Essence in tribute.

Since the gangs of Hades pay protection to Asmodeus' secret police, Asmodeus gets the Essence either way. Muggings and shakedowns are common, especially for the new or friendless. Human masters of the Game, from Lucky Luciano to Vyacheslav Molotov, find employment and power in Hades; those with less on the ball (the Ribbentrops and Perons) beg for scraps and are trod under hoof by the demonic hosts.

Investigators

The investigators of Asmodeus' secret police are feared all throughout the infernal reaches. They infiltrate other Princes' factions, root out dangers to Hell's security, cooperate with Dominic's Inquisitors to hunt down Renegades, detect those demons who are in danger of going "soft on Heaven," settle personal grudges under cover of Asmodeus' authority, try to bully free services out of Shal-Mari establishments and generally act like every corrupt police department or rogue spy agency on Earth. As long as they make their quota of arrests and

don't cross anyone with powerful friends, they can do as they wish.

STACIEL

Demon of Intrigue

Lilim Countess of the Game

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 4 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 6 Intelligence 14 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Vessel: Human/3 (dark-blond female); Charisma +5

Skills: Acrobatics/2, Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/6, Emote/5, Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge/6 (Infernal Politics), Knowledge/6 (Information Management), Lying/6, Savoir-Faire/6, Seduction/6, Small Weapon/6 (Stiletto)

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Charm (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/5, Celestial/5), Form (Celestial/4), Harmony (Ethereal/4), Projection (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/6, Celestial/6), Tongues (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/4)

Attunements: Knight of Judgment, Captain of Integrity, Baron of Justice, Dissonance Binding, Sense for Betrayal

"Stace" is Asmodeus' spymistress, head of the Infernal Secret Police. Staciél was a very able agent, but Asmodeus saw an even greater talent in this young Lilim. She takes a massive amount of incoming information from all of Asmodeus' eyes and ears and filters it quickly. She only bothers Asmodeus with the most important and pressing matters, and efficiently delegates authority to handle any problems not worth the personal attention of the Prince of the Game. She has collected quite a stack of Geases both in Hell and on Earth, which she calls in for information that Asmodeus can get no other way. There are those who think Staciél used her charms to gain her current position. These demons think she is in fact working for someone else or selling information for her own gain, but they underestimate Asmodeus. If Staciél is a double agent, Asmodeus means for her to be one.





TRIEL

Djinn Baron of the Game

Corporeal Forces – 6 Strength 16 Agility 8
 Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 6 Precision 10
 Celestial Forces – 5 Will 8 Perception 12

Vessel: none granted

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/6, Knowledge/6 (Soul Distribution), Fighting/5, Large Weapon/6 (Sjambok), Lying/2, Running/3, Throwing/3, Tracking/4

Songs: Acid/6, Charm (Corporeal/4), Entropy (Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Harmony (Ethereal/3), Motion (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Thunder/4, Tongues (Corporeal/4, Celestial/4)

Artifacts: Unholy Sjambok/3; this ten-foot whip is knotted from the hides of a thousand slavedrivers.

Attunements: Knight of Judgment, Captain of Integrity, Baron of Justice, Dissonance Binding.

Triel is the demonic supervisor of the Soul Yards and has been since 1916, when his predecessor Rhadamanthus accidentally sent a shipment of Baal's souls fresh from World War One to Samanga. He takes his job very seriously. If one soul gets misplaced or is sent to the wrong Principality, he realizes he might be the next demon dragged off to the Hall of Loyalty. For this reason he keeps a very short leash on all those that work at the Soul Yards.

TETHERS

Danvers, Massachusetts, the site of the Salem Witch Trials, is connected directly to the floor of the Hall of Loyalty. Many "witch trial" courtroom sites in Germany and France, and other places where investigators' zeal bettered their common sense, are also tied directly to the Hall of Loyalty.

There are many tethers in Asmodeus' Palace as well. The command center of the CIA, the Borgia courts in Italy and Yale Law School are examples of places consecrated to intrigue and linked to the byzantine court of the Prince of the Game.

ADVENTURE SEED

The Find of a Lifetime

There was a skirmish on Earth, a fight over a celestial artifact of minor importance, and the demon that finally grabbed it – a servant of Asmodeus – fled to Hell after slaughtering seven humans and a Saint, returning to his Heart in the vaults beneath the Prince's dark estates. Methuriel, an EloHITE Servitor of Janus and an Outcast (she'd tarried too long in Taiwan tracking the artifact down), followed the escaping demon to Hell in a rage over the destruction of the Saint. Fortunately for her, she got out of Asmodeus' vaults quietly, but now she's got a problem: She can't leave. The PCs find her frightened and confused and willing to bargain. She's been hiding out in an abandoned block of old structures and doesn't know what to do. It won't take the PCs too long to realize that this "EloHITE," determined to get back to Heaven to serve God, isn't an EloHITE anymore . . . When she gave into her rage at the slaughter of the Saint, she didn't just follow a demon to hell, she Fell. She's now one of the Habbalah, already a victim of her twisted delusion that she still serves God. It won't take her too long to figure out what's happened . . . but in the meantime, the PCs can have a lot of fun and use her as a very, very handy tool.

PERDITION

Perdition was once the Principality of Meserach, Prince of Sloth. It was a land of sharply angled ridges where the souls allotted to Sloth were forced to walk endlessly. Meserach was swallowed up by Haagenti, and Perdition lay empty for a time. Nybbas, recognizing a prime slot when he saw one, claimed it and made it his own. Perdition is now a modern land of glass and steel structures, linked by skywalks and people movers thronged by demons and shades.

The damned sent to Perdition are not constantly tortured or forced to work for their Prince. They are subjected to a single form of sensory stimulation around which their whole afterlife revolves. They sit in rows and watch the test pattern of a television station, they smell perfumes sprayed into their faces by hovering Balseraphs, or they listen to a simple series of electronic bleeps. When Nybbas needs Essence he merely removes the stimulation. The souls willingly give up what he asks in return for being allowed to sink back into their fixation. The former inhabitants of Meserach's domain found the change all too easy to make; the slothful were not exactly well-suited to avoid Nybbas' tempting slackness.

PLACES IN PERDITION

The Prince of Sloth, true to his Word, did not build much in his domain. He merely sat and watched his torturers do their work. Since Nybbas reclaimed Perdition,

however, change is constant. New skyscrapers are always under construction while the old ones are torn down – the rocks of Perdition are strewn with chrome and broken tinted glass. Everything must be contemporary and hip in the realm of the Prince of the Media. Appearance is everything, baby, and Nybbas makes sure his Principality and his Servitors are ahead of the trends.

Perdition revolves around the newest office building, wherever that may be currently. It is there that Nybbas' demonic TV writers, movie moguls and media visionaries attempt to sway humankind further towards the diabolical side. A penthouse office with a panoramic view is always the first thing put in after the new skyscraper is covered with antennas, klieg lights, neon and incoming cables. There, Nybbas and his top minions brainstorm their next media blitz. If someone could sneak inside they could see the newest fad, the future of the Internet or the proposed storyboard for the next celebrity trial.

Truth And Consequences

In the back lots and soundproof studios that dot the crags of Perdition, Nybbas' Servitors are always putting together quality programming. Nybbas' minion Bariel produces the best. His tabloid talk game show, *Truth and Consequences*, is the number one daytime TV hit in five Principalities of Hell (and, suitably edited and redubbed, in fourteen major earthly media markets).

Souls confess in lurid detail the sins that brought them to Hell, complete with re-enactments and surprise guests



(murder-suicides or adulterous murder pacts reunited, that kind of thing). The best confessions win valuable prizes, and the winners return to play again next week! The losers, of course, have their Essence drained – but that's showbiz.

PERSONALITIES IN PERDITION

Human souls in Perdition have to entertain Nybbas *fast* or they're slapped in front of the boob tube *tout suite*. Walter Duranty was able to snag a job in Perdition P.R., and Errol Flynn charmed his way into Shal-Mari, but Josef Goebbels sits somewhere on a rock listening to a slowly rising tone forever.

Scriptwriters

Nybbas always needs more demons to write for the ever expanding arena that his Word encompasses. Content may be interchangeable, but the media still needs it by the cattle-car load. Enjoy your success, however – it's only a matter of time before your boffo ideas become the same old same old. Then you'd better find another job quick or go into turnaround for a couple of decades until you become retro and fleetingly hip again.

KRIJEMY

Balseraph Captain of the Media

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessel: Human/4 (blonde female); Charisma +1

Servant: Talk Show Booker/4

Role: TV Analyst/2

Skills: Artistry/5 (TV Presence), Emote/3, Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge/1 (Law), Languages (English/2)

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/3), Entropy (Corporeal/1)

Attunements: Knight of Influence, Captain of Swank, Balseraph of the Media

Krijemy is the mastermind behind the recent run in sensational murder trials. "K.J." was sure that her first two attempts at scriptwriting would get her a Word for sure, but she hasn't gotten one yet. Unfortunately, she is just about out of ideas. Now, she prowls around the corridors of Nybbas' studios hoping to steal someone else's idea and claim it for her own.

TETHERS

Nybbas' greatest tether is to the place where his Word is worshiped above all things – Hollywood. Where, exactly, is unclear, as many big names in LA claim the privilege of being "the man to see for Nybbas" for themselves. Other tethers to the Principality of the Media lie in Bombay, Hong Kong and New York City. With the recent rash of studio stores opening in American shopping malls everywhere, though, Nybbas may be expanding into a whole new market.

ADVENTURE SEED

Ex Medias Res

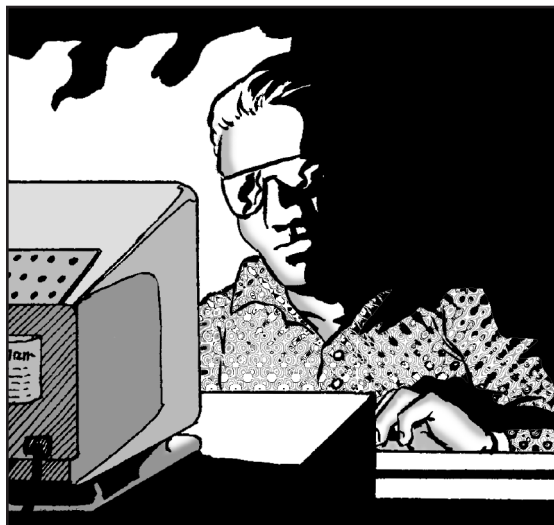
Your Archangel is tired of humans being set up by demons to take the big fall. You are assigned to infiltrate Perdition and steal the storyboard for the next celebrity "trial of the century." After the script is in hand, stop the next media circus before it starts – redeeming the celebrity may be harder than infiltrating Hell, though.

SHAL-MARI

Three major Princes and a number of minor ones, including the upstart Furfur, call the Principality of Shal-Mari home. The entertainment of Hell is found in Shal-Mari – that is, besides the senseless torture found in the other Principalities. (Senseless torture is found in Shal-Mari also, but it's more expensive.) Any pleasure imaginable is available, but nothing is free – Essence is the coin of the realm. Souls and demons alike are allowed to wander freely in Shal-Mari, with all the proceeds going directly into some smiling Demon Prince's pocket. For this reason, Shal-Mari has a multitude of gates and portals tying itself to every other Principality. The gates may be closely watched and monitored by the Demon Princes whose domains they lead to, but nobody wants the traffic to stop.

PLACES IN SHAL-MARI

Shal-Mari is teeming with interesting places. Visitors suffer an overstimulation of sights, sounds, smells and experiences. Even with all eternity to spend, a visitor can never experience all that Shal-Mari has to offer. Think of spending only one day in Las Vegas, Disney World, New



Orleans and Amsterdam combined and you have an idea of the distractions Shal-Mari has to offer.

The Strip

The broad main street of Shal-Mari has gone by many names over the millennia, but now it's just called "The Strip." Paved with fool's gold and lit with neon, this boulevard runs the length of the Principality. Along the Strip, the Demon Princes have all built casinos with themes that best portray their Word. The profits from these casinos are split (theoretically evenly) between Shal-Mari's Princes and the Prince whose Word the casino exalts.

Andrealphus' variety show is predictable, both in its nature and its success. Saminga's and Beleth's stage shows do pretty well, though, and for some customers nothing beats Belial's pyrotechnic displays or Baal's gladiatorial combats. Asmodeus' Game Center is surprisingly popular also, and Nybbas' recent introduction of a casino showing video highlights of the other casinos' attractions has been attracting record crowds. Even Kronos' Fated to Lose roulette house and Valefor's openly-rigged keno parlor, God Save The Mark, have their devotees, although the restrained ambience of the one and the free drinks in the other may be a large part of the reason for their success.

The Red Light District

Sex is a commodity in Andrealphus' domain. The smell of perfume and warm bodies mingles with the soft clink of wine glasses and the muted light of Tiffany lamps and candles. Touch your ear to a wall and you'll hear throaty moans, or the flat crack of a whip – a rich tapestry of suggestiveness stroking gently along the surface of your consciousness.

The court of Andrealphus is centered here, in a structure resembling a New Orleans hotel from the turn of the century, bedecked in understated splendor. A great deal can be said in the throes of passion, and many a secret has been gleaned by Andre's courtiers. Andre's Servitors work the streets, bordellos and alleys with an enthusiasm drawn from the boundless sexual energy of their Prince, refining their arts and drawing Essence from hundreds of thousands of desperate souls each day.

In private rooms in the red light district, any kink, fetish or fascination can be explored. The demons who live here are eager to point out how much *better* than Heaven it is. The souls damned to an eternity here, however, aren't always as cheerful. They are often the lowest coin on the street, desperate for more Essence themselves since a day's worth won't buy more than a single thrill. The result is a constant exchange of sordid service



and shame, as their desire becomes a need, then an addiction, then an eternity of degradation.

Hellplaza Cineplex Sprawl

Kobal has, perhaps, more demons operating on Earth than any other Prince, busily promoting his Word on the corporeal level. Unlike the sober Kronos or the maniacal Saminga, Kronos' demons aren't working to bend the course of history or transform the planet in their image. Rather, the servants of Kobal are in it for *fun*.

The Cineplex Sprawl brings the fun to Hell, in a miles-long chain of movie theaters built in every style imaginable, from half-screen shopping mall theatres to the grand balconied film-houses used to present premieres and classic revivals. Near the red light district, Kobal has underwritten the construction of peep-shows and smuthouses – with a comedic twist. Near Haagenti's district, demons and the damned alike gather for dinner theater.

It's all *real*. Kobal's comedies are slick edits chronicling the ironies that his demons cruelly inflict on man . . . and the even crueler comedy that man inflicts upon himself. This simple concept has formed a powerful industry for Kobal, drawing in almost as much Essence as Haagenti and Andrealphus combined. More than sex and pizza, the damned want to laugh again, even if they're laughing at the misfortunes of the living.



The Brimstone Club

Near the hub of Shal-Mari, where the infernal pleasures of Shal-Mari's Princes join together in a spectacular display of hedonistic delights, there's a plain-looking building of red brick attached to a long gray warehouse. Outside, the damned and demonic alike are lined up around the corner, and the closer you get, the stronger the basslines begin to kick inside your gut. The Brimstone is the pride and joy of Furfur, Demon Prince of Hardcore, and the music is loud and raw and constant, leaking through the high, blacked-out windows and spilling like a scream from the open door where Furfur's servants will gladly take your Essence as a cover charge. Beyond them, lights and bodies dance as the band rocks on, and the heat will make you think you're in the lake of fire and loving it.

The neighbors aren't happy. Furfur is the new kid in the infernal court, and his contempt for the established order in Hell rings out from The Brimstone like Furfur's middle finger showing his elder peers the way to Heaven. But a new flavor is exactly what the demons and damned love to see, and a lot of the Essence that used to line the coffers of other purveyors of pleasure is flowing into the Brimstone, making Furfur and his servants rock that much louder.

The Black Lotus

Another upstart Prince in Hell's high-rent district, Fleurity the Demon Prince of Drugs rules a warren of opium dens, tobacconists, hash parlors, coca bars and a very few upscale dispensaries throughout Shal-Mari. (Fleurity doesn't run the liquor concession in Shal-Mari: he's not that powerful yet.) Drugs are legal in Shal-Mari, of course, but many of the damned who eagerly trade their Essence for the psychological rush of celestial narcotics prefer to do their business in a seedier ambience. Fleurity holds court on the Black Lotus, a gaudy pseudo-Oriental houseboat on the Acheron decorated in the most appalling Fu Manchu riot of

silks, brocades, jade statuettes and lacquer. From here, he can keep track of earthly pharmacists and Hellish politics alike.

The Guildhall of Free Lilim

Lilith doesn't grant much to her daughters (just the standard *In Nomine* character creation package); she worked for everything she ever got and so should they. If they don't go into service to a Superior, Lilim must trade for extra attunements, distinctions, Songs, training in corporeal skills or anything else they

might want. So they hang around in Hell for a while, until they either make a bargain or have a Geas invoked. The Guildhall to facilitate these transactions was built, almost inevitably, in Shal-Mari.

The Guild pays a "rent" of Essence to the lords of Shal-Mari. This rent is acquired from two sources: the Free Lilim who stay there (who generally find ways to pay that don't involve giving up *their* Essence) and the representatives of the various Princes who put booths in the Guildhall's main room hoping to attract young Lilim and either bind them (at which time they cease being Free and move to their new Superior's Principality) or make deals.

At all times, the main room is filled with the cacophony of low-ranking Servitors advertising their Princes, attempting to recruit Lilim for jobs and generally deal-making. These Servitors aren't usually empowered to make unusual deals: they are given "price lists" of services a Superior will offer and the level of Geas expected in return. Minions of the Princes also circulate, seeking out Daughters who have those "special qualities" that their Prince values, and offering more specialized treats to tempt the Lilim into pulling out her diabolical credit card and Geasing herself into service. Free Lilim (or their agents, for the more successful ones) also circulate on the floor, offering their unique wares to prospective Princely employers and luring damned souls into private cubicles for "bargains" of various types.

Lilith herself is sometimes "in residence" at the Guildhall, available if a Geas is to be purchased directly from her. More often, you get a secretary who will make appointments and take requests, delivering them to the Princess' earthly home later. Having little patience with rigid hierarchies of any type, the Princess of Freedom deals with buyers on a "first come, first appointment" basis. In practice, of course, a Prince or Word-bound demon will intimidate lesser demons to the back of the line, no matter who got there first.

Trattoria Haagenti

The Demon Prince of Gluttony is fickle, and the many boulevards and blocks of Shal-Mari's dense urban sprawl that form the core of his operations are in a constant state of reconstruction. Fish and chips stands do a brisk business in front of Mongolian barbecues, across the street from ice cream shops and bakeries. Candy stores and cafeterias blend and combine functions in ways that would make most people instantly queasy, and it is never enough. Haagenti is never satisfied.

Unlike the other Princes in Hell, Haagenti does not let his throne sit idle in a single palace, tower or skyscraper, even for a day. Haagenti moves where his appetite leads him, and his court moves with him. For the past decade the *Trattoria*, a small and intimate Italian eatery run by a particularly wicked family of damned chefs and bakers, has seen regular visits from the Mouth of Hell and his court. His Servitors meet with him here, where amid flickering candlelight and baskets of fresh bread, Haagenti pours a steady stream of food into his dripping maw. The constant cracking and slurping noises mix uneasily with the delicate violin music piped in from the corners, and all but the most morbidly curious customers are driven away. To the souls that keep the restaurant, there is nothing but suffering, as they slave constantly to keep Haagenti and his court fed. Meanwhile, demonic runners scour the city to keep the Prince in variety, from tubs full of barbecued spareribs to buckets of lo mein and trays of vindaloo.

While the tiny *trattoria* sees little business apart from the Prince and those who must deal with him, it sits near the center of Haagenti's district, where the damned can find culinary pleasures ranging from Tex-Mex to Tahitian and from Maryland crab cakes to gourmet jelly beans.

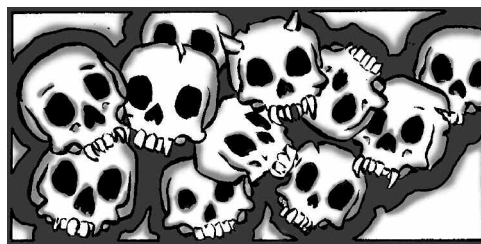
Mammon's Corporate HQ

In a busy corner of Shal-Mari, surrounded by the noise and lights of casinos and burlesque houses, stands a black skyscraper, glassy and perfect and quiet. While every other building in sight is busy selling, this tower is clearly busy owning. The revelers on the streets, even in the stupor of sensual overload, never stumble accidentally into the foyer, never collapse to rest in the parking garage . . . Nobody walks toward Mammon's palace unless they have business with the Prince.

The nerve center of a conglomerate of evil, the structure manages to be both entirely soulless and teeming with busy, hustling damned souls. Exploiters, usurers and avaricious land barons from every stage of history are busy in the mail room, sweeping floors, filing and mak-

ing coffee for their demonic bosses. Rockefeller brushes past Crassus to take a memo; Wallenstein fetches coffee while Pizarro struggles with voice mail. There is an air of promise and potential . . . every damned shade trapped in this particular Hell knows that if he comes up with *just* the right idea, he'll be noticed, taken in, given an office and a shot at the big time. Particularly ambitious souls come in early, leave late and skip lunch to come to the notice of some demonic bigwig.

"Taken in" is the only part that's ever come true. Mammon's lieutenants (themselves devoid of creative ideas but desperate to keep their positions) plagiarize the wisdom of the greediest profiteers in history and use it as grist for the mill, then knock those pitiful souls back to their knees to polish the brass on their swivel chairs. While they polish, they're already planning the next big score that will *really* get them noticed . . .



PERSONALITIES IN SHAL-MARI

Almost every demon in Shal-Mari is an entertainer, in some sense of the word. So are many of the souls, although nobody seems to know just which nightclub Jim Morrison is playing or just where

Jayne Mansfield is working. Even the tourist demons from other Principalities entertain the jaded fiends who work there with their naivete and bumpkin ways. This means that even more than most places in Hell, the demons will always be in your face – offering a *great* deal or an *amazing* experience. Whether a demon determined to torture the Essence out of someone is scarier than a demon determined to degrade or connive the Essence out of someone is an open question.

KARNE

Demon of Fast Food

Habbalite Baron of Gluttony

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 16 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 6 Will 14 Perception 10

Vessel: Human/3 (clown)

Skills: Chemistry/6, Detect Lies/3, Driving/2, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting/3, Knowledge/4 (Franchising), Lying/3, Singing/2

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Charm (Corporeal/3), Form (Corporeal/4, Celestial/4), Harmony (Corporeal/4), Tongues (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/5, Celestial/4)

Attunements: Knight of Banquets, Captain of Cannibals, Baron of Satanic Dishes, Habbalite of Gluttony, Consume, Devour

Special Rites: Karne gains 1 point of Essence by feeding a fast food meal to someone who isn't really hungry. Karne gains +2 Essence if he is able to make someone a regular fast food consumer.

The being that made famous the phrase "do you want fries with that?" is busy, busy, busy. Karne is often in Shal-Mari opening franchises of popular earthly fast food chains and running the occasional test product past a particularly damned focus group ("Now try the Gibleb Nuggets with the Cheez 'n' Chives sauce"). The rest of the time, Karne moves across the Earth, expanding the power of his Word into new markets in Asia and Eastern Europe and developing variations like "home cooking" fast food chains and generic noodle shops for his American power base. Karne stays on good terms with Nybbas, of course, and keeps up with new developments in Vapula's domain as well.

TETHERS

In some places, such as Las Vegas, Bangkok or even a sufficiently lavish shopping mall, tethers are shared between the Princes of Shal-Mari. Each Prince also has his own tethers, where his Word reigns above the general riot of decadence. Andrealphus' tethers run from particularly infamous brothels to their infernal twins. The Prince of Lust also has tethers in pornographic studios, sheiks' harems and fraternity houses. Fleurity's tethers run to poppy fields in Afghanistan, crack houses in Harlem and swank office towers in Medellin and Wall Street. Furfur's tethers are even less imaginative: one or two hardcore clubs in Berlin and Los Angeles are joined to the infernal – Furfur is too new to have many connections. Haagenti's tethers don't often run to restaurants unless the establishment elevates food far above service, value or atmosphere. More often, places where senseless cravings are created or superabundantly filled link to Haagenti's domain: factories that make junk food, sugar refineries and the grand dining rooms of the rich. Kobal's tethers are as idiosyncratic as Kobal himself – William Henry Harrison's grave, the Stanford University football stadium and the final campsite of Robert Falcon Scott's doomed Antarctic expedition are examples of places that Kobal finds hilarious.

ADVENTURE SEED

The New Release

One of Kobal's comedies has slipped off the projector shelf, stolen by demonic spies and whisked away in the direction of Hades. The PCs catch wind of this curious

theft, with an important additional note of interest: the comedy, a scandalous short film not yet released to theaters in Shal-Mari's Cineplex, includes scenes of demons bargaining with angels and getting shafted. Kobal's Servitors, who captured the event on film, just found it screamingly funny; Valefor, whose Servitors were made fools of, doesn't like it at all, and he had one of his spies in Hades slip into Shal-Mari to extract it. Now the Prince(s) that the PCs serve want it, too, and so do a lot of others. Kobal wants it because he thinks it sounds like a blast (and besides, it's *his*); others want it as a source of political leverage or as a humiliation to dangle in front of Valefor. Valefor wants it smuggled to one of the secret entrances to Stygia, and might even be risking exposure of that passageway. The PCs may elect to play it straight or steal the film for themselves to make their *own* power play.

SHEOL

The vision that most mortals have of Hell is a land of running lava and lakes of fire and brimstone. Sheol is the place that mortals have feared for centuries. There is no Principality in Hell that more completely mirrors the nature of its Prince. Belial, the Calabite Demon Prince of Fire, embodies the destructive power of flame, and his realm is a burning ruin. The damned who dwell in Sheol are permitted no amenities, no peace, no hope. They wander on shelves of rock, choking on the smoke and ash, wincing from the flying cinders. Their moans and screams rise on the heat, swirling upwards toward the volcano at Sheol's center as if to feed it.

The volcano, larger than the largest on Earth, is continually active, a murky silhouette in the constant clouds of smoke laced with rivers of white-hot lava. Fresh explosions from the core of the mountain break out almost daily, showering the land below with molten lumps of rock and superheating the air incredibly. The rivulets of lava join to form broad streams, then rivers, and these channels of molten rock flow slowly into Sheol, which skirts the mountain's feet on all sides.

The twisted nature of the place provides not only constant fire, but also constant fuel. There are small cities, entire forests, valleys and villages forever burning. Beautiful mansions are built by the damned just so they can be burnt to the ground by Belial's Servitors. And between and around them all are the lakes of fire, broad and bright, fed by the volcano. In the lakes, the demonic servitors of Belial, immune to fire and heat while in Hell, bathe and swim and watch the fires around them burn.

PLACES IN SHEOL

The largest lake of fire is simply *The Lake of Fire*, and it's above this lake, on a rocky promontory, that Belial's

Fortress of Flame stands. The Fortress glows ruddily in the flame, and the waves of metallic heat it radiates are enough to drive even some sensitive demons back. Beneath the Fortress, the Lake fills a broad valley lined with conifer forests and tiny villages, all burning continuously.

Travel through Sheol would reveal little variation on this theme; the mansions of Belial's Dukes and Barons are smaller copies of their master's palace. Each valley is bordered by rivers of lava, filled with flames and tortured souls, and is worked by busy demons torturing Essence from the damned in scenes reminiscent of Bosch or Brueghel the Younger.

Napalm Valley

Belial and Baal, the Demon Prince of War, agree on several fundamental issues regarding the aesthetic value of burning cities, flamethrowers, and large explosions. A joint project between the two Princes is housed in a narrow valley near the foot of Belial's volcano, under a dormant cone cooled over with layers of volcanic glass. The narrow rift is known as Napalm Valley, and it rocks constantly with explosions, fuel-fires, and every form of violent incendiary known to man or demon.

Within Sheol, Belial can grant anyone immunity to fire and heat at his whim. Normally, this benefit is restricted to Belial's own demonic servitors, but demons of Baal assisting with the Napalm Valley experiment are

also extended this protection during their "tour of duty" in the volcanic Principality.

Napalm Valley is a proving ground for the art of war with flames, centered in Sheol instead of Gehenna precisely because of Belial's ability to confer immunity to heat and flame. Here, Baal's demons can train to fight in fiery conditions of battle – to fire weapons through superheated haze, to keep on their feet in the midst of explosions, to creatively "paint" with a flamethrower. These elite "fire troopers" are then taught Songs that allow them to keep their immunity to fire for a price in Essence. The plan is to turn them loose on Earth in the final battle, already prepared for the worst conditions combat can offer. In the meantime, many squads are already being primed for specialized duties on Earth, for more hands-on practice.

Belial enjoys the project and tends to spend time fussing over it during his stays in Hell. He receives a large number of favors from Baal for sponsoring the site, and his own demons get a workout, too – with some very hot toys. As an added bonus, the mock-battles of Napalm Valley are yet another way Belial has to torture the souls in care for Essence, as part of the exercise (they play the innocent bystanders in the war) and for kicks.

PERSONALITIES IN SHEOL

Sheol is not a complex urban Principality like Shal-Mari or Hades, or a focused structure like the Archive. Sheol is an engine, a furnace . . . The buildings and trees



are there to satisfy the Prince's love of destruction, and the souls damned to Sheol aren't expected to sweep floors or file papers: they are expected to burn. Souls, like Torquemada or Tamerlane, whose whole purpose on Earth was turned to destruction (especially by fire) are here. Demonic guides sometimes point out a lump of lava-covered charcoal shrieking in German in the center of the crematory as the shade of Hitler, but every other Principality claims him as well.

Life in Sheol for the demons isn't so bad. Belial's infernal Servitors are almost *half* Calabim, and most of them just spend their time being destructive and wrenching Essence from the damned. How exactly this is done depends on which of the lesser nobles' portions of Sheol you happen to be damned to. In some, the souls are roasted over hot coals, in others, they are dipped right into the flaming lakes. In still others, they are strapped to bombs or set loose into the burning forests while the infernal equivalent of fuel-air explosives surround them. Broiling, baking, roasting, spitting, frying, hickory smoking, charring, poaching: the entire range of culinary or inquisitorial inventiveness is turned loose on the damned somewhere in Sheol. The torture continues until the demons get bored, and then the wretched damned are allowed to buy a reprieve with their Essence – which means they are tossed naked onto the nearby hot avenues or metallic docks where they are free to run for cover, hoping not to be struck by flaming debris from the sky or

by a flaming limb torn from a disobedient fellow soul. It's a constant, fiery nightmare, and the souls beg and plead for the comfort of total destruction, but that is a request rarely granted.

TETHERS

Sheol has no shortage of connections to Earth; great conflagrations, explosions, self-immolations and any number of other events can twist a place toward Belial's realm. Over the centuries, though, such tethers have become more difficult to create. When the Library of Alexandria turned to ashes, a tether was created, but by the late 20th century, it took the bombing of Dresden or Hiroshima to form a new one. With the stakes raised that high, Belial will have to make do with his (ample) supply of tethers for a while with no new additions. Unless he gets his way, of course, and the Earth becomes one great inferno.

ADVENTURE SEED

The Cold Stone

Rivek, a Balseraph Baron of the Demonic Brazier, was the ruler of a small metallic valley in Sheol on the opposite side of the volcano from Belial's Fortress. One of the few non-Calabite Barons in Belial's hierarchy, Rivek was a favorite of the Prince. Now he has failed to respond to a summons, and his valley has grown, against all reason, icy cold. Frost is visible, glittering on the silent blackened trunks of trees and warped ruins of the towns. Even the valley's lake is cool stone, and the souls there have been dragged into the waiting arms of neighboring Barons' servants.

Years ago, a relic – the Cold Stone – appeared that had this kind of dramatic effect, but Belial personally threw it down into the mouth of the volcano. Now, the volcano seems to have spit it back up. If the PCs work for a Prince other than Belial, their Prince will want the stone for leverage against him. If they work for the Prince of Fire, he'll want it back to destroy it. Both sides will be active, and the race is on . . . but they'll have to find it first, and at the heart of the valley it's actually *snowing*. Is Rivek frozen solid by the stone? Or plotting against his master?



STYGIA

Stygia is an isolated Principality located in high, impassable mountains that no demon or soul can cross on foot, buffeted by winds that defeat the strongest wings. There are ways in and out of Stygia, but those are known only to the Princes that rule there, Malphas and Valefor most prominent among them.

The landscape of Stygia within the mountains is more pleasant, at least on the surface. There is little hint of the high winds in the sheltered valleys of Stygia. The valleys are dotted with small walled cities filled with twisting, dark streets and narrow alleyways. Most of the buildings in Stygia's cities are squat, uninviting structures pressed shoulder-to-shoulder along cobbled avenues that become open stone stairways as often as not, the boulevards winding in meandering patterns up the valley walls. The sky is slate-gray, with sparse clouds and dim, sickly light that fails utterly to penetrate to street level. Most of Stygia, even on the surface, is lit by sputtering lanterns, and the shadows are filled with thieves and traitors.

That's the surface – xenophobic cities reminiscent of the darker corners of Eastern Europe mated with the mountainside villages of Peru, with the lights turned down. Shadows move along the rooftops, and blades glint at the corner of your eye. But the urban surface is only a tiny part of this corner of the Pit.

STYGIA ABOVE AND BELOW

The high mountains into which Stygia is carved are riddled like a sponge with twisting, overlapping tunnels and corridors. Entire cities exist *under* the cities exposed to the air above, cities of catwalks and catacombs, underground rivers and dank corridors of stone. Most of the inhabitants of Stygia dwell there as the middle class in a cruel pecking order based on treachery and misdeeds.

Many parts of the Stygian underground are mazelike, confusing passages that lure the foolish into steeper and more dangerous paths, until the poor soul or demon finds that he can no longer return the way he came; the climb is too steep and the path too dark. Listening carefully will sometimes reveal the noise of others, but the infinite reflections of the hard stone means that following such clues is little better than wandering randomly.

PLACES IN STYGIA

The places in Stygia most likely to be important in a story are small . . . a secluded safe-house, a carefully hidden cache or a subterranean den of uneasy conspiracy. The Princes rule from grand villas and palaces near the center of the “topside” cities, with cellars and catacombs beneath them that bore into the depths of the mazes and

undercities below. Malphas spends little time in Hell, and Valefor even less, so the courts of each tend to be self-sustaining hotbeds of treachery.

Villa Discordia

The court of Malphas is a grand and regal structure, an 18th-century Italian villa decorated in hundreds of clashing styles and colors of marble, gilt and velvet. His Servitors flock here in attempts to please the Prince of Factions. He dishes out indulgences only when whim suits him, or to crystallize (or splinter) a faction within his own Servitors. It is said that the court of Malphas contains passages to many of the other Principalities so that the Prince can swiftly go to where he wishes. Malphas' villa is sometimes known as the “long table,” named for the vast meeting hall where his high-ranking Servitors gather to bicker and jockey for position and favor.

Palazzo Furto

Valefor's palace is the Palace of Thieves, a place where the very best in Stygia are invited to dine, brag and share secrets and lies. The Palace of Thieves is also where deals can be made to have things stolen or to fence what already has been. Since many of these things are corporeal, and can only exist in Hell as illusions, there is often an extra layer of uncertainty in any transaction. Valefor decorates his Palace with random piles of gold, jewels and *objets d'art* – his true trophies are kept snugly in deep caverns in Stygia or remote spots on Earth known only to him. Souls that Valefor has stolen from other Demon Princes serve the drinks and perform the other household functions – their Essence is sampled like fine cheese by Valefor's courtiers.

Houses of Secrets

Some places in Stygia are sites of dangerous mysteries, often owing to the fact that Stygia was long ago ruled by Gebbeleth, the first Demon Prince of Secrets. When his word went without a Prince for centuries, his holdings seeped into the darkness, squirreled away by his surviving Servitors. Most have never been found again – even by Alaemon, the new Prince of that Word – including Gebbeleth's old palace. Alaemon operates his small court from the Monastery of Masks, placed high above one of Stygia's dark valleys, and connected through the rock face to the twistiest collection of mazes in Hell.

Gebbeleth's Garden of Stones

In Stygia, there is a cavern, a hundred yards high and a mile long, twisted and buckled, decked out in cracked, colored stones strewn across the floor and placed in

seemingly-random niches in the walls. The cavern sits beneath the city where Valefor dwells, a mystery from the past when the Demon Prince of Secrets held great power in the courts of Hell, when Gebbeleth still lived and championed the dark side of that Word.

Between and beneath and around the cities of Stygia there are acres of caves, and there are miles of tunnels. Most have, over time, earned a purpose. Demons and the damned live in them, or store things in them, or hide in them, or lure the unwary to them. But Gebbeleth's Garden of Stones (as the strange, colored cavern is known) holds Secrets that even Alaemon, the current Prince of that Word, cannot fathom.

The stones there are like none other in Hell, bright and marbled with color. They're cheerful, almost, or would be if you could get much light into the place where they sit. Before Gebbeleth was drawn to his destruction, the stones weren't here at all . . . Or at least, no demons living at that time recall the cavern being anything other than a place where the Prince liked to sit and ponder and smile to himself. There are a few places on earth, mostly in Asia, where stones can be found that superficially resemble those in the Garden, but those places aren't tethers to Hell and have no known history that can really be tied to infernal activity. A frustrating, silent riddle: Gebbeleth's last joke, perhaps. Or perhaps *not* his last. Alaemon, the current Prince of Secrets, hides his nervousness about the place well.

These days few demons, and fewer of the damned, enter the Garden. Some who have, have failed to return. Some who have returned have refused to speak about it, or have claimed to remember nothing at all about what happened there . . . And many demons have claimed to meet unusual spirits there – but who can you really trust in Stygia? Some of Stygia's denizens enjoy telling fresh human souls that the Garden holds the secrets to the way out of Hell . . . and charging well for the information.

Theories about the garden become wilder every time the lore of the place expands, and the truth, if it was ever known, has become buried. As the "Bermuda Triangle of the Pit," the curious cavern could be anything from a gateway to Gebbeleth's lost palace to a complicated con game created by some of Stygia's more ambitious shysters. But the demons that vanished there are still gone, and the strange stones deliver silent testimony that something strange has happened, whether or not it's happening now.

PERSONALITIES IN STYGIA

In the mazes of Stygia – and in the dark alleys of the cities above them – the demonic Servitors of all the Words of treachery and divisiveness develop their skills

in hopes of attracting the attention of their Prince. Meanwhile, the hopeless damned souls of thieves, liars, cheats and sowers of dissent walk a paranoid balance between banding together in gangs and fleeing into the shadows alone. Allegiances shift as factions splinter and trusted allies stab each other in the back for momentary advantage. One week Trotsky's gang will be on top; the next will be Tzu Hsi's. Eventually, everyone betrays everyone here in a tense and vicious cycle of get-them-before-they-get-you.

In many ways, Stygia is a reflection of Hell as a whole. There are bleak territories, open fights, houses of pleasures and hives of plotters crafting cruelties . . . but in Stygia, even the sins are a sham, and even the malice is a calculated tool for survival. The Princes and lesser royalty keep the pot stirring, selling information, access to safe havens, and tricks of the trade for Essence . . . but when you rent a room in a safehouse from a Baron, there's no way to be sure he won't sell out your location to a Duke. Transitory safety, dubious information, petty power and other peoples' weak points are the commodities of life in Stygia, and Essence is the payoff. Souls pay Essence to the fiends for "protection" from their enemies both human and demonic. The fiends sell out their human clients, or wrench the Essence from the unwary to pay their own tributes to their bosses. The river of Essence flows upward. At the lower end, it is given up in desperation, in a place where every maneuver is one of last resort.

The result is that only the truly two-faced and sly rise to the top, keeping what is theirs and wresting away what belongs to others, while turning their flunkies against one another and using the fight to cover their escape. Only a Josephus or a Talleyrand can rise to these heights and sit at table with the Demon Princes. Some few lucky souls become so skilled at playing both ends against the middle and picking their pockets in the meantime that they can steal their way into the palace of a Prince, to be given duties elsewhere in Hell as spies and thieves, or even sent to Earth, where they can finally prey on marks that don't live their lives expecting it. When one of Stygia's demons is set free, count your silverware *on your fingers*, since either is likely to go missing.

TREOSTIGUS

Shedite Baron of Factions

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 6 Agility 10

Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 12 Precision 4

Celestial Forces – 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Skills: Detect Lies/5, Dodge/2, Emote/5, Fast-Talk/5, Fighting/3, Knowledge/6 (Stygian Politics), Lying/6, Move Silently/5, Savoir-Faire/5, Seduction/3

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Charm (Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Form (Celestial/4), Light (Ethereal/4), Tongues (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/4)

Attunements: Knight of Deception, Captain of the Broken Promise, Baron of Inner Torment, Shedite of Factions, Imbroglia, Polarize, Djinn of Factions

Treostigus has served the Prince of Factions well. From possessing demagogues in ancient Athens all the way through the ages to inhabiting baseball team owners, the Shedite has done all he could to cause dissension in the human world. Treostigus has proved himself so capable that Malphas has recalled him to Stygia. Here, Treostigus makes sure that all in Malphas' Principality are too worried about each other to ever think of treachery to their Prince while Malphas is away stirring up trouble on Earth.

MOLIVINA

Demon of Plagiarism

Impudite Baroness of Theft

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 6 Will 12 Perception 12

Vessel: Human/3 (publishing lawyer)

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/3, Emote/2, Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge/4 (Publishing Law), Languages (Latin/4, French/4, German/4, English/5), Lying/3, Savoir-Faire/2

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/3), Possession (Celestial/4), Tongues (Corporeal/6)

Attunements: Knight of Kleptos, Captain of Corsairs, Baron of Buccaneers, Impudite of Theft

Special Rites: Molivina gains 1 point of Essence when she successfully passes off stolen writing as the work of the thief.

Her Word was once powerful. In the days before international copyrights, in the days before telecommunications, in the days when the printing press was king but there was little cooperation between publishers, Plagiarism was a powerful force for disheartening those whose ability to create gave humans hope and inspiration. Molivina worked on Earth, then, an influential Impudite often conflicting directly with servants of Vapula, who didn't seem to care that too much communication made her work more difficult. She served Valefor by aiding those who stole *ideas*, instead of tangible things. She dropped hints to Shakespeare and befriended Dumas. She wandered Europe, where for centuries it was considered *right* for a professor to flatter



a student by putting his own name on the student's written work. She fought hard to keep it so.

In the latter years of the 19th century, the new wave of popular publishing gave her one final boost of power . . . and then ruined her. She returned to Stygia in shame, reduced to little more than a clerk, presenting the reports of her underlings to Valefor as her own and just barely getting by.

Then came the Electronic Age, and Molivina's century of shame was over. With documents being stolen from naive online authors, journalists on deadline lifting their colleagues' work, economic pressures forcing academics to steal for tenure and giant software corporations ripping off entire operating systems, Plagiarism is once again a force to be reckoned with. Anyone who meets Molivina in Hell now will find a very happy demoness, eager to leave and start *getting along* with Vapula's servants, after all.

TETHERS

Stygian tethers are often unassuming or even hidden, owing to the nature of the Princes they connect to. The Prince of Factions gains beachheads to Earth in rooms where humanity divides against itself – from medieval church councils to fateful labor-rallies at the turn of the century to Balkan parliaments.

Valefor's Palace is joined to the British Museum, the Louvre and the Hermitage; not because of the many thefts from those places, but because so much of their collections were stolen, smuggled or looted by those museums in the first place. Other places dedicated to



theft and its proceeds, from Swiss and Cayman banks to the headquarters of the IRS, are linked to Valefor's domain.

Valefor's greatest tether is known only to the Prince himself. Somewhere on Earth Valefor keeps the pick of his personal plunder: four versions of the Mona Lisa, the gilded and mummified corpse of Alexander the Great, a whole armored train and heaps of pirate treasure, along with many other prizes, are all kept in the Amber Room . . . hijacked by Valefor from the Nazis after they stole it from Leningrad. Rumor places this tether in a salt mine somewhere in Eastern Europe or in a remote robber-baron mansion high above a Wyoming ghost town.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

Jump the Fence

The PCs, most likely demons working to earn Earthly assignments, are approached by a young demon with a dangerous prospect. The demon has acquired a celestial, *holy* artifact from the court of Valefor himself, stolen from one who stole it from another who stole it from the Prince (who stole it from the Vatican, according to the rumors). Now he wants to drop the hot potato before it burns him, and he wants the PCs to *fence it back to Valefor*. He's terrified, desperate and apparently sincere. The PCs can choose to act as go-betweens, or try to get away with a a double-cross . . . but either way, the artifact itself

is more dangerous, and better known, than anybody thought. Once the PCs get their hands on it, the trip back to Valefor's Palace becomes fraught with eager thieves ready to relieve them of it now that it's out of hiding again.

Target Practice

A group of demons working together in Stygia is fragile, and the GM should remind the PCs of that now and then. Here's one way: a Servitor of Malphas has been observing the PCs and decides that they are his ticket to Earthly service. He sets to work at turning them against one another in a bid to win favor from the Prince. He'll approach the group when they are together and offer something – a token amount of Essence, a nice but not too powerful artifact – to one of the PCs, pretending that he knows him, and that the “gift” is a repayment. He'll then look at the other characters and say “it's okay that they know, right?” Whether or not the character openly denies knowing him, the demon will take advantage. If the PC insists openly that the demon is a liar, he'll just agree. “Oh, you're right!” [wink] “Must've mistaken you for somebody else. Sorry.” In the following days, he'll approach the same PC when he's separate from the party, but still within sight. A day later, he'll hire some thugs to attack the party, but *leave the chosen PC alone*, and so on. If the GM wants to be really cruel, he can pass unimportant notes to the “victim” PC, take him aside for private conferences and so on to enhance the illusion.

TARTARUS

Vapula, the mad Demon Prince of Technology, has made Tartarus his home and his very large laboratory. He builds technical monstrosities of all shapes and sizes, most of which never see completion. Tartarus has become a gigantic mad scientist's workshop stretched over acres of rocks, obsidian and sand. Quonset huts bearing lurid warning signs, sophisticated "clean rooms" sitting on stilts above pools of toxic sludge, enormous robot frames sunk up to their hips in tangled metal, and still-smoldering craters dot the landscape. Tartarus' factories and forges churn out vast quantities of infernal shadow-goods: experimental weapons for Baal, electronics for Nybbas and top secret devices for Kronos that the other Princes would desperately like to get a glimpse of.

Vapula's Laboratory

Vapula's laboratory, in the thick of the din, chaos and confusion, is the nerve center of infernal experimentation. It is here that Vapula and the Servitors of Technology brainstorm new devices with which they can help corrupt humanity. Vapula has a lot of projects running at any given time, so his Laboratory is divided up into sealed sections and isolated chambers. Currently, Vapula is working on shaping human souls into monstrosities somewhat similar to the failed results of Saminga's smelter – a Hellish equivalent to genetic engineering.

Also like Saminga, much of Vapula's most important work can only be done on the corporeal plane. From his celestial Laboratory, his tethers run to earthly facilities staffed with demons and the shades of war criminals and mad scientists from all ages. These facilities are usually isolated compounds in places like Nevada, Siberia and Inner Mongolia. These earthly laboratories produce corporeal results which Vapula can release to agents of evil in human governments, corporations, or terrorist groups.

The Gauntlet to Perdition

High explosives and other infernal devices opened Nybbas' way into Perdition to reclaim the realm of the deceased and digested Meserach, Prince of Sloth. For that reason, the border between the two is open enough that anybody or any soul could merely walk between the two Principalities. Nobody is awake enough in Perdition to attempt an escape, but matters are different in Tartarus. Furthermore, Tartarus is the target of many thefts, and not only by Servitors of Valefor – any demon knows that the special projects Vapula builds for other Princes are worth a Duke's ransom in Essence from any number of parties. For this reason, Vapula and his minions have devised many of methods of keeping people in

or out. Cybernetic patrol cars, swarms of maddened flying insects lovingly built from the Forces of the damned, hair-trigger disintegrator beams, land mines of varying degrees of sadism, shimmeringly unpleasant force fields and old-fashioned deadfall traps ring the edges of Tartarus.

Some of the best entertainment in Tartarus comes when the Servitors of Vapula wish to test the Principality's defenses. They allow a number of lucky (or unlucky) souls to run the gauntlet between Tartarus and Perdition. Many have tried, but only one is known to have made it. Unfortunately for that soul, it is now entranced by a large white bouncy ball in Perdition.

The Junkpile

In the heart of Tartarus are the *forges*, the factory complexes, belching red smoke and orange flames, where the fruits of Vapula's genius (and those of his brightest Servitors) come off of the drawing board and into tooled, cold reality. But while the forges and the terrors they produce are of interest to just about everybody in Hell, they aren't exactly open to the perusal of any demon who wanders into the Principality. At the heart of the factory district, however, something is: a treacherously balanced heap of the rejects, the might-have-beens, and the promising-but-a-little-too-volatile.

Not only is the reject yard open to visitors, Vapula actively encourages his fellow infernal royalty to send representatives to enjoy a good rummage, to pick out anything they might like, to take something home for the kids.

The joke is on Hell, and they know it. Vapula watches as the demons arrive hopeful and fearful, wanting to find something that will please their betters and knowing that there is a fair chance that anything they touch will explode, electrocute them or spot-weld their head to the floor. But they keep coming, because every now and then there *is* something really choice to be found, something worth bringing home. Vapula's junkyard constantly holds a sparse crowd of rummaging demons, carefully turning over machine parts with sticks and crowbars. Mammon alone keeps two dozen demons around just for making trips to the dark pile of rubbish between the forges.

The junkpile, like everything else Vapula creates, is experimental, an exercise in both random association (observing the dangerous combination of the rejected machines sparks new inspiration as often as the machines spark pockets of explosive gas) and in the use of the *promise* of technology to manipulate the needy, wanting and gullible. Vapula has also used the scheme to successfully plant technology in the hands of rival Princes who otherwise would have never trusted the devices as gifts.

Gifts in Hell always have strings attached, and when Vapula is involved the strings tend to be either wires or fuses.

Every now and then, though, something truly wonderful can be found in the junkpile. It's happened before, usually surprising Vapula and his court, who rarely bother to "sweeten" the pile with anything deliberately worthwhile.

PERSONALITIES IN TARTARUS

Tartarus is populated by the demon Servitors of Technology and by the shades of the damned who best served that Word. Werner Heisenberg and Ishii Shiro oversee the other mad inventors, corner-cutting experimenters and amoral scientists who can always find employment in Vapula's labs. Those who merely overused animal testing, sold unsafe products or scammed the gullible with quack machinery find employment as experimental subjects. The Essence torn from these souls by painful study is added to the Essence Vapula earns by selling his creations to other Princes.

BEARTADOR

Demon of Steam

Balseraph Inspector of Technology

Corporeal Forces – 6 Strength 16 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 10 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 8 Perception 12

Vessel: Human/2 (mechanic)

Skills: Artistry/3 (Mechanical Design), Chemistry/4, Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/3, Driving/6 (Trains or Steam Vehicles), Emote/4, Engineering/6 (Steam Engines), Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge/6 (Steam Engines), Languages (English/4, Hindi/3), Large Weapon/4 (Big Wrench)

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/3), Entropy (Corporeal/4), Light (Corporeal/3), Motion (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/3), Steam Blast/5

Artifacts: Unholy Wrench/4, also contains the Song of Thunder/4

Attunements: Knight of Combustion, Inspector, Balseraph of Vapula, Steamwalker (similar to Firewalker), Balseraph of Belial

Special Rites: Beartador gains 1 Essence after three hours of travel or work on a steam-powered vehicle. Beartador also gains 1 Essence after spending an hour in live steam.

Discord: Vestigium/1 (tiny wings), Hatred/3 (internal combustion vehicles)

Beartador was an up-and-coming Balseraph in the ranks of Vapula during the earliest stages of the Industrial Revolution. He saw the promise of New-

comen's Engine, and convinced Vapula to convince Lucifer to grant him the Word that would make his name. By promoting steam factories, he threw thousands of skilled craftsmen out of work; by building railways he despoiled the natural beauty of the landscape, scared animals and added to the rootlessness of society; his steamships and railways abetted wars of conquest and imperialism. However steam power was used for evil, Beartador was there, making damnably useful suggestions for improvements to the "dark Satanic mills."

Beartador's world was shattered when another demon's pet project, the internal-combustion engine, got the infernal nod – dirtier, more wasteful and noisier than steam, internal combustion became the apple of Vapula's eye. Beartador was passed over for promotion to Captain and began a long slide into bitterness. He was recruited by a Servitor of Belial to be Belial's eyes and ears in Tartarus, letting Belial know about any really neat incendiary technologies on the drawing boards. He tipped Belial off about the atomic bomb and was rewarded with some fiery attunements. Beartador's dream is to one day become a full-fledged Servitor of Belial – he could even keep his Word! For now, he just mopes around Tartarus, getting in Vapula's way and trying to find something really *hot* to give Belial that will let him change Superiors openly.

Beartador's variant on Numinous Corpus is a Steam Blast, which he can exhale up to his Corporeal Forces in yards. Its Accuracy and Power are equal to the level of the Song.

TETHERS

Tartarus is linked to many locations on Earth, especially in the modern era after the Industrial Revolution (which Vapula claims credit for). Factories that produce chemical and biological weapons along with factories that produce products that further dampen the human spirit are common tethers to Vapula's Principality.

ADVENTURE SEED

Escape From Tartarus

The PCs are tasked by their Prince with infiltrating Tartarus and breaking out a particular damned soul. Who the soul is depends on the Superior: Baal might want the spirit of a Nazi rocket scientist, Andrealphus might want a machine-obsessed fetishist, Beleth might want a mad neurochemist and Asmodeus or Kronos might want anybody for reasons of their own. When the party makes contact, they discover that their target is the mastermind behind a huge escape attempt encompassing hundreds of souls. This adventure can be run as a

suspenseful drama along the lines of *The Great Escape*, cinematic action like *The Colditz Story* complete with gliders, airships or experimental craft from some Tartarean Area 51, or for pure comedy as a Hellish *Hogan's Heroes*.

HELL IN THE GAME

Unlike Heaven, Hell is a terrific place for roleplaying. Lying, cheating, backstabbing, senseless violence, theft and other keystones of the roleplaying experience reach their ultimate pitch in Hell. While the default *In Nomine* campaign is set on Earth (that is, after all, where the War is being fought), there is no reason that large stretches of a demonic *In Nomine* party's time can't be spent in the byzantine politics and lavish cruelties of Hell. Although Demon Princes frown on their underlings' leaving jobs undone on Earth, there are plenty of reasons for even the most loyal demon to return to Hell (see *Things To Do In Hell*, p. 54). Once they've returned, there can always be an errand or two to run, a score to settle, an enemy to sabotage or a potential patron to suck up to. Hell can be a bizarrely-comforting "home base" for some demons, where the rules are clearly marked ("Get The Other Guy First") and you never have to worry about angels overhearing your Discord. An entire *In Nomine* campaign could even be run in Hell, with the PCs as ever more influential pawns in Hell's nonstop political (and occasionally physical) power struggles.

Whether the characters are short-timers in Hell or in for the duration, the GM should never miss an opportunity to emphasize the unique qualities that make Hell what it is. The combination of high politics and low treachery makes Hell a place of dangerous opportunity

for the ambitious demon. "There is no rest for the wicked," and in Hell you had best not close both eyes while sleeping.

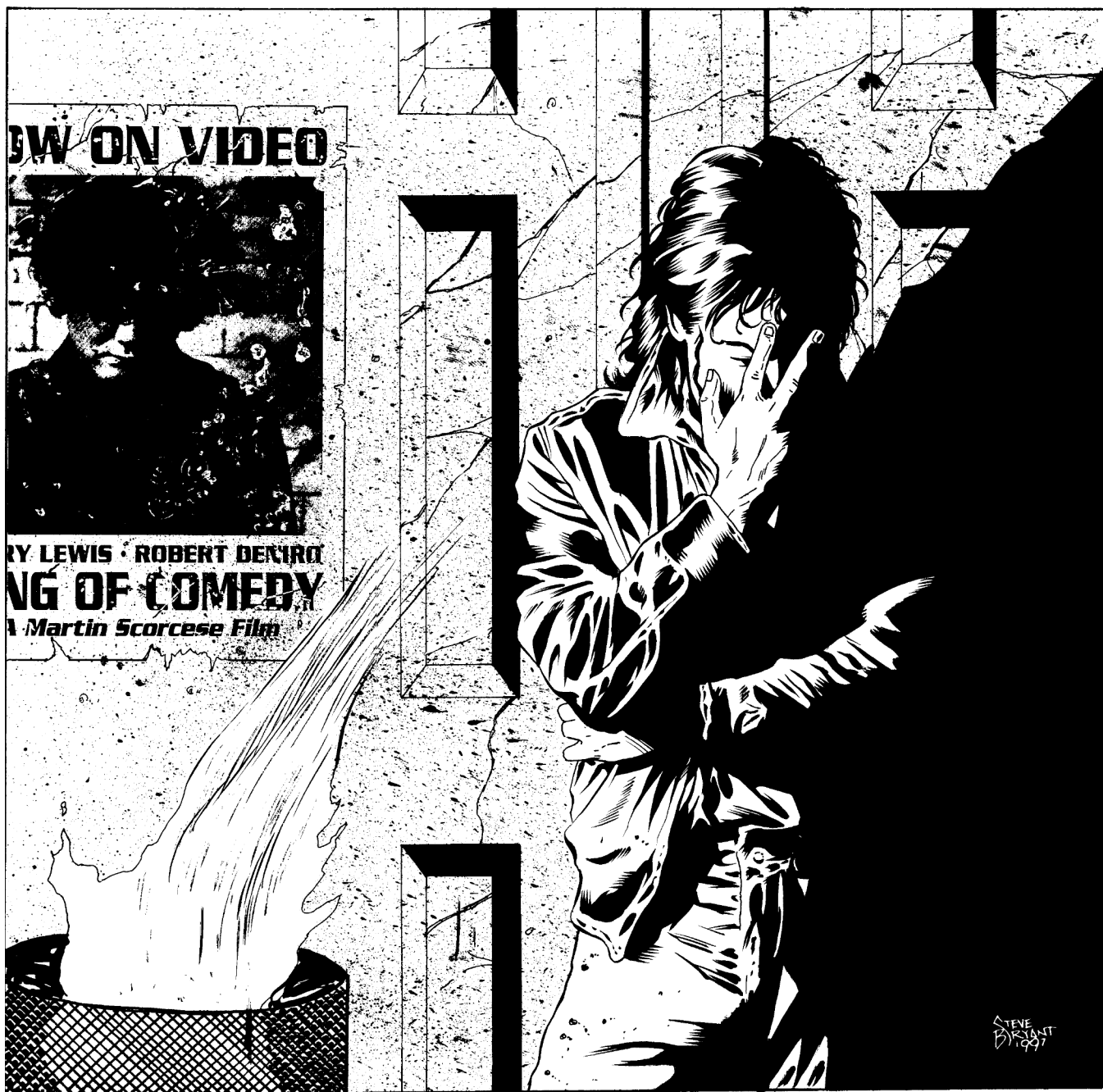
That said, the GM is free to emphasize the rude camaraderie between some demons and their friends – after all, you've got millennia to betray the guy eventually. For now it's fun just to grab some noisome beverage, see the sights in Shal-Mari, and torture the passing damned. Not everyone in Hell is going to slit your throat right now – you might know someone weaker you could both gang up on. Hell is uncannily like high school, or vice versa – if you learn the rules you can not only survive but succeed.

For angels, of course, Hell is the ultimate dungeon – full of monsters and traps and with precious little in the way of treasure. Angelic PCs should only go into Hell in the direst emergencies, and they should always have a lot of backup plans for getting back out. The GM should emphasize the horrors and grotesqueries of Hell for angelic parties; the suffering, the sadism, the hopeless despair on the faces of tortured and torturer alike. This is what the Earth becomes if the angels lose – they should return from a trip to Hell refined and redoubled in their hatred of their demonic foes.

For demonic PCs, the GM has much more leeway. There are parts of Hell that scare and disgust even the demons, of course. There are also parts that are comical, homelike, mythical, inspiring or attractive. Tailoring the description to the PC's band or Superior is useful; Habbalah see the guilty being punished where Calabim see the glorious destruction of the human spirit. Minions of Saminga see the dead all around them, while Servitors of Kobal think that all of Hell is one big joke. They're all right, of course – Hell is big enough for everybody.



NO DINERO



112

NO DINERO

*It's a fabulous day in my neighborhood
Boutiques movin' in, just like they should
Gettin' rid of the junkies and the bums
Cause we're movin' in a higher class . . . of scum!*
— False Prophets

No Dinero is an adventure usable with almost any group of demons or angels. It is set in New York City, specifically on the Lower East Side, but can be run in any large city with a little bit of work. The conflict in this adventure revolves around a problem that is all too real in the big cities: gentrification. That being the case, the adventure is best relocated to neighborhoods undergoing gentrification, such as Wicker Park in Chicago or Gastown in Vancouver.

Gentrification is the process by which rich people move into poor neighborhoods and displace the previous residents by driving the prices of rent and services sky high. This usually happens in neighborhoods that have become “hip” for cultural or artistic reasons. Ironically, the influx of money changes the very character that drew people to the neighborhood in the first place. So, for example, in New York, Greenwich Village became famous for its struggling artists and musicians. When it was taken over by the rich, the artists fled to Soho, then to Tribeca, then to the Lower East Side, and most recently to Green Point in Brooklyn. But the struggle for the Lower East Side isn't quite over yet, and this adventure pulls demons and angels into a most unexpected conflict.

CLASS WAR

*I want a war between the rich and the poor
I want to fight and know what
I'm fighting for In a Class War, Class War!*
— The Dils

The Lower East Side is a neighborhood at war on many levels. These range from street clashes, such as the illegal police eviction of the 13th Street squats in May of 1995, to the closing of community gardens for commercial use, to the use of so-called “development corporations” to displace poor tenants in favor of richer ones. Unbeknownst to most residents of the Lower East Side, however, there is an even higher level of conflict, that between a divine Tether of Zadkiel and an infernal Tether of Mammon.

Mammon, Demon Prince of Greed, simply adores gentrification. He loves watching landlords driven by greed continue to raise their rent, no matter what the human cost. He loves to see community centers closed so expensive boutiques can be opened in their place. And he especially loves it when the victims of gentrification fight

amongst themselves as they try to survive the coming storm. To help the forces of capitalism win yet another victory in New York City, Mammon has set up shop in Chinatown. He established a Tether in a notorious sweatshop, where immigrants work their lives away for pitiful wages to pay back the Triads that brought them here from China. From here his servants direct not only the sweatshop, but more importantly the Equality Corporation, a development corporation spearheading the gentrification of the Lower East Side. The Equality Corporation is only one of many development corporations, but it allows Mammon to have a personal hand in a project he greatly enjoys.

Opposing Mammon in his desires is Zadkiel, Archangel of Protection. She wants to shield the inhabitants of the Lower East Side from displacement and cultural destruction. Therefore, she also created a Tether, hers being a community garden in the midst of New York's concrete jungle. From here, her servants direct an organization of their own, the aptly named Community Action Network or CAN. Again, this group is one of many such organizations, but Zadkiel could not let Mammon's threat go unanswered. Like so many situations in the great War, the balance of terror resulted in stalemate.

That is, until Loki came to town.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

*I am the fly in the ointment
I'll shake you down to say please
as you accept the next dose of disease*

— Wire

Many celestials get so caught up in the War that they forget about the old powers, the remnants of the pagan gods consigned to obscurity in the Marches. While many of these former heavyweights are content to live in peace in the Marches, others refuse to go quietly into that good night. One such god is Loki, the great trickster of the Norse pantheon.

Loki spent uncountable years in agony, chained to a rock under the earth while venom dripped down upon him, because he had killed the god Balder. But eventually, after God was triumphant and the old gods were banished to the Marches, Odin forgave his blood brother and set him free. Some said Odin had become soft, but others whispered that he only longed to bring Ragnarok that much closer. Whatever the reason, Loki was free once again. For many years he entertained himself by watching the “victorious” demons and angels fight each other in the great War. But as the war dragged on many of the celestials toned down the conflict, or were content to divide the Earth amongst themselves. The resulting

stalemate was hardly entertaining . . . and despite Odin's wishes, Loki determined to stir up some trouble. It's what he's best at, after all.

After searching around the globe, Loki finally found what he was looking for in the Big Apple. The standoff between Zadkiel and Mammon in the Lower East Side was perfect for his plans, and Loki immediately set to work. His basic plan was to instigate a disastrous confrontation, ideally ending with the local celestials wiping both Tethers out and the War heating up all over the world. As the adventure begins, Loki has just executed the first phase of his plan with startling success.

NO DINERO

*The cities are burning – can you
feel the fire?*

The cities are burning.

Watch the flames go higher:

It's the end of the innocent.

This fire isn't heaven-sent.

Everybody, good-bye.

— The Dicks

The keystone of Loki's deception is a Lower East Side punk club and arts space called No Dinero. The club is housed in a city-owned building and used to pay rent. However, the New York Department of Housing, Preservation and Development (HPD) terminated No Dinero's lease three years ago, in essence turning the place into a squat. Since then the collective that runs No Dinero has been waging a political battle to stay in existence, fighting both HPD and the development corporation that wants the building. Unsurprisingly, this is Mammon's Equality Corporation, who plan to further their gentrification plans by closing down this center of resistance. Until recently, the battle for No Dinero had been mainly a political one. While Zadkiel's Community Action Network helped No Dinero as it could, it was not considered a priority in the larger struggle.

Loki's plan was both simple and cunning. He attracted the attention of a demon of Mammon and an angel of Zadkiel and lured them individually to investigate No Dinero, hinting that there was something special about

the place that neither side had previously noticed. Then he ambushed each celestial on the dark streets around No Dinero and killed them brutally. These double deaths have sent shock waves through both Tethers, jarring them into action. Each side feels it was the victim of an unprovoked attack that heralds a heating up of the War and calls for retribution. Almost immediately, calls went out to celestial allies and word of the incident spread. Right now, all is calm, but the storm is about to break.



INVOLVING THE PCs

We're looking for a few good men

Degenerates need not apply

Attitude is a must

— The Descendants

Player characters can get involved in a number of ways. Should your campaign be set in New York or its vicinity, getting them hooked is easy enough.

Generally, though, PCs are likely to be sent to the scene by their Superiors. The agendas of the Superiors are sure to vary wildly, and the celestial politicking that ensues will be half the fun. Representatives of concerned Superiors coming to New York for certain are detailed below. Alternately, one or more of the PCs can replace these celestials if they serve the same Superior.

Angelic agents of Laurence and Michael will be arriving on the heavenly side, while demons serving Malphas and Baal will come to enforce infernal agen-

das. Others may be added at the GM's discretion.

When the PCs arrive, they find the city in an uproar. As it turns out, the dead demon had a Role as a cop and his death was front page news. Headlines scream, "Citywide Manhunt for Cop Killer!" and the police are intent on finding the murderer.

The celestials in the city are just as agitated. Both Tethers are hives of activity, as angels and demons come and go and debate on what to do next. Meanwhile, Loki sits in the shadows with a few mortal allies and prepares further provocations. PCs may quickly surmise that they've walked into a pile of trouble.

How the adventure proceeds is entirely up the PCs at this point and will really depend on who they are and,

most important, who they serve. What follows are descriptions of all the important NPCs and their goals and motivations, details on the important locations, and some suggested resolutions. GMs are free to tweak this material and add more of their own to bring it into line with their campaign. The basic premise is simple, but how it resolves is anything but. Good luck.

AGENTS OF HEAVEN

AHAZIA

Seneschal of the People's Garden

Cherubim Master of Protection

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 7 Agility 9
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 9 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Vessel: Human/6 (Charisma +2)

Servant: guard dog

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Dodge/3, Fighting/2, Knowledge (Gardening/4, Lower East Side/5), Languages (English/4, Spanish/3), Small Weapon/3 (Taser)

Songs: Harmony (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/3), Healing (Corporeal/3), Shields (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/4, Celestial/3), Tongues (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: Cherub of Protection, Aura of Divinity, Master of the Watch

Special Rites: Ahazia regains all of her Essence when her direct action saves a human life.

Ahazia is Zadkiel's chosen representative on the Lower East Side. She has a well-integrated Role as a community activist and green-thumbed gardener named Rita Schwartz. Few are surprised to find Rita at the People's Garden at all hours, and that's the way Ahazia likes it. Her vessel appears as a 35-year-old woman with short black hair and grass-stained overalls.

Ahazia is currently in a quandary. She was devastated by the death of Alexius, the angel ambushed by Loki, and part of her screams for retribution. Yet she doesn't want to lose sight of the larger work that she oversees, the fight against gentrification on the Lower East Side. For her to agree to act directly against her demonic foes, she would need to be convinced that this would be the best way to solve her problems with the Equality Corporation.

MALLEUS

Seraph Master of War

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 9 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 4 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessel: Human/2

Skills: Acrobatics/2, Dodge/4, Driving/2, Fighting/5, Knowledge/2 (Strategy), Language/3 (English), Large Weapon/5 (Sword), Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Running/2, Small Weapon/3 (Knife), Tactics/2

Songs: Motion (Corporeal/3), Shields (Ethereal/3), Thunder (Corporeal/6)

Artifacts: Fiery Sword, Sunglasses (talismen with Detect Lies/2)

Attunements: Seraph of War, Master of Valor, Proficiency (Fiery Sword)

Malleus is a dedicated servant of Michael and, like his master, he likes nothing better than a stand-up fight. When Michael heard of the death of Alexius, he immediately dispatched Malleus to attend the matter. He basically is here to take a piece out of the demons who killed one of his boys, and to hell with anyone who tries to stop him. He does respect the authority of Invictus (p. 116) and will try to convince him to act before running off to serve a cold dish of revenge to the servants of Mammon.

Malleus has no idea of the kind of environment he's been dropped into. In a neighborhood full of punks, artists, squatters and junkies, Malleus wears a hulking vessel kitted out in city camouflage and walks with the unmistakable gait of a military man. He looks like some



kind of right-wing paramilitary nutcase and arouses attention wherever he goes on the Lower East Side. Feel free to throw in some colorful incidents, such as Malleus beating up a dozen Hell's Angels or Gangster Disciples, to give the PCs a taste of his prowess and attitude.

INVICTUS

Elohite Vassal of the Sword

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 8 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 6 Perception 6

Vessel: Human/2 (Charisma +1)

Servants: Two Soldiers of God (usable at GM's option)

Skills: Dodge/4, Fighting/3, Knowledge/3 (the War), Large Weapon/3 (Sword), Ranged Weapon/5 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/2, Small Weapon/2 (Knife), Tactics/4

Songs: Attraction (Corporeal/2), Light (Celestial/3), Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3), Tongues (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/3, Celestial/2)

Artifacts: Holy Colt M1911A, six Holy bullets

Attunements: Elohim of the Sword, Hunt, Vassal of the Sword

Invictus is in an unenviable position. He is here on the orders of Laurence, Archangel of the Sword and Commander of the Armies of God. But Laurence doesn't want him to fight. Laurence prefers to fight on battlefields of his own choosing, and he didn't choose this one. Invictus' mission is to try to smooth things over, save face, and prevent a full-blown conflict from breaking out. In this he is sure to be resisted by Malleus, and

Invictus can muster little enthusiasm for the inevitable showdown with the servant of Michael. Although he himself would like nothing more than to marshal a campaign against Mammon's Tether in the Lower East Side, he is a good EloHITE. He feels the anger, but it does not rule him, and he respects the wishes of Laurence. He hopes for the cooperation of Ahazia in this matter, but is worried about the effect of Alexius' death on her.

The vessel of Invictus also stands out, but in a different way. He wears dark suits, a long trenchcoat, and the obligatory dark sunglasses. His Asian features make him look a great deal like Chow Yun-Fat in the film *A Better Tomorrow*. He has been forced to avoid Chinatown because too many young Chinese kids were shouting out, "Mark! Bang bang!" as he walked down the street.

AGENTS OF HELL

MAHARAI

Seneschal of the Happytimes Textile Factory

Balseraph Baron of Greed

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 6 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 9 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessel: Human/5 (Charisma +1)

Servant: Familiar

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Dodge/2, Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge/5 (Gentrification), Language (English/3, Cantonese/4), Lying/6, Ranged Weapon/4 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/2, Small Weapon/2 (Knife)

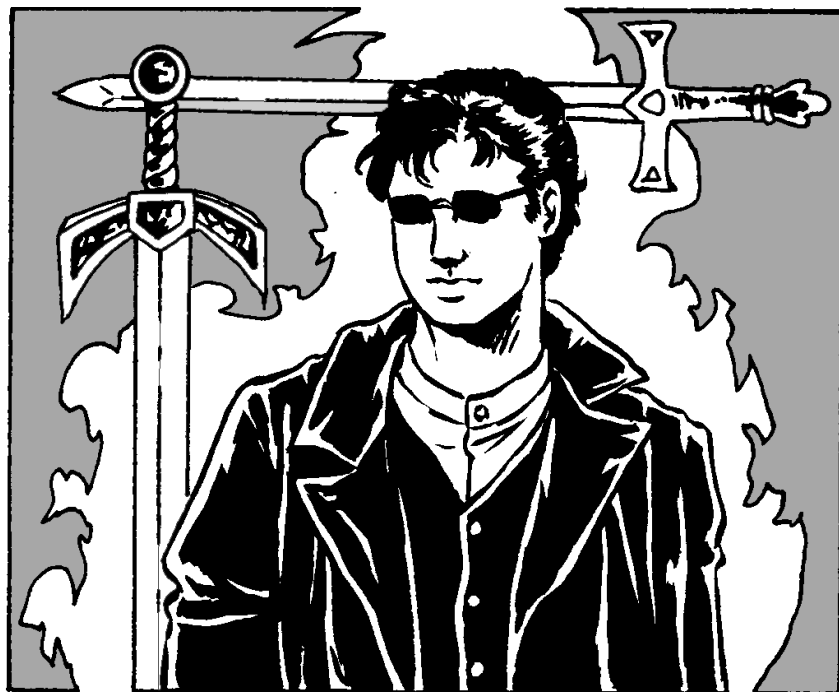
Songs: Attraction (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/4), Charm (Ethereal/1, Celestial/3), Entropy (Corporeal/3)

Artifacts: Gold Coin (adds 1 to the check digit of rolls involving Greed)

Attunements: Balseraph of Greed, Baron of El Dorado, Only the Best

Special Rites: Each day Maharai can choose one stock on the market. For each point it goes up, he regains one Essence.

Maharai is the brains behind Mammon's operation on the Lower East Side. He has a great mind for detail, and loves the power of naked greed. Despite the stalemate, his plans for the gentrification of the Lower East Side have been going well. After all, he has the power of





the police and the state on his side. He has many Soldiers among the corrupt cops of New York, as well as the city's underworld (notably the Triads in Chinatown). Whenever a cop takes a bribe, a dealer sells a bag of junk, or a landlord jacks up their rent, Maharai has a piece of the action.

He was as surprised as anyone when violence broke out. He has tried to keep the celestials out of the mire of humanity and let the humans destroy themselves. Now, he is unsure just how to react. While war is indeed good for business, it also creates complications. His Triad connections have been flooding the Lower East Side with heroin, which does an excellent job of tearing the community apart from within while making gentrification that much easier to justify. A full-scale confrontation with angelic forces would certainly cause a diversion of resources that might prove fatal to Maharai's overall plan. Still, he needs to deal with Japhia (see below) somehow. Right now, he is stalling for time, hoping something develops.

Maharai has a well-defined role in the community, that of Mr. Kui, President of the Equality Corporation and owner of the Happytimes Textile Factory. He appears as an Asian man in his mid-thirties, impeccably dressed and carrying a large briefcase. He is every inch the new Chinese entrepreneur, and his slightly chubby face shows that business has been good. He has a tendency to bluster quite a bit, and rarely lets anyone else finish a sentence. Like any good Balseraph, he always has something to say and he's always convinced that he's right.

JAPHIA

Impudite Captain of War

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 10 Agility 10
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 5 Perception 7

Vessel: Human/2 (Charisma +2), Doberman/1

Servants: 5 Soldiers of Hell

Skills: Acrobatics/2, Climbing/2, Dodge/4, Fighting/4, Knowledge/3 (Command), Language/5 (Spanish), Large Weapon/4 (Sword), Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol), Seduction/3, Small Weapon/3 (Knife), Tactics/3

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/3, Celestial/2), Healing (Corporeal/2, Celestial/3), Motion (Corporeal/2), Shields (Celestial/2)

Artifacts: Spiked Dog Collar Reliquary/3

Attunements: Impudite of the War, Lilim of the War, Captain of the Infernal Armies

Japhia is one of Baal's most trusted Captains. She has been sent to size up the situation and take advantage of it if possible. Her natural inclination is to fight, but she is a lot smarter than most servants of Baal. If she sees nothing to gain, she will enforce the stalemate. Right now Maharai is stalling her, and she knows it. She is only letting this go on while she does her own investigation into what's going on. She will most likely favor an attack on the People's Garden, and expects resistance from Maharai. Unbeknownst to Maharai, a number of Japhia's best Soldiers are on their way to New York from around the country. If war does come, it will be bloody.



Japhia has chosen a vessel somewhat more appropriate to the neighborhood than those of her angelic counterparts. She appears as a Puerto Rican body builder, short but heavily muscled and covered with tattoos. She gets along easily in the Hispanic neighborhoods around No Dinero and is very quickly developing a Role in the neighborhood.

ASAHIEL

Shedite Knight of Factions

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 4 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 8 Perception 8

Skills: Dodge/3, Driving/3, Emote/2, Escape/2, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting/3, Language/4 (English), Lockpicking/1, Lying/3, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/4, Seduction/3, Tracking/3

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/2)

Attunements: Shedite of Malphas, Djinn of Malphas, Knight of Deception

Unlike the other celestials on the scene, Asahel arrived in secret and is content to stay in the shadows. As a servant of Malphas, it's Asahel's job to make sure discord reigns amongst the demonic factions. She does not want to see an alliance between Mammon and Baal develop out of this confrontation.

She has also noticed Maharai's excessive use of heroin, and has begun to wonder if Fleurity, Demon Prince of Drugs, should be dragged into the intrigue. She may contact agents of Fleurity to stir up even more trouble.

At the moment, Asahel has possessed the body of Sapphire, a sex worker and artist with a penchant for velvet. She may change bodies as the adventure goes on, especially if things heat up at No Dinero. In that case, she might possess one of the No Dinero regulars to get some inside information and try to find out what's really going on there.

THE NORSE GODS

LOKI

Mischief-Maker Extraordinaire

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 7 Agility 9
Ethereal Forces – 6 Intelligence 12 Precision 12
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Dodge/4, Fast Talk/5, Fighting/3, Languages (Norse/6, English/3, Spanish/2), Lying/6, Move Silently/4, Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/2, Singing/2, Small Weapon/3 (Pistol), Throwing/4

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/2), Entropy (Ethereal/3), Form (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/4), Light (Ethereal/3)

Special Song: Loki's Song (Ethereal/6): Loki can, for 1 Essence, change his form to anything from a rat to a giant. Loki's possessions change with him.

Artifacts: Vial of Serpent Poison Reliquary/6

Special Rites: Gains 1 Essence when he tricks someone; usable up to 5 times daily!

Loki has always been a bit of an enigma. On the one hand, he often struggled against the other Norse gods and fathered such beasts as Fenris and Sleipner. But his skills at trickery and his quick wits have saved those self-same gods on a number of occasions, and Odin did swear an oath of blood loyalty to him. It was only when Loki went too far and killed the gentle god Balder that he met a harsh punishment. But even this punishment was eventually ended, despite the predictions that Loki will lead the forces of evil at the battle of Ragnarok. Only Odin knows why.

Loki's goals in this adventure are clear enough. He wants to make the forces of Heaven and Hell fight and hurt each other, and sow confusion and discord amongst their ranks. To achieve this, he uses only his wits and his remarkable ability to shapeshift. His only mortal allies are a group of White Power skinheads from Brooklyn, who are worshipers of the Norse gods. Even here, however, Loki is up to his old tricks, deceiving the skinheads by posing as a mighty fighter devoted to Odin. Like many modern day worshipers of the Aesir, the skinheads don't revere Loki, which makes the deception that much more delicious in Loki's eyes.

Loki does not know that Thor is in New York, although he will recognize his old foe if he sees him. He may even have his thugs rough Thor up for fun, if the PCs need more hints about the identities of the two old gods. Loki thinks that he is in New York because the stalemate is particularly fragile here. In fact, Loki may be in New York *because* Thor is – the destinies and fates of Loki and Thor are inseparably intertwined.

Now that the initial moves have been taken, Loki is relaxing a bit and watching how things develop. He has some additional instigations planned (see *Incidents*, p. 124), and the GM is free to add more to spice things up further. He uses his shapeshifting ability to be on the scene of most dramatic encounters, always posing as an innocent bystander and sometimes setting himself up to be “saved” by heroic angels. If discovered somehow, he will use his shapeshifting to escape. But even if killed, Loki merely returns to the Marches. And he has a long memory.

THOR

Former Heavyweight

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 12 Agility 8

Ethereal Forces – 3 (1) Intelligence 5 (1) Precision 7 (3)

Celestial Forces – 5 (3) Will 12 (11) Perception 8 (1)

Skills: Climbing/4, Dodge/5, Driving/4 (Chariot), Fighting/5, Language/4 (English), Large Weapon/4 (Sword), Running/3, Singing/3, Small Weapon/6 (Hammer), Survival/4, Swimming/3, Throwing/6

Songs: Motion (Ethereal/3), Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3)

Artifact: Mjolnir, acts as a Talisman with Small Weapon/4 (Hammer), Throwing/6, always inflicts maximum damage, returns to the hand of the thrower, acts as a Reliquary/6 with Song of Thunder/6.

Special Rites: Gains 1 Essence when he kills something in battle. Usable up to 8 times daily!

Note: Two of Thor’s Ethereal Forces and two of his Celestial Forces are bound into Mjolnir. Unless he regains Mjolnir, use the Forces and Characteristics in parentheses and ignore all Songs and most skills at his disposal.

Thor just hasn’t been himself since Uriel’s Crusade of Purity. Ambushed by a squadron of Malakim, he was somehow separated from Mjolnir, his mighty hammer. The Malakim split up; three were to see the hammer safely back to Uriel’s Cathedral while the others were to finish off Thor for good. However, even without his hammer, Thor was still mighty. In a berserk rage, Thor defeated all of his assailants but one, Tancred, who was left a Remnant of his former self. Both battered beyond

redemption, they fell to Earth. Meanwhile, the Malakim with Thor’s hammer were themselves ambushed in the Marches by Servitors of Beleth. The final Malakite survivor managed to hide Mjolnir on Earth and decoyed his pursuers away. How long ago this happened is up to the GM; Uriel’s crusade was centuries ago, but battles in the Marches can be timeless. Whatever its history, Mjolnir has ended up in New York, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s armor and weapons exhibit.

Thor has somehow managed to follow his hammer to New York, but he can’t remember how he got there, what he’s looking for, or even who he is. He wanders the streets now, a hulking man with matted hair and ragged clothes, just another one of the homeless on the street. The other homeless may know him as “Tor” or “Don” (from his Germanic name, Donar), or just “that big, scary dude.”



PCs should encounter Thor a number of times during the adventure while they are wandering around the Lower East Side. He cannot carry on a conversation, but he can still sing. Most of the time he belts out "If I Had a Hammer," completely unconscious of the song's meaning. PCs may decide he's just another homeless guy on the streets (and there are a lot of them in New York, a fact you should play up to keep the players off balance as to who's important). As the adventure progresses, they may see this strange wanderer display great feats of strength, like rolling over a car or smashing through a wall. The GM may find other ways to highlight Thor's identity. Cherubs attuning to Thor, for example, will receive a double echo, the other being Mjolnir. A Seraph of Yves will know Thor's true name.

In any case, if the PCs can find Mjolnir and return it to Thor, his wits will return and he will gladly help hunt down his old foe Loki.



chosen by Uriel personally to head the attack on Thor, one of the mightiest of the False Gods. But in their combat, Tancred was slain and fell to Earth, a Remnant of his former glory. Now he follows Thor, not knowing who he follows or why, but knowing that the bearded giant is an enemy that must be destroyed. Tancred will always be seen on the fringes of any scene involving Thor. Should Thor seem weakened, Tancred

will attack him. Tancred's stalking and occasional attacks on Thor should be a signal to the PCs that Thor is more than he seems.

Neither of the following characters really require stats. Should a need arise in play, assume human averages.

ELAINA

Pathetic Junkie

Elaina is a colorful NPC usable as a red herring. She is, in fact, nothing more than she seems to be: a homeless junkie. But continued

encounters with her may make the PCs believe she is somehow important. It's in the GM's best interest to encourage this belief, especially if you want to keep Thor's identity secret for any length of time.

Elaina is addicted to heroin. She long ago sold off all her belongings to score more junk. She claims to be an artist, and maybe once she was, but now she's only interested in the next fix. She will approach the PCs and ask them if they will pay \$3 for a portrait, or ask for a donation for the "Homeless Arts." What portraits she does are quick sketches, taking five minutes at most, and when done she will ask for \$5 instead. PCs who have pity on her and give her money will see Elaina again the next day, and the day after that, and every day until they stop giving her money. Those who refuse her requests are met with outburst of profanity and sometimes violence. She may also try to steal things from the PCs when they're not looking.

Elaina is short and gaunt, having lost much of her body weight because of her addiction. After the first time the PCs encounter her, she will shave her head, taking on a severe appearance calculated to evoke pity. If any of the

THE HOMELESS

TANCRED

Remnant Malakite of Purity

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 10 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 1 Intelligence 1 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 0 Will 0 Perception 0

Vessel: Human/5

Skills: Dodge/4, Escape/4, Fighting/4, Languages (Latin/5, English/2), Large Weapon/4 (Sword), Move Silently/4, Small Weapon/4 (Knife)

Songs: Entropy (Corporeal/2)

Attunements: Tancred's attunements are long forgotten save for his instinctive knowledge of Thor's location and his ability to purify any food or drink he takes.

Tancred was one of the Malakim who gladly served Uriel on his Crusade of Purity. He gloried in being

PCs try to help her by getting her into a program, she will refuse the offer and flee.

BENNY

Street Raconteur

Benny has been a fixture on the Lower East Side for the past twenty-odd years. How he came to live on the street is a secret he keeps to himself, but he seems content to continue his lifestyle. His white-haired form is well-known in the area, and his Santa Claus looks and benevolent nature ensure that he does more than get by. Knowing the neighborhood as well as he does, Benny is a fount of information on the struggles of the last couple of decades. His stories always start like this: "Oh yeah, I remember when Abbie Hoffman blew his nose in an American flag . . ." If the PCs are nice to him, Benny can be a useful source of information. Sometimes, however, he seems to get overcome, stops in mid-sentence and stares into space. If given a few seconds, he recovers his wits, but impatient PCs may find this frustrating.

NO DINERO VOLUNTEERS

MP

Da Prez

Corporeal Forces – 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 6 Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 4 Perception 4

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Dodge/1, Fighting/1, Knowledge/5 (Punk), Knowledge/3 (History), Language/5 (English), Lying/3, Savoir-Faire/2, Singing/2

MP is the President of No Dinero's Board of Directors, which the club is required to have to maintain its non-profit status. However, the club operates as a collective, and in fact MP has no more power than anyone else in the collective. The celestials on the scene have yet to pick up this simple fact, and they are currently fighting for MP's soul. The fact that he is a stalwart atheist doesn't seem to bother them. Ahazia has attuned herself to MP to protect him. Meanwhile, Japhia has been trying to use her charm to get MP to spill his "secrets." For his part, MP is dedicated to saving No Dinero and has been active in the political negotiations aimed at buying the building from the city. Any suggestions that he is being manipulated by angels and demons are met with a laugh and a sarcastic remark.

MP is punk of the old school, a veteran of many years on the scene. He knows a great deal about punk history,

as well as that of the Lower East Side. He favors the classic New York combat boots-jeans-leather jacket look, and sports a beard. He dislikes violence but loves sarcasm.

ANGELA NKRUMAH

Globally Conscious Activist

Corporeal Forces – 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 6 Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 5 Perception 3

Skills: Emote/5, Knowledge/5 (Marxism), Knowledge/4 (Law), Knowledge/3 (Politics), Languages (English/5, Spanish/4), Savoir-Faire/2

PCs who have given up on MP may want to try their luck with Angela, the Secretary of the Board of Directors. She doesn't have any formal power, but her well-known commitment to the cause, her ability to unravel the legal twists of No Dinero's case and her formidable abilities of persuasion have made her one of the most influential members of the collective.



Getting Angela to talk will not be a problem for any PC, unless their vessel is a cop or is incredibly "straight-looking." Getting specific, useful answers may be more of a challenge. Angela knows a great deal about the situation, but the connections she draws are colored by her political beliefs. For instance, she knows that the murdered policeman was crooked, and involved in "the sweatshop protection racket." However, she believes that he was killed "to cover up the city's role in protecting the sweatshops and to put pressure on No Dinero." She knows that the People's Garden has been hassled far more than its seeming importance warrants, but explains that by saying "the city doesn't

want to see microscale projects here any more than the World Bank wants to see them in Africa.”

Angela is an intense, dedicated black woman in her thirties. She dresses in jeans with a T-shirt (decorated with a political slogan) and kente vest except on court dates. She always carries a book or two in her handbag and is currently reading up on the corporate role in African genocides.

LOCATIONS

NO DINERO

*Investors come by my place
Greed all over their face
Can't have low-life living
Bad element depreciates the building*

— Christ on Parade

No Dinero is located on Rivington Street between Suffolk and Clinton. It has been in existence since 1980 and was started by a group of artists protesting the skyrocketing rents in New York. Later in the '80s, local punks got involved, adding raucous punk shows to the activities of the place. Eventually the original artists took their leave of No Dinero, and the current leadership is mostly made up of punks, although art and poetry are still present. In fact, the current art show is the “Art Eviction,” put on by victims of the 13th Street evictions of May '95.

The size of No Dinero's controlling collective waxes and wanes as people get involved and then get burned out, but there is a core of ten people who have a long history with the place and who keep it functioning. There is technically a Board of Directors, but the true power lies in the hands of the collective. Meetings are usually held at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

PCs looking for information here will be able to find out a great deal about what's going on politically with the struggle against the city, but little else. Strangers who ask too many questions may be suspected of being cops.

The building itself is old and needs a great deal of work. Shows used to be held on the ground level, but the floor was so shaky that they were moved to the basement. Now the ground level houses the art shows, and is used to sell records and books during shows and other events. The three upper levels are old apartments, and these have been squatted by No Dinero volunteers so that the building is occupied at all times. Should the police come by, someone will always be on hand to lock the place and send the word out.

Celestials may nearly tear the place apart looking for clues as to why No Dinero is important, and why two of their number died for it. Unfortunately, there are no secrets to unearth here, and the truth is those celestials died for nothing.



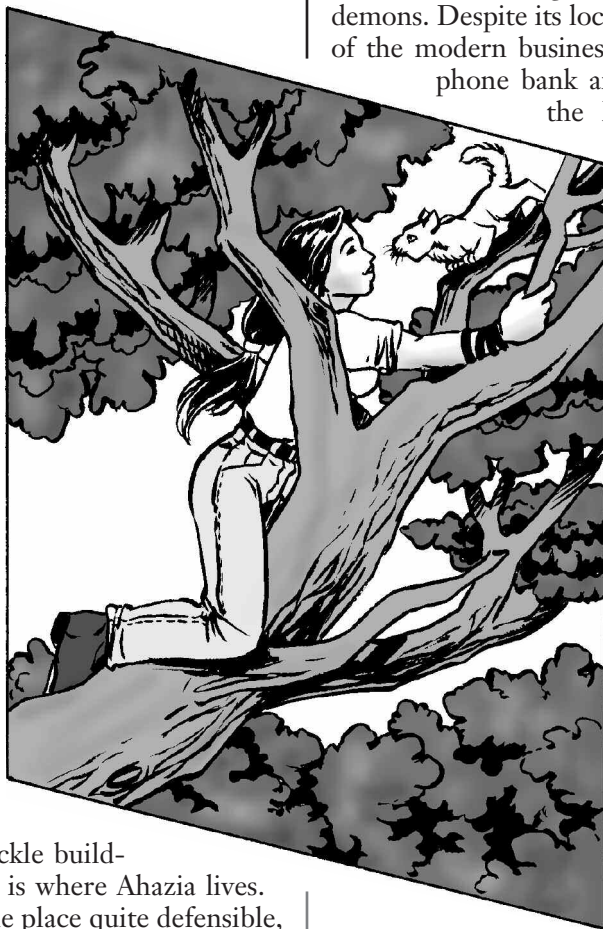
THE PEOPLE'S GARDEN

*You need protection
I need protection too*

— Circle Jerks

The People's Garden, located on Fourth Street and Avenue B, is a Tether dedicated to Zadkiel. Its Seneschal is Ahazia (p. 115), and she can almost always be found here. There may be other angels of Zadkiel who frequent the garden, but these are left for the GM to describe as needed.

The garden is located in what was once an abandoned lot. Members of the community moved in and cleared out the rubble and then built a garden that is best described as urban. While there are many plants and flowers to be seen here, there are also things like 20-foot-high welded sculptures made of the debris of city living (like old refrigerators, bikes, etc.). The "Gardener's Shed," a small ramshackle building in the back of the garden, is where Ahazia lives. She has taken pains to make the place quite defensible, despite its appearance.



workers sit and labor for 12-hour days. Underneath the basement is the headquarters of Maharai, where he meets with other agents of Mammon as well as visiting demons. Despite its location, this office has all the frills of the modern businessman: fax machine, computers, phone bank and even a monitor that flashes the latest stock prices. This sub-basement consists of Maharai's office suite, plus a large meeting room, a storage room used for heroin and other goods, and an underground tunnel used for contact with the Triads. Due to its underground location and easy escape route, this Tether is quite difficult to assault.

HAMMER HOUSE

*It's your hate on which we feed
We are the new class, we are
the new breed*

— Blitz

Hammer House is in Green Point, Brooklyn, and is home to the gang of White Power skinheads that Loki has recruited. They call themselves the Brooklyn Hammerskins and the house

is full of both Nazi and Confederate flags, as well as assorted weapons and hate propaganda. The PCs may end up here on their search for Loki; naturally the skins will be of no help whatsoever. They know Loki as Lothar, a German skinhead of huge build and iron will. Lothar comes and goes as he pleases at Hammer House, though usually only when Loki wants something from his allies. Still, it might be possible to catch Loki here in his skinhead alter ego.

THE HAPPYTIMES TEXTILE FACTORY

*Where is God?
What does he want?
Does he hear me?
Where is God?
What does he want?
Does he love me? NO!*

— Dezerter

The Happytimes Textile Factory is located in a basement of a Chinatown building on Division Street. The first two floors of the building are the offices of the Equality Corporation, but the Tether itself is only in the basement, where Chinese immigrants slave away for pitiful wages. A single door in the back leads down and has a small sign with the factory's name. Below, in the dim light, are dozens of sewing machines where the

SKINHEADS

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 1 Intelligence 2 Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 4 Perception 4
Skills: Dodge/3, Fighting/3, Small or Large
Weapon/2

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NO DINERO

THE COFFIN

*We'd have a riot doing heroin
Take the needle and stick it in . . .*

— The Queers

The Coffin is a squat on 6th Street and Avenue C. It used to be one of the best squats on the Lower East Side. The original homesteaders had thoroughly renovated the building, getting water and heat working and rebuilding the interior so it was safe and warm. Then two of the residents got addicted to heroin, which caused many of the original crew to leave. Now, two years later, the Coffin is a house full of junkies and an example of the kind of damage that Mammon is wreaking here. Neighbors started to call the place the Coffin after the third person OD'd there. Agents of Mammon often come here to regain their Essence, and it may be targeted by angelic forces if war breaks out.

HELPING HAND CLINIC

*I need first aid, can't you see?
I'm cut up bad, you can't recognize me*

— Subhumans

The Helping Hand is a methadone clinic funded by the city government. It tries to help heroin addicts get off the stuff, with varying degrees of success. Although many in the neighborhood have a hostile attitude towards the clinic ("Not in my neighborhood!"), it has managed to stay open for five years. It is located on 2nd Street and Avenue B. Angels of Zadkiel often volunteer here to regain Essence.

INCIDENTS

The following incidents can be used during the course of the adventure. Exactly when they occur, if at all, is up to the GM. They are examples of moves that the actors may make as the conflict escalates.

EVICITION!

*American disparity, property over humanity
Inequality is the key to the land of the free*

— Econochrist

Maharai manages to use his contacts to get an eviction order against No Dinero. The police, including a number of Mammon's Soldiers, show up in force to evict the residents. When the New York police decide to empty a building like this, they don't do it halfway. Helicopters circle the neighborhood, the surrounding streets are blocked off with barricades, snipers take to roofs, and the special police tank is deployed. Facing them would be perhaps a hundred squatters and their supporters, barricaded in the building and armed with bricks and firecrackers and other makeshift weapons. Under the cover of the eviction, angelic and demonic forces would be trying to secure No Dinero for themselves, or uncover its "secrets." Loki, of course, will be on hand in disguise as well, stirring up trouble. How this plays out depends on what kind of PCs are involved.

SKINHEAD ATTACK

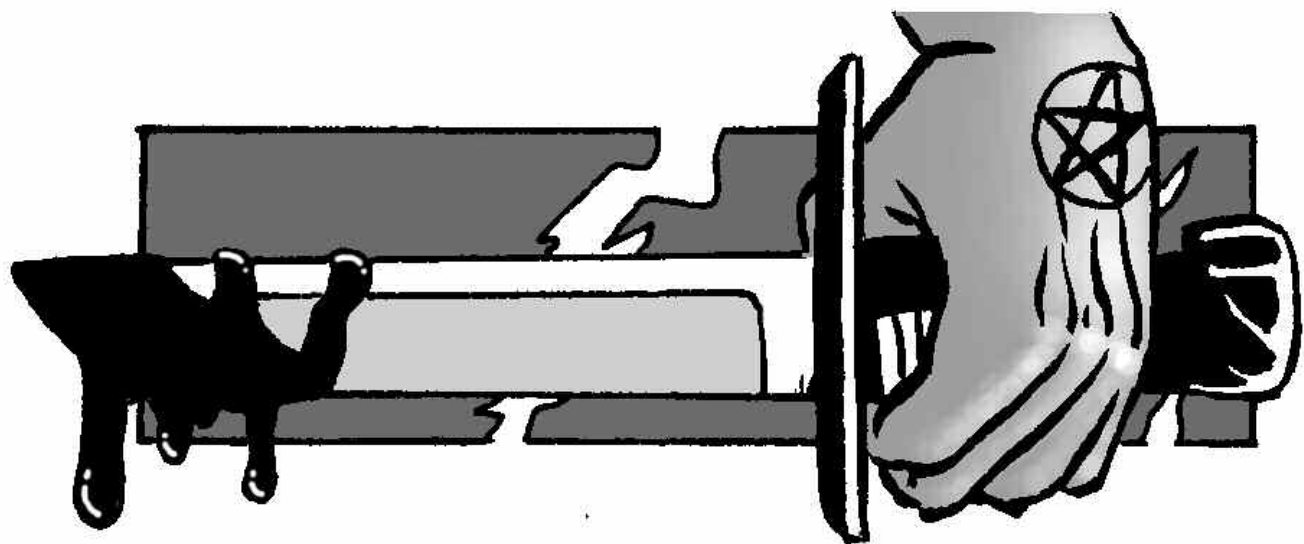
*For breaking up concerts, who needs the pigs?
When there's idiots like this who smash up our gigs*

— Oi Polloi

No Dinero hosts a benefit show for the 13th Street Squatters Defense Fund. Playing that day in the basement are punk bands Adverse Possession, the Ex-Teenage Rebels, and Christian Abortion and the Coathangers. Lots of young punks from Jersey and Long Island come in for the show, and the place is packed. At this point, the Brooklyn Hammerskins show up in force and attack the crowd, causing chaos and disorder.

This, naturally, is one of Loki's provocations. Since neither the angels nor the demons are behind the skinhead attack, each may blame the other side yet again. And when the police show up, undoubtedly including Soldiers of Mammon, they no doubt will pin the blame on the people at No Dinero. The whole incident may then be used to discredit No Dinero and push through its eviction.





COP KILLER

*Down on the street Giving poor the heat
With their clubs and guns
Doing it all for fun
Dead cops! Dead cops!*

— MDC

The murder of the demonic cop is still news daily as the adventure progresses. If the PCs are being particularly troublesome to Loki's plans, he may don a disguise and come forward as a witness. He will then claim to have seen one of the PCs kill the cop. Alternately, Loki may try this tactic against an equally irritating NPC like Invictus. PCs who try to find background on the supposed good citizen who fingered their compatriot will be interested to find that no such person exists.

RESOLUTION

With so many variables, it's difficult to speculate on the resolution of this adventure. However, there are two strong possibilities, and one outside chance.

BLOOD ON THE STREETS

*This is the time, this is the price
This is the night, let's go and fight*

— Raw Power

It's possible that no one will pick up on the third party mischief of Loki, or it could be just be ignored because it fits the agenda of certain Superiors. If the PCs do not get

involved in a serious way, it's likely that one side or the other will decide to go to war on the Lower East Side. This decision should be preceded by a great deal of debate, politicking, and deal-making amongst the factions. In the end, however, it'll be fighting on the streets.

How the PCs react to this is really dependent on the nature of their group. They could try to act as peace-makers or go to all-out war for their side. Action will probably start around places like the Coffin and the Helping Hand Clinic and then escalate to assaults on the Tethers. These assaults may be physical or political. For instance, the Happytimes Textile Factory could be attacked, or Department of Labor investigators could be called in to check out this supposed sweatshop. Whatever happens, you can sure Loki will be on hand to enjoy the fruits of his handiwork.

LOKI DISCOVERED

*You've stepped too far outta line
Ripped us off for the last time
Now you've gone and had your fun
We're gonna kill you for what you've done*

— Negative Approach

For those who look, there are a number of clues to Loki's involvement. First of all, there is no evidence that the dead celestials were killed by either side. Each side just assumed that the other was responsible . . . who else could destroy a celestial like that? Each side also swears that they didn't instigate the killing, though naturally the claims of demons are always suspect. PCs may also find it suspect that there is nothing special

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NO DINERO



about No Dinero, or, to be more precise, that it is exactly what it seems to be.

Perhaps the easiest way to find concrete proof of Loki's involvement is to retrieve Thor's hammer and restore his befuddled mind. Tancred, the PCs' own talents, or even Loki might put the PCs on to this trail. Once Thor has regained his lucidity, he'll be able to confirm Loki's presence and help to track him down. No matter what your affiliation, having the God of Thunder on your side is a powerful argument.

PCs may also get on Loki's trail during other encounters. Despite his many disguises, Loki is wont to use certain catchphrases that give a clue to his identity. A favorite is, "It's better than poison in your eye." PCs who hear this from Lothar the Skinhead and an "innocent" bystander later that week may get suspicious. Loki may also be forced to use his shapeshifting ability to escape from the PCs (for instance, after a skinhead attack on No Dinero), and this is a big clue that someone else is involved.

However the PCs manage to track him down (with Thor's help, staking out Hammer House, using the Hunt ability of Invictus or a PC, etc.), Loki will try to flee when confronted and escape using his shapeshifting. He'll fight if cornered, knowing full well that he'll only reappear in the Marches, ready to cause yet more trouble.

Motivated PCs may consider a trip to see Odin to see if he's willing to punish the renegade god, but that journey would be an adventure in itself.

LET'S BE FRIENDS

*We've got to learn from their mistakes
Not just fill up this vacated space
We've to fight, fight, fight to unite*

— Youth Brigade

It's possible, though not likely, that the demons and angels involved will come to an accord when Loki's involvement is discovered. This may be a short-term truce to get the one who caused all this trouble, or a more long-term agreement. However this works, it is bound to affect the greater stalemate and the future of the War. PCs should tread carefully here, lest they make decisions that they will regret later.

CONCLUSION

This is the end!

— SNFU

The choices made by the PCs in this adventure are bound to affect not only their own personal fortunes, but the direction of the War itself. This localized struggle may not seem that important at the time, but it is another symptom of the disease of stalemate. It's best to record the actions of the PCs thoroughly, taking special care to note allies and enemies made during this crisis. These things have a way of coming back around, especially when Superiors are involved. Sometimes, being a celestial ain't easy.

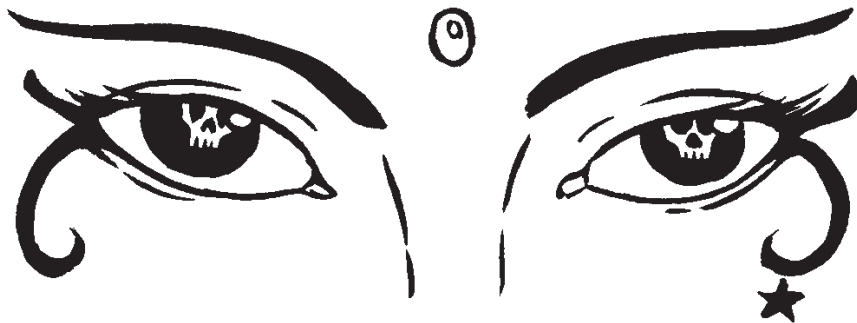
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BETTER TO REIGN IN HELL . . .

At least that's what Lucifer thought. But when you take a closer look at the home that he and the other Fallen have carved out for themselves, you might have a different opinion. Heaven, on the other hand, is a lovely place – but even Paradise may not be what mortals expect...



Book Three of *The Revelations Cycle*, *Heaven and Hell* gives players and Game Masters alike a closer look at the Celestial Realms of the *In Nomine* game universe. Each Principality of Hell and Heaven is described, with adventure ideas for each one. It also portrays four Superiors in more detail, introduces two new Superiors, adds rules for adventures in the Celestial Realms, and includes "No Dinero," a complete adventure.

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WARNING:

This book is intended for mature readers. It contains interpretations of religious themes which some readers may find unsettling.

