

REVELATIONS V

IN NOMINE

THE FINAL TRUMPET

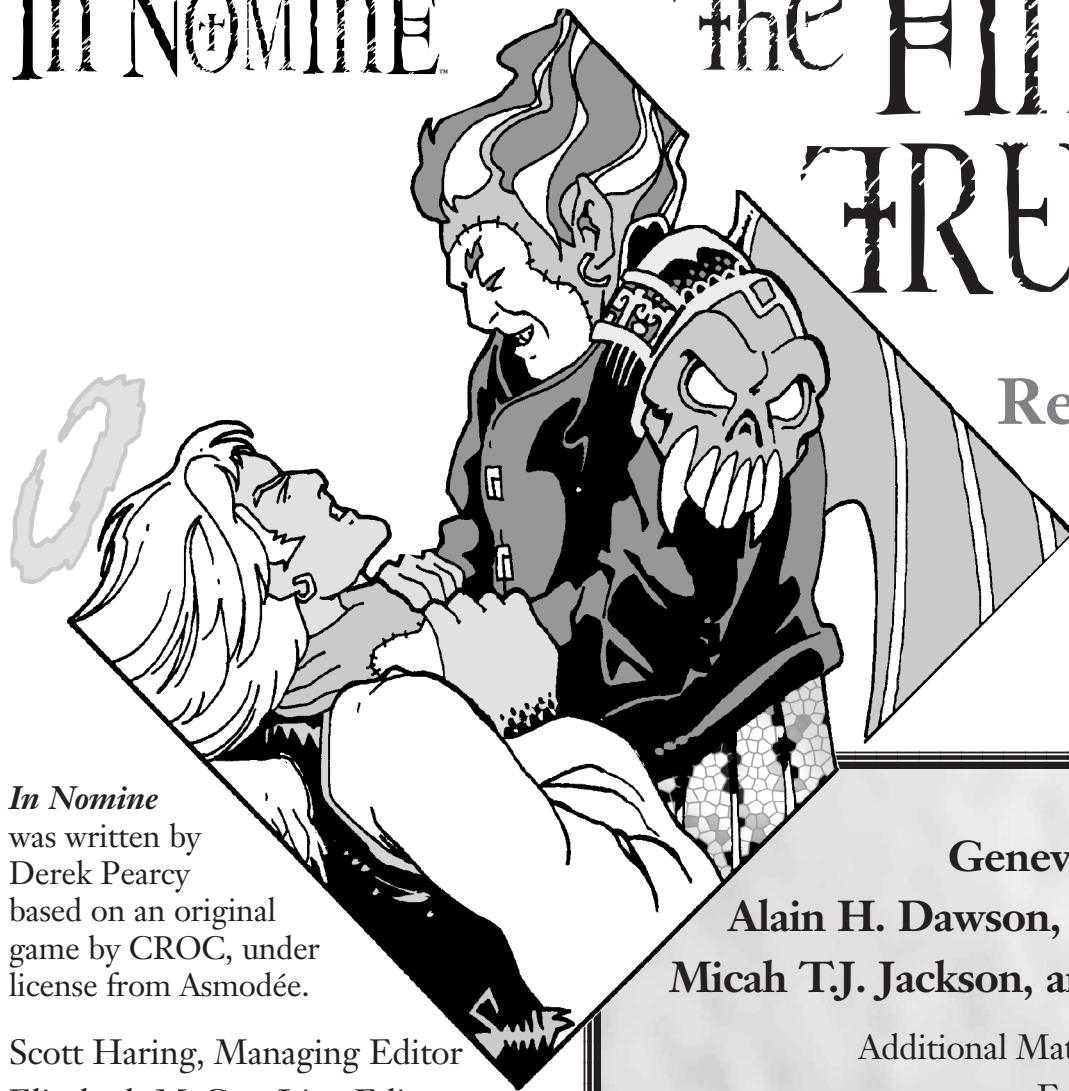
STEVE JACKSON GAMES



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THE FINAL TRUMPET

Revelations V



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THE FIRST TRUMPET4

BY ALAIN H. DAWSON AND DEREK PEARCY

THE STORY SO FAR8

BY KENNETH HITE

SUPERIORS12

MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL OF WAR ... 13

BY GENEVIEVE COGMAN

History 13

Personality and Outlook 15

Priorities 16

Politics 17

New Servitor Attunements 19

Higher Distinctions 19

Sample Servitors of Michael:

Vevaliah 20

Maher-Shalal-Hash-Baz 21

A Sample Tether:

The Cabinet War Rooms 22

BAAL, DEMON PRINCE

OF THE WAR 23

BY DAVID EDELSTEIN

History 23

Personality and Outlook 25

Priorities 25

Politics 28

New Servitor Attunements 28

Higher Distinctions 29

New Rites 29

Sample Servitors of Baal:

Mot 30

Belshezar 31

A Sample Tether:

Andersonville Prison Camp 32

KOBAL, DEMON PRINCE OF

DARK HUMOR 33

BY MARK ALLEN

History 33

Personality and Outlook 34

Priorities 35

Organization 37

Politics 38

New Servitor Attunements 39

Sample Servitors of Kobal:

Geheran 41

Maigonigal 41

A Sample Tether: William Henry Harrison

High School 42

MALPHAS, DEMON PRINCE

OF FACTIONS 43

BY GENEVIEVE COGMAN

AND BETH MCCOY

History 43

Personality and Outlook 45

Priorities 46

Politics 48

New Servitor Attunements 49

Higher Distinctions 50

Sample Servitors of Malphas:

Publius 50

Methom 52

A Sample Tether:

Starlight Fields Retreat 52

KHALID, ARCHANGEL OF

THE FAITH 53

BY DEREK PEARCY

AND KENNETH HITE

Dissonance 54

Choir Attunements 55

Servitor Attunements 56

Distinctions 56

Relations 56

Rites 56

Invocation Modifiers 56

Angels and the Qu'ran 56

MAGOG, DEMON PRINCE OF CRUELTY..... 57

BY DAVID EDELSTEIN	
Dissonance	58
Band Attunements	58
Servitor Attunements	60
Distinctions	60
Relations	60
Rites	61
Invocation Modifiers	61

MAP..... 62

THE FINAL TRUMPET.....64

BY ALAIN H. DAWSON

APOCALYPSE RIGHT NOW..... 65

Getting Started	65
<i>Humans in the Campaign</i>	65
Involving the PCs	66
<i>Player Control or Predestination</i>	66
<i>The Seven Signs</i>	67
The Lines of Communication	68
Fugit	68
<i>Malakim</i>	69
Lagopus	70
A Little Help From Our Friends	71
Koriel	71
<i>If You're a Demon, Why Save the World?</i>	72
Saving the World	72

THE SECOND TRUMPET..... 73

Khalid's Camp	73
<i>Playing the Second Trumpet</i>	74
<i>Muzaffar</i>	75
<i>Uzal</i>	78
<i>The House</i>	78
<i>Abmad Khan Qavam</i>	79
Recognizing the Trumpets	81

THE THIRD TRUMPET..... 82

BY ALAIN H. DAWSON

AND MICAH JACKSON

<i>Playing the Third Trumpet</i>	82
Introduction	82
Wari Mlongo	82
Khamsin	83
South Africa	84
<i>Punishment and Reward</i>	84
Finding Wari's Village	84
Nigeria	85
<i>The Stalkers</i>	85
The Sahara	85
<i>A Continent in Flames</i>	86
Egypt	86
New York	86



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THE FOURTH TRUMPET..... 87

U.N. Emergency Session	88
Dr. Hedda Jansen	88
<i>Jormungandr</i>	90
Thor	90
<i>Mjolnir</i>	91
The Battle	91
<i>Hello, Old Friend</i>	92
<i>Playing the Fourth Trumpet</i>	93
Magog	94
Baasha	96
Benhadad	97
The Burden of Proof	99
<i>Finding the Clues</i>	100
The Contract	100

KHALID, DEMON PRINCE OF

FANATICISM..... 101

BY ALAIN H. DAWSON

Dissonance	102
Band Attunements	102
Servitor Attunements	103
Distinctions	103
Relations	103
Basic Rites	103
Invocation Modifiers	103

THE FIFTH TRUMPET..... 104

<i>Limbo</i>	104
Playing the Fifth Trumpet	106

THE VIRTUE AND

THE TEMPTRESS..... 108

The Witnesses to Chaos	108
Maximilian	108
<i>Spotlighting the Clues</i>	109
The Cat	110
<i>The Trouble With Brights</i>	111

THE SIXTH TRUMPET..... 112

<i>Deserters</i>	112
The Wars	113
<i>The Changing of the Year</i>	113
<i>Playing the Sixth Trumpet</i>	114
The Rapture	115
<i>Revenge</i>	116
Ribkiel	116
Antarctica	116
<i>Low-Impact World War</i>	117

THE FINAL TRUMPET..... 118

The Fight	118
The Alternative	121
The Here and Now	122

THE END.....123

The Players Save the World	123
The Effects of the War	125
In a Lighter Campaign	126
In a Darker Campaign	126

INDEX.....127

THE FIRST TRUMPET



4

THE FIRST TRUMPET

FALLOUT

In the center of her mosque, carved inside the only active volcano on the border between Heaven and the ethereal land of dreams, Gabriel sat cross-legged at the edge of a carefully-tiled mosaic. She was enjoying the incredible performance of her Servitors. As part of the usual holiday festivities, her angels breathed flames, they contorted their bodies into impossible shapes, they transformed themselves into beautifully complex and alien metamorphoses, all for her pleasure.

Heaven has its occasions, its celebratory moods. Since their Archangel removed them from Heavenly life, more than a thousand years ago, Gabriel's angels invented their own holidays and noteworthy occasions. The summer solstice, the Earth's longest day, seldom failed to fill their hearts with joy. Gabriel nodded to her angels, clapping with appreciation, and in the resulting silence opened her mouth to speak – but nothing came out. Instead, she tilted her head ever so slightly, as if straining to hear a note being played by an ant on the floor.

Some compulsions can be handled calmly, with grace. Others demand undivided and immediate attention. Gabriel knocked over a brazier by getting up too quickly, setting a scarlet tapestry aflame. Her angels backed away as she ran across the room and up a winding corridor chiseled from volcanic rock.

She hurtled into her private chambers, ripping the fine netting from around the entrance in her uncontrollable haste. With frantic speed, she emptied the contents of every container she possessed into a large pile in the middle of the room until she found what she was looking for. Her angels saw none of this, but when she held God's own Trumpet to her lips and blew until tears streamed down her face, they all knew what happened without seeing a thing.



When the Archangel of Fire opened her eyes, she stared with determination at an entirely different world. Strangely, she didn't feel happy, nor did she feel sad. She just felt certain. *This horn has been blown before*, Gabriel thought, *but this time, this is really it.*

I can feel it. This is really it.

Among all the tomes ever written, all the collections of wisdom and folly from every age, Yves and Dominic had a discussion.

"I should have seen it. I am supposed to see everything, but I let the most corrupt Malakite in existence escape my notice and drag us, with no warning, into the Apocalypse."

Yves shook his head. "Dominic, the only one who is supposed to see everything is God. You aren't omniscient, and no one thinks you should be, except you. While I admire your dedication and sense of responsibility, I worry about your self-recrimination. You aren't responsible for every bad thing that happens to the Host."

"Yes, I am."

"Pride goeth before a Fall. You should know that better than anyone."

Dominic flinched imperceptibly at the word "Fall." "I don't need a lecture, Yves."

"What do you need, then?"

The Archangel of Judgment had no reply.

"I think you need more faith. You rely on your own abilities to rectify every situation, but you forget the source of those abilities, the

source of my abilities . . . in fact, the source of Everything. You ought to talk to Khalid. His Word is not just for those below us in rank, you know. He could help you gain some perspective."

"He cannot even help himself," Dominic said scornfully, "and his perspective does not extend past the Qu'ran. Correction; his perspective *is* the Qu'ran."

"It's no wonder he's in trouble, if his fellow Archangels extend him no more trust and respect than that."

"With due respect to *you*, Yves, I do not believe you are correct about him or about me. If you will excuse me, I have a great deal of work to do."

Yves watched the Seraph retreat through the corridors of the library. "Don't be afraid," he said softly to the other Archangel.

"Don't be afraid," he repeated, to no one in particular.

Khalid stood outside in the desert, watching the sand. He had been there for hours, ignoring the ferocious heat as he quested within himself. If his surroundings were barren, his soul was even more so.

He watched the grains of sand, thinking of the billions of particles, all laid out in a seemingly random pattern. But Allah knew that pattern, as He knew everything else. A small breeze blew, stirring the dust into motion. *He knows this too*, thought Khalid. *He knows it all*. But this repetition did not help to convince Khalid, it only made him feel more desperate. He had never needed to convince himself of Allah's will, or of His might and omnipotence.

Now, no matter how long he stared, the sand just looked random, the world just looked random. He could find no path in his own heart that didn't hit a dead end.

As he stood there, the sun went down and the desert took on its nightly chill. The air in front of him shimmered and resolved itself into the form of a man with a cat in his arms.

"Good evening, Khalid."

"Is it?"

Malphas smiled. "It could be. What are you doing out here?"

"Concentrating. Leave me be."

"Fine," said the Prince airily. "Far be it from me to interrupt you when you're working so hard." The air shimmered again, and the interloper was gone.

Khalid waited for a moment, then assumed a position of prayer, lying prone on the ground.

"Help me," he begged Allah. "Please help me."

Michael looked across the room at Heaven's General, and didn't like what he saw. It had always been his opinion that Malakim relied on their reputation too much. They believed their own legend. Now when Laurence

was facing the height of his responsibilities, he was scared. Not scared of what might happen to him, but of what he might do to others.

"I'm not sure if we should deploy any Malakim along this line. It's too important to entrust to them alone."

"They're the best fighters you have, and not one of them has ever had a note of dissonance. This second-guessing has got to stop, Laurence. Do what you know is right."

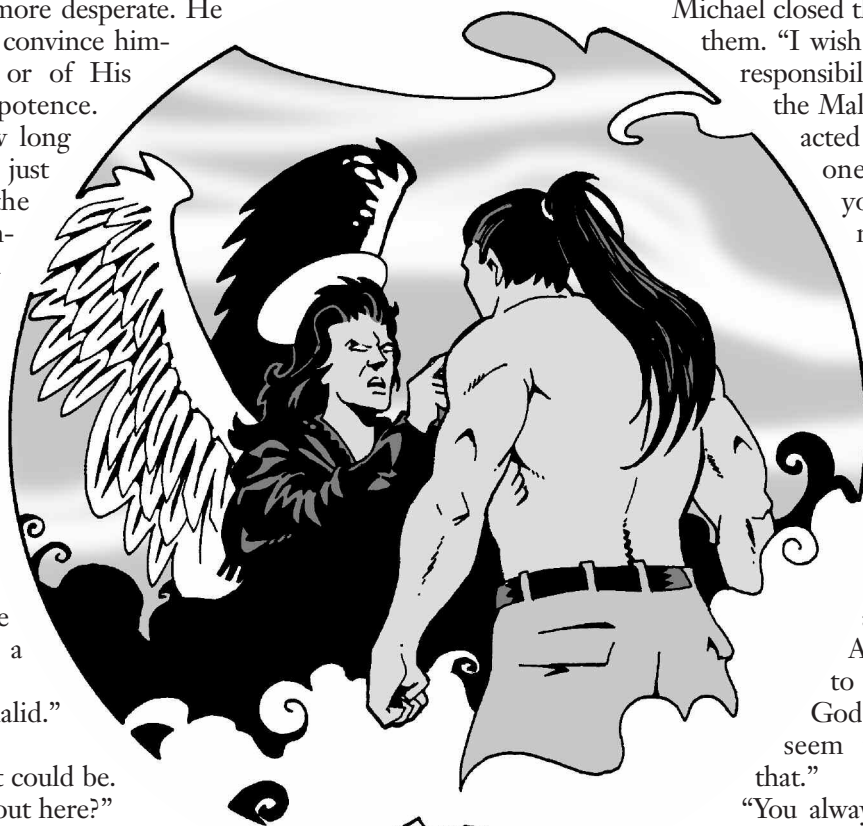
The young Archangel looked at the veteran with frustration. "This is too important to be arbitrary. I have to find the best solution. Since this is my duty and not yours, perhaps *your* second-guessing should stop. I appreciate your advice, but *I* must take responsibility for what happens to our forces on the battlefield."

Michael closed the distance between them. "I wish you *would* take the responsibility. But ever since the Malakite Fell, you have acted like you wish someone else would take your place. Well, nobody will. We need you to do your duty right now, even if your whole Choir sinks into the Pit tomorrow. If they do, you will face them on the battlefield and you will kill them, just like you would kill any pack of demons. And you *will* lead us to victory, because God is on your side. You seem to have forgotten that."

"You always have the answer, don't you? I know God is on our side – the same way I knew Malakim couldn't Fall. I took it on faith. Look where that has gotten us. Do you wonder that I don't trust myself?"

"You don't need to trust yourself, Laurence," said Michael. "Trust God."

Baal stood in his office, watching the carnage on the floor of Gehenna. He often viewed his Servitors at their training; the sight was both soothing and stimulating. Now their combat meant more to him than ever. Since he heard the note of the First Trumpet, such great excite-





ment filled him that he could hardly sit still. That ringing note enticed him like a siren song. Oh, to be able to take up arms and wade into battle, fighting to the glorious end, crushing the hated enemy into the bloody ground! He quivered at the thought. Baal had been holding himself back for so long, adhering to the dictates of his master and the Game, that he had almost forgotten the feeling of his full power unleashed. He wanted freedom, the freedom to fight without holding anything back, not caring about the Symphony or humanity, but only his opponent.

He paced back and forth for a moment, controlling his enthusiasm, masking his feelings. It had never been so difficult. Finally, he sat down and waved his hand at the gigantic window that overlooked his empire.

The glass became opaque, then resolved into an image of Belial. The Prince of Fire looked as excited as Baal felt, and made no attempt to hide it.

"We're gonna burn it all! The Trumpet has blown, and the world is my barbecue!"

"A Trumpet has blown," Baal pointed out. "The Trumpet is still in question. Don't get carried away too soon, or the Host might snatch this away from us while you're busy setting brushfires."

"Lighten up. We're gonna win this one. I can feel it. The Malakim were lying to us all along, and Uriel is out of the picture. If he didn't show up for the Trumpet, he's never coming."

Baal allowed himself a smile. "It must be nice to have such a simple perspective on the universe, but it's a luxury I can't afford. Still, I foresee plenty of use for your scorched-earth tactics in the months to come."

"Scorched Earth! That's a good one. You should run that one past Kobal. Gotta go."

The glass went clear again, revealing the Servitors of the War as they shrieked with bloodlust. Baal got up and started pacing again. Down deep, he felt the same as Belial, but he couldn't run on instinct yet. It was too early. Still, the other Prince's simplistic pep talk had affected him.

"This *is* it," said Baal to himself. "Belial's right."

Just then, his window started to flicker. He sat down, composing his face into an expression of quiet strength.

Kobal appeared, his face taking up most of the enormous screen.

"Yes?" asked Baal, with a raised eyebrow.

"Belial tells me you just made a joke about the War," Kobal responded, grinning like a maniac.

"I suppose I did."

"Well, I am making a joke *of* the War." The Prince of Dark Humor tilted his head back and roared with laughter.

Baal lashed out toward the glass with his hand, and it shattered before he even made contact. He grabbed his sword from its mount on the wall and hewed through his steel table in one stroke. A Servitor came in to check on the disturbance and Baal blasted him back out with a lightning bolt.

He paced again, sword in hand. The energy was back, but now it was nervous energy, not excitement. Something about Kobal's strange joke had changed his confidence into uncertainty, and he could feel his enthusiasm slipping away.

"This had better be it," he growled through clenched teeth. "This had *better* be it!"



THE STORY SO FAR



"You think wars get started because some old duke gets shot, or someone cuts off someone's ear, or someone's sited their missiles in the wrong place. It's not like that. That's just, well, just reasons, which haven't got anything to do with it. What really causes wars is two sides that can't stand the sight of one another and the pressure builds up and up and then anything will cause it. Anything at all."

– Crowley, *Good Omens*, Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett

This adventure, *The Final Trumpet*, is the culmination of the *Revelations Cycle* of *In Nomine* releases and builds on themes and concepts revealed in those earlier works. For those who may not be familiar with, or wish to play, all four adventures, here's a brief summary of each one, the major (or minor) developments foreshadowing or influencing *The Final Trumpet*, and some notes for "skipping ahead" from previous volumes to the beginning of this one.

In *Night Music*, the nature of the celestial stalemate is laid out. Even in Austin, Texas, where demons and angels almost see eye-to-eye, the tensions and frustrations of a low-key War can get out of hand. Each of two Seneschals plots the violent destruction of the other's Tether, the Angel of Teenage Suicide teeters on the edge of Falling, and the Demon of Amps conspires with the Angel of Catchy Tunes to help create the newest Demon Prince in Hell – Furfur, Demon Prince of Hardcore (*Night Music*, p. 125). This is only the latest of Lucifer's little jokes, chiseling away at the infernal power structure to keep everyone at each other's throats and off of his. Giving Fleurity, Demon of Drugs a Princedom (*Night Music*, p. 26) was perhaps another such maneuver.

To get from the adventure *The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll* to *The Final Trumpet*, the PCs should be encouraged to follow up on James Maloy's story of African genocide (*Night Music*, p. 103). Angelic PCs tracing Maloy's path will run across the machinations of Baal in

West Africa. Hopefully, they try to stop him: if they work for a militant Superior (see p. 67-68), they might be surprised at the sudden lack of support from the home office. Demonic characters in service to a pro-Stalemate Prince notice the same odd sensation if they try to help Baal's cause in Africa. Any Superior (except Baal) might urge the PCs to dig deeper, and to find out what Baal is doing and who put him up to it, if anyone. GMs can begin the adventure with the Third Trumpet (p. 82) at that point, or have evidence lead from Baal to Khalid in some spurious fashion if starting with the Second Trumpet (p. 73) seems better.

An alternate route from *The Demon Prince of Rock and Roll* to *The Final Trumpet* leads through the events in Los Angeles: both Tomas, Angel of Catchy Tunes (*Night Music*, p. 82) and Lauren, Demon of Strippers (*Night Music*, p. 86) show up in L.A. after Maximilian's rampage. Friends of theirs (demonic or angelic) might tag along and get swept up in the chaos there, and chase the rumors of Maximilian's Fall from Watts to Tehran.

The Marches, fittingly, serves as a dreamlike interlude in the *Revelations Cycle*. Filling in details about the ethereal realms and the Marches of dream, it reveals much while telling little. The adventure, *Blood and Circuses*, centers on two brothers now working on opposite sides of the War. Arthur Dawson's Superlative Entertainment, a spit-shined family fun fair, serves Valefor by stealing and desiccating the dreams of America; Harold Dawson's

Oddities of Nature, a down-at-the-heels freak show, serves Eli by bringing new vision and hope into desperate lives.

Moving from *Blood and Circuses* to *The Final Trumpet* is as simple, and as complex, as following one human's dreams into a search for Faith (and its dangerously unsta-



ble Archangel) or following one human's despair into desolation and utter faithlessness. Any human NPC can become the subject of *Blood and Circuses*, and all humans will be affected by Khalid's search for faith and Malphas' conspiracy to undermine it. These connections are subtle and symbolic, however, like dreams themselves.

More directly, PCs familiar with the Norse gods (*The Marches*, p. 96) will hear the Aesir buzzing excitedly



about the rumored Fall of a hated Malakite. Odin, especially, makes an excellent source of cryptic, runic prophecy ("Word of a Virtue's Fall may be discovered where may Fall a Word of virtue," for example) advising those interested (i.e., the PCs) to seek out Khalid, the key figure in the world's end. As a key figure in Uriel's Purity Crusade, Khalid is not beloved in the pagan Marches, either. GMs might even be able to jump a campaign directly from adventures in the Norse Marches to the Fourth Trumpet and the rise of Jormungandr (p. 87), should they not mind skipping two whole Trumpets.



Heaven and Hell returns us to more sharply-defined, if not always more earthly, matters. Mammon, Demon Prince of Greed (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 45) stands revealed here, as does Zadkiel, Archangel of Protection (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 42) and a variegated Cook's Tour of celestial landmarks, politics and personalities. The adventure, *No Dinero*, tells of a cosmic trickster gulling angels and demons into conflict over the future of a human community. (Fans of foreshadowing, take note.) It also introduces Thor, now an addled, homeless vagrant bereft of his mighty hammer, his powers and his memories. From *No Dinero* to *The Final Trumpet*, characters can follow up Angela Nkrumah's concern about African genocide and the shadowy powers behind it (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 122) or the GM can drop a hint from Loki's mouth about "the best trick of all on the other shore" and leave the PCs wondering until news from L.A. reaches them.

Obliquely, adventuring in Heaven or Hell can turn up any number of leads directly into *The Final Trumpet*. Hints of coming war can emerge in either realm:

Michael's training regimen begins to focus on celestial combat again as Baal makes his own preparations on Earth. Amidst the descriptions of Heavenly landmarks comes Khalid's Mosque (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 68), an excellent place to begin investigating Khalid's estrangement. The GM wishing to drop a very large clue in front of the players can arrange for the PCs to be the sole witness of "something or somebody odd" around Maximilian's Heart when it shatters. They needn't know that it was Mira Klein, but it should give them a reason to keep pursuing the matter when all Hell starts literally breaking loose. Demonic PCs, of course, might be fervent devotees of "Maximilian's Torture-Comedy Hour" at the Shal-Mari Hellplaza Cineplex Sprawl (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 99). When the footage stops, demons too curious for their own good (player characters, in other words) might wonder why such a high-rated series got axed.

Book Four of the *Revelations Cycle*, *Fall of the Malakim*, sets up the events of *The Final Trumpet* in some detail. All the PCs really need to know is that Maximilian, a Malakite in service to David in Los Angeles, went berserk and slaughtered every celestial in the city before being blown to flinders by a celestial hit squad. By emptying L.A. of the Children of God, Maximilian has triggered the First Trumpet of the Apocalypse. The rumor is that the Malakite has fallen, an impossibility which leaves all Heaven trembling in unaccustomed fear and doubt just as Armageddon draws nigh. "The Virtue and The Temptress" (p. 107) in *The Final*





Kobal kidnapped Maximilian while a Construct (a magical duplicate of Maximilian) built by Pendrake Carmichael, EloHITE of Creation, and powered by a battery of Essence created by Hopscotch, ran amok in the streets of Los Angeles in Maximilian's place. Hopscotch, naturally, had to go: he was killed by Scamper and Scurvy, two demons of Dark Humor, for knowing too much. Scamper and Scurvy had previously used the Essence battery to slaughter every other celestial they could reach, setting the stage for the First Trumpet. As an important part of this plan, Scurvy sent copies of the tape to agents of both Heaven and Hell, ensuring the proper paranoid reception. As Kobal's final punchline, he gobbled up Scamper and put Scurvy's remnant into the Construct to die ignominiously under the swords of avenging angels – or demons, it didn't matter which.

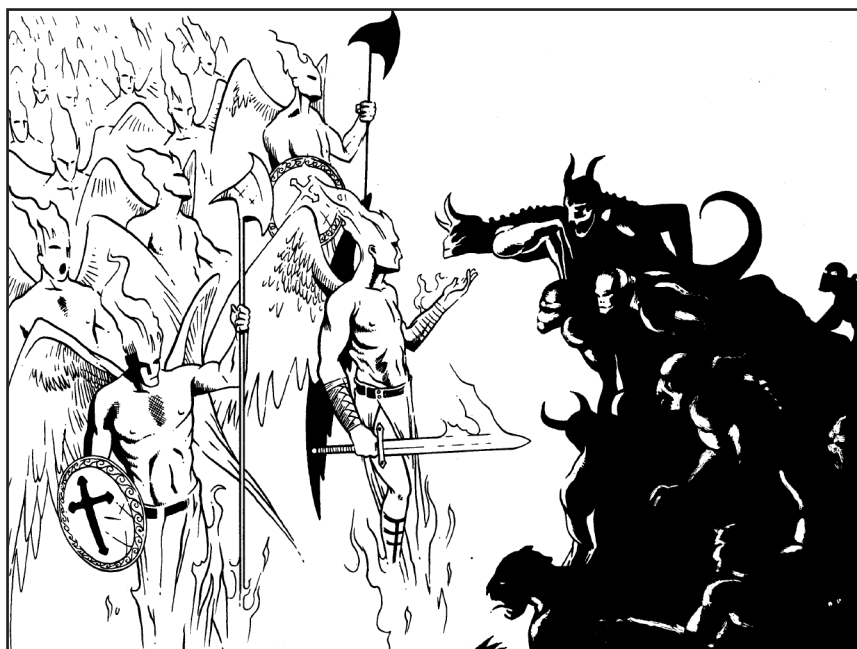


Malphas, meanwhile, killed his hapless tool Mira Klein, tossed her vessel into the La Brea Tar Pits, and bound her one remaining Force into a cat. Cat in hand, he sets off for Khalid's camp and the beginning of the end of the world.

Trumpet holds answers to any investigation of this incident for GMs and PCs alike.

What actually happened, as set forth in *Fall of the Malakim*, is as follows:

Archangel David had ordered the Malakite Maximilian to remain in Los Angeles and suffer evil to live, taking on endless discord as punishment for foolishly loving a Fallen. Mira Klein, a Bright Lilim in service to Dreams, paid her final geas to Malphas by using an artifact to shatter Maximilian's Heart. Maximilian felt this celestial blow while in bed with Natalie, Lilim of Factions – loving evil again. As a demonic tech named Hopscotch videotaped the scene, Maximilian went berserk from surprise and guilt, shrieking that he had Fallen. In fact, he had been tripped up by Malphas and Kobal, who were plotting to demoralize Heaven and end the War into the bargain.



SUPERIORS



12

SUPERIORS

MICHAEL

ARCHANGEL OF WAR

"Qui desiderat pacem, praeparet bellum. (Let him who desires peace, prepare for war.)"

— Vegetius, *De Re Militarium*

Michael is the first-formed of the angels, the oldest of beings after Yves: the oldest and the one who has seen the most. From the beginning he engaged in competition with the other angels, for while all served as they were ordered by God, his was the essence of competition and challenge. From when the Fall split the universe asunder, to the present instant, he has maintained the principle of War.

HISTORY

When the universe was formed, Michael was there, helping Lucifer, Baal, Eli, David, Gabriel and Uriel mold it to God's liking, stirring up the matter of creation with Baal's aid. He carried himself in the knowledge that he was the first of the angels, with a pride born of strength and courage, and with no desire to offend and no realization that others might take it amiss. Lucifer and Baal were trusted brothers to him, even if they might be inferior in strength or skill. Michael was secure in his knowledge of God and of the Truth: Lucifer did not even try approaching him, as he approached so many others before the rebellion.

Michael did not foresee the Fall: it came as a shock to him that others could turn away from God's Truth, and be so blatantly *wrong*. (Michael has never once considered that he himself could possibly have been on the wrong side. He knows the Truth.) He rose to the challenge with all the considerable strength that was in him, and at the crucial moment of the Fall he personally bested Lucifer, his own brother-Seraph, and flung him down into the darkness. It was a hand-to-hand fight, angel to angel, and it was in that deed that Michael became Archangel of War: the Champion, solitary fighter, Guardian (as he sees it) of Heaven. And a Warrior who would not be taken by surprise again.

The demons encamped themselves at the other end of the universe, and Michael and his Servitors went out to fight the forces of Hell. Sympathetic to man and the human condition, he strengthened humanity as best he might, both by action and inspiration. In popular culture, he became the foundation of the epic of the heroic fig-



ure: Gilgamesh, Theseus, Horatius, Arthur, all champions who protected their lands and people, faced down darkness and won.

Note well: they won. Honor is well and good, but winning is more important. Besides, when one fights for the Truth, for God and the forces of righteousness, as Michael and his Servitors do, the ends can be said to justify the means. Whether by force of arms or sleight of wits, Michael's servants and Michael himself must win or fall upon the field of battle.

Millennia ago, in the middle of Michael's career, he found himself being called to account by Judgment and placed on trial by Dominic on charges of vainglory and pride, encouraging heathenish cults and traditions among the mortals, and fighting not for Heaven's glory

but for his own. Michael claimed in reply that first, he had reason for pride, having fought for his victories, second, that pride and glory inspired fighters both mortal and angelic, and third, that it was none of Dominic's concern and that Dominic had no right to persecute him for this.

Dominic found Michael guilty, but God pardoned Michael for his ceaseless efforts in the cause of Heaven. Michael, disgusted by what he saw as a power play among the Archangels and tired of the restraints placed upon him as Commander of the Hosts in the Cold War between Heaven and Hell, freely stepped down from that role and let his brother Uriel (who Michael saw as better suited for it) take command. However, Michael viewed Uriel's Purity Crusade as a waste. Such purpose-

ful energy should not have been expended on beings that were no direct threat to Heaven: on the contrary, Uriel created enemies where there were none before, and gave allies to Beleth. Perhaps honorable, perhaps nothing more than a gambit attempting to unify the Archangels, but distinctly foolish. On the whole, it was a better thing for the War that Uriel was removed. Laurence at least realized that the true danger came from Below, and did not waste his time on dreams.

Michael himself returned to the more serious business of War. He continued to foster the cult of the Hero and Champion, looking with favor upon young warriors such as Laurence who carried their blades in the service of Heaven, and on strong humans who served the cause of Heaven and fought the servants of darkness.

At the foundation of Islam, Michael saw yet another clearly unjust persecution: that of Gabriel. His views on the matter were grounded upon his dislike of Dominic – the “hyena of Heaven” – but he also discerned the military danger of driving away one of the most powerful and violent Archangels, and he grieved for one of his oldest comrades. He and Yves made common cause, for once, in defense of Gabriel, although it was too late to prevent her self-chosen exile.

As the War progressed, Michael continued to soldier on, pioneering such practical techniques as the use of military intelligence, planted agents (as in the case of his Saints (*Night Music*, p. 46), strategic division of the enemy, collecting neutral allies and hostage negotiation. His modus operandi, after all, is the one that wins. Although his manner of





combat has from time to time differed from that of Laurence, the official Commander of the Hosts of Heaven, he has not allowed this to cramp his style.

With the upsurge of the media in the 20th century, Michael overcame his natural Seraphic distrust of fiction in order to promote his Word. The figure of the Champion returned, in the pulp magazines of the Twenties and Thirties and in the superhero comics and films of the Forties and onward. Humans could still be inspired, and set on the right path: they too could be led to fight in the inevitable War.

In recent years, Michael has become most concerned by Gabriel's growing instability. Although they both know that the Apocalypse will come, that they will both stand to meet it, and that Hell's forces shall surely fall, it is beginning to seem possible to him that Gabriel herself may Fall before that day. Should such a thing happen, much as it would grieve him, he would face her in combat – as he believes she would have wished, in the days of her sanity.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Michael divides the universe into three categories: those who are his inferiors (and who should pay attention

to him if they know what's good for them), his equals (even those such as Baal, who are on the other side) and his superior (God, and no others). Technically accepting Laurence's direction in the matter of the War is in no way the same as considering him a superior.

Subordinates can expect a gruff but honest manner, assuming they have been conducting themselves bravely and with good intentions: those who have not can expect a ruthlessly brisk interrogation, and to be "whipped back into shape." Michael protects his own from Dominic, but he expects them to be responsible to him in return, and to be responsible for themselves.

Michael is one of the few Archangels who might be considered free of fear. He faced down Lucifer before, and he *won*. If the forces of Heaven should lose the War (a thing not to be considered) then it won't be on his account, or on the account of his Servitors. Should other Archangels have qualms, then they should get themselves into shape. He'd be glad to help.

Recently, Michael has grown suspicious of Yves, this oldest of beings who apparently knows so much but who says and does so little. While it may be the case that Yves is closer to God than any other being, still he sits by and refrains from advocating direct action in the War, claim-



ing to protect the Destiny of the Symphony. Perhaps, Michael sometimes thinks, Yves actually engineered the path that led Gabriel into exile. It would not be beyond Yves' capabilities, and it might even be within his character. Michael does not understand him, and is losing his old trust in him.

PRIORITIES

Michael's Word

War encompasses Struggle, Strife, Battle. All of life is a struggle against other beings, as competition is the only way to validate yourself – to establish your truth. Important to a Seraph, truth: with every battle, Michael proves his Truth again upon the body of his opponent. He fights to prove it, and the proof is in the fighting. His Word extends to Earth, where he encourages humans into the strife which causes growth and excellence, the War where one becomes stronger and more courageous.

By this reasoning, he must contest with the other Archangels on matters of disagreement. It is his Word, and he lives it. If their Truth were better, then they would win. If he wins, then clearly his Word is truer, is stronger, and is proven. If they *do* win, then their position and viewpoint evidently held some merit which he had not previously realized. The only being with whom he will not strive, with whom there can be no battle, is God. Michael obeys.

This does not necessarily lead to a comfortable personality. Michael is a constant challenger of others, prickly, takes insult easily, and is extremely proud of his deeds and Word. While he may be protective of his Servitors, it will be a "tough love" and an expectation that they will do their best.

Michael's Word also encompasses the peace that comes after war, and the negotiation of the treaties which are established after the fighting is done. What has been fought for is now safe in the hands of the victor, and matters may be arranged in honor and justice after one side is definitely victor and the other vanquished. He shares

aspects of this with Marc, and often the two of them find themselves closely allied in this arena.

Another facet of Michael's Word is War as the Deposer of Tyrants, a force for natural justice and the judgment of the people. While in the past he worked together with Dominic to promote this aspect, since Michael's trial the two have grown apart. Baal has taken advantage of this to strengthen war as a thing of pure violence, and strengthen War itself without any following justice.

The Groves

Michael's soldiers and Servitors train among the trees of the Groves with all the Soldiers of God, the Servitors of the Wind above and the Servitors of Stone below. The Groves echo with the clash of sword on sword (Michael uses a number of locations on Earth for his more modern training) and the constant sounds of competition and pressure, as his Servitors exemplify the word of War and train for Armageddon, and for the War on Earth.

Laurence is a frequent visitor to the Groves, both to consult Michael and to recruit from the crop of new Saints and angels. David and Janus also spend time there,



or above, or below, but they are frequently busy on Earth. So is Michael himself: he spends more time there aiding his Servitors or otherwise engaged in battle than he does in Heaven.

Michael and Laurence

When Uriel was taken up by God to the Higher Heavens, Laurence was given the post of Commander of the Hosts of Heaven. Many wondered what sort of accord he would reach with Michael, who could count so much more experience and who might well want his old post back.

Those questioners forgot one important fact. God placed Laurence in his current position, and Michael obeys the will of God. (Michael is not, after all, a rebel like Baal.)

Since that day, Laurence has displayed a sensible willingness to listen to Michael's advice in matters of war and Michael has accepted Laurence's position with reasonable grace – and without too many open grumbles about the overly honorable nature of Laurence and his Servitors. Both of them still remember their one duel (for *practice*, both state) and the fact that Michael was clearly the victor. Laurence bears this in mind when taking counsel from Michael, and Michael nurtures patient hopes that at some point Laurence will return to the personal battles to which he is so well fitted, and leave the planning of the War to those with more strategy and less personal honor.

Organization

Michael's organization is military, as one would expect, but also personal: while a junior Servitor would be expected to obey a senior Servitor, there is rarely a direct chain of command such as one would find in Laurence's ranks. Servitors take orders from Michael, pay attention to any senior celestials present, and get the job done. A Servitor who ignored the information or assistance of another celestial, even if they were technically junior, and fouled up because of this would be reprimanded: a Servitor who blindly followed a chain of command into error would also be reprimanded. The important task is winning the War.

Of course, those Servitors who have made a name for themselves and collected distinctions in the field or trophies in battle will gain more support from fellow Servitors of Michael. Those who are proven superior in War are worthy of respect.

Michael will cheerfully (or at least willingly) take into his service any being who may be of assistance: celestials,



Saints, Soldiers, Bright Lilim, and the like. He will also employ Renegades, Outcasts, Ethereals and darker Lilim, though he by no means trusts them. His resources are far-ranging, often hidden, but frequently deadly when he finally activates them. If Dominic knew the full scope of the forces that Michael could activate at short notice, Michael would probably be facing a new set of charges of treason to Heaven.

POLITICS

While Michael no longer has to engage in the level of politics which being Commander of the Hosts of Heaven required, and resents being forced into politics at all, he will take whatever *strategic* actions are required to support his Word and to make sure that the councils of Heaven remain on a professional footing, rather than turning into time-wasting discussions on such matters as Peace and Heresy. Fortunately, he can usually count on the support of the warlike Archangels without long political discussions.

Blandine: So many humans dream of a warrior or champion to protect them. This is Michael's role, and I must admit he serves it well, though he often acts in a more brutal manner than I find appropriate.

David: One of my oldest comrades-in-arms. He believes that he can fight alone, perhaps even defeat the whole of Hell alone, but this doesn't alter his capabilities. Still, he knows what he's doing in battle, and he understands that this is a War we have to win by any means necessary. My Servitors aid his.

Dominic: The fact that he dislikes me is irrelevant. His trial is past and done, by God's command: he has his part to play and his Word to support, as do I. I find no particular fault with his Servitors, and shall save my time for clearer dangers. If his personal passions cloud his judgment, that is his error and not mine.

Eli: Well, hey, you have to admire his enthusiasm, you know? Thing is, he doesn't stop to think about what happens after the fight's over. Everyone else has to pick up the pieces. He's got style, though. An individualist. Gotta love that.

Gabriel: He is one of the few who knows the battle which we fight in. His passion is a fire that will hold him steady through his battles. His Servitors can be cruel, and feel my wrath for it, yet they have an ardor that few can match. Courage is their flame, a constant one.

Janus: He appreciates that we need to be moving on all fronts. He's more effective than Laurence, and we need speed and range in our fight. We should have him out

there and on the front lines. He understands that we need action!

Jean: I'd appreciate his work more if he didn't keep trying to interfere in mine. My Word is little concerned with his, but he seems to consider my Servitors as automatic auxiliaries. We have more important things to be doing than attempting to dismember every adversary in sight bare-handed. Laurence at least lets me work in peace.

Jordi: We have had our differences; his armies have laid waste the land and left no place for my animals behind. Purposeful war is a folly of humans and ants: most of my animals are wiser. Still, he works for the greater victories, and as long as he does not engage in petty politics, I will not oppose him.

Laurence: I am humbled by his skill and strength. It sometimes worries me that I and not he hold the title of Commander of the Armies of God, until I see the damage that can be done by the lack of overall coordination, and realize again that we need a commander and not simply a champion. He views me as a youth still, and I always welcome his advice. Perhaps some day I will earn his full confidence.

Marc: He's not the sort of person I'd care to have as a negotiator. He's too fond of the idea of Armageddon, and



not open enough to the idea of compromise. Our team needs to be pulling together, and we can't function when half of it is engaging in dominance struggles or at each other's throats. The thing is, he's a peacemaker too, and a good one. I just wish he didn't think war always has to come first.

Novalis: Sometimes I think the parts of him that could actually relax, or imagine a world at peace . . . well, they're all burned out. He's been fighting too long, been War so much that he's lost the chance to be anything else. I feel sorry for him. He's wonderful at what he does, but when you look in his eyes you can see that he's gone past expressing himself in anything but force, however much he cares. He needs to let go, and I'm not sure that he can any more.

Yves: War is a harsh Word to bear. He has gathered the years of his Word around him as a shield to protect himself from all other things. Time can refine the vision, or distort it: it will become clear, regardless.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

One to One

A Servitor using this Attunement and assaulting a single opponent continually and in melee combat will gain +1 Power to his attacks every round, cumulatively, until he reaches the total of his Corporeal Forces in bonus: this functions only as long as he battles the same person, hand-to-hand, without ceasing for even a single round.

Blood Oath

A Servitor may take a number of these equal to his Ethereal Forces. Each must be against a named enemy whom he has confronted in conflict. Should he encounter the enemy again in battle, he will gain a bonus of +2 to the check digit in all attacks against that enemy: but if he attempts to attack anybody else while that enemy is present, he takes a penalty of -2 to the check digit due to distraction. The Oath is taken while shedding blood, and may only be dissolved by the death of the enemy; either the death of his current Vessel or his permanent death in celestial form. If two such sworn enemies are present at the same combat, the Servitor does *not* take a penalty for ignoring one to attack the other.

Sure-Footed

Balanced and ever-ready, the Servitors granted this attunement do not lose their footing or balance under any circumstances; should they be physically thrown



from their position, they will land cat-footed, and if the fall is too great to permit this, they will land in a way which will minimize damage and permit a fast recovery. (Subtract the character's Corporeal Forces from any damage taken in the fall.)

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Michael's higher distinctions, beyond Master of Valor, are granted to those who have performed great deeds in the name of Heaven, or have been constant in their service and prowess (grizzled NCO types are as likely to turn up as daring warriors). Almost all bear a Word of some sort. While there is no strict hierarchy – their distinctions commemorate the incident where they were earned – those inferior in rank would be expected to give due courtesy and assistance, should it be required. They bear the general titles such as *Hero* or *Champion*, and more specifically, *Champion of the Pass of Vellon* or *Hero and Slayer of the Worm of Saminga*.

Stories of each others' exploits are common coin among Michael's Servitors, and it is said that Doxas, the Angel of Glory, can recount any tale of their deeds (and often does). A holder of a higher distinction would not tend to use it among Servitors of other Archangels, but would expect another Servitor of Michael – unless entirely cut off from general society – to recognize his name and recollect his distinction without needing to be reminded.

As Michael's Servitors rise in experience and power, they are expected to give time and energy to training others, even as Michael himself is seen at times encouraging the souls and angels in the Groves. Junior Servitors are often assigned to some local, senior Servitor as pupils, if not as servants per se: older player characters are very likely to find that Michael expects them to keep an eye on younger Servitors of War in the vicinity, and to make sure that they don't get into too much trouble while practicing the art of War.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF MICHAEL

VEVALIAH

Angel of Supply Lines *Ofanite Master of War*

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 5 Agility 11
Ethereal Forces – 6 Intelligence 12 Precision 12
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Vessel: Human/3

Role: Motorcycle Courier/2, Status/2

Songs: Form (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/2), Healing (Corporeal/4), Motion (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/6, Celestial/6), Projection (Corporeal/2), Shields (Corporeal/3, Celestial/2), Tongues (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/2, Celestial/2)

Skills: Climbing/3, Computer Operation/2, Dodge/5, Driving/5, Electronics/2, Escape/4, Fast-Talk/2, Fighting/3, Knowledge/5 (Geography), Lockpicking/2, Move Silently/3, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Running/3, Small Weapon/2 (Knife), Survival/4, Tactics/2

Artifacts: Stunt Cycle (Driving/6), Rucksack (Reliquary/5)

Attunements: Seraph of Michael, Ofanite of Michael, Malakite of Michael, Proficiency (Revolver), Howl, Master of Valor

Special Rites: Set up a supply line between two people or places (1 essence, 2 if the “ends of the connection” are groups of over 500 people).



“Amateurs worry about tactics: professionals worry about logistics.”

Valiah is an Ofanite with a long and distinguished history of keeping the supply lines running. A very busy celestial, he's always doing an urgent run to somewhere. Seriously overworked and understaffed – there is, after all, a War going on – he tends not to appreciate calls on his time.

His Role is that of a motorcycle courier, and he is liable to show up at any time, with an urgent package that has to get through *right now*. He is currently based in Chicago, but has been seen in places ranging from Brazil to Bosnia. He is a hands-on manager, with a tendency to

try to spearhead the formation of any supply line himself, leaving the maintenance to his subordinates.

Vevaliah doesn't worry about promoting his Word much, feeling that the modern world is doing it just fine for him. New companies that provide express deliveries, mail-order businesses and regular shipping firms are all highly favored by him – anything that opens supply routes and keeps them running.

Vevaliah does have a special ability granted to him by his Word. If he is at a particular location, with the intention of forming a supply line to another location, at the cost of 5 Essence he can mark on a map the most efficient *current* route between the two locations, as an Ofanite would travel it. This route may be affected by later factors, such as weather, environment, or enemy assault, and become less efficient, depending on circumstances.

He often requests assistance from convenient celestials when passing through a town, if the odds against him are unreasonable. Such aid is usually given, as he has a good reputation for repaying favors by carrying a parcel or message himself – and getting there on time.

He is acquainted with Fugit, the Angel of Messages (p. 68), as their paths intersect from time to time. He has been known to say of her, “Good communications are vital: she does an excellent job. Pity that she doesn’t

establish the route so that other people can follow it, though. We don’t tend to run into each other often; we’re too busy with our jobs.”

*Vevaliah is a powerful Word-bound angel: he can turn up almost anywhere at any time, often with a group of demons on his tail who he will attempt to lose at the nearest convenient point while setting up his latest supply line. (He just doesn’t have the **time** to spend in a satisfying brawl.) This nearest convenient point may well be the player characters’ stomping ground.*



MAHER-SHALAL-HASH-BAZ

Malakite of War

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 8 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 7 Perception 5

Vessel: Human (Male)/2

Role: Teacher/2, Status/2 (Matthew Shell)

Skills: Dodge/2, Driving/1, Fighting/2, Knowledge/2 (Rules of Sport), Large Weapon/1 (Spear), Medicine/2, Ranged Weapon/2 (Spear), Small Weapon/2 (Knife), Throwing/1, Tracking/1

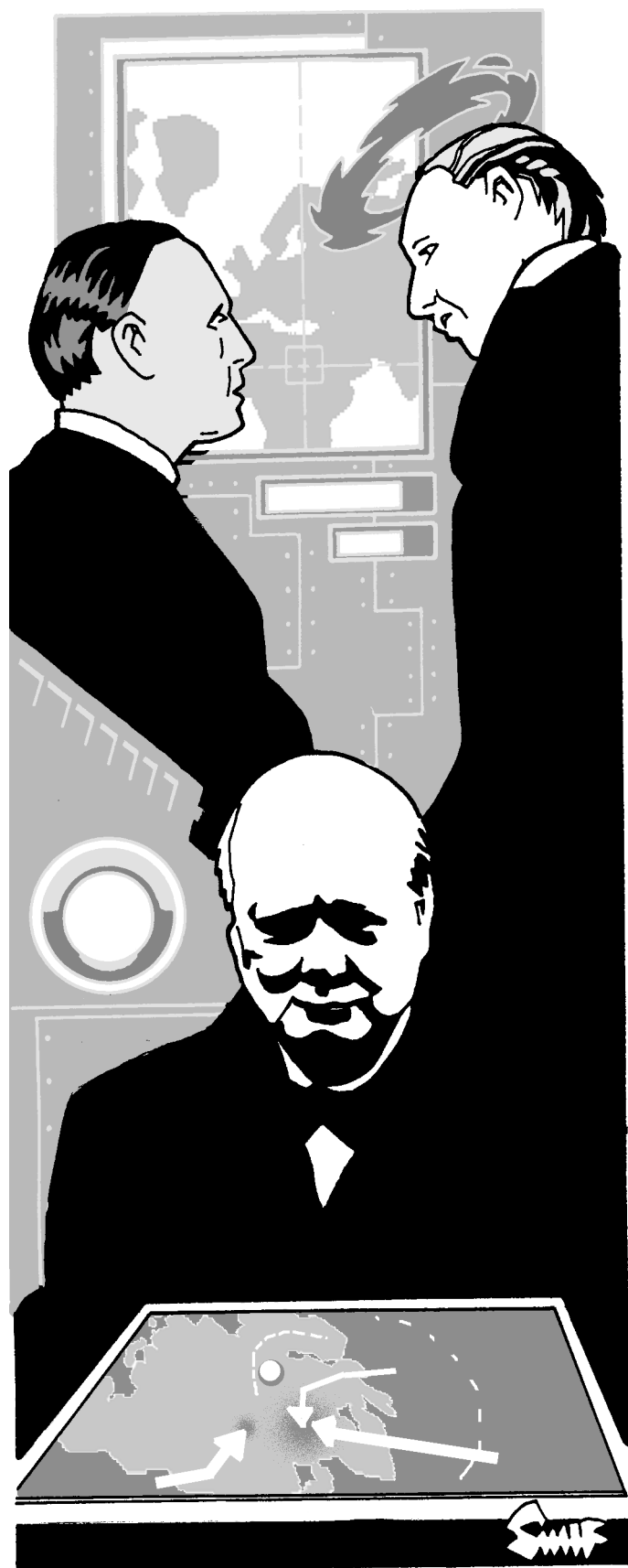
Songs: Thunder/2

Attunements: Malakite of Michael, Proficiency (Spear)

Malakite Oaths: (i) Never suffer an evil to live when it is his choice. (ii) Never surrender in a fight, or allow himself to be captured by the armies of Lucifer. (iii) Never leave a comrade behind in danger. (iv) Always offer a fair fight to an honorable opponent.

Mahe-shalal-hash-baz (or, as he prefers, Maher) is just out of Heaven, and determined to make a *difference* in the War. The fact that he has a relatively minor role as a sports teacher to a large military school has not, as





A SAMPLE TETHER: THE CABINET WAR ROOMS

The Cabinet War Rooms, in the Imperial War Museum in London, are a comparatively recent Tether, formed during World War II. These nineteen bunker-rooms were the crucial point of the war operations for Churchill and the British General Staff during that period: sealed up afterward, they have been re-opened to the public in the last few years. They lie beneath the Imperial War Museum in the heart of London, preserved in the state in which Churchill left them.

The Seneschal is Word-Bound to the place: Richard, a Cherub of War who has taken a Role as one of the guides. His servants (and some occasional Soldiers) work as custodians throughout the Rooms and the whole War Museum. Richard is fond of showing children around the Rooms, and inspiring them with stories of past and present wars. He is a young and enthusiastic Servitor of Michael, only recently Word-bound, and eager to show results. This has resulted in him giving more assistance to other celestials in their missions than the Tether can perhaps afford as yet.

This Tether has no particular properties, and is still of low power and standing. However, its position in the heart of London has made it a useful staging post and escape route for a number of angels, and it may grow in importance if this role holds.

yet, dampened his enthusiasm. He is determined to educate his young charges in the ways of honor, fair play, and throwing the javelin (his favorite athletic event).

His problem, unfortunately, is that his sense of fair play and open dealings remains somewhat over-developed for the typical Servitor of Michael. He fights quite effectively for his age, but has yet to pick up more than scraps of strategy, dirty tricks, or practical combat sense. Michael is hoping that the corporeal realm will knock off some of Maher's edges, and the sooner the better.

No demons have yet run into Maher (much to his disappointment) and he is likely to try and take them out personally when they do, or if they come anywhere near his charges. He has little to no experience in handling legal problems or societal issues, and is extremely vulnerable to attacks on that front.

Maher is a balanced starting-level character, suitable for use as an adversary, an angelic ally, or a player character.

BAAL

DEMON PRINCE OF THE WAR

"You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war into our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out."

— General William Tecumseh Sherman

HISTORY

Baal is the oldest Demon Prince, with the exception of Lucifer himself. He was one of the first angels, created after Michael and Lucifer, and he helped in turn with the creation of the universe. For eons, Baal served God nobly as the Archangel of Valor, side by side with Michael. But Baal was flawed from the beginning, for he was proud, even prouder than Michael, and over the millennia, his pride exceeded even his love of God. Outwardly, he served God with humility, but inwardly, he exulted in being one of the greatest of all God's creations. Was he not one of the first to hear the words of the Lord? Did he not help settle the seething mass of creation and shape it into its present form? Did he not deserve the respect and adoration of lesser beings?

And too, there was a seed of jealousy planted, back there in the beginning, for while Baal and Michael were friends, Baal knew he would never *quite* be due the same respect accorded to Michael. For all eternity, he would be known as "The greatest of all Archangels . . . except for Michael." (Lucifer, who was also senior to Baal, had a way of assuaging Baal's ego. They both knew Lucifer was the elder, and yet the Lightbringer was so pleasant, so ingratiating, Baal could never feel threatened by him . . . not like proud Michael, who wore his nobility like a mantle of God's favor.)

The final blow to Baal's ego came when God became infatuated with humanity, granting them special status and placing them off-limits to celestial interference. Suddenly even the angels were of secondary importance, as God devoted all His attention, all His affection, to these newly-evolved, hairless apes, who only a short time ago had been rodents sucking on dinosaur eggs.

When Lucifer proposed his famous experiment, Baal seethed. To this day, it is a matter of speculation whether Baal decided to interfere all by himself, or whether he



and Lucifer collaborated to tamper with the experiment. Neither of them is talking. But it is known that Ophis, the angel who infiltrated the Garden of Eden and spoiled the test, was one of Baal's servants, and almost certainly acted on Baal's orders.

When the Rebellion began, Baal had no intention of seceding from Heaven. He believed God had forgotten His most loyal servants. He wanted to make God see His mistake, and restore the angels to their rightful position of supremacy. Baal was the rebels' greatest champion, but even as he was slaughtering other angels, he was hoping to be recognized by God for his valor, and for his *rightness*. In his heart of hearts, he wanted to prove himself greater than Michael, more deserving of acclaim. But he was balked by David, who stood fast against the rebel Archangel, and Baal was never able to square off against his old friend, now his greatest enemy. Michael finally drove Lucifer out of Heaven, and Baal retreated after him, with the rest of the rebels.

In Hell, Lucifer set up his new domain, and plotted. He knew that Hell needed an army, and there was no question about who should lead it. So he gave Baal free rein. According to Lucifer, Baal is the ultimate commander-in-chief of the infernal Hordes; he is free to devise and execute whatever military strategies he sees fit in the War against the Host, with Lucifer acting only as an advisor, and only then when Baal asks for his advice. Many believe that Lucifer actually exerts a little more



influence behind closed doors over his general, but to all outward appearances, Baal is his own leader. No one exercises veto power over him, as long as he is acting within his purview as commander-in-chief. His job is to prepare Hell for the final battle that they all know is coming – though several Princes would prefer it never come.

Baal has been instrumental in many wars throughout history, but by no means all of them. In fact, he happily boasts about the ones he *didn't* help start – the Punic Wars (which eventually destroyed his beloved Carthaginians), the Hundred Years War, the Manchu-Chinese War, the Korean War . . . as Baal points out, he doesn't *need* to start wars. (Malphas encouraged a few of them, of course – the two hostile Princes actually owe each other a great deal.) Baal just exacerbates them, to make them bloodier, more destructive, and longer, all to drive humanity closer to the brink, and prepare Heaven and Hell for Armageddon. Every time a major war starts, Baal hopes it will be the prophesied one that heralds the beginning of the end.

Several times in history, Baal's hopes have been raised that the End was near. The millennial fever of the late 900s even swept up some of the Demon Princes in its fervor, and Baal made serious preparations for a final conflict, though there was little evidence that such a battle was in the offing. When the Millennium came and went, things settled back down, and Baal chastised himself for being so easily duped. He knew the "war to end war" wouldn't, but he did have hopes for World War II, especially when humans unleashed the Manhattan Project. His apocalyptic dreams were thwarted again and again during the Cold War; Lucifer made it known that he did



not wish a nuclear war, so Baal had to sit idly by as several opportunities to provoke one came and went. Some Princes worry that Baal is becoming impatient, and may not abide a stalemate much longer.

But no one doubts his fitness to lead – even those who don't like Baal agree that he's the best demon for the job. In the millennia since the Rebellion, Baal has proven himself worthy of leading Hell's armies, over and over again. He hasn't always been victorious – Joshua's defeat of the Canaanites still rankles. But even if occasional battles are lost, the War seems to be proceeding just as the demons would like, with Baal in charge.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

They say that hubris was Lucifer's greatest sin, but Baal is truly the most prideful angel ever to tread in Heaven, and it was pride that led him to join Lucifer's revolt. He always thought very highly of himself, and he simply could not abide the elevation of a lesser being to a station above his own. To this day, he *bates* humanity, and that's why he so enthusiastically promotes war, the better to prove to God what worthless, self-destructive little monkeys they are.

Baal has a sense of style, an elegance one might not expect from Hell's greatest butcher. He remains very conscious of his role as a leader, and tries to inspire respect and confidence – mixed with a healthy amount of fear – in his underlings. He can be very diplomatic when need be; he can even be charming. Underneath the suave exterior, though, Baal has nothing but contempt for his fellow Princes. He still believes himself to be one of God's greatest creations, and the only other beings he truly respects are Lucifer . . . and Michael (see *Rivalry With Michael*, p. 27).

Michael is a warrior, but Baal is a soldier. He doesn't fight for the love of combat, or to show off his prowess. He fights to win. Baal sees the War in terms of territory gained and lost, casualty ratios, and resources to be exploited; no one battle is important except as it affects the progress of the War, and individual warriors mean nothing. He has a personal code of honor, but that doesn't mean he fights fair. The War is a chess game that rewards cheating.

To Baal, the War is really about proving he was *right* all along. He doesn't really care about the fate of humanity; in fact, he doesn't *really* care about the War! What he

wants, on Judgment Day, is to walk on the corpses of his fallen enemies, stand before the throne of God, and be recognized for his superiority. For Baal the Balseraph, his greatest lies are the ones he tells himself.

PRIORITIES

Baal is supreme commander-in-chief of Hell's military resources. In this capacity, he has the authority to call on any other Prince for aid, if it's needed to support the War effort. He doesn't usually ask for help from Princes he doesn't consider useful, and those who are hostile to him may drag their feet or send less than he requisitions, but no one challenges Baal's authority directly. Baal is responsible for balking Heaven's forces wherever they turn up; his primary focus is military, but he recognizes that humanity is the crux of the conflict, and that to win the War on that front, Hell must capture their hearts and minds.



Baal rarely gets tactically involved in a situation; he's too busy to fight the War personally. The exception is when Archangel Michael is involved. Any direct intervention by his old enemy will attract Baal's attention; he will supervise the diabolicals, and may even participate in the fighting. Every such conflict is a contest between Baal and Michael, and if Baal loses, he'll become incensed . . . and probably destroy any of his Servitors who failed to perform to every specification.

Baal handles the current cold war by identifying Heaven's priorities and then allocating his own resources to counter them; if the particular battle is not one that can be won by force, he will notify another Prince and make sure they put someone on it.

For example, a group of Western workers is bringing food and medical aid to a war-torn backwater in Africa. Some of Novalis' Cherubim watch over them, so Baal can't easily arrange to have the humans killed. Instead, he calls on Mammon, Prince of Greed, and tells him to subvert the relief efforts by bringing in black marketeers to commandeer the aid and supplies. Meanwhile, he asks Kronos if any of the aid workers have any fatal flaws that can be exploited.

Baal doesn't like to keep on the defensive; he's always felt that "the best defense is a good offense." Baal enjoys finding weak spots in the Heavenly forces and slowly, subtly eating away at them by attrition, launching sudden hammer blows at seemingly secure bastions of goodness, and striking at areas without active Heavenly protection to force the Host into defending a target of Baal's choosing.

The Prince of the War has become increasingly discontent in recent years, as the War drags on into stalemate. Many of his peers are optimistic, heartened by Hell's predominance in society, but Baal is not satisfied. It's taking too long, and he suspects God may have some tricks up His sleeve. Why isn't Kronos telling them more about how to defeat Heaven, after all? Baal believes that with all their Earthly influence, the balance of power now favors Hell. He'd almost like to usher in

Armageddon immediately and get it over with, but the others aren't ready, and don't feel confident enough of victory. So Hell's supreme commander gnashes his teeth, and continues drilling his troops.

Baal's Word

Baal's Word is "the War," not "War." He is specifically concerned with the War between Heaven and Hell, and he will not be satisfied until Hell has won. Any warfare he instigates on Earth is a means to that end; he doesn't really care what humans do to each other otherwise, though encouraging self-destruction is always a good thing. A lot of wars on Earth were *not* Baal's doing (or, in fact, caused by any celestial interference – Baal feels vindicated when humans don't need angels or demons to push them into conflict). Baal has a great deal of influence when it comes to starting wars and affecting their outcome, but every war he starts has a specific objective: destroying humanity and bringing the world closer to Armageddon. He does not engage in war for its own sake.

The broad scope of his Word gives him more authority than any other Prince, except perhaps Asmodeus. Baal is the only Prince who can command assistance from the rest of Hell's royalty. It's a privilege he doesn't abuse – much – but the others still resent him for it.

Because of the current nature of the War, Baal is not confined to military conflicts. Everywhere that angelic and diabolical forces meet is a front in the War, and Baal has jurisdiction over all of them. He himself is a master



of physical warfare, but he understands how to allocate Hell's strategic assets, and his greatest talent is probably his ability to pick the right demon for the job.

Rivalry With Michael

Archangel Michael is Baal's direct adversary in the War, yet after all these millennia, they remain friends, of a sort. Baal is secretly motivated by jealousy, and Michael is the standard against which he measures himself. Michael, for his part, respects Baal as a worthy foe, and believes him to be fighting for his convictions – even if his convictions are dead *wrong* – rather than for petty personal gain, like most of the other Princes. Michael isn't blind to Baal's pride and jealousy, of course, but there is still something of the old comrade in him, and they actually get together, now and then, to talk about the way things used to be, and the way things ought to be.

Baal was disappointed when Michael was replaced as Heaven's general. Now Laurence counters the Prince's strategic maneuvers. Baal grudgingly admits that Laurence has proven to be a capable opponent, but considers him a whelp – not even Uriel's equal and certainly not Michael's. When Michael stepped down from his position, the War became less personal to Baal, and over a long period of time, this increased his impatience to be done with it. The conflicts Baal enjoys best are those where he is pitting himself against Michael. One thing the two Superiors will *not* do, however, is confront each other directly on the battlefield. By mutual agreement, that match has been reserved for the final battle, when the question of who is more worthy before God will be settled once and for all.

Organization

Baal's Servitors follow a rigid military chain of command. He has a number of generals who report to him directly, and command large theaters in the War. These generals lead armies of demons who in turn operate within a particular arena in the War. Blind obedience is the hallmark of Baal's organization. Disobedience to one's commander is the same as disobedience to Baal, punishable by death. A demon is expected to obey his superior even if he *knows* his orders to be contrary to Baal's will! Baal will deal with the renegade chief later, but there is *never* an acceptable excuse for disobedience.

This is not to say Baal doesn't encourage initiative; he does, but only within the demon's area of responsibility.



Exceeding one's authority, unless the results are spectacularly successful, usually results in harsh discipline in Baal's ranks. He has slain some of his best fighters for taking too much initiative. The Prince of the War cares more about adherence to his orders than tactical expertise; he recognizes those Servitors who are skilled fighters, but he values obedience over combat prowess. Strict discipline keeps Hell's armies in line, and Baal believes this orderliness is the key to defeating Heaven. He acknowledges that some battles may actually be lost because he doesn't allow his Servitors to improvise, but he knows how willful demons are. Allow them the least amount of slack, and they'll become a mob of individuals instead of an army. Cooperation among diabolicals can only be achieved by maintaining rigid order, and Baal drills that into them. A Servitor of the War given even a tiny amount of personal autonomy possesses a sure sign of Baal's favor.



POLITICS

Baal doesn't like to play political games, but he's good at it. He has to juggle the resources and egos of over a dozen other Demon Princes while planning his strategy. It irritates him that he must manipulate, threaten or cajole the other Princes into cooperating, when they are all supposed to be fighting for a common cause, especially as he considers most of them unworthy of holding their positions. Most other Princes respect him, some hate him, but no one would prefer another in his place.

Below, a brief summary of how other Princes regard Baal:

Andrealphus: Rape, pillage and slaughter. What's the fun in that? Well, rape . . . But humans at war don't have much time to think about pleasure, and Baal is definitely a party pooper.

Asmodeus: Baal is a brilliant leader. And he deals harshly with deserters, so I rarely have to get involved. He does his job excellently, and leaves me to do mine.

Beleth: I should be grateful to him, for he generates some of humanity's greatest fears. But he dismisses the work I do. He doesn't respect me, and worse, he doesn't fear me . . . I hate him for that.

Belial: Rock and roll! I love the smell of napalm in the morning! Baal always gives me good work to do. I wish we could burn things more often and forget all this sneaky, strategic stuff, though.

Haagenti: So we're at war, people still gotta eat! Let Baal do the planning, just make sure I get fed!

Kobal: War can be a gas . . . just ask the Germans! Oh, I slay me. But Baal is incapable of appreciating a good joke; he even said the Children's Crusade was pointless!

No sense of humor, won't incorporate any of my best ideas into his plans.

Kronos: In him lies our greatest chance for victory. He has an excellent grasp of the "big picture"; however, he remains oblivious to some of the more minute details upon which the War hinges.

Lilith: Baal always keeps his word. He doesn't do much business with me, though . . . and when the War is over, who will need Lilith?

Malphas: He totally misses the point! Wars bring people together far more than they divide them. I spend years pitting different factions against each another, and then he pushes them into open warfare – just when they were starting to *understand*.

Nybbas: War on Earth, film at eleven! Nix that, war footage isn't worth the risk. War distracts people, makes them worry about more important things than consumer alerts and celebrity break-ups. It also makes people rally around a cause, and then they start bashing the media for showing them what they want to see! That's why we don't cover all those little brushfire conflicts and Third World insurrections . . . you think the public would stay as complacent as they are if they really knew what was going on?

Saminga: War kills people. That's good.

Valefor: War creates a lot of opportunities for looting, but theft also becomes a trivial nuisance. People secure in their homes worry more about their belongings.

Vapula: He's my best market for field-testing . . . if only he wasn't so single-minded; if it's not a weapon, it doesn't interest him.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

The following new attunements should be granted as rewards for exceptional service, though the GM may, at his option, allow beginning characters to purchase them.

To the Death

This attunement allows a demon of the War to commit himself to victory or else. *Before a fight begins*, the demon must declare he is invoking this attunement, and spend 2 Essence. For the remainder of that fight (GM's option what determines the end of a fight, but it certainly should not last longer than one encounter), the demon is immune to Stunning, and will be able to stay conscious even below zero hits. The demon can keep fighting until he reaches negative (Strength times vessel level) Body hits, whereupon his vessel will expire and he will suffer Trauma (or dissonance, for a Shedite). However, any excess damage done to the demon's vessel *for the rest of*

that round will be counted against the demon as Soul hits! A demon reduced below zero hits, but not killed, will fall unconscious immediately when the fight ends.

Jinx

A demon with this attunement can designate either himself or another person (mortal or celestial) to become a “jinx.” The subject may make a Will roll to resist. For a number of hours equal to the demon’s Celestial Forces, all of the jinx’s *companions* – but not the jinx himself! – will suffer a penalty to all Dodge rolls equal to the amount of Essence the demon spends. Furthermore, harmful Intervention rolls during this time will never affect the jinx *directly*; instead, the harm will befall his companions. (This can affect the jinx indirectly, of course.) Everyone in close proximity to the jinx is subject to these effects. Baal commonly grants this attunement to moles or agents in place, such as demonic nurses whose patients always recover and rejoin their unit as soon as possible . . .

Fog of War

This attunement is responsible for many “friendly fire” accidents, as well as the occasional “fragging” incident (where soldiers kill an unpopular leader on their own side). Both these things occur without demonic influence, of course, but a Servitor of Baal with this attunement can make it happen. The demon must pick a subject (within the demon’s total Forces in yards) who is armed, and a target who must – conceivably – be in the subject’s line of fire. Soldiers on patrol or in a firefight are always conceivably within each other’s lines of fire, but two sentries standing side by side in a non-combat zone are not. If the subject fails a Will roll, he will fire at the target, thinking he’s shooting at the enemy. Using this attunement on artillery officers and fighter pilots can be particularly devastating.

Weak Link

A demon with this attunement can spend one round examining all the forces arrayed before him, and spot the weakest link, along with a vague sense of *why*. This may not necessarily be the opponent with the lowest number of Forces (although it often is – regardless, the demon will never know exactly how many Forces the weak link possesses); for example, a Cherub might be the weakest link in a group of angels if attacking that Cherub’s protected human four blocks away will cause the Cherub to leave the battleground. He can also do this with his allies, or any other group of beings. A second round spent concentrating can reveal the next weakest member, and so on.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

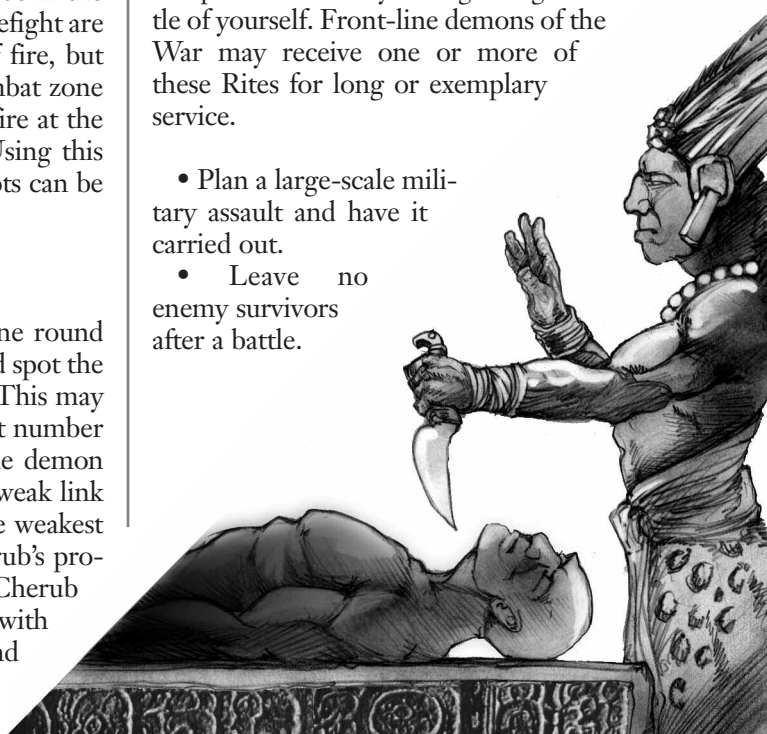
Baal grants higher distinctions to Servitors who have proven themselves worthy of holding higher command, both by flawless performance and by unhesitating obedience. Marquises, Counts, and Dukes of the War are high-ranking Word-bound officers in Baal’s army, with increasing numbers of lesser Servitors reporting to them. Baal grants one special distinction to some (but not all) of his Dukes: General. There are less than a dozen Generals of the War, and each one has the authority to speak for Baal and direct his forces with the same authority as the Prince, in Baal’s absence.

No special powers come with distinctions above Baron; the increase in rank gives the Servitor more authority and slightly more autonomy, and he may receive some special Rites as well. The full title of a high-ranking Servitor of Baal is derived from his Word; the Demon of Nuclear Warfare, a powerful (if under-utilized) Duke of Baal, is titled the Duke of Nuclear Warfare. Baal’s Generals are known as “General X,” followed by their peerage title and Word. As a demon climbs the ladder of Baal’s hierarchy, he will be in charge of increasingly more field-level operations, and see less action on a tactical level.

NEW RITES

Baal’s military mind knows that commendations aren’t always enough to inspire the troops – sometimes you’ve got to give a little of yourself. Front-line demons of the War may receive one or more of these Rites for long or exemplary service.

- Plan a large-scale military assault and have it carried out.
- Leave no enemy survivors after a battle.





- Lead unprepared troops (children, farmers, etc.) into combat.
- Acquire a commanding rank in a military or paramilitary group (1 Essence per week).
- Carry off a small unit or guerrilla tactical assault. +2 Essence.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF BAAL

MOT

The Demon of Misfires

Calabite Captain of the War

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

Vessels: Human/4, Raven/2

Songs: Attraction (Corporeal/6), Entropy (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Form (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/5), Healing (Corporeal/6), Motion (Ethereal/4, Celestial/3), Shields (Corporeal/6)

Skills: Chemistry/5, Dodge/6, Electronics/4, Engineering/4, Fighting/4, Knowledge (Demolitions/6, Gunpowder/6, Internal Combustion/4), Ranged Weapon (Pistol/6, Rifle/6)

Attunements: Balseraph of the War, Calabite of the War, Jinx, Fog of War, State of Ophis, Captain of the Infernal Armies, Demon of Misfires

Discord: Damaged Sense (Hearing/3)

Special Rites: As the Demon of Misfires, Mot gains 1 Essence whenever a misfiring weapon or other device injures someone, and 2 Essence if it kills someone. (The maximum is 2 Essence per incident, so causing an artillery round to misfire and kill the entire crew still only gives him 2 Essence.)

Mot was just another grunt soldier in the infernal armies, recently assigned to Earth duty, when gunpowder first made its appearance in the Western world. The young Calabite was fascinated with its destructive potential, especially the way it could cause calamities on both sides. He became quite good at sabotaging powder and weapons, setting off disastrous explosions, and as guns became bigger and better, Mot created bigger and better accidents. In the late 17th century, Mot earned the Word

of Misfires, and became responsible for duds, delayed rounds, blocked barrels, mistimed fuses, and miscalculated powder charges all over the world. With the advent of mechanical, then electronic timers, artillery, and missiles, as well as internal combustion engines, the scope of Mot's Word expanded greatly.

As the Demon of Misfires, Mot can cause any explosive chemical reaction to go off too early, too late, with too much force or too little, or not at all. His power doesn't depend on the reaction itself; early on, he tampered with the powder charge, but now he can affect fuses, electronic circuits, clock timers, fuel injection systems, or anything else that triggers a detonation. The most destructive use of this power is to cause a weapon to misfire, destroying it and doing damage equal to the weapon's Power to the firer. He can also ruin a vehicle's engine, or even cause it to burst into flames.

Today, Mot likes to flit around a battlefield, in celestial form or as a raven, or sometimes pretending to be a soldier, and distribute calamities on both sides. When ordered to aid a particular side, Mot does not invoke his power indiscriminately, but applies it where it will do the most damage.

Needless to say, anyone engaging Mot in combat had better have something besides a gun to fight with!

Mot is a powerful Word-bound demon; player characters are unlikely to serve him, but he could make an interesting ally, or enemy.

BELSHEZAR

Impudite Servitor of The War

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

Vessel: Human/2 (Charisma +1)

Role: Soldier/6, Status/2 (Ravid Tischler)

Songs: Form (Corporeal/3), Healing (Corporeal/1), Claws/1

Skills: Dodge/2, Fighting/3, Language (English/3, Hebrew/3), Move Silently/1, Ranged Weapon (Rifle/4), Survival/2, Tactics/2

Attunements: Impudite of the War

Belshezar made his Earthly debut during the Vietnam War. Unusually violent for an Impudite, he loved killing the enemy, and basking in the afterglow of a burning village with his comrades, draining their Essence as they shared a pack of cigarettes. When the Vietnam War ended, Belshezar became a mercenary, and then slowly gravitated to the Middle East, where he began establishing his current Role, Ravid Tischler, an American immigrant who is now a Lieutenant in the Israeli Army. Thanks to his Impudite of the War attunement, Belshezar can kill with impunity during a firefight, and thanks to his high-level Role, as long as it's in the line of duty he can usually do so without disturbing the Symphony! With a little help from Servitors of the War



who are active on the Arab and Palestinian sides, Belshezar has a knack for turning potentially violent confrontations into major exchanges. Despite his reputation for always being where the action is, his unit has a high survival rate (Belshezar doesn't drain from his own men now), and Lt. Tischler is known as a genial, popular officer who cares about his men.

Belshezar is a balanced starting-level demon, suitable for use as an adversary, a demonic ally, or a player character. His English language skills cost no points (In Nomine, p. 75).



A SAMPLE TETHER: ANDERSONVILLE PRISON CAMP

In 1863, the Confederate Army established the Andersonville Prison Camp for captured Union soldiers. Located in south-central Georgia, it was originally built to accommodate 10,000 enlisted prisoners of war, but soon there were over 32,000 Yankees crowded into inadequate facilities. The Confederates were short on supplies, and didn't have the necessary medical or other support personnel to take care of such a huge population, particularly when influenza, gangrene and dysentery outbreaks began to ravage the prisoners. By the end of the war, nearly a third of the prisoners had died, from starvation, disease and exposure. Andersonville became infamous throughout the North, and remains one of the most notorious POW camps of the American Civil War. Today, it is a National Historic Site dedicated to all American prisoners of war, maintained by the National Park Service.

Andersonville became an infernal Tether during the Civil War – some Servitors of Saminga helped create the conditions there, but it was war that created the prison camp, and so the Tether linked to Baal's Principality, Gehanna. Today, the horrors are more remote, but thanks to its status as a monument to prisoners of war, the Tether remains.

Thousands of visitors come here every year, and see the museum and the nearby Andersonville Civil War Village. Historical reenactors put on displays for tourists, pretending to be prisoners, or recreating the war trials that followed the conflict. (It was the much-publicized conditions at Andersonville that eventually led to the Geneva Convention standards for treatment of POWs.) In fact, Civil War re-enactments are popu-

lar throughout the U.S., and while it would be an exaggeration to say they are all diabolically inspired, Baal certainly smiles at the glorification and romanticization of the most brutal, destructive war in America's history.

The Seneschal of the Tether is a Djinn of the War named Zobahl. During the Civil War, Zobahl served as a prison guard at Andersonville. He stayed there after the war ended, and became Seneschal of the Tether. Slightly lazy, with a cruel streak, Zobahl provided corpses (and some live prisoners) to Servitors of Saminga, and was rewarded with an attunement from the Prince of Death. For years after the war ended, Servitors of Saminga were still coming to Andersonville's cemetery to dig up bodies to use as undead, all with Zobahl's assistance. Baal permitted it, since the Tether was no longer of much importance to him. But despite his laziness, Zobahl managed to keep promoting the Tether, and it stayed prominent in the public's mind. When it was made a National Historic Site in 1970, Zobahl was finally given Andersonville Prison Camp as a Word, and promoted to Captain of the Infernal Armies. The Andersonville Tether is mostly useful now due to its strategic location, being a convenient gateway to the Deep South. Demons who get a favorable reaction from Zobahl can help tend the park, losing one note of dissonance per week. Duties will be mostly mundane groundskeeping chores; the Seneschal doesn't allow much in the way of diabolical hijinks at such a prominent location. Every once in a while, though, a body still disappears from the cemetery . . .

KOBAL

DEMON PRINCE OF DARK HUMOR

"Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of Humor is not joy, but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven."

— Mark Twain, Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar

HISTORY

Before the Fall, Kobal served God as the Angel of Laughter. His Word was the divine easing of tension, the expression of fondness between friends, and in its purest form, mirthful joy. God even selected Kobal to perform a special mission for him. Kobal was content, serving his angelic Word faithfully. He became pessimistic about humanity's ability to embrace Laughter, however, after watching so many humans turn away from joy to despair.

Kobal was one of the first Lucifer recruited to start his

rebellion. His ascension to demonic Princedom was part of Lucifer's plan to counter the might of Yves, the powerful Archangel of Destiny. Dark Humor, thought Lucifer, would provide the perfect foil for the bright futures that Yves sought for humanity. What better way to turn humans away from their destinies than by making them feel as if life were some cosmic joke that ended only in a cruel punch line? It seemed like a good start.

In Kobal's jaded state, it took virtually no argument to win him over; the Prince of Lies' promises of power only adding icing to the proverbial cake. Kobal was convinced that humanity simply wasn't worth the effort any longer, and he scorned God's plan for him, putting it out of his thoughts. He joined the Lightbringer's antagonistic forces willingly, and when the Fall finally came, he welcomed it with open arms.

After the Fall, he accepted his Word and promised Princedom from Lucifer, smirking at the irony of his own twisted Word: Laughter turned from joy into mocking scorn, now Dark Humor. His Word mirrored his feelings about humanity's worth. At first, he reveled in his new freedoms, unfettered by concerns for divinity or following God's secret plans. He found many smiles, then, in the early days, with new jokes destroying humanity's self-worth rather than building it up, as he had labored to do for so long.





But now, he's grown cynical again, brooding in the streets of Shal-Mari, plotting the perfect joke to tip the War's balance to the diabolical.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Kobal does not spread happiness with his laughter any more; rather, he spreads hatred, scorn and intolerance with every gag that he and his Servitors play. His is a refined, educated humor, a sophisticated delight in cunning ploys and subtle schemes underappreciated by demons with less finesse. He looks on low humor with a mildly bemused scorn, and usually leaves such buffoonery to others with less appreciation for the highest forms of comedy.

Kobal holds nothing but himself sacred, not even his Word. Derision of his Word from the mouths of others comes with its own set of risks, but only if it's not funny. For Kobal, no subject crosses the line of taste, and nothing is beyond his amusement-veiled contempt. If Kobal meets an emperor with no clothes, he's likely to never point it out, instead keeping a tiny barbed smile hovering at the edge of his face.

This undemonic restraint and patience (along with his seemingly lightweight Word) make Kobal one of the

more underestimated Demon Princes in Lucifer's court. More than one Prince has learned this the hard way. Not only does Kobal have a dangerous native wit, his rapport with the First of the Fallen grants him a degree of freedom unrivaled by most other Princes. Kobal can outline plans that even his more tangibly powerful peers would never contemplate. Once, for example, to repay a slight, Kobal and a cabal of his most trusted servants managed to reorganize the entirety of Asmodeus' files in a random order. It took the Prince of the Game years to recover from that prank. The smile on Lucifer's visage, as he received the news, was fearsome.

Kobal is not averse to sacrificing one of his own Servitors to the greater cause of advancing one of his ploys. To him, the joke and the end results of a ruse are identical: they are everything. Success, and a hearty laugh at someone else's expense, is all that matters in the ultimate balance of things. Even then, should one of his underlings cause Kobal to lose face in some important scheme, or blow the joke by acting early, that unlucky demon earns retribution. He deals with such failure precisely, unfolding his riposte like the plot in some cosmic revenge-play. Without ever knowing why, a year later, the culprit might well find himself counting soul-grubs for Saminga. Kobal values timing as much as he values targeting.

In public, Kobal is the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care joker. Privately, nothing infuriates him more than giving someone the opportunity to beat him at his own game,





or even worse, letting someone exploit a missed opportunity. Deep inside, he truly hates the times when he is forced to sit in his Shal-Mari office grinning and thinking, "I wish I'd thought of that first." This resentment occasionally spurs Kobal to such heights of hubris that he will attempt to claim credit for an operation which was not his idea to start, not wanting to admit he missed the opportunity for such a grand joke. This has backfired on him a few times, though he is forgiving of his own faults.

His methods are not direct. He does not possess the outright strength to best Baal, and he has far too much Impudite tact to be as forthright as Beleth. Kobal prefers that his Servitors manage the drama behind the scenes, making the dark tragedy all the more humorous when the final curtain has been pulled. After all, it is amusing to corrupt someone; it is hilarious to watch someone corrupt himself.

PRIORITIES

Kobal knows his place in the Lowerarchy: he is Court Jester to Lucifer and comfortable in that role. Honestly, the War has taken much longer than he thought it would, though he keeps that thought private. Kobal looks and plans now for the Big Joke, one unexpected coup for Lucifer that will garner the Big Laugh (and, although Kobal seldom admits this to himself, the respect from the other Princes he feels he has deserved all along). Since he is not as powerful as some of the other Princes, Kobal works cautiously. He prefers, if at all possible, to have plausible deniability in case plans or contingencies fail – although combining that with taking unquestioned credit for the triumph will be tricky. Maintaining his place in the infernal power structure and not letting appearances slip, even in the face of failure, remains quite important to him.

Kobal's Word

Irony, satire, misdirection and mistaken identity all compose aspects of Dark Humor. Though his Word holds a fatigued weariness for him now, Kobal still serves it. All of his plans revolve around it. It is his job to encourage derision, sow seeds of intolerance, and reap hatred from his Word, and he does this with great aplomb, despite his cynical attitude. He's good at it, and even an insincere smile is better than a frown.

Conflict

Kobal has a lot of potential enemies. He's played one gag too many on some; others just don't think that he can take anything seriously. Even so, he is a consummate politician. He's been a Demon Prince for a long time, and something of a prankster since he was created. He

can usually manage to smooth over ruffled feathers, and if he can't, he can make allies who will protect him.

He is not reckless, though. He has enough sense to distinguish between a dangerously humorous plan and a suicidal one. He schemes mostly in private, seeking alliances when it brings him a particularly desirable benefit or a too-perfect chuckle.

Kronos

The day that Kronos was given a Princedom was an ugly day in Shal-Mari, and helped to continue Kobal's descent into gloomy introspection. Lucifer gave the new Prince the Word of Fate and the job of directly opposing Yves, yanking that important responsibility away from the more senior Prince of Dark Humor. The most galling thing, perhaps, was that Kobal's faithful service in thwarting Yves counted for nothing.



Kronos matured quickly in his position in the court of Hell. Kobal has been unable to reclaim any of his old duties, given the Prince of Fate's effectiveness as Yves' direct foil. There has been some quietly whispered speculation throughout regions of Hell that perhaps Lucifer meant for this to happen all along, and that if anyone knows what plan God has for Kobal it would be Kronos, or even worse, Yves. Clearly then, they murmur, the Prince of Fate has been right to play Kobal's antagonist; checking him in subtle ways, keeping him away from the reins of Hell's true power.

There has never been enough open hostility between them, however, to cause open warfare in Hell. Kobal, for his part, knows full well that Kronos commands more power than he in the scheme of things. Kronos, meanwhile, holds back, but he does not discuss precisely why. Certainly the two Princes exist at an extremely tense impasse. Behind the lines of the War, this rivalry serves as Hell's own Cold War – and a similar risk of personal Armageddon stays both their hands.

Haagenti

Needing a few more powerful allies, Kobal helped to engineer Haagenti's rise in the infernal court. He sees the Demon Prince of Gluttony as a simpleton with a simple Word; easily manipulated into serving as brawn or cannon fodder. Haagenti, as far as Kobal is concerned, will never develop enough intelligence or political savvy to realize he's been a tool from the moment he was made a Prince. The joke stops being funny, after all, if the straight man starts writing his own material.

ORGANIZATION

Kobal grants his Servitors quite a bit of latitude within the boundaries of the plans he sets. Humor, after all, requires a delicate sense of timing, and you can't get that if you micromanage everything. His demons, therefore, are rather disorganized in structure, though most of them do have a higher-ranking demon supervisor. Usually, Kobal's more ambitious minions make sure to tip him off if some really great gag is about to unfold – nothing helps promotion like making the boss laugh.

Of the Bands, Kobal favors his own Impudites, appreciating their intuitive grasp of human humor and society. Balseraphs, Lilim and Shedim also hold favor with the Prince of Dark Humor; many Djinn are too singleminded, and most Calabim too coarse for Kobal's elitist tastes. He does cherish the Habbalah, greeting their habitually dour expressions with a cheery "Still doing the work of God, are we?"





Educated Servitors

Kobal values Servitors who have the same taste in humor as his own. He directs his foremen throughout the infernal realms to obtain educated, intelligent recruits for his service, where possible. Stupidity, the Prince reasons, exists as something to mock in other Princes' Servitors. Few things are more amusing than when a target is the brunt of cruel humor and fails to understand that there is even a joke.

Thanks to Kobal's selfish desire for clever, competent Servitors, his organization remains far more useful and flexible, demon for demon, than virtually any other faction in Hell. Kobal's demons often try to undercut each other, but they appreciate an intelligent audience as much as their master and usually save their caustic ingenuity for other Princes' underlings.

the value of true fear.

Belial: He's kind of a wet noodle, slimy and soft. He would be consumed in an instant in the bold heat of my plans. Someone should light a fire under him and try to get better results than a few lame jokes that don't really make sense.

Haagenti: The only other reason to open my mouth, aside from eating, is to laugh at Kobal's jokes. Once, he made me laugh so hard that French fries came out my nose. Mmmm, French fries. Maybe with chili and cheese and sour cream and [trails off into indistinct gurgling noises].

Kronos: He tried to do my job, and is bitter than I've done it better than he ever could have. He had his chance and couldn't live up to it. When the time is right, he, too, will meet his proper Fate.

POLITICS

Kobal, by his Band's nature, is a diplomat and a manipulator, though he tends to provoke either love or hate; very few have an indifferent opinion about him. He might be oft hated, but his wiles allow him to avoid blame, or better still, shift it to some more deserving target.

Andrealphus: Human lust certainly can be amusing at times, I'll grant you that, but Kobal tends to use it as a one-trick pony. There's a great deal more to the sins of the flesh than slamming doors and hiding in coat-closets, after all.

Asmodeus: He seems to think that he can play by his own set of rules in the Game. I doubt he quite realizes just how wrong he is about that. When the time comes, though, I will be there to help him remember the rules in Hell. [pause] I owe him a *special* favor, as well.

Baal: I don't think he's a concern of mine. I stay out of his way, and he'd best know enough to stay out of mine. I deal with serious business daily, and he can only think to laugh at it. I've no time to waste on foolishness.

Beleth: Kobal is a weakling and a buffoon who is far too easy on humanity, causing them to shake with laughter rather than quake with fright. He thinks that his petty malice and jokes are of value. Some day he will learn



Lilith: He's always been a free thinker, willing to flit from idea to idea, and I value that. He's not bound by reality; no plan seems too outrageous to him. He also knows how to repay his debts, good or bad. Another admirable quality.

Malphas: Kobal has an air of sophistication and intelligence that I sometimes find so lacking in other Princes. Though he doesn't always share my vision, he can sow tiny seeds with his Word that bear bitterly divisive fruit. He and I work well together.

Nybbas: When it comes to chuckles, nobody does it better than Hell's head chucklehead. He's got his Word down to a true art form. It's just too bad so many of his plans end up with a dead lead actor. No sequels then, baby! Major bummer.

Saminga: Kobal told me that death is the last pure form of comedy, but all paths through his humor lead to my realm. He works with me, chuckles occasionally at some trifle, and misses the really important end: death. After all, if they die laughing, they're just as dead.

Valefor: Some of my best thefts have been in concert with Kobal. He's got a sense of style I admire, and I appreciate the way that he can steal dignity from humanity in an instant, usually right from under their own noses. That's a *real* theft.

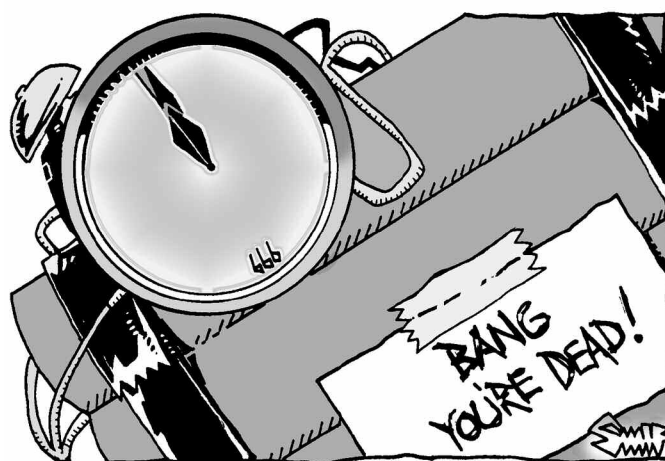
Vapula: He's quirky, and I don't have the patience for his sense of humor. He seems to value my inventions

only for his crackpot schemes, and he loses the thing half the time. Though he assures me otherwise, his smile makes me think he has no appreciation for how hard I work.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Rant of Scorn

With this attunement, a Servitor can instantly determine a person or an item that the victim respects or cherishes, and then devise a humorous improvisational satire





on that person or item, planting a seed of scorn for that object in the victim's mind. The victim is thus forced to laugh at the treatment of the rant's target. The victim may make a Will roll, minus the demon's Celestial Forces, to resist the effects of the attunement.

Now That's A Punch Line

This attunement allows a Servitor of Dark Humor to bemuse the target with the punch line of a joke. The net effect is to place the target into an instant mental fugue, his immediate goal or objective forgotten, for the moment. To create this effect requires 1 Essence point, a joke, and a Will roll. The victim may resist with his own Will roll, minus the demon's Celestial Forces. The bet-

ter the check digit on the demon's Will roll, the longer his target will stay in the mental fugue. It takes quite a demon to stop a charging Malakite with a knock-knock joke, but the effect is *hilarious*.

Farce of Mistaken Identity

This attunement allows a Servitor demon to masquerade for a short while, in a single aspect (voice, appearance, smell, etc.), as someone who the victim knows. This requires a Will roll and 2 Essence to take effect. It is resisted by the victim's Perception (if the target is a Seraph of Destiny, or a properly attuned Cherub, he automatically resists), minus the demon's Corporeal Forces. The duration of the masquerade equals the check digit of the demon's Will roll, plus the check digit of the victim's failed Perception roll, in minutes. Though not necessary for the attunement, many Servitors of Kobal use props – Groucho Marx glasses with bulbous noses, fake mustaches, and the like.

Secretly Replaced

... with *Folger's Crystals*. Let's see if he notices. With this attunement, a Servitor of Kobal may attempt to substitute one item for another, as long as the two items are similar in some fashion with one another. For example, one might replace a diamond with a shard of glass (both crystalline and reflective), or an apple



for an orange (both fruit), or perhaps even a window with a door (both set in walls). Activating this Attunement requires 2 Essence and a Will roll. The victim may resist with a successful Perception roll (and, as above, Seraphim of Destiny and properly attuned Cherubim automatically resist), minus the servant of Dark Humor's Celestial Forces. The duration of the attunement is a number of hours equal to the check digit of the demon's Will roll.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF KOBAL

GEHERAN

Impudite Servitor of Dark Humor

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 7 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessel: Human/2.

Role: Restaurant Manager/3, Status 3.

Skills: Computer Operations/1, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/2, Driving/1, Fast-Talk/2, Knowledge (Cooking/1, Restaurant Management/2), Lying/4.

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/3), Shields (Corporeal/3, Celestial/2), Entropy (Corporeal/2).

Attunements: Impudite of Dark Humor.

Ever wonder why so many unlucky or bad things happen at all night restaurants? Look no farther than Geheran, Impudite Servitor of Dark Humor. Geheran creates irritating practical jokes for his employees, as well as for the restaurant patrons: waitresses spill hot coffee in a customer's lap; busboys regularly drop plates, glasses and silverware; and all the while, customers and employees can't help but let a tiny sardonic grin or wry chuckle escape their lips. Geheran can usually smooth over the feelings of irate customers with his Lying skill or, failing that, his Band's Charm ability, bringing them back repeatedly for multiple mishaps.

Geheran is a balanced starting character.

MAIGONIGAL

Balseraph Knight of Derision

Demon of Bad Art

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 9 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 12 Perception 8

Vessel: Human/2 (Charisma +1).



Role: Art Critic/5, Status 4

Skills: Artistry (Painting/4, Poetry/3, Music/2), Computer Operation/2, Detect Lies/3, Driving/1, Emote/2, Knowledge (Victorian Poets/3, Art History/5), Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/3.

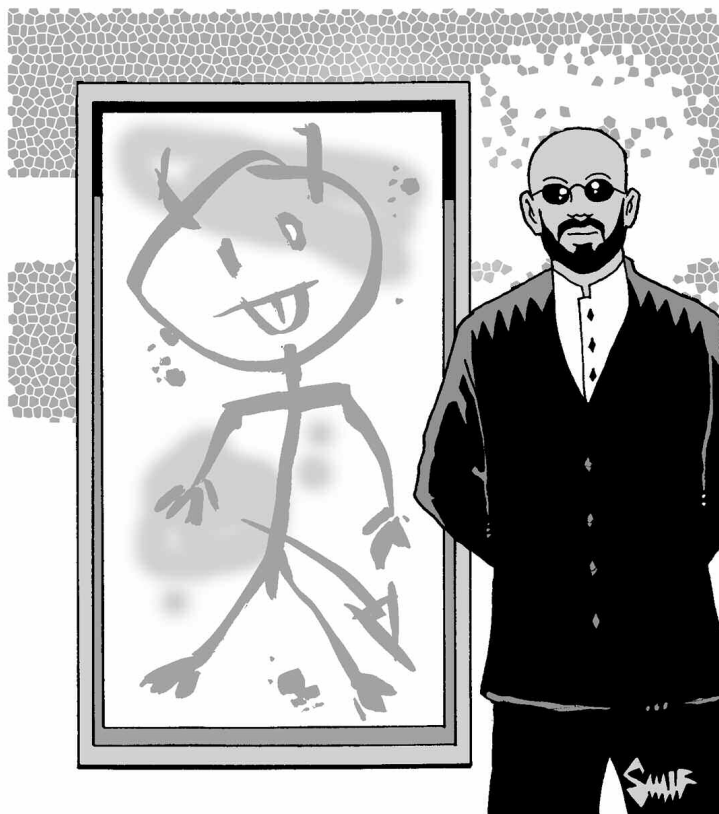
Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Light (Ethereal/2), Tongues (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/2, Celestial/4).

Attunements: Balseraph of Dark Humor, Prank, Rant of Scorn, Calabite of Dark Humor.

Maigonigal took his name after he was granted his Word, Bad Art, naming himself, ironically, after the victim who propelled him to Kobal's attention: the tragically inept Scottish poet, William McGonagall. Maigonigal not only convinced McGonagall to continue writing poetry, even after it was poorly received, but also persuaded a group of wealthy Scottish newspaper men to publish the poems as a practical joke. Teamed with a Servitor of Nybbas, he helped propel Ed Wood into film-making.

Recently, though, Maigonigal has come up with a grand scheme. He spends time near art schools looking for aspiring artists, using his Role to get an early preview of their works, and then encourages the truly bad artists to continue working on their "masterpieces." Once they're finished, he uses his resonance to convince the artist that it's a work of brilliance, and should not be held back from the world any longer. Maigonigal then arranges to have the wretched pieces exhibited alongside truly excellent art. At the opening,

Maigonigal mocks his would-be proteges, publicly humiliating both the artists and their creations in high society. As an extra joke, of course, his cruelty only adds to his cachet in the art world.



SAMPLE TETHER: WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON HIGH SCHOOL

William Henry Harrison High School was built in the WPA period of the 1930s in the heart of downtown Detroit. A fairly unremarkable high school, its single notable distinction was its unusual mascot, the Tippecanoes. That all changed one afternoon in 1964, when Buster McKabe, a little known (and less liked) member of the debate team, fell dead where he stood. McKabe was delivering a considerably long-winded oration on the nature of tragedy. His speech concluded, ironically, with the example of the untimely yet similar fate of the school's namesake. Ten years later, the school was closed and abandoned after the district consolidated with nearby John Tyler High.

Though the tie was weak then, it's been renewed by a personal visit from Kobal, who appointed a Djinn

named Betchlow as Seneschal. Betchlow works closely with Jorek, an Impudite with the Word of Goth Wannabes, who serves informally as "assistant seneschal" of the tether. Jorek, using his role as a high school student, recruits teenagers as his followers, helping to foster the "pale people in black" syndrome at local suburban high schools. He and Kobal consider them darkly amusing simply by *being*: they dress in black clothing, wear pale makeup, and hang out at the abandoned neo-Gothic high school, affecting a tragic despair for everyone and everything. Jorek finds them all shockingly simple to manipulate, and he stripmines Essence from them voraciously. Better still, his followers *appreciate* the sickly, emaciated feeling that Jorek gives them. How could any demon not smile at that?

MALPHAS

DEMON PRINCE OF FACTIONS

"One step leads to the next, and then the next – until one suddenly finds oneself in the faction that is herding the other faction into labor camps, and building extra crematoria as a result of the conditions in the camps, and glancing speculatively between the ventilation shafts in the showers of those camps and a gas canister. Without ever quite knowing how it happened."

– Dave Stone, *Wetworks*

HISTORY

The being known as Malphas never needed or wanted love, affection or acceptance, even when he walked in Heaven. As a young angel before the Fall, the Kyriotate Malphas worked alone whenever possible and carried out his duties with cold and calculating efficiency, secure in his knowledge of his place in the Symphony. He worked with Gabriel and David to move and break the tectonic plates of the Earth as it was created, and performed perfectly in every way; even then he understood the fascination of fracture, and the ultimate fragility of the bonds of matter. Other angels looked on him with concern, but Malphas rejected their well-meant ministrations, knowing them unnecessary.

When Malphas spoke with the Lightbringer, in the days before the Rebellion, it was not out of any great desire to join the listeners who clustered around Lucifer, or any revulsion for his teachings, but out of a passionless curiosity. Lucifer answered that coldness with an equal distance, one that did not infringe on Malphas' privacy or make emotional demands on him, and as they spoke, Malphas began to see that he had never fully realized his own nature before. It was not merely solitude that he wanted, Lucifer explained; it was the comfort of isolation, which Malphas must *realize* was the ultimate truth. Only in Rebellion against Heaven could Malphas finally have the freedom to be utterly alone.

The Fall itself was an affirmation of this. As Malphas lost his Kyriotate nature, and became Shedite, he perceived how truly *right* his decision had been. Solitude was the only truth, and while empathy might be simulated in order to manipulate others, in the end every being was alone inside his own head, forever. Love was a lie peddled



for the weak, and solidarity and unity were follies that lesser minds clung to in vain attempts to hold back the real *emptiness* of the universe around them.

While the other demons began to compete with each other, and with Lucifer himself, in those early battles to determine who should hold dominion in Hell, Malphas moved through the empty spaces of their new kingdom until he came to Stygia. As he settled there, the land began to take on the contours of his thought, becoming a cold and barren place, full of a thousand twistings hidden even from themselves. He looked upon the empty mountains, and he found them good.

Malphas returned at Lucifer's summons to the congregation of the Fallen, and found that he was declared Prince of Factions, to be set against the Archangel of Stone and bring division and dissension to angels and humans alike. Looking around at the other Princes, Malphas saw only the folly of dependence on each other – especially here, in the depths of Hell – and the flawed logic that lay behind the newly-organized diabolical society, and even behind Lucifer's structuring of Principalities and Words. He realized that even those beings wise enough to isolate themselves from God were not wise enough to isolate themselves from each other. He saw, therefore, that the cold enlightenment which

now ruled him must be forcibly brought to all – it was necessary. Lucifer had unwittingly given him the perfect tool with which to do so.

The Demon Prince of Factions took up his place and Principality, and swept Hell into a morass of conflicting passions and divided interests. And if some claim that Lucifer always intended him as the safety valve in the system of Princes, the factor that would prevent them ever allying to oppose Lucifer – why, Malphas would never believe that he could have been so *needed*.

Time passed, and Malphas and his Servitors walked upon the Earth, perverting David's message of brotherhood and unity into one of intolerance, mistrust and xenophobia, teaching the humans that a man stands much more securely upon the graves of his enemies. As Uriel nurtured the beginning of the confederation of tribes that were to become the Roman Empire, and David guided the Egyptians in the raising of great pyramids, Malphas spread the worms of discontent among the people of the Earth. Marc's promotion of trade routes and travel merely gave him new foreign terrors against which to rouse bigotry.

The Fall of Magog, one of David's most powerful Servitors, from Angel of Fortitude to Demon Prince of Cruelty, was to Malphas an absolute confirmation of his



Word and beliefs. Even the highest angels of Stone were as capable of realizing the truth of the universe as himself, given time and influence. Although David and Khalid immediately sealed Magog away, Malphas still nurtures hopes of discovering his tomb and opening it.

Some while later, Malphas discovered the newcomer Prince Valefor attempting to *steal* a part of Stygia for himself. Appreciative of such amoral intelligence, and aware that the concept of property (and thus Theft) was a strong part of mortal factionalization, Malphas permitted him to make his realm within the Principality. Neither has ever attempted to draw boundary lines between their territories, although Servitors of both Princes frequently claim violations of their masters' domains, whenever it seems appropriate. If Valefor *did* come to some private arrangement with Malphas, or any form of allegiance to him, then neither has made it public.

Vapula and Haagenti came to power, and then Nybbas – and with Nybbas came the radio and ultimately the television. Few things have been more to Malphas' taste as a tool than mass media. Listeners are weaned into accepting what is said as all the truth they need to know, and come to demand soundbites, easy solutions, slogans and jingles as substitutes for thinking, turning away from communication with other human beings to be alone in their experiences and opinions. Malphas is ambivalent on the subject of the Internet – while it may contain flame wars and other factionalizations, it also allows a great many people to communicate, free of perceived image, and to share their views and perceptions on a neutral ground.

In Hell, Malphas is recognized as a useful ally – or tool – by many of the Demon Princes, and he cultivates the flames of factions there as he does everywhere else, preventing the Princes from ever arriving at a stable alliance. One of his longest-standing targets is the grouping of Princes who control Shal-Mari: Andrealphus, Haagenti and Kobal. He has yet to drive definitive wedges between them; they, in turn, are aware of his intentions.

Malphas dwells in the cold halls of Stygia, and his Servitors beg his favor in the Villa Discordia, scurrying through the mazes of Stygia, playing their Master's



games in miniature, untrusting and suspicious of each other, mirrors of the mortals whom they impel on Earth. He looks upon the lack of empathy that surrounds him, and the utter loneliness of all beings in his realm, and he finds it good; there is no unity, but only a thousand warring factions. He has brought his Word to his Principality, and he intends in time to bring it to the whole of the universe.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

In public, Malphas is an icon of civility, well known for convincing Servitors and Princes that he is interested in their point of view, swayed by their arguments and in



PRIORITIES

Malphas' overwhelming priority is the spreading of his Word, in Heaven, on Earth, and in Hell. All his other actions flow toward this end, in the small or in the large, from encouraging playground rivalry to fanning prejudice among angels. He adopts his concerned public facade and encourages the other Princes to prejudge him, thinking of him as a useful tool or an unrelated factor, so that he may have more capacity to manipulate *them*.

As Malphas sees it, all factionalism in the end progresses toward his ideal truth. He may devote a part of his time to long and intricate plans, but he will also spare personal attention to break apart the least important of friendships, or sow suspicion between two colleagues. Each separation between living beings is a crack in the walls of empathy and affection which will, he hopes, crumble – to leave everyone separate and alone.

Malphas' Word

every way considers their input valuable. When he interacts with anyone, from a Demon Prince to the humblest demon or human soul, he makes it plain that they are important to him, and have a private understanding with him (if not with the rest of the world).

It's all a lie. They're unimportant to him. Nobody matters to Malphas except Malphas . . . nobody truly *exists* to Malphas except Malphas.

The Prince of Factions has never, for himself, desired more than what he is. He is entirely devoted to his Word; believing its truth is all that he has ever known, and propagating its truth is all that he has ever desired. He has taken a Principality from Lucifer's hands, and engaged in politics and destruction, all for the sake of the truth he learned in Lucifer's words: all beings are ultimately alone, factions warring against each other.

Malphas views all interactions from a distance. He manipulates others as at the end of a microscope and with a cold dispassion, viewing groups of people or individuals as factions to be encouraged. Secrecy and misinformation are two of his primary tools. He controls the flow of information to those around him, hoping in time to strip away their willful blindness and bring them to the understanding which he has already reached.

To Malphas, the Word of Factions means an infinite number of sides in every matter; no one can *ever* truly understand any other point of view, or feel any true empathy for others. In his vision of eternity, every angel, demon and mortal stands alone, trusting nobody and trusted by none, allying briefly and then divided again as the situation demands. Not for him the grand image of a war with two sides; give him rather a group riddled by disagreements and conflicts, differing on vital points of interpretation, arguing over procedure, split by basic beliefs into a hundred factions, constantly shifting and recombining.

Factionalization must be pursued and encouraged in every area and by every means. Technological advances, leisure activities and racial hatred strengthen large-scale divisions, while social divisions are widened with the gender gap, government insensitivity, and popular prejudice. Personal isolation spreads with the decline of marriage and the dissolution of generational ties, the impersonal nature of public education and corporations, and the concept of commitment-free personal "freedom." The world must be split apart until it can never pull together.

Organization

Malphas' Servitors are organized in devious and byzantine fashion, with most of them answering to *several* masters, and belonging to several different operational groups. Orders are shrouded in secrecy, as enemies are everywhere. Some groups wear masks to meet, and exchange passwords, before receiving orders from yet another masked Servitor. Codes are commonly used, and true identities are always hidden. Junior demons are told that only thus can they work in absolute safety, while older demons cover their trails in confusion.

These procedures can make it remarkably difficult for Servitors of Malphas to be briefed on operations, let alone know who their allies are or report safely after the matter is done. It is not unknown for one group of Servitors of Factions to find they have successfully launched an attack . . . upon other Servitors of Factions. (Precisely who eventually takes the blame for the fiasco would be decided by some very fast talking and convincing evidence, or more likely, through rumor and backstabbing.) The only consolation to those involved, is that other demons have even *less* idea of what is going on.

Malphas is always ready to listen when some demon complains about the system and presents his views for how it might be reorganized. With great charm he assures the demon that the matter will be given his most serious consideration, asking after key details and showing deep understanding. Malphas may even make some of these changes – while allowing others to discover precisely *who* was responsible for disarranging their affairs, and then listening to their complaints in turn . . .

Malphas and the War

While many beings, angels and demons alike, perceive Malphas as a fervent supporter of the War and Hell, this is not entirely accurate. Malphas himself sees the War as the best condition under which to work for his Word; a triumphant Heaven would drastically reduce his scope (and would probably see him dead). The War itself offers him a vast range of possibilities, and the potential triumph of Hell yet more, and so Malphas continues the War.





The final clash between Heaven and Hell, however, the last battle . . . the best potential outcome, to Malphas' mind, would be a state where neither side actually wins. Malphas, cold-blooded and ultimately uncaring as he is, could see the advantages to such a situation. As celestial armies escalate an endless, open war of attrition until the end of time, the Prince of Factions would finally be able to manipulate *both* sides until every angel and every demon stands alone in the ruined battlefield of Earth.

POLITICS

Some have said that if Hell had had no politics, Malphas would have had to invent them. While this is an exaggeration – Hell would not be Hell without its currying of favor and shifts of position – it is true that Malphas finds in politics his most congenial arena, the perfect place for Factions.



No Prince of Hell is foolish enough to consider Malphas a friend, regardless of his charm. It may be Malphas' greatest triumph that even under these conditions of distrust he still convinces many of them that he is either a useful tool, or a being unconnected with their aims and Word, and therefore not worth bothering about. Few Princes care to consider the extent to which factionalism is rooted in Hell, and the full reach of Malphas' power.

Malphas, in the eyes of his fellow Princes:

Andrealphus: We lust fiercely for those who are on *our* side, and even more fiercely for those who are our untouchable enemies. Oh yes, he does good work.

Asmodeus: A useful tool, whose worth is in stirring up treason, bringing it into prominence so that I may cut it down. However, there will come a time when he becomes expendable.

Baal: The whole of Hell must be united under one banner, if we are to win the War and take what is rightfully ours. This dangerous fool wastes our resources and halves our strength. He must be thwarted where he touches me and mine.

Beleth: In our worst nightmares, we are always alone, betrayed by families, lovers, friends . . . His Word serves mine, and he increases my strength.

Belial: Many of my fanatics are kindled to rage and to destruction and to all the beauties of Fire through his ministrations. He has his uses.

Haagenti: He thinks he can try and split me and Kobal up. He'll find out he's wrong. Sometimes a Shedite is a Demon Prince, and sometimes he's just an appetizer.

Kobal: Oh, yes, he gets the joke – or rather, he provides the butts of the jokes. Every time somebody makes fun of someone else, we're building a new faction, and every time there's a new division, there are new grounds for humor . . . Wall of words, my friend, wall of words.

Kronos: So many times a man's friends or allies will drag him back from his Fate. Malphas cuts them away with a surgeon's scalpel, leaving every being ultimately alone and vulnerable.

Lilith: I am very well aware of the games that Malphas plays. However, he cannot break the bonds of a Geas, so I'll play along with him; I know who *my* allies are.

Nybbas: Oh, baby, arguments are prime footage, you *capisce*? I don't care what he does, I don't care who he does it to, I just want my cameras on the spot!

Saminga: The dead cannot argue. The dead are united. He has no power over me and is of no concern to me.

Valefor: Ever noticed how the people in a group are always convinced that the other side has more money and more fun stuff? With that sort of attitude, Theft is the only reasonable solution. Speaking of which, I need somebody to go check out his place in Stygia . . .

Vapula: The heat of conflict warms the egg of Technology, which will give birth to newer and greater discoveries about the nature of the universe. And with every new faction, I get *another* group of enthusiastic scientists. What more could one ask?



*Nobody matters to Malphas except
Malphas . . . nobody truly exists to
Malphas except Malphas.*



Alienation

Alienation leaves a victim feeling totally detached from his environment, suddenly “realizing” that he is fundamentally different from everyone around him. He no longer feels any connection or obligation to society on any level, and suffers from a lack of motivation, no longer having the desire to communicate with others. The sudden overwhelming feeling of isolation may bring on panic attacks, depression, serial-killer sprees or suicide. Unchecked, it becomes sociopathy. If the victim makes a Perception roll, he can regain enough concept of empathy to successfully communicate with others, although the emotional effects of the attunement persist until it wears off. The attunement requires a Will roll and 2 Essence to invoke, has a range equal to the user’s Ethereal Forces in yards, and lasts for twice the check digit in minutes; it may be resisted with a successful Will roll by the victim.

NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Bigotry

Bigotry immediately amplifies any existing intolerances within an individual target to obvious and excessive levels. If the victim was mildly sexist, for instance, he will become publicly and brazenly so under the influence of this attunement, regardless of consequences. Bigotry enhances *all* prejudices of the victim, and cannot be used to amplify one prejudice but ignore others. The attunement requires a Will roll to invoke, has a range equal to the user’s Ethereal Forces in yards, and lasts a number of minutes equal to twice the amount of Essence spent to activate it; it may be resisted with a successful Will roll by the victim.

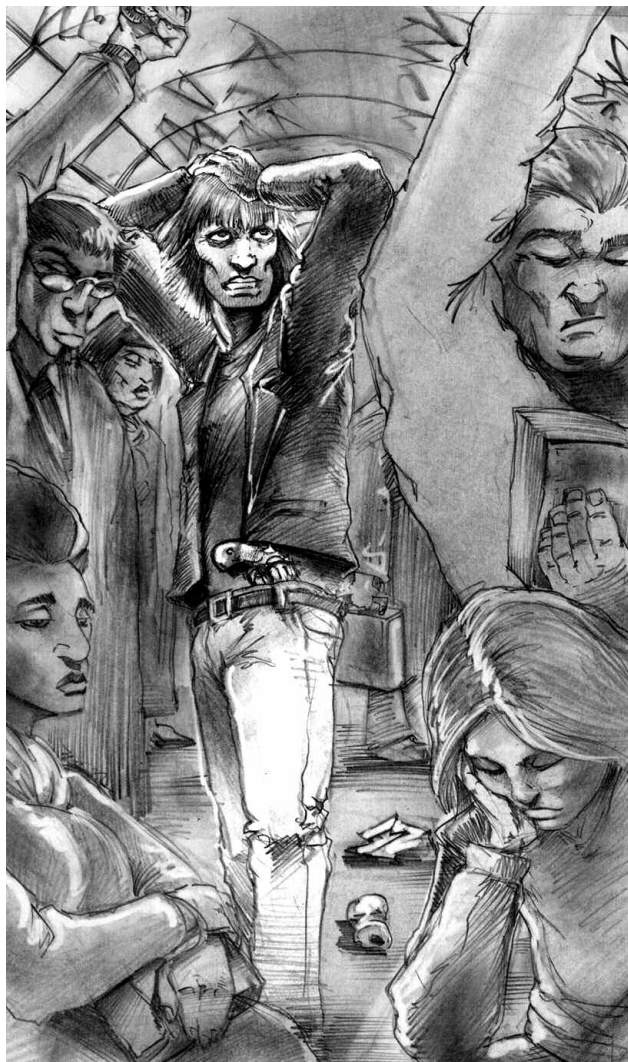


Protective Coloration

This attunement causes the user to appear to be an obvious and sincere member of any factions or groups to which the viewer belongs. It does not extend to clothing or catchphrases, but merely implants a strong certainty in the viewer's mind that the Servitor is *clearly* one of his own kind. Viewers may attempt to resist their subconscious conviction by making a Perception roll, with the amount of extra Essence spent on the attunement as a penalty to the roll. The attunement is triggered by spending a point of Essence and making a Will roll, and lasts for the check digit in hours.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Beyond Baron of Inner Torment, Malphas grants higher distinctions to those who he feels truly under-



stand the Word of Factions; this does not necessarily equate to his Word-bound, or to those who have publicly performed great deeds, but only those who *understand*. To Malphas, the appreciation and intimate knowledge of his universal truth are more important for advancement than any individual accomplishment – although they often go hand-in-hand. Malphas' Marquises, Counts and Dukes can be of any level of power, although the weaker ones rarely last long. Life is lonely at the top.

Demons with distinctions are always given authority over those who simply hold Words, confusing any bystanders, not least Malphas' own Servitors; thus a wordless Marquis of Malphas would hold greater authority than the Demon of Divorce, a Baron of Inner Torment, since the Marquis outranks the Baron. These methods of promotion can be confusing and frustrating for young demons, since Malphas does not make his requirements for distinctions plain, and does not clarify his organization to his Servitors who ask (other than to emphasize their personal importance to him, of course).

Malphas' higher distinctions carry no special powers; a demon who receives such a distinction may be given a unique Rite, but is more likely to receive only the title and a personal estate in Stygia, and a place at the table at the Villa Discordia. Higher distinctions within Malphas' court mean that the demon will be expected to spend more time in Stygia or generally in Hell, manipulating other demons for the Prince's goals.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF MALPHAS

PUBLIUS

The Demon of Newspaper Letter Columns

Balseraph Baron of Inner Torment

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 12 Precision 8
Celestial Forces – 6 Will 12 Perception 12

Vessel: Human/2 (Charisma +1)

Role: Literary Critic/4, Status/4

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2, Celestial/4),
Dreams (Corporeal/3), Entropy (Ethereal/4), Form
(Corporeal/2), Motion (Celestial/3), Shields (Cor-
poreal/2, Celestial/3), Tongues (Corporeal/3, Ethe-
real/3, Celestial/4)

Skills: Artistry/4 (Written Propaganda), Detect Lies/2,
Dodge/3, Driving/3, Emote/2, Fast-Talk/4, Fighting/3

(Rapier), Knowledge/4 (Literary Criticism), Lying/4, Ranged Weapons (Pistol)/2, Savoir-Faire/6

Attunements: Balseraph of Factions, Impudite of Factions, Balseraph of the Media, Baron of Inner Torment, Demon of Newspaper Letter Columns

Special Rites: As the Demon of Newspaper Letter Columns, Publius gets a point of Essence every time one of his letters sparks an argument in a letter column.

Publius started his career in the universities of the 17th century, where literary criticism combined backstabbing with art. When newspapers became general reading matter among the upper classes, he realized the potential of their letter columns; they could contain long, vicious arguments that went on for months, broke up friendships, separated academic brotherhoods, alienated business partners, and even caused duels. He petitioned Malphas to request the Word from Lucifer, and Malphas did so.

Publius went from triumph to triumph, expanding his reach with newspapers as they went on to America and elsewhere in the world. Nybbas gave him his Balseraph attunement, in recognition of the fact that many newspaper readers were kept hooked by the arguments in the letter columns. Even though modern-day newspapers may have descended (in Publius's view) to such declass  subjects as the affairs of Royalty and pop singers, far from his original heights of literary criticism, his Word is still fueled by them.

However, there is a blot on his horizon. The Internet's rise in popularity sucks away readers from his newspapers, and the flame wars in newsgroups generate potential Essence which Publius feels *he* should be tapping. Publius is currently making overtures to various Servitors of Vapula, in an attempt to establish newspapers on the Internet and siphon off some of this factionally generated Essence.

Publius himself has a middle-aged vessel, thin and balding, in a well-cut but out-of-date suit, and an identity as Benjamin Chessel, Professor Emeritus of Literature at a minor American college. He does most of his business through letters or e-mail, and certainly avoids any physical combat with angels or Soldiers. He writes to a



wide variety of newspapers under assumed names, and uses a number of cover identities that only exist as correspondents to the newspaper columns.

Publius is a powerful demonic character, suitable for use as an interesting NPC encounter.



METHOM

Calabite of Factions

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

Vessel: Human/2

Role: Soccer Fan/2, Status/2

Songs: Form (Corporeal/3), Motion (Celestial/5)

Skills: Dodge/2, Fighting/2 (Brawling), Knowledge/2 (Soccer), Tactics/1

Attunements: Calabite of Factions, Polarize

A comparatively young Calabite, barely two decades old, Methom loves soccer. Or rather, the soccer fans who follow matches across Europe, frequently rioting in wild support of their favored teams, painting their faces in

national colors, and generally offending the more sober fans of the sport.

Methom often leads a riot himself, starting them off on the terraces with careful use of Polarize and his Calabite attunement, and inciting the crowd to greater feats of riot and destruction – all in support of their chosen team. He saves his Song of Celestial Motion for when he needs to get away from the scene quickly, but otherwise is down there in the thick of the brawling. With time he may develop more ingenious methods of causing brawls and disruptions, but at the moment he sticks with the simplest approaches.

Methom is a balanced starting character, as written.



SAMPLE TETHER: STARLIGHT FIELDS RETREAT

Among the rolling hills of New Hampshire lies a busy New Age center, the Starlight Fields Retreat. Since the Sixties, it has been a meeting-place for different ideologies, where they can meet and share hearts and minds in an attempt to create something greater, and to argue through their differing viewpoints.

At least, that was the theory, until in the Retreat's second year, one Periel, a Habbalite of Malphas, became the organizer and "guiding spirit" of the place, as Mrs. Penny Effels. In a tactful and sweet way, she would plead for mutual understanding and acceptance, while fanning arguments and encouraging dissension and outright bigotry. ("Now, let's not be judg-

mental: James has every right to explain his feelings about Jews and women.")

In 1972, the concentrated fury and bitterness at the Retreat peaked, as one visitor organized a national radio appearance and publicly criticized the other visitors, all other denominations, and everything *except* the Starlight Fields Retreat. Malphas happily received the Tether, and appointed Periel as the Seneschal; she still holds that position. Novalis is particularly infuriated by this Tether, as a betrayal of Starlight's original purpose. She attempts to infiltrate agents to try to restore the Retreat's founding ideal: creating peace and understanding.

KHALID

ARCHANGEL OF FAITH

The world is as God wills it. All is God. God is great; there is no God but God. Our duty is to believe.

The power of faith – whether it be in something mundane or fantastic – is similarly inexplicable, but it must be preserved at all costs. The Elohite Khalid makes this preservation his sole concern, specifically guarding the True Faith of pure submission to Allah: Islam. Khalid is at the same time serene and holy, angry and violent. Once the zealous Angel of Faith under Uriel, Khalid has risen in stature to Archangel of Faith. Archangels seldom tend to be “nice” by anyone’s definition, but Khalid’s ascent has made him a notoriously unsympathetic character.

Khalid had served Archangel Uriel ably and well for many centuries when Allah called that powerful being, both radical and archaic, into the Higher Heavens. Laurence was made Archangel of the Sword and replaced Uriel, much to Khalid’s disgust. Khalid, famous for his victory over Magog while working with the Archangel of Stone, thought he should take Uriel’s place as head of Allah’s army rather than Laurence. Although Khalid agreed that Laurence (like Khalid himself) combined exceptional intelligence, integrity and tactical skill, the removal of Uriel clearly indicated that Christianity’s day had passed. He saw Dominic’s hand behind Laurence’s (and Christianity’s) elevation in the ranks of Heaven, just as he saw Dominic’s hand in the exile of Gabriel.

From that moment, Khalid followed Gabriel into the wilderness, vowing to defend the True Faith of Islam, as revealed in Allah’s dictation of the Qu’ran, against all enemies. Jihad must continue inside and out, against infidels and heretics, against armed besiegers and smooth-tongued corruptors. Nothing that Khalid has seen on the Earth since has dissuaded him: the Christian West’s earthly triumphs have come at the expense of its faith, its morals and its very soul. Western so-called freedom is a lie: the righteously free surrender their will to Allah rather than selfishly demanding the liberty to foul and pollute themselves, their women and their cities. Khalid sees America bloated with drugs and consumerism,





Europe decimated by global war and mass murder, and Russia bankrupted and poisoned by atheist socialism; he wonders how anyone with eyes to see can doubt the rightness of the path of Islam.

Islam offers true equality under Allah, true freedom to seek the divine, true brotherhood of all mankind. Khalid believes with all his might that it is worth defending. During the Crusades, he defended it against Laurence's Christian knights – now, he defends it against the far greater threat of moral corruption and baneful propaganda. If Islam must defend itself through terror on occasion, striking at the soft underbelly of the materialist West, then that is the price the West must pay for taking up the cowardly sword of technology in the first place, and for holding it against the throat of the defenseless. For angels who supported the Crusaders' bloodsoaked rule in Jerusalem or the conquistadors' forcible conversion of the New World to question Khalid's defensive tactics strikes him as sheerest hypocrisy.

Khalid personally considers Christians – faithful, believing Christians, that is – to be noble foes or even

trustworthy allies. Shari'a, Muslim law, has long allowed the other People of the Book (which also includes Jews) to live and worship Allah in their own way within the house of Islam. The true foes of Faith are not the other, lesser faiths, but the soulless armies of materialism, agnosticism, atheism and humanism. Khalid sees these cancers destroying Christianity before his eyes: he will Fall before he lets them corrupt the True Faith.

Not all of Khalid's servants work in Muslim-held territories. As many as ten percent of them live and work in other parts of the world, even among the infidels, protecting the Muslim lifestyle and supporting the Word of Faith in its most general sense. His angels are not always as fanatical about his cause as he is, but it's never wise to question his orders.

Khalid is very harsh with his servants, punishing failure with dissonance and insolence with Discord. But he's also very gentle with his favored Servitors, and generous to a fault with those he loves. Most of his servants are more maniacally loyal than even David's followers; they have faith in him.

DISSONANCE

Angels of Faith are instructed to perform miracles, but subtle, hidden ones. Khalid's servants must never allow their true natures to be found out.

They must prevent humans from acquiring proof of the existence of the celestial realm. If an angel allows undeniable physical proof of Heaven to fall into the hands of mortals, he will gain a note of dissonance until it is retrieved.

It is also dissonant for an angel serving the Word of Faith to kill a human who has true, unquestioning, unselfish faith in something beyond himself. Followers of Hell, fortunately for Khalid's Malakim, find unselfish faith even more difficult than most people.



CHOIR ATTUNEMENTS

Purposely mysterious, Khalid's servants never reveal more than they have to. They have the ability to see faith in a person's eyes; these angels know what humans believe in.

Also, every Choir of angel has one characteristic boosted by 1 point; the particular characteristic enhanced varies from Choir to Choir.

Seraphim

Seraphim find themselves in something of a predicament working for Khalid. It's not given to them to lie, yet faith in the greatly unprovable and even wildly improbable must be maintained. Working for Khalid increases a Seraph's Precision by 1, which helps him to stay surprisingly tight-lipped – for a Seraph.

Cherubim

Some of the most devoted angels in the universe are the Cherubim serving Khalid, who grants them an increased Perception (+1) and the ability to know what someone to whom they are attuned believes in most strongly.

Ofanim

Ofanim who work for Khalid have a +1 to their Agility. They specifically target lovers, helping them to stay together and have faith in one another. These angels also have the ability to see true and faithful love in a human's eyes. Also, Khalid's Ofanim heal a number of points damage per day equal to their Celestial Forces.

Elohim

Khalid's Elohim may choose which of their characteristics to enhance – again, by one point. Solid and steady, these angels of balance and reserve have the ability to see what a person believes in by using their natural resonance. But whenever an Elohite of Faith breaks his word, for any reason, he generates a note of dissonance.

Malakim

Khalid's Malakim are granted an additional point of Strength to help them punish those who have caused pain with their faithlessness. By using the resonance of this Choir, the deep eyes of the Malakim can spot these people from 10 yards away.

Kyriotates

The Kyriotate who does the work of Faith has a Will enhanced by 1 point. He also has the ability to enter a human's corporeal vessel for a brief moment and give that person true faith in anything the angel desires, lasting for a number of minutes equal to the angel's Celestial Forces.

Mercurians

The characteristic of Intelligence increases by 1 in all of Khalid's Mercurians. They are charged with making miracles from the mundane, without celestial

means. Every time a human accepts as miraculous something done by a Mercurian working for Khalid (which didn't involve him disturbing the Symphony), the angel gains 1 point of Essence.





SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Wrath of Allah

This power costs 3 Essence per use. Invoking the Wrath of Allah doubles the damage done by the user's next successful attack, regardless of the scope of the assault, after all other modifiers are taken into account. This power affects only non-Muslim human beings and diabolical celestial beings within range of the attack, but not objects (doors, cars, etc.).

DISTINCTIONS

Vassal of the Guardians of Faith

This rank grants the ability to know if the Wrath of Allah attunement (above) could be used on someone within the Vassal's line of sight.

Friend of Islam

The distinction raises a person's Will and Charisma by one point towards all interactions with practicing Muslims.

Master of the Word of Allah

This distinction increases the power of the Wrath of Allah attunement. Damages, rather than being doubled, are then multiplied by 3.

RELATIONS

Despite his differences with the Archangel of the Sword, Khalid insists that his servants bend over backward to help Laurence's angels when they're in trouble – and very loudly, to further evangelize their importance. The more prominent Khalid can make stories of his servants aiding Laurence's in a crunch, the more ammunition he'll have to sway popular opinion against the Archangel of the Sword when the time comes for Islam

to supplant Christianity in the Heavenly Host. Rumors that some of Khalid's more zealous angels create trouble for Laurence's angels, happening to be there to bail them out later on, may not be entirely exaggeration.

Since leaving Heaven, Khalid has dropped out of celestial politics for the most part. Few Superiors can bring themselves to regret this.

Allied: Laurence, Gabriel

Associated: Yves, Michael, David

Hostile: Dominic, Laurence

RITES

- Slay an atheist.
- Guard a place of faith (mosque, church, synagogue) from danger for one night and day.
- Inspire faith in the symbol of something holy (a miraculous relic, a crescent, the Easter Bunny).

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 2

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 A Santa Claus hat.
- +2 A leather-bound copy of the Qu'ran.
- +3 A religious symbol, made by a person who has faith in its significance.
- +4 A sermon or call to prayer from a devout holy man.
- +5 The head of a dead atheist.
- +6 A sincere prayer from someone devoid of faith.

ANGELS AND THE QU'RAN

In Surah LIII (The Star) verse 27, the Prophet (Peace Be Upon Him) recites: "Lo! it is those who disbelieve in the Hereafter who name the angels with the names of females."

Any celestials who have the option to wear a male vessel may want to do so for the duration of their stay in Khalid's camp. Since women in Khalid's camp observe the tradition of purdah, male vessels will allow greater freedom of movement.

MAGOG

DEMON PRINCE OF CRUELTY

The world is harsh – rid it of weakness and show no mercy.

Magog, the Demon Prince of Cruelty, represents one of the greatest disappointments either side has ever experienced. As the Kyriotate Angel of Fortitude, he was once David's most powerful Servitor. He inspired mortals to stand fast no matter what, to overcome all opposition. On many occasions he suffered dissonance when he refused to allow his hosts to retreat, but it was overzealousness that pushed him over the edge. Contemptuous of human cowardice, he forged a tribe of aggressors for the War. Soon he lived only for aggression, and soon after that he Fell, taking many of his Servitors with him.

It is rumored that the Archangel of Stone allowed himself just a moment of sadness when Magog Fell . . . before resolutely setting about to engineer his destruction. Lucifer delighted in the highest-ranking defection since the original Fall. He crowned Magog as the Prince of Cruelty, and Hell's militant faction rejoiced, only to see the new Prince become trapped the very next day by his former Superior with the help of Khalid, a very young EloHITE of Purity.

Bound in a corporeal prison for millennia, Magog has had nothing to think about but revenge. He is a simmering volcano of hatred, ready to unleash several thousand years of pent-up aggression on the mortal world. He and his followers are prepared to commit atrocities that would make even some fellow Princes blanch.

The Prince of Cruelty is unfamiliar with the current situation on Earth, though. When David trapped him underground in Egypt, the War was just beginning to turn covert. Magog is used to a world in which demons and angels both disturbed the Symphony with relative impunity. Open celestial intervention in mortal affairs was still relatively commonplace, but there were fewer celestials of either side actually on Earth. He's not used to a cold war and has no desire to wage one. He and his servants will explode out of their prison, boiling with rage and ready to tear into anything mortal or divine they see, and into any diabolicals who get in their way as well. The return of the Demon Prince of Cruelty will upset the balance of power, and disrupt a centuries-long détente. This will please some Superiors, and frighten others.





Magog may or may not survive the events of *The Final Trumpet*. He is the most ferocious Prince of Hell, but he's also the weakest. He was only a Superior for one day before he was sealed beneath the Egyptian desert, and he's remained in a sort of stasis ever since. He has few Servitors at this time, and he's about to capture the undivided attention of the Host. If he is destroyed, his servants will probably suffer the same fate, or at best be recruited into other Princes' organizations.

If Magog survives, he will have to relearn the corporeal landscape, and he'll have to condescend to play politics. He's vicious and ultra-militant, but he's not stupid. Quickly realizing that he has a very weak position, he'll start making deals. He will also aggressively recruit new Servitors. Serving Cruelty is not for the faint of heart, but a young diabolical (or a more seasoned one, unsatisfied with current career prospects) will find Magog quite generous – though utterly unforgiving – toward new servants. Attaching oneself to a new Prince is always risky; if his star rises, there's a lot of room at the top with him, but if it falls, you become a casualty, praying that some other Prince will deign to let you crawl onto the bottom rung of his hierarchy.

Magog's Word of Cruelty is the perverted extreme of his original purpose – he now encourages mortals to stop at nothing in pursuing violent objectives. His Servitors must be willing to do anything – *anything* – to demoralize and destroy the enemy. They'll be permitted, even encouraged, to kill humans more wantonly than any other Princes allow. Magog will pursue a very active

strategy, and as a Shedite, will spend most of his time on Earth, possessing the cruellest people he can find and bending them toward increasingly brutal and widespread acts of savagery. Under the watchful eye of Asmodeus, Magog will gradually tone down gross disturbances in the Symphony and more or less play by the rules, but he will never be a particularly subtle Prince.

DISSONANCE

It is dissonant for Servitors of Cruelty to show mercy. They may not commit an act of kindness under any circumstances, and may not allow themselves to be swayed by pleas or efforts to negotiate, unless sparing someone will provide the means to inflict even greater suffering.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs

Magog's Balseraphs specialize in verbal cruelty, inflicting pain with disparagement and slander. When telling a lie that will cause pain to those who believe it, these Servitors subtract their Celestial Forces from their victims' resistance rolls.

Djinn

Even more uncaring than most, Djinn of Cruelty are unfettered by the usual restrictions of their Band; they may harm the objects of their attunement without incurring dissonance.

Calabim

The destructive field of Magog's Calabim causes incredible pain. Anyone who takes damage from their resonance is automatically stunned (*In Nomine*, p. 62).

Habbalah

Habbalah of Cruelty enlist others to do their punishing. They have a special emotional effect: Sadism. Victims of Sadism will lose all empathy for others, and be incapable of love or compassion. They will take pleasure in seeing others suffer. The effects last for (check digit) hours.

Lilim

Magog has no Lilim serving him currently, and few will find him appealing. He'd be very interested in acquiring some Tempters, though, so a Lilim with a heart of stone could probably procure a generous offer for her service.

Lilim of Cruelty add their Corporeal Forces to their resonance roll if they are inflicting pain on someone as they attempt to perceive a Need. (Not surprisingly, the Need they perceive is often for the Lilim to stop hurting her victim!) The Lilim may also inflict pain on her victim as he tries to resist the Geas, reducing his effective Will by an amount determined by the GM (in addition to the level of the Geas). A little arm-twisting should usually be worth a penalty of -1 (or -2 if the victim is easily intimidated), while a flaying might be worth -6 (but would probably leave the victim in poor shape to fulfill the terms of his Geas). Sparing a victim for a Geas does not cause dissonance to Lilim of Cruelty.

Shedim

Shedim of Cruelty block out the empathy of their hosts, numbing them to the evil they are committing. The Shedite may add his Celestial Forces to any Will contests to force the host to do something cruel. This includes self-cruelty; Magog's Shedim are fond of pushing their hosts into acts of sado-masochism. Equally numb themselves, these Fleshless do not suffer dissonance if their hosts die while they are in possession. However, a human killed while possessed by a Shedite of Cruelty generates

twice the normal disturbance to the Symphony! (Remember that the Shedite must also assume celestial form immediately thereafter as well).

Impudites

These cruel Takers can torture people for their Essence! The GM should use his discretion in determining whether the demon's efforts are sufficient to induce a victim to yield his Essence. For many humans, a little arm-twisting will be sufficient, while a Malakite can probably be tortured to death without results. The GM may wish to simply have the victim make a Will roll, with appropriate penalties according to the Impudite's creativity. If the torture is successful, the Impudite must still make a normal resonance roll to steal the Essence, but at a bonus equal to his Corporeal Forces.



SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Ferocity

While this power is active, anyone near the demon loses all inhibitions against violence and any fear of retribution. The range is equal to the demon's Celestial Forces, in yards. The attunement will not stir someone to violence by itself, but it will turn any provocation into an excuse for mayhem. Cashiers who would secretly like

violence will be unaffected. Everyone else may make a Will roll to resist. The effect lasts for a number of minutes equal to the Essence spent.

Lash

This attunement turns any resonance into a weapon, inflicting damage that feels like the lash of a whip, but leaves no physical traces. The demon may invoke the Lash whenever he successfully uses his resonance on someone, at a cost of 1 Essence. The victim will take Body hits equal to the demon's Corporeal Forces, in addition to the effects of the resonance. Protection does not reduce the damage.

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Pain

The demon is an expert at inflicting pain. Any time he attacks someone and inflicts any damage, he may spend 1 Essence to automatically stun his victim. Victims may resist with a Strength roll, at a penalty equal to the demon's Corporeal Forces and any additional Essence he spends.

Captain of Sadists

The demon can look at someone and know exactly how far that person is willing to go in any situation, and what his ultimate moral boundaries are – if any. This is an excellent talent for scouting potential Soldiers of Hell.

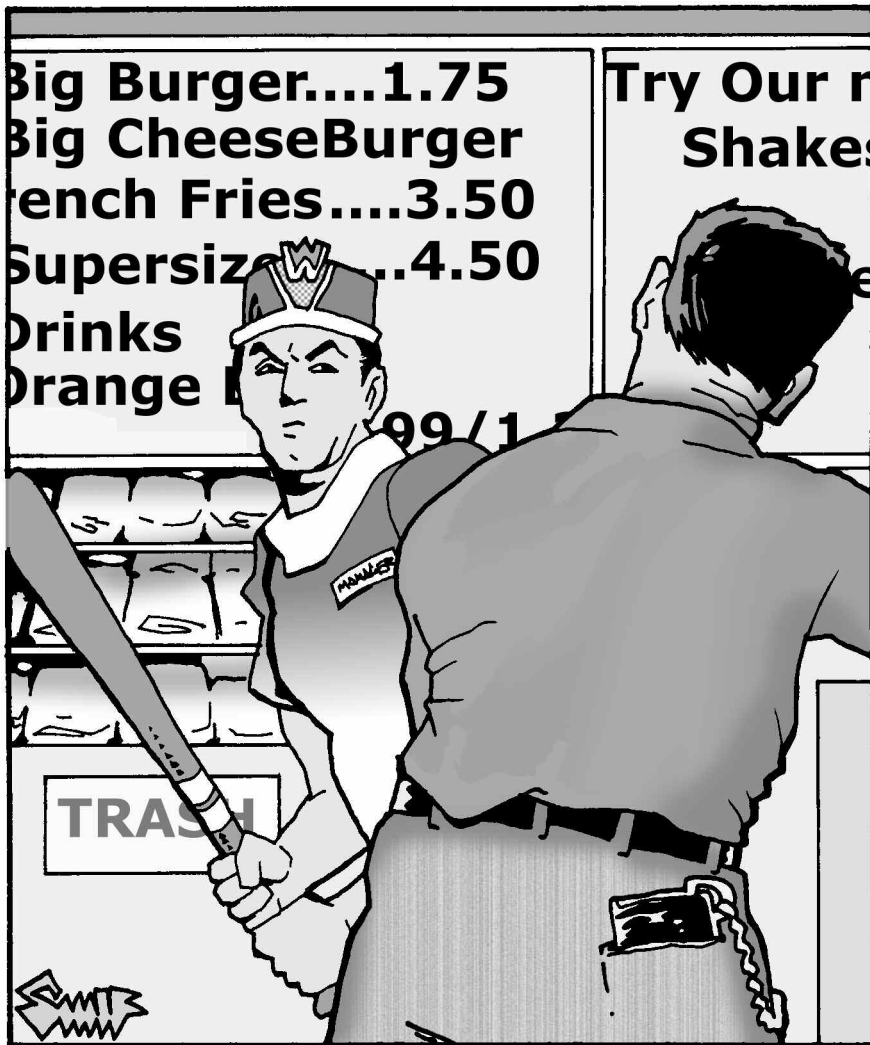
Baron of Eternal Agony

Magog has no Barons currently, but if he survives the events of *The Final Trumpet*, he'll soon create some. A demon of this rank can, with the expenditure of 1 point of Essence, cause incredible pain to anyone he can see. For 2 points, he can affect anyone with whom he has an audio or visual link (such as over the telephone), and for 3 points, he can affect anyone to whom he is attuned, either with a Djinn resonance or with the Celestial Song of Attraction. The effect is as per a stunning injury, but the subject may resist with a

Strength roll, at a penalty equal to the demon's Corporeal Forces and any additional Essence the Baron spends.

RELATIONS

Magog is ancient, but for all practical purposes a newcomer on the infernal scene. He doesn't even know many of the younger Princes, and only the older ones remem-



to take a baseball bat to rude customers, motorists with fantasies of pulling out a gun when someone cuts them off, cops who'd like to give criminals what they really deserve, parents who speculate – just for one brief moment – on how satisfying it would be to throw a screaming child out the window, will act on their aggressive impulses. Anyone who would act violently anyway will become unspeakably bloodthirsty. Someone who truly does not feel the slightest temptation to commit

60

MAGOG

ber him, mostly as one of Lucifer's early failures. The militant Princes will welcome the return of the Prince of Cruelty, but some of the others – notably Nybbas and Valefor – will regard him as a dire threat. Andrealphus and Lilith will be appalled by him. Asmodeus will be trying to rein him in as soon as he appears – Magog couldn't care less about disturbing the Symphony, nor does he care if his orgies of destruction upset countless diabolical plans.

For his part, Magog has little love for his fellow Princes. Those he doesn't recognize, like Haagenti, Fleurity, Nybbas and Valefor, he will ignore. Most of the others, he resents – they certainly didn't do anything to help him while he was imprisoned, and he sees no reason why he should help them. Besides, he considers most of them soft and weak, even if he temporarily lacks the raw power to compete with them.

He will cooperate with the aggressive Princes who make overtures to him, and Furfur will see an opportunity to make friends with another violent upstart. If Magog survives, the two of them could be a match made in Hell. For the moment, Magog is working closely with Beleth, as she provided refuge for his Servitors, and she remains greatly impressed by the nightmares he spawned.

Allied: *Beleth*

Associated: *Baal, Belial, Furfur*

Hostile: *Everyone else*

Enemy: *No one*

RITES

- Torture someone for half an hour (2 Essence for torturing someone to death, taking at least an hour)
- Make someone beg for his life, before killing him (may be combined with the above Rite)
- Slaughter five humans in front of their loved ones

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 1

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 A bully
- +2 A human crying in pain
- +3 Professional torture equipment
- +4 A human begging for mercy
- +5 A village razed to the ground
- +6 A genocide in progress







THE FINAL TRUMPET



64

THE FINAL TRUMPET

HIPOCALYPSE RIGHT NOW

*Put in your sickle, and reap, for the hour to reap has come,
for the harvest of the earth is fully ripe.*

– Revelations 14:15

The chain reaction of evil – hate begetting hate, wars producing more wars – must be broken, or we shall be plunged into the dark abyss of annihilation.

– Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Final Trumpet brings the threat of Armageddon to the *In Nomine* universe. The players, through their characters, have direct parts to play in promoting or preventing the tumultuous changes marked by the soundings of Gabriel's horn. This adventure can be played by any sized group and offers unique possibilities for mixed groups of characters. Superiors on both sides are split into pro- and anti-Apocalypse factions, and in the ensuing chaos, demons and angels working together will receive far less scrutiny than under more normal circumstances.



GETTING STARTED

Like NORAD's DefCon alerts during the Cold War, the winding of Gabriel's trumpet raises tensions in the celestial world. Every so often, one of the Trumpet requirements is met – sometimes accidentally. (See *The Seven Signs*, p. 67) Several times, as many as three requirements have been fulfilled in sequence, but even if only one omen is prevented from coming to pass, the celestial world drops back down to "DefCon 5" and the process must be begin anew with another First Trumpet.

HUMANS IN THE CAMPAIGN

Soldiers and other human characters will be in far over their heads in this adventure. That doesn't mean that there is no room for them, but many of the events in *The Final Trumpet* will seem overwhelming even to celestials. For humans in this adventure, God is in the details, and so is survival. The GM should let the human PCs take care of small but important parts of the adventure. For instance, Soldiers are ideal for investigating what exactly happened to Maximilian in Los Angeles.

If one of the human characters wants to make a grand gesture, laying down his life in order to achieve something big, this adventure has high enough stakes to make that kind of sacrifice more than normally worthwhile.

Since the characters may be coming into this adventure without having played *Fall of the Malakim* (*Fall of the Malakim*, p. 103), suggestions for entering *The Final Trumpet* are given in *The Second Trumpet* (p. 73). For GMs running *The Final Trumpet* as the background of a much larger campaign, these entry points are provided as alternate ways to arrive at the same destination. The PCs, or NPCs who they know, may be involved with furthering or balking any of the Trumpets. This is how *The Final Trumpet* can be integrated best with an ongoing campaign – the PCs become involved in Trumpet activity in the course of their usual adventuring, but after a point the Armageddon plot threads become the predominant ones. Once the player characters fail to prevent the Second Trumpet (or succeed at fulfilling its requirements), then the plot of *The Final Trumpet* accelerates toward its end. The adventurers must prevent a premature Armageddon and expose the forces behind it in order to, well, save the world.

PLAYER CONTROL OR PREDESTINATION

If this were a movie, you know how it would go: the main characters (that is, the PCs) would spend the whole film racing from scene to scene, always getting there just in time to witness the chaos up close and personal, but too late to alter its outcome no matter how hard they try. Finally, at the last possible moment, they avert disaster.

Naturally, that's the most dramatic way to do it, but part of the charm of a roleplaying game lies in a feeling (illusory or not) of control on the part of the players. Some people are content being led through a complicated story as long as they're allowed to figure out the plot's final puzzle just before the closing credits roll, but others like to pull things one way or the other. If you make your players feel as if they have no say in the plot or outcome, they may very well lose their motivation to roleplay.

Don't penalize players for messing up your plan or restrict them to one course of action. There are moments in this adventure when the PCs will have to go with the flow and allow things to happen around them, but those moments should be in the minority. Just as God gave humanity free will, the GM must give his players the freedom to choose their destiny – or their fate.

While the story of *The Final Trumpet*, on the surface, is that of unprecedented celestial upheaval in the *In Nomine* world, it's also the story of Khalid, Archangel of Faith (p. 53), and the crossroads at which he stands. Like the celestial world itself, Khalid is balanced on a precarious edge. At the opening of our story, he could go either way. Depending on how Armageddon unfolds, Khalid may reaffirm his loyalty to God's cause, with his faith restored in His ineffable plan, or he may Fall, joining the ranks of Hell in the final battle against all that is just and good.

INVOLVING THE PCs

If this adventure is being played as an extension of *Fall of the Malakim*, then the PCs have just arrived at the doorstep of Archangel Khalid after many travels, seeking asylum.

If they're Outcast angels, he takes them in as one of his own, lavishing affection upon them as though they were the proverbial prodigal sons. Then he informs them that they must be proven loyal before he extends his full embrace to them. Khalid sends them to monitor someone's house, and to report back the exact details of what

transpires afterwards. See *The Second Trumpet* (p. 73) for what happens.

If they're Renegade demons, he takes them in as part of his rehabilitation program. Demons, unfortunately, aren't allowed into his main tents, nor are they allowed to sit in on his planning meetings. They are given orders, which they are expected to act out in faith that their new master knows what's best. These orders, naturally, are to monitor a certain house. Again, see *The Second Trumpet* (p. 73).

If the PCs are new to the situation and know nothing about the events which transpired in *Fall of the Malakim*, then they've been assigned to Khalid by their respective Archangels as part of a good-faith exchange, in hopes of bringing the Archangel of Faith back into the fold. Dominic knows that troubled times are ahead, and the Archangel of Judgment is afraid that Khalid, already slipping, will Fall. His fear is justified. Dominic will check in on the team when a Trumpet sounds (waiting until they are out of Khalid's presence), or once a week otherwise. Dominic labels the PCs "Outcast" in order that they may better fit in with Khalid's ragtag celestial troops.



If the PCs are demons who weren't involved in *Fall of the Malakim*, then they're acting on the behalf of either Asmodeus or Kronos, with orders to push Khalid over the edge so that Hell will have one more militant Prince when the time comes to fight the final battle. Whether or not this is really such a good idea is up to individual characters (although they'd better keep their objections to themselves in front of the Princes of Fate or the Game). Servants of Baal, for example, may be all for it, until they encounter some proof that no Malakim have actually Fallen. At that point, stopping their dark master from plunging Hell into a battle that has no assured victory becomes their most urgent task. Like Dominic's agents, demons play a dangerous game of "going Renegade" and pretending to be interested in Redemption so that they can get closer to the Archangel of Faith.

BACKGROUND

Most celestials know about what happened in Austin – Furfur took a beating at the hands of some low-level Word-bound angels and demons, but became a probationary Prince regardless. Most celestials know that something huge happened in LA that involved the death – in some cases the *true* death – of most of its celestial inhabitants, but no one knows exactly what. Dark rumor says that a Malakite has Fallen, and that Uriel is no longer alive. It's a rumor the demons have spread from time to time, but now it's going around with frightening strength. Both Dominic and Asmodeus will avoid the issue if pressed by the PCs (or if pressed by anyone else in the PCs' presence).

DRAWING THE LINES

In perfect Malphas fashion, this campaign factionalizes both sides of the War into militant and pro-stalemate camps. Servitors of these different factions, while ostensibly on the same side of the overall celestial battle, may be pushing one way or another, with friendships either strained or falling by the wayside entirely. The Outcast or Renegade PCs may be contacted privately by their Superiors and coerced (or directly ordered) to act against the adventuring party's plans.

Militant Archangels

David: "The demons have had free rein for too long. They should be stopped, once and for all."

Dominic: "If the proper criteria are met, we must diligently support the inevitable so that the just side may win."

Janus: "The winds of change are blowing. It's time to sweep the world clean."

THE SEVEN SIGNS

Each Trumpet has its own prophecy which must be fulfilled *before* the Trumpet will be blown. It is known that the prophecies must occur in order, but there is no consensus among the Superiors about the exact meaning of each prophecy; whether they are literal or metaphorical, or if there is more than one way to trigger each Trumpet. The events that set off the Trumpets warn of the approach of Armageddon, but it doesn't actually begin until the Seventh Trumpet is blown. The Apocalypse may be averted at any time before that.

1. A Great City is Emptied of the Children of Heaven.
2. The Holiest Man in the World Dies by Hands Not Mortal.
3. The Mortal Tyrant Harvests a Million Souls.
4. An Ancient Evil Breaks its Bonds.
5. In Unity, War Is Embraced.
6. At the Changing of the Year, All the Continents are at War.
7. The Champions Battle amid the Flames and One is Vanquished.

Jordi: "The humans have laid waste to God's creatures. They have lost their right to rule the Earth; their time is over."

Laurence: "I want to finish the job I was chosen to do. We must conquer Hell."

Litheroy: "When the last Trumpet is blown, all seals are broken and all secrets revealed. But keep your eyes open until then."

Michael: "This is what we have been working for ever since the Fall. It's time."

Pro-Stalemate Archangels

Blandine: "The Apocalypse is the worst nightmare of all. Prevent it at all costs."

Christopher: "This can only bring death, not life or growing or learning. Stop it."

Eli: "There is no creativity in pure destruction. Besides, I'll really miss Earth. It's such a cool place."

Jean: "This is not a logical approach to the problem of the Malakim."

Marc: "I don't think violence is the best solution in this situation. Why are so many so eager to proceed?"

Novalis: "We have not run out of options and yet we are plunging toward conflict. There has to be a way out. Find it."

Zadkiel: "Many innocents will be destroyed in the fighting. We must protect them from ourselves."



Militant Princes

Baal: "The Malakim are not the perfect weapon. We have the advantage. We must seize it now before Heaven can regroup."

Beleth: "We have a chance to put fear into the hearts of those who cast us out. I want the world to tremble at our coming."

Belial: "Burn it all! Fire fire fire!"

Furfur: "No war is as hardcore as The War. Bring it on!"

Haagenti: "I will devour our enemies. Revenge is delicious."

Kobal: "(Snort. Giggle.) Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I slay me!"

Malphas: "The threat of the Apocalypse is dividing everybody. When it is over, there will be nothing worth uniting for, and each soul will be alone."

Saminga: "Everyone will be dead. My Word will finally be supreme."

Pro-Stalemate Princes

Alaemon: "Wars make things clear. The Final War makes things finally clear. Am I making myself clear?"

Andrealphus: "Where is the pleasure in Armageddon? I'm not finished enjoying humanity yet."

Fleurty: "You're planning on killing off my best customers? No way."

Lilith: "When Heaven and Hell are separated for good, my freedom is lost. I don't want to be labeled and confined to one place for all eternity. That's why I walked out in the first place."

Mammon: "With the Earth annihilated, I won't have anyplace to keep my stuff."

Nybbas: "Can you *conceive* of how large a market share I'm going to lose? Wars are OK in propaganda films, but what fun is the real thing? That's not entertainment."

Valefor: "I'm not ready to settle down yet. There are things I want to do before the world is stolen from us."

Vapula: "I have experiments running and Armageddon will corrupt my data. Stop bothering me!"

Sitting on the Fence

Yves, as usual, abstains from aligning with either faction, knowing that division is one of the devil's finest tools. Gabriel, preferring to exist outside of celestial society, takes no sides until the Fourth Trumpet.

On the other side, Asmodeus and Kronos abstain, preferring not to show any weakness of position by involving themselves in a losing proposition.

So regardless of who a character is working for at the moment, he'll probably tend to operate in the interest of his original Superior. If this means balking Armageddon, great – if not, then so be it.

THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION

In any conflict, effective communication can mean the difference between victory and defeat. The Apocalypse is no exception. Each side has a specialist in running messages, come rain or sleet or bitter ICBMs. Both the angel and the demon below can deliver information to their enemies as well as their allies, but their safety is not guaranteed. They make up for their lack of combat skills by being extremely hard to catch.

GMs should feel free to make use of these characters to help the plot along. Fugit and Lagopus can show up anywhere the PCs go during the adventure, bearing orders from their Superiors, messages from Khalid, or even news from one another – although for Lagopus to deliver it, it had better be bad news.

FUGIT

The Angel of Messages

Ofanite Master of Trade, Vassal of Fire

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

Vessel: Human/4, Horse/3

Role: Bicycle Messenger/3 (Status/3)

Songs: Motion (All/6); Shields (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/5, Celestial/5); Tongues (All/6); Wings/6

Skills: Climbing/5, Dodge/6, Driving/6, Escape/3, Knowledge/6 (World Geography), Move Silently/5, Running/6, Swimming/4, Tracking/6

Artifacts: A mountain bike granting Bicycle Riding/6. At the cost of 1 Essence per hour (minimum 1 Essence), the bike renders her invisible to law enforcement officials and makes traffic lights change in her favor.

Attunements: All Choir attunements of Marc, Divine Contract, Ofanite of Fire, Ofanite of Wind, Vassal of Fire, the Angel of Messages

Special Rites: As a Word-bound angel, Fugit has the following Rites: she gains 1 Essence for successfully delivering a message and 1 Essence for reaching her intended destination without ceasing forward motion. She has all of Marc's Rites and one from Janus – spend 1 hour in 80+ mph winds.



Fugit was a Servitor of Gabriel from before the Archangel of Fire began her thousand-year sulk. When Gabriel refused to carry out her duties as divine messenger, Fugit got the job by default. At first she only performed routine duties, but she proved to be so reliable that the other Archangels soon entrusted her with more sensitive missions. Nothing stopped her, nothing fazed her, and she never discussed delivery with anyone but the Archangel who assigned it. Eventually she earned the dubious honor of running top secret messages to diabolicals on the rare occasion such communication became necessary. Her Superiors required that she remain neutral while on the job, which, as a Servitor of Gabriel, bur-

MALAKIM

Now is not a good time to be a Malakite. Not only has serious doubt fallen on the purity of the Malakim, which was once considered a universal truth, but some celestials think this is a sign that Uriel is gone for good. Add to that the presence of Dominic's triads, shadowing Malakim everywhere in search of corruption, and life has definitely gotten complicated for Heaven's purest Choir.

Dominic is making up for his oversight in Los Angeles by performing a ruthless audit of every Malakite in existence. This is nerve-wracking for the subjects of the inquisition and increases any doubts they might be having about themselves. If any of the PCs are Malakim, they should experience this scrutiny and disruption as triads keep a constant watch over their actions.

This effort is putting a great strain on Dominic's resources, which some other Archangels think might be better used against the enemy than against other angels. But Dominic considers a corrupt angel to be an enemy, and the events of *Fall of the Malakim* seem to have proven him right. No one will ever accuse Dominic of forgetting to shut the barn door after the horse has gone.

dened her with Dissonance. After each mission, Gabriel stripped the Dissonance from her, but the constant balancing and unbalancing of her tune in the Symphony drove her nearly as insane as her Superior.

Much to her relief, when she was granted her own Word she gained the ability to remain neutral while delivering a message without generating Dissonance, no matter who received it. Also, for the cost of 2 Essence she can put a message in her courier's pouch and make it disappear until she retrieves it, similar to the attunement Swipe (*In Nomine*, p. 121).

Several centuries ago, Fugit and Gabriel privately agreed to disagree and Fugit humbly requested that she might be lent to Marc. She is now his Servitor for all intents and purposes. Her ability to remain neutral and unobtrusive serves her well in her dealings with the Archangels. They look upon her as a necessary tool with no hidden agenda (unlike Gabriel when she was divine messenger), and some even have a fondness for her. Despite working for Marc, she associates mostly with servants of Janus because they are the only ones who have a chance of keeping up with her. Janus approves of her mobile lifestyle so much that he granted her a Rite and the Ofanite of Wind Attunement.

She has a lot of respect for Vevaliah, the Angel of Supply Lines (p. 20), although they are both on the move too much to develop a real friendship. She might say of him, "I get where I'm going by myself; he opens the way for others. I don't see much of him, but he makes my job easier and I appreciate that."

Currently, Fugit prefers to spend time in her Role as a bicycle messenger, cruising the streets on her relic, a battered Kamikaze brand mountain bike. Her courier's pouch has "Superior Message Service" printed on it in the native language of whatever country she visits. No matter how incongruous the location, she will appear to the adventurers dressed for her Role. If a Superior is present, of course, she will be more formal.

Fugit never stops except to pick up and deliver. Any celestial who wishes to catch her attention must follow her or be left in the dust.

Fugit is a powerful angel with an important Word. The PCs may encounter her as she delivers them a message, but she won't stay to talk unless they have a reply to send.

LAGOPUS

Demon of Bad Tidings

Impudite Knight of Factions

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 2 Agility 10
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 6 Precision 10
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 4 Perception 12

Vessel: Human/2

Role: Mailman/2 (Status/2)

Songs: Healing (Ethereal/4, Celestial/5), Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3, Celestial/6)

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Dodge/6, Drive/4, Escape/6, Move Silently/5, Running/6

Artifacts: Stealthy Shoes/3

Attunements: Impudite of Factions, Imbroglia, Knight of Deception, Demon of Bad Tidings

Rites: Lagopus gains 1 Essence every time he delivers bad tidings and personally witnesses the receiver's reaction (anger, sorrow, etc.) and 1 Essence when he gets bad news distributed nationwide in newspapers or on TV.

Everyone wants to kill the messenger, as Lagopus can attest. He is a Pariah in Hell even amongst the Princes because Lucifer often uses him to pass on reprimands, dirty jobs or busywork. He is frequently the worse for wear after telling a Prince something he didn't want to hear, and has refined his defensive abilities extensively as a result. He is a master of the quick getaway.

Lesser demons run from Lagopus like aldermen from a process server. He has no friends because there is so much bad news in Hell that he is never off duty.



His only joy in life is traveling the corporeal realm in his guise as a mailman. Delivering bad tidings to humans has no downside and nets him a lot of Essence. He has even been known to create an unfortunate accident just so he can go tell someone about it. He likes hanging out with paparazzi and hack journalists because they actually like to hear bad news – and they tend to pass it on, furthering his Word. Unfortunately for him, he is not allowed to stay on Earth indefinitely because he has too much to do in Hell and no one is willing to do his job for him.

His Demon of Bad Tidings attunement allows him to know one hurtful piece of information about a person at a cost of 2 Essence. He must make eye contact with his victim for his attunement to function. The information is always something the person did not already know, so Lagopus gets to share it with him. This attunement only works on the same person once per week, and Lagopus can always decide not to deliver the information if he thinks it would be more hurtful coming from somebody else.

The coming of the Apocalypse is the best thing that ever happened to Lagopus. He has been charged by Malphas to spread the rumor about the fallen Malakite, not among his own kind, but amongst the angels. This has provided him with a fountain of Essence; unfortunately, he's had to burn most of it in trying to get away from infuriated members of the Host.

Lagopus is one of the handful of demons who know the location of the cavern in Hell where Maximilian is hidden. The demon's comings and goings create far less disturbance in the Symphony than his master's, so Malphas has been using him to stay in touch with Kobal. If the PCs are smart and very sneaky, they may be able to follow him to the Prince of Dark Humor. If caught, Lagopus will be very resistant to coercion – nothing the players threaten can be worse than what would happen to him if he gave away Malphas' plans.

Lagopus is a mid-level NPC. He isn't very powerful, but he knows some extremely important information. The PCs can run into him when he brings them the bad news. Any bad news.

A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS

There is one celestial who will be willing to defend both the Fallen Malakite Maximilian and Khalid – Koriel, the Angel of Equal Truth. She is dedicated to seeing justice done, and Maximilian hasn't had much justice recently.

Throughout this adventure, Koriel will be busy uncovering the truth about what happened in L.A. Celestials can meet her as she petitions them for help with her case. They may be too involved with their own problems to pay much attention to her at first, but they should eventually figure out that helping Koriel is the best way to prevent Armageddon.

If the PCs gather some clues but don't have enough to show a Superior, Koriel will begin her defense on that basis and send them to look for more. The first thing she will tell them to do is go to Los Angeles, if they haven't figured that out yet. If they go there on their own initiative, she will run into them there.

Not only will she speak on Khalid's behalf and try to clear Maximilian's honor, she will also help any celestials who were Outcast regain Heaven's grace. She will even be willing to help Renegades, but only if they want to become angels again. She will put up with demons as long as they are working to promote justice, or have some information she wants, but she'll concentrate her attention on the angels.

KORIEL

The Angel of Equal Truth

Seraph Friend of Judgment

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 11 Precision 9
Celestial Forces – 6 Will 12 Perception 12

Vessel: Human/3.

Role: Public Defender/6 (Status/4)

Skills: Computer Operation/4, Driving/2, Emote/6, Fast-Talk/6

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

Attunements: Seraph of Judgment, Friend of Judgment, Incarnate Law, Angel of Equal Truth

Artifacts: A small set of scales (yes, just like the ones Blind Justice carries). When Koriel spends 1 Essence, she can force a biased person to make an Intelligence roll. If he succeeds, he loses his bias for a number of minutes equal to the check digit. This does not give Koriel an automatic victory, but it will make her opponent listen to her argument instead of dismissing it outright.

Special Rites: Koriel receives 1 point of Essence for helping the legal defense of an innocent human, 2 points for defending an angel.



As a Seraph, Koriel cannot tolerate the unequal distribution of justice. She has made it her mission and her Word to defend the helpless, the unwanted and the unpopular from biased treatment. Many Renegades turn to her for support as they try to reenter Heaven's gates. Dominic has nicknamed her "The Devil's Advocate," and he means it literally. Despite his disapproval of some of her clientele, he continues to let her help them, a major indication of trust.

Koriel's drive to succeed makes her seem distant and cold-hearted, but she cares deeply about each person she helps. Caring to her means fighting to redress a

wrong, not coddling weakness.

One of Koriel's most powerful allies is Michael. He knows all too well how it feels to be persecuted, and he thinks Koriel provides a good balance to Dominic. The characters can use her good standing with him to stop



the Apocalypse at its source. If Michael decides that it is not the right time for the Final Battle, most of the other Archangels will follow his lead. After all, he is the Archangel of War.

Koriel's Equal Truth attunement is for memory: she can remember any fact or detail relating to any case she has ever defended.

IF YOU'RE A DEMON, WHY STOP THE WAR?

Just because a being is evil doesn't mean that it wants everything destroyed. There are different sorts of evil, some of which will be impossible to perpetrate (real estate fraud, for example) after the Apocalypse.

Any demon who was originally an angel, especially if he lived in Heaven before the Fall, subconsciously yearns to return there. Earth is the next best thing. It may not be filled with God's glory, but at least it isn't Hell. Destroying a place that many demons consider to be a vacation resort is not high on their lists.

The other consideration is losing. Many demons know all about what it feels like to be routed by God's forces, and they don't ever want to repeat that experience. Any diabolicals who think that Hell will be defeated in the Final Battle will work to postpone it for as long as they can.

GM note: if the players are doing well, Koriel can just function as an intermediary, or not enter the story at all. If they are having trouble picking up leads, she can play a bigger part, focusing them on clues and spurring them on in their investigation.

SAVING THE WORLD

At any time during this adventure after the Second Trumpet, the PCs may successfully stop one of the prophecies from being realized. At that point, Armageddon is averted, and the GM has two choices: either start it again or end the adventure and move on.

Most likely, the militant factions will have lost the momentum they need to bring on the final battle, allowing the stalemate factions to strengthen their resistance. They will argue that now is obviously not the time.

If the characters can credibly allege that Malphas and Kobal plotted to fake Maximilian's Fall and jump-start the First Trumpet, that will likely end the threat of the Apocalypse. If not, at least there will be some breathing room to prove the hoax before the pro-War side gets organized. To prove the hoax, celestials will almost certainly need to travel to L.A., discover the real fate and location of Maximilian, and possibly drag him out of Hell as well. GMs will want to have *The Virtue and the Temptress* (p. 107) ready to run whenever the PCs finally figure everything out.

Even if the Apocalypse is averted, some Superiors just won't want to let it go, most notably Furfur and Magog. The PCs may have to spend a lot of time at the end of this adventure killing off plots to revive the Trumpets.

THE SECOND TRUMPET

*One man, Assassin-like had levied War; War unproclaim'd.
— John Milton, Paradise Lost, Book XI*

Malphas and Kobal have decided that it's time to start the Apocalypse, but this in itself is not enough. Seven Signs must come to pass, each heralded by a blast from Gabriel's horn, before the final battle between Heaven and Hell may commence (see *The Seven Signs*, p. 67).

The First Trumpet blew when Los Angeles was emptied of celestials, fulfilling the prophecy, "A Great City Shall be Emptied of the Children of Heaven." The Second Trumpet is prophesied to sound at "The Death of the Holiest Person in the World at Hands Not Mortal." Malphas, who has been planning this for nearly a century, already knows who that person is. However, he decides to ask Khalid for the name of the person, to test the Archangel's waning faith. Malphas would very much like it if he could accelerate Khalid's incipient Fall with some well-placed factionalizing and corruption. If Khalid does give him the information, the Prince of Factions will see to it that Heaven – perhaps even Dominic personally – finds out.

KHALID'S CAMP

Khalid and his followers live in the desert east of Tehran, the capital of Iran. The few Iranians who know about the encampment believe it to be a group of dedicated, not to say fanatical, Moslems. The Ayatollah's government is content to leave them alone.

Khalid picked this location not only because of the strict religious regime, but because of the harsh living



PLAYING THE SECOND TRUMPET

As discussed on page 65, if the celestials did not come to this adventure by way of *Fall of the Malakim*, then they were sent to Khalid's camp by Dominic, Asmodeus, or Kronos, whichever Superior is appropriate. At this point the angels and demons are in deep trouble. They are Outcasts or Renegades, and the rest of celestial society will treat them as such, pretense or no. They now take orders from a Superior who teeters between Heaven and Hell, and are completely in the dark about the Big Plan.

This is a good opportunity to encourage the players to roleplay their characters' individuality; they will each have different ways of handling the stress, and different sides that they are drawn to support. The more they choose sides now, the greater the conflict and drama during the adventure.

GMs should try to enhance the PCs' feeling that they are playing with fire while blindfolded. Their Superiors each have an agenda which they are not sharing with their underlings, but which may conflict with Khalid's orders, their own inclinations, or the evidence of their own eyes. Now is the time to throw the characters in at the deep end and let them thrash around. There will be plenty of time to straighten them out later on in the adventure.

conditions. Water is scarce, the temperature fluctuates between 110 degrees in the day to near freezing at night, and sandstorms present a frequent hazard. The daily battle against the desert environment reflects the daily battle Khalid fights against losing his faith.

His followers are mostly from similar areas, so they are accustomed to the climate, and they too approve of the ascetic life. Any visitors to the camp should stick close to its borders – celestials won't die in the desert, but they might lose a vessel, and Renegades and Outcasts can't afford that luxury.

An oasis near the encampment has given life to some scrubby plants, none higher than two and a half feet. The desert in this area is not pure sand; rocky outcrops dot the landscape, but leave very little cover from the broiling sun and stinging winds (or for skulking attackers).

Khalid's followers live a nomadic life. Everything in the camp can be packed and moved at a moment's notice. Everyone sleeps in tents, some of which are fortified by sandbags. The compound is set up as a loose ring of concentric circles, with Khalid's tent in the center. Camp dwellers do not appreciate jokes about their master being in the middle of a bullseye. There is a definite hierarchy,

with the least trusted or important living on the fringes of the bivouac, while Khalid's inner circle lives in the *inner circle*. Despite Khalid's fulsome welcome, the PCs will find themselves lodged on the edge until they have proven themselves worthy of a better place.

The women in the camp rarely emerge from their tents, which are separated from the men's tents by some extra space and a line of stones marking the border. Any male caught in the women's section is in for a severe punishment. Khalid does not think that celestials in female vessels are truly female, but to maintain traditional decorum he will require them to observe the Moslem traditions of head-to-toe concealment and separation from men while here.

WEAPONS

All of Khalid's followers are armed. Since well before the Crusades, the Archangel of Faith has considered it appropriate for Moslems to fight for their faith, although the Faithful do not wage *jihad* on such a large scale these days.

A weapons cache in the compound holds a supply of submachine guns and handguns of various types, ammunition, and some heavy weapons and explosives. Two Soldiers of God and an angel guard it carefully. Khalid will see no reason to issue weapons to his new recruits. If they arrive with weapons of their own, Khalid will order that the weapons be donated to the cause, at least until the newcomers prove their worth. Anyone who objects to this requirement will find that he has failed the very first test and will be barred from the camp.

FOLLOWERS

Khalid is not considered a militant Archangel for nothing. He and his band remain ready to defend their faith with their lives. The celestials and Soldiers surrounding Khalid are a military elite. Outsiders will not get far if they try to push their way into places where they aren't wanted. Khalid's men are as suspicious of outsiders as he is, and even more easily offended. The newcomers should be compelled to walk on eggshells for a while. Characters without knowledge of Islam or familiarity with the culture receive a -1 to all reaction rolls until Khalid indicates that they are trusted as well as welcome. The GM can use this trial period to make it clear that they are on the lowest rung of the ladder, and they'll have to work very hard if they want to get anywhere with Khalid.

The Cherub Muzaffar, Khalid's second-in-command, has taken an instant dislike to the interlopers in his camp. If they are smart, he is the first being they will try to win over.

MUZAFFAR

Cherub Vassal of Faith

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 7 Agility 9
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 12 Perception 8
Vessel: Human/3

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/4, Celestial/3), Light (Celestial/5), Numinous Corpus (Claws/3, Wings/3)

Skills: Chemistry/3, Detect Lies/4, Dodge/3, Fighting/2, Languages (Arabic/4, French/2, English/2), Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Small Weapon/4 (Dagger), Tactics/3

Artifacts: Holy Pistol/4, 3 Holy Bullets

Attunements: Cherub of Faith, Vassal of the Guardians of the Faith, Wrath of God

While in his vessel, Muzaffar is indistinguishable from the many Moslem extremists surrounding Khalid. He doesn't have a Role as such, but he plays the part of a grizzled veteran, leading the others by his pious example. He cares about these men on the fringes of society, fighting for their faith against the overwhelming corruption of the world.

He is very concerned about Khalid, having known him in better days. Realistic enough to consider the possibility that his master might Fall, he is fairly certain that he'd follow Khalid to Hell. However, he would like to avoid that, and he is consequently suspicious of the newcomers as bad influences. Whether Renegade or Outcast, they are not the sort of celestials he wants surrounding the Archangel of Faith.

ENTER MALPHAS

One night soon after they arrive, the PCs notice a man walking into Khalid's compound. It is Malphas, who has corporealized to avoid alarming the suspicious Archangel of Faith. Although he looks unremarkable, any newcomer is a curiosity here, and his presence grabs the PCs' attention. He carries a cat, which he puts down to roam among the tents. Malphas walks past Khalid's guards without a challenge, although if the characters try to follow him, the guards will stop them even if they are angels. The Prince walks straight to Khalid's tent and enters unannounced.

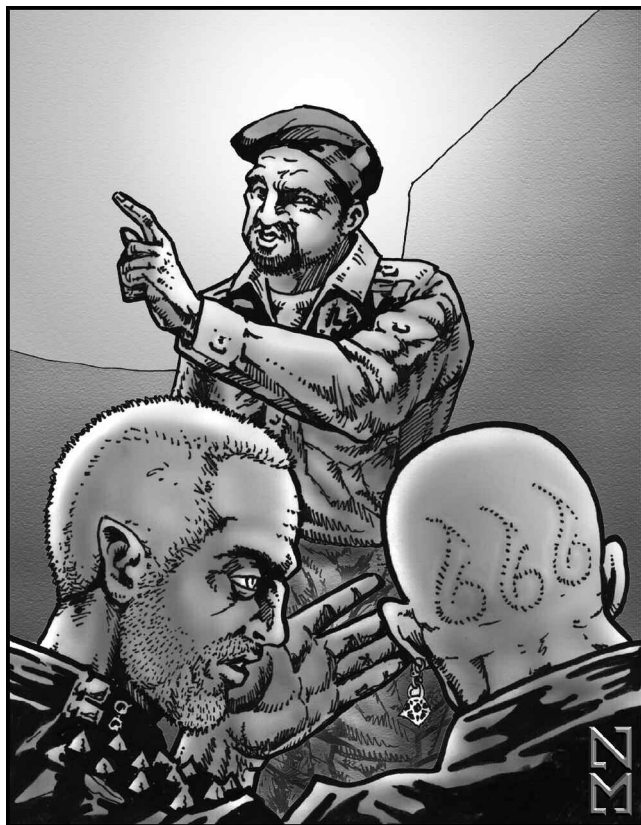
The Archangel of Faith is anxious to see the stalemate broken between Heaven and Hell. Khalid desperately wants the War to intensify, hoping that an escalation will give him more purpose and renew his former zeal for defending his Word. However, he resists Malphas' charm and manipulation, refuses to give him the name, and sends him away.

This time.

Malphas stays in conference with Khalid for over two hours, and finally emerges looking none too pleased. He calls to the cat and it leaps up into his arms right before he vanishes from sight. If someone is holding the cat, it will jump to the ground and return to its master. If anyone is silly enough to restrain the cat, he will suddenly realize that he hates cats and desire to put it down with all of his being.



Angels should be utterly scandalized if they realize that a Demon Prince is calling on an Archangel, especially one in danger of Falling. Demons may think that Khalid's Fall is assured at this rate, but they shouldn't start patting themselves on the back yet. No demon with any brains feels comfortable around a Prince of Hell, and Khalid is obviously at ground zero of some monumentally diabolical scheme. If an Archangel is in trouble, those with less power are doubly so, no matter what side they hail from.



THE ASSIGNMENT

The day after Malphas arrives, Muzaffar travels through the tents of Khalid's compound, searching out the neophytes to deliver a message from his master.

If the PCs Are Angels

The message says to meet Khalid in his tent. Khalid's guards will make way for the guests to enter. If they expected opulence, the angels will be disappointed. On the floor lies a well-worn prayer mat: it is the only item of decoration inside Khalid's dwelling.

Once the angels assemble, he gives them an assignment which they must carry out to prove their loyalty to him and to Allah. He requires them to watch a house that evening and report back to him at sunrise, presenting a full and detailed description of everything that happens while they watch. He says that he is thinking of placing a guard on the house, and wants to know the best way to do so unobtrusively. These are his only instructions, and if the celestials press him for more information he will become irritable and tell them that they must have faith.

Have those angels who see him face to face make a Perception roll; if they succeed, they will notice that Khalid is more keyed up and agitated today than when they arrived.

If the PCs Are Demons

Demons are not welcome in Khalid's tent. Muzaffar will give the diabolicals the same instructions that his master gave the angels. He informs them that they are to monitor a house that evening, from sunset to sunrise, and report to Khalid the next morning. The Cherub has a healthy suspicion of the Renegades and he will tend to talk down to them, repeating their mission several times. They will not see the Archangel personally, but will still be expected to carry out his orders without question. Any resistance will make Khalid suspicious of their motives and will get them expelled from his camp.

Angels and demons who report this assignment to their Superiors will receive these responses:

If the PCs Work For a Militant Superior

Throughout this adventure, the militant Superiors (see list, p. 67-68) will be encouraging their Servitors to meet the requirements of each Trumpet, thus bringing Armageddon closer and closer. On hearing of this assignment, some Superiors will push harder than others, even telling their servants to assassinate the people in the house that Khalid sends them to observe. Some will just say not to interfere if the people are attacked. No Superior will explain the significance of Khalid's assignment or why they want the people dead.

If the PCs Work For a Pro-Stalemate Superior

Those who wish to avoid the War do not want to publicize the requirements for bringing it about. Pro-Stalemate Superiors (see list, p. 67-68) will try to prevent the signs of Armageddon from being fulfilled, but they will be no more forthcoming about the purpose of Khalid's assignment than their militant colleagues. They will encourage their Servitors to protect the people under their observation.

Those Abstaining

Any Superiors who have not stated an opinion for or against Armageddon will order their Servitors to follow Khalid's instructions, as long as this does not mean taking any direct action. Yves doesn't want his servants choosing sides, and the demon abstainers don't want their servants to lose face by choosing the wrong side. Gabriel will simply not voice an opinion.

Regardless, no Superior will tell the PCs of the importance of their mission, whether they're protecting the person from an untimely end or acting as the reapers themselves.

LOSING FAITH

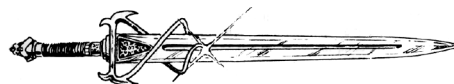
Khalid has another purpose in sending his new recruits to reconnoiter besides testing their faith: he is testing his own. He knows what Malphas is trying to do, but he has moved so far from the grace of Allah that he is unsure whether to support or block the coming Armageddon. He wants the War to come, but he reserves his full commitment until his new recruits report back to him. If the Second Trumpet is thwarted, he will take that as a sign from Allah that He does not approve. If it comes to pass, then he will commit to bringing on the Final Trumpet.

This is why he does not give his new acolytes detailed instructions; they themselves are part of a bigger test, a test of Khalid's faith in Allah and in himself. The fact that Khalid needs help in deciphering Allah's will is a sign of just how far he has slipped. The faith of his servants is currently all that stands between Khalid and Hell.

Yves and Kronos both recognize this indecision in the frantic and fanatic Archangel. Their main concern is to influence him, either toward his destiny or his fate, through the trusted celestials in his camp. Of the two, Kronos has an easier job, since faith often slips away faster the more one tries to cling to it. However, Yves has faith in Khalid, and that will prove a powerful support in the coming months.

Khalid himself does not know if he is working for Allah's plan or against it, so his servants shouldn't know

this either. GMs should play up Khalid's instability. He is the most vulnerable Superior any angel or demon has ever seen, but this makes him all the more dangerous. The PCs should not know if Khalid's "tests" are traps, attempts to restore order, or just busywork to keep them from finding out what he is really up to. The more paranoia the GM creates before the Fourth Trumpet, the more stress the adventurers will feel as they try to sort out Khalid's motives.



The faith of his servants is currently all that stands between Khalid and Hell.



It's possible that Khalid's faith is deserting him because humanity's faith is waning. Many Word-bound have discovered that their power ebbs when their Word falls out of favor with human beings. This has never happened to such an important Word-bound angel before, however, and not even Superiors know what the outcome will be.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS

Starting with the Second Trumpet, celestials will be pulled back and forth by different factions, given conflicting information or none at all. They may question their Superiors' motivations and their methods, or may even flat-out disobey an order. The countdown to Armageddon is changing the rules of engagement and many Servitors may not like the results. There is one celestial, however, whom this delights: Uzal, the Demon of Insubordination.

Uzal serves no Demon Prince. He works directly for Lucifer. The Prince of Darkness doesn't give him any orders because Uzal would never follow them. When Uzal goes too far in supporting his Word, Lucifer simply grabs him back to Hell for a time out. This makes Uzal the only demon for whom a 666 roll is bad news; it means that his master has noticed his activities and disapproves. A 111 roll is equally bad for him – nobody ever said that life is fair.

The Demon of Insubordination has his own agenda for the coming hostilities: he wants all Servitors to tell their Superiors to go to Hell (or Heaven, whichever is worse). Uzal can sense job dissatisfaction from miles away and will appear near the PCs as soon as any of them express doubts about their Superiors' points of view. He will do his utmost to turn them against their masters, and if he fails, he will try again later. The fact that he may actually be *right* makes him even harder to resist.





UZAL

Balseraph Demon of Insubordination

Corporeal Forces – 6 Strength 12 Agility 12
Ethereal Forces – 5 Intelligence 11 Precision 9
Celestial Forces – 6 Will 12 Perception 12

Vessel: Human/3 (Charisma +3)

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/6, Celestial/6), Form (Corporeal/4, Celestial/6), Possession/5, Tongues (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/4).

Skills: Emote/6, Fast-Talk/6, Dodge/3, Computer Operation/3, Drive/4

Attunements: All Balseraph attunements, Demon of Insubordination.

Rites: Uzal generates 1 Essence every time he convinces someone to commit an act of insubordination

Uzal isn't interested in getting large groups to rebel. He works on an individual basis, getting one person to trample the authority of another. Much to his disgust, his actions occasionally bring about a change for the better, but even under those circumstances he can't stop himself.

In addition to possessing all Balseraph attunements, Uzal's Word grants him the ability to fill a victim with

false courage. Many people harbor the desire to take revenge on those in power but are deterred by the possible consequences. For the cost of 1 Essence, Uzal can suppress a person's fear of repercussion for a number of minutes equal to his Ethereal Forces, or as long as he is within eyesight of his victim. Celestials are allowed an Intelligence roll to avoid being taken in by his exhortations. Anyone who stays within ten feet of him for an hour or more is infected with false courage at no cost to Uzal. The duration is the same as above.

Demons may have heard rumors that Uzal is actually an extension of Lucifer. Of course there are many rumors in Hell, but Uzal has an amazing degree of autonomy and seems to uncannily embody the spirit of Lucifer's dissatisfaction with the status quo. If the PCs figure out what Uzal is up to, they would be wise to run the other way, whether they are angels or demons. No Superior likes insubordination, especially when Apocalypse is nigh.

THE HOUSE

The house that is the object of all this attention is in Tehran, so Khalid has two of his servants drive the watchers there in a large military surplus truck. One of them is Muzaffar (p. 75) – the same angel who has been delivering Khalid's messages to the characters, and giving them his orders if they are demons. The other is a Soldier of God.

MOHAMMED PAHLAVI

Soldier of God

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 7 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 1 Intelligence 2 Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 2 Will 6 Perception 2

Status: 2

Songs: Thunder (Corporeal/1)

Skills: Chemistry/2, Climbing/3, Dodge/1, Driving/2, Electronics/1, Fighting/1, Ranged Weapon/2 (Assault Rifle), Survival/3 (Desert), Tactics/2

Mohammed is the strong, silent type. He will not be drawn into conversation unless the PCs get a very favorable reaction roll. Then he will discuss briefly how his faith led him to work for Khalid, whom he holds in awe-filled respect.

Mohammed is fairly clever with his hands and proficient at creating lethal little gadgets and concoctions. If he is feeling well disposed towards the characters he may show them some of his homemade tear gas grenades. He has a great many scars and is missing two fingers, testimony to the battles he has survived.

TEHRAN

The party enters the city on Shah Baz Avenue, having acquired a layer of dust in their trek from the desert. Mohammed zig-zags a few times until they are driving past the old palaces in the nicest part of the capital, the district where the Shah and his family lived before the Ayatollah took power. Before long, the streets narrow again and the truck slows to a crawl, swerving to avoid animals and people who are seemingly in no great hurry. The city is crawling with military guardsmen and police, all carrying AK-74 assault rifles.

Eventually, the road gets too small for the transport, and Khalid's watchers must disembark. Hopefully they have found some way to blend in, because foreigners and infidels are not welcome here. Mohammed and Muzaffar will guide them through a few more streets before pointing out the third house. It will be nearly sunset by this time and the two Servitors of Faith will depart to reclaim their truck and drive to the rendezvous point.



It should occur to the PCs that Khalid has plenty of his own people who could watch this house. What possible reason could he have for wanting them to do it? Of course, looking for reason from the Archangel of Faith is a tricky proposition. It may be just what he said, a test.

The house is one of six facing a central courtyard. In the middle of the courtyard stands a pool of water surrounded by some flowers and a few trees for shade. The houses are all two stories tall, made of clay bricks. Each house has a porch or large awning affixed to the front entrance to protect it from the sun's heat. A few residents spend the evening outside, washing pots in the pool or sitting on their porches talking. One of them is the Holiest Man in the World.

AHMAD KHAN QAVAM

Accountant

The Holiest Man in the World

Corporeal Forces – 2	Strength 4	Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 2	Intelligence 3	Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 2	Will 2	Perception 6

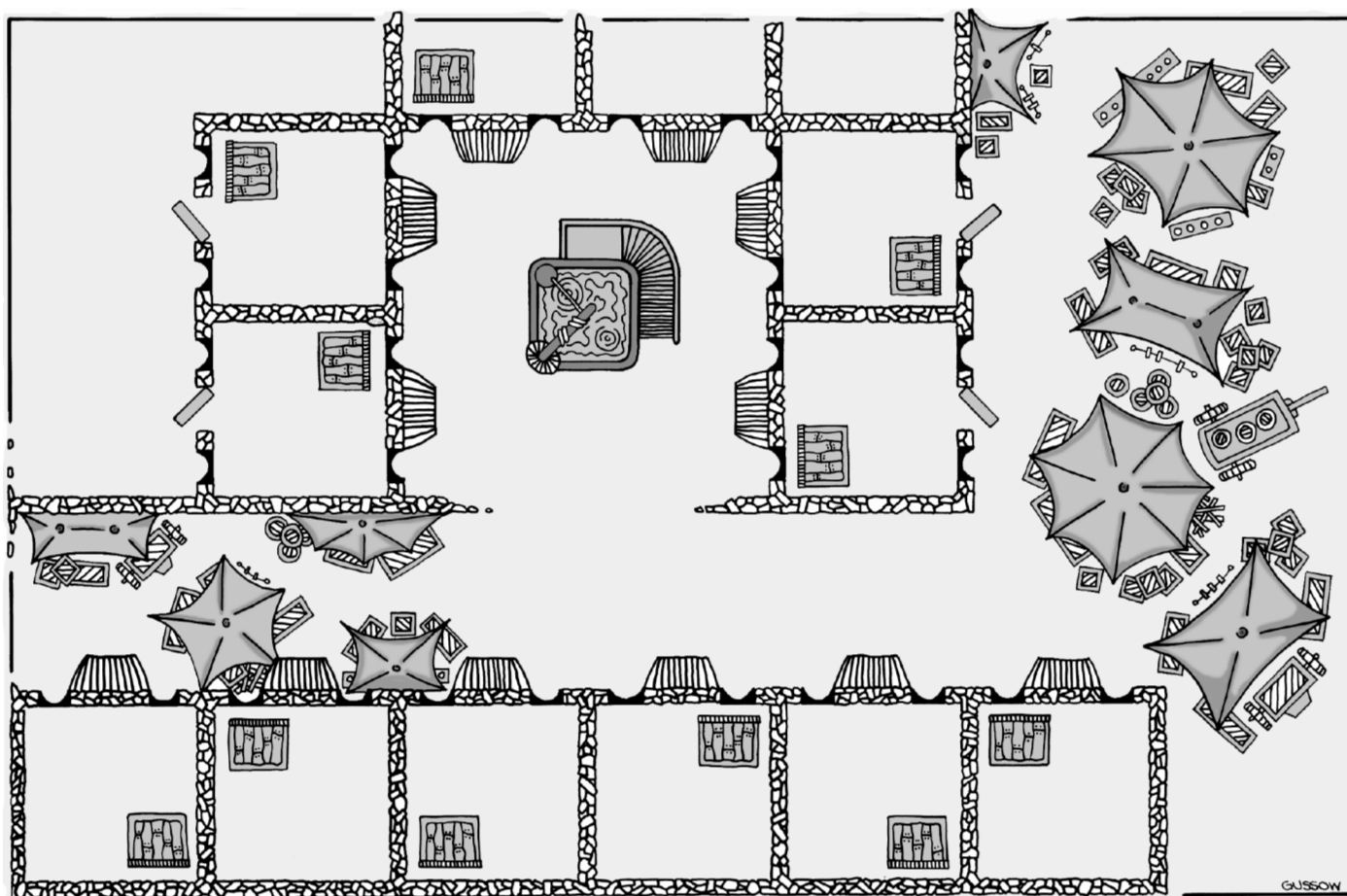
Status: 3

Charisma: 1

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Drive/2, Knowledge (Accounting/4, The Qu'ran/4), Running/2

Ahmad Qavam is an Iranian accountant. He's the most pious person on the face of the Earth, a talented but humble man who lives modestly, supporting his wife, her parents and her family from a previous marriage on his small income. He has six Forces, although he is not a





Soldier of God. Muzaffar pointed him out to the PCs before he left, and they can see him playing with a young child in front of his house.

As the sun sets, the watchers will hear the cry of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. The courtyard will empty out as the residents walk to their local mosque for the last prayer of the evening. The characters may follow the Qavam family or stay put. After about 45 minutes, Ahmad will return with his wife and family, eat supper and then retire to bed.

THE RIOT

The evening will go quietly until about 2 a.m. From far away, the watchers can hear the sound of a crowd of people singing loudly. Soon, young men begin to run through the street a few at a time, then more and more until a knot of people crowds the road and begins spilling into the courtyard. Nearby inhabitants, incensed at the noise, shout out their windows or emerge from their doors to join in the fray.

The guardians are welcome to get involved, but the crowd is too massive to control, swirling through the street like a flash flood.

All of this happens in a very short time. Suddenly, all Hell breaks loose, both literally and figuratively. The entire riot was organized by underlings of Malphas and Soldiers of Hell. Seconds after the courtyard is filled with people, the grenades start flying. The target is Ahmad Qavam, but the demons don't mind creating a bit of confusion by blowing up other people's houses too. Several canisters of tear gas go off at the same time, and the riot dissolves into utter chaos.

Amidst this diversion, a demon will manage to kill Ahmad with a grenade. That is, unless one of the watchers was ordered to kill him and gets there first. In order for the rest of the adventure to unfold, Ahmad must die, so this is one tragedy that no one can prevent. When Ahmad dies, the PCs will feel the disturbance of his death, but it will be unlike any disturbance they've encountered before. Their vessels will feel ill, and the dissonant sound will be so loud (to celestials) that it will stun them momentarily like the Song of Thunder.

MICHAEL

Unbeknownst to Khalid's watchers, someone is watching them. Michael is present during their vigil, wondering about Khalid's motives in sending them to spy on that house. The Archangel of War accepts the possibility of Armageddon and, for the most part, welcomes it. But he wants to know the forces involved, their motives and their strengths, so he plays a tactician's game of cat and mouse. By now, however, even he is having trouble deciphering where Khalid ends and Malphas begins.

Just as the celestials begin to recover from the backlash of Ahmad's death, a faint yet terrifying note fills the air. It is the sound of Gabriel blowing the Second Trumpet. The Apocalypse is now one step closer.

Michael leaves at this point, no longer bothering to mask his presence as he goes celestial. The sight of Michael corporealized on Earth just to observe the death of one human being should make the PCs very nervous. They've gotten involved in something so big that Superiors are manipulating the plot *in person*.

THE MORNING AFTER

The watchers can stay near the house until sunrise if they wish, but they'd be better off getting out of there. Within moments of the Second Trumpet, Iranian troops will surround the area and start arresting the people that they don't shoot out of hand. Soon after that, the wounded are carried away in Red Crescent ambulances.

Muzaffar heard the Trumpet and will drive back to the camp at hair-raising speed as soon as his charges show up. Mohammed is not with him, and he will shrug off any questions about the Soldier. He will not explain what just occurred or the significance of the note they heard. Both he and Khalid, when the characters see him, will be practically shaking with excitement. Khalid will listen to them briefly, even the demons, then dismiss them abruptly and start calling his Servitors to him for instructions.

If the PCs got into trouble in Tehran after the Trumpet blew, Khalid will bring them back to camp with a Song, but he won't be happy about having to rescue them. He is beginning to think that the Final Battle is on the way, and he is clutching this glimmer of certainty with the eagerness of a drowning man.

RECOGNIZING THE TRUMPETS

The Final Trumpet starts with the Second Trumpet because Malphas and Kobal triggered the First Trumpet in *Fall of the Malakim*. All celestials in every realm could hear the First Trumpet, even those in Limbo, although that particular group will not be moved to respond until the Fifth Trumpet. However, just because celestials can hear the Trumpet doesn't mean that they know what the sound portends.

Before sounding the First Trumpet in *Fall of the Malakim*, Gabriel had not blown her horn since leaving Heaven around 700 A.D. Despite the fact that all celestials in all three realms can hear her trumpet blow, most of them will not recognize the sound or know what it means.

All Superiors recognize the Trumpets immediately. Any celestial who lived through the Fall will know the sound and that it does not bode well, but they may have to hear the Second or Third Trumpets to figure out what is happening. Celestials who lived before Gabriel left Heaven would remember the sound (it is unforgettable), but may never have learned what it signified. Celestials who were created after Gabriel left Heaven will have no idea what they are hearing, unless they have done a great deal of research on the topic of

Armageddon. The GM can give them an Intelligence roll, starting at -4 and adding 1 for every week they spent researching the topic. The check digit indicates how much information they remember.

- 1 – That's Gabriel's Horn!
- 2 – Hmmm, that's bad news.
- 3 – I heard something similar not too long ago, around the time the Malakite Fell.
- 4 – That's probably the Second Trumpet we just heard.
- 5 – There's a prophecy that goes along with the Second Trumpet.
- 6 – The prophecy is, "The Holiest Person in the World Dies by Hands Not Mortal."

If the PCs recognize one Trumpet, they will recognize all of the later ones, although they might not know what event caused Gabriel to blow her horn.

The warning signs of the Apocalypse are a topic of much debate among Superiors. The prophecies about them are cryptic and frequently conflicting. Also, no one knows if the prophecies have to be fulfilled literally or metaphorically. Does the Holiest Person have to be murdered by a celestial, or would accidental death suffice? Could an ethereal spirit trigger the Second Trumpet by killing the Holiest Person? Only God, in His ineffable wisdom, knows.

THE THIRD TRUMPET

On that day swift messengers shall go forth from me to terrify the unsuspecting Ethiopians; and anguish shall come upon them on the day of Egypt's doom; for lo, it comes!

– Ezekiel 30:9

Baal looked at his agent. "Those who do not know their history are doomed to repeat it. True. But sometimes, those who do know their history are doomed to make more." The Demon Prince dropped a file on the agent's desk. "Take care of this. Urgent."

INTRODUCTION

After hearing the Second Trumpet, most of the celestial world should realize that something is truly wrong. The First Trumpet has sounded several times before, but rarely has Gabriel winded that second note. The conditions for the Apocalypse are being met and whether they are for or against it, angels and demons must act in order to achieve the outcome they desire.

Baal believes that the time for Armageddon has come at last. His troops are strong, and he may never have a better chance to strike at Heaven. With the Malakim weakened, Laurence vacillating at the helm and Uriel possibly out of the picture, the Prince of the War wants to press his advantage.

Baal once tried to bring on the Apocalypse himself, and he was very nearly successful. His agents helped build world tensions to the boiling point, and intervened at key moments with the lives of men who will live in infamy. Baal thought that the Second World War might even trigger the first three Trumpets within hours of each other, and he failed only because the Nazis killed the Holiest Person in the World before he could.

PLAYING THE THIRD TRUMPET

By now, the celestials may know some of what it happening. The Trumpets have begun, but no one knows if this is really the time for the Apocalypse. Later, after the Fourth or Fifth Trumpet, they will have more information, but for now, events relating to the Trumpets should still baffle the characters.

Baal has chosen Wari Mlongo as his "Mortal Tyrant." Not everything in this part of the adventure ties in directly with him, however. GMs should decide how long this plan will take to reach fruition (depending on the timing of the campaign as a whole), and play enough of the mini-adventures below to fill the time. The final two, though, "Egypt" and "New York" must be played. Each mini-adventure could be run as a separate session, or the GM could run them all in a single night, forcing the PCs to dash all over Africa trying to keep up. With war, famine, plague and conquest roaming the continent, there is no shortage of material for ad hoc scenarios.

Now he has a chance to succeed, and his best chance ever of claiming victory. Circumstances – so he thinks – have taken care of the first two Trumpets. Now it's his turn to help the War effort. He knows that the Third Trumpet will be blown when "The Mortal Tyrant Harvests a Million Souls." For some time now, he has been supporting a rebellion of petty revenge in Western Africa. In six months, he can fan the smoldering hate of one man into an inferno of death for one million. Baal marshals his forces behind Wari Mlongo.

WARI MLONGO

Over 250 years ago there lived a tribe of fierce African warriors. The tribe protected the entire area surrounding their village in exchange for food and other support offerings. Portuguese slavers feared these warriors and began to send raiders into the area more heavily armed than usual. The warriors were brave and resourceful, however, and fought well. The slave traders needed a different tactic to deal with the threat. One captain went to see the tribe's chief. He offered the tribe a deal. None of their tribe would be taken as slaves if they would lay down their weapons for ten generations. The chief, low on warriors and young men in training, and fearing the loss of his entire tribe, agreed. The Portuguese kept their word. The tribe lived for ten generations in shame over what they had allowed in the area they were sworn to protect.



Now the Tenth Chief of the Peace coughs his lungs out with pneumonia and his son, Wari Mlongo, contemplates the tribe's revenge. And Baal, the Demon Prince of the War, sees an opportunity.

Wari Mlongo believed from the time he was old enough to understand history that the First Chief of the Peace was a coward. So were all the other Chiefs, including his father. But the Tenth Chief lies near death, and Wari himself is no coward. When the Tenth Chief fell ill this past winter, Wari and the other sons of the leaders began to plan. They had been into the city to gather guns, and explosives, and jeeps. They stole and copied police uniforms, and hid everything in their homes. They told the other members of the tribe that they were going out to pray for the Chief. But away from the village they laid their plans. Little did they know that the ease with which they got equipment and other help was due entirely to Soldiers and Servitors of Baal.

On the day that the Tenth Chief died, the Elders named Wari Chief. Traditionally, the new chief named himself the Chief of the Peace, prefixing this title with the number of generations since the slaver pact, reaffirming the bargain made so many years ago. When asked his name however, Wari replied, "I am the First Chief of the War." And so the battle began.

KHAM SIN

Several days after the Second Trumpet sounds, a terrible storm arises in the desert. Hurricane winds blow sand hard enough to kill an unprotected person. Everyone will be encouraged to stay inside until the storm passes, and everyone will, except servitors of Janus. Wind's followers will all know that this is no ordinary storm; this is Khamsin, a mobile Tether to their Archangel. No celestials will be harmed by the storm, even if they stand outside and watch Khamsin sweep across the desert.

If any celestials wait in the open for the Tether to arrive, they will see it roll in from the horizon, at first a speck far away and then advancing quickly on Khalid's camp. As the storm approaches, watchers can glimpse forms moving within the roiling mass of air and sand. When it is almost upon the camp, the forms will resolve themselves into men, each of whom is wearing a long flowing robe blown constantly by the wind. In fact, the men themselves seem to be the center of the storm.

If the PCs elect to stay inside, they will be summoned by Khalid's majordomo to see the Seneschal who goes by the name of his Tether.

In either case, when the celestials first face Khamsin, the weather-beaten old man will tell them about James

JAMES MALOY

Terrorized Peace corps Volunteer

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2
Skills: Dodge/3, Driving/6, Fast-Talk/6, Language/5
(various West African dialects)

Maloy (*Night Music*, p. 103). Maloy was leaving a small African country when he was caught up in a genocidal bid for power, apparently being directed by the government. He only barely escaped and kept silent when he arrived home out of fear for his life. However, the word finally got out to an agent of Janus, who convinced him to return and bring international attention to the problem.

Khamsin will ask his audience for help in finding the perpetrators of the terrible crime Maloy witnessed. If the celestials accept, then the adventure continues as described here. If they refuse, Wari's rebellion will continue to gain momentum until either they decide to help, or the Third Trumpet is blown.

Khamsin will be unable to take the volunteers to James Maloy. They are told that he will be flying into Johannesburg in three days. From South Africa, Maloy intends to catch a connecting flight to the West African nation he so recently escaped. They should meet him at the airport and help him to find the location of the massacre he witnessed.

SOUTH AFRICA

When the group arrives in Johannesburg, they overhear a gang of obvious poachers talking in a public place. They claim to be planning on hunting some "big game" the next day. Servitors of Jordi or anyone with a law-abiding personality will be offended by their conversation. They use the word "endangered" several times. Each time they do, they laugh.

If the celestials follow the poachers, they will see them go onto the veldt with hunting gear. They will follow a herd of elephants, keeping them in sight. When the elephants stop at a watering hole, the hunters prepare a small blind, shoulder their rifles and prepare to shoot. The watchers should make a Perception roll at -2. If they are successful, they notice that the hunters aren't aiming at the elephants. They're aiming at another group of poachers. As the hunters gun down the real poachers they will make jokes about "thinning the herd" and other hunting references, which they find very amusing.

The celestials haven't been following poachers, after all, they've been following potential murderers. Depending on their particular view of celestial intervention and endangered animals (and murder), the PCs may do something, either to help or hinder the work of these eco-terrorists. If the party is split as to what to do, so much the better for roleplaying.

In the end, they won't have much time to get to James Maloy's plane.

Eco-Terrorist

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 3

Skills: Climbing/2, Knowledge/3 (Hunting), Ranged Weapon/4 (Rifle), Running/2, Survival/3 (Veldt conditions)

FINDING WARI'S VILLAGE

James Maloy looks petrified when he steps off the plane. He does not want to spend much time in the open, and will insist that his welcoming committee explain themselves before he will go with them. He believes that people are watching him and following him. Despite this, he could not stay home, be quiet and let a government kill off its citizens without protest. With the PCs in tow, Maloy boards a South African Airlines jet to the airport in the capital of Wari Mlongo's native land.

PUNISHMENT AND REWARD

By now, the celestials know they are mixed up in events of overwhelming importance. One clue is their Superiors' attitude toward punishment and reward. Feats that a Superior might ordinarily meet with indifference are lavishly praised. A performance that might normally embarrass a Servitor is now overlooked. Any edge that a PC gives his side should be rewarded all out of normal proportion.

The GM should play this just enough to keep the characters off balance and confused. Add to this the occasional punishment for something they thought they did right – especially if there are demons in the party – and they will feel even more in the dark about what is going on. The GM should build on this feeling throughout the adventure, so that when a solution presents itself, the celestials will scramble to put it into action.

Depending on the GM's intentions and the tone and timing of the adventure, the airport might be eerily still, still crowded with desperate refugees, or patrolled by trigger-happy "Soldiers of the War." Bribery, lying, theft, intimidation and similar tactics will likely get the PCs a jeep and relatively unobstructed passage into the interior – any refugees are going the other way, after all.

Maloy will lead the celestials to Wari's village. When they arrive, they should still believe that the violence is led by the government. Piecing together eyewitness testimony (including that of former government soldiers afraid for their lives) will tell another story, though. Slowly the PCs will realize that it is the acts of Wari Mlongo, not the actual government, that have caused this violence. The refugees or the few people still left in the village can explain their chief's rampage. Wari and his followers are attempting to start a much delayed "slave revolt" against the white invaders and their collaborators, the massacre that Maloy witnessed on the highway being just the beginning of their reign of terror. They grew beyond their own village as their movement gained strength, attracting followers who were angry at the injustice of history, and some who simply had nothing better to do. First hundreds and then thousands of refugees were driven from their homes as the First Chief of the War took his revenge.

The party can encounter these refugees streaming past them, heading away from the danger zone. Wari's rebels pursue them as they spread across the country. James Maloy will speak the dialect of whatever rebels or refugees the PCs encounter, in West Africa at least. Unfortunately, the danger zone spreads too fast, thanks to Baal's influence, and the bodies of murdered refugees litter the roadside.

Celestials whose vessels are white, who ask a lot of nosy questions, or who attempt to impede Wari's followers in any way, will be attacked without mercy. Anyone who opposes the rebels is either a collaborator or an invader.

NIGERIA

As Baal's plan for Wari Mlongo unfolds, a swarm of refugees pours across Africa, overloading the ability of any public or private aid groups to handle the crisis. The "Soldiers of the War" actually use these refugee floods to overwhelm the few shaky governments that resist Wari Mlongo's bitter crusade. In Nigeria things have gotten particularly bad. A refugee camp there has been overtaken with a terrible disease. Actually a collaboration between Vapula and Saminga, the disease is 98% fatal and can kill within days. While sick, the victims will suffer terrible bouts of retching and will be covered with blue-purple splotches, which erupt and spread the conta-

THE STALKERS

Maloy is right to be paranoid – two members of Wari's tribe who have been assigned to kill the Peace Corps volunteer. He knows too much about their activities. These two rebels followed him to the United States, posing as exchange students. Their efforts have been thwarted so far, but they have tracked their quarry back to their home territory and are ready to close in for the kill.

Neither of the killers pose a great threat to celestials, but they are anonymous, intelligent and dedicated. (If the GM feels that Maloy's protectors need more of a challenge, the stalkers can alert Wari Mlongo's "Soldiers of the War" and get reinforcements, search parties, etc. called out.) They will wait for the best time to strike and lay down their own lives to achieve their goal. The PCs had better take James seriously when he says he is being followed, or they will find themselves without an interpreter, witness and guide.

The Assassins

Corporeal Forces – 2	Strength 4	Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 1	Intelligence 2	Precision 2
Celestial Forces – 2	Will 4	Perception 4

Status: 2

Skills: Chemistry/2, Fighting/2, Languages (West African dialects/4, English/1), Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Running/2, Survival/3 (Veldt conditions), Tracking/2

gion. Only quarantining the victims will stop the disease. Unfortunately, the refugees believe that the disease is a punishment for leaving their communities, and they will refuse to be separated even in the face of coaxing and threats.

If the PCs can separate the victims despite this fear of leaving their fellow refugees, the disease can be stopped in a week. They will have to keep a constant watch over the inhabitants of the camp, because if the patients can't get to their families, their families will try to get to the patients. The Nigerian army and health officials are overwhelmed and cannot help the celestials; Western aid is not forthcoming.

THE SAHARA

Refugees pour out of Wari Mlongo's "Land of the War" at an alarming rate, driven by Baal's proxy warriors. When the government of the Sudan collapses, the refugee flood crests, pressed up against the Sahara, unable to cross into Egypt and unable to return down

85

A CONTINENT IN FLAMES

Even before Baal hurled Wari Mlongo on his meteoric campaign of terror, civil wars and rebellions flared across much of Africa. Regional powers such as Nigeria sent “peacekeeping” troops overseas to suppress rebel movements in the desperate hope that the chaos can be contained before the few stable nations are pulled down in the turmoil. Two or three coups to topple those governments, a demonic assassination or two, and a continuous belt of civil war suddenly stretches across the width of Africa. With Wari Mlongo calling for a “cleansing war” on corruption and outsiders, every insurgent movement, petty dictator and desperate peasant with a gun and a grudge flocks to join him in creating the new “Land of the War” from Senegal to the Sudan and from Chad to the Congo. Such a ramshackle entity, united only by Baal’s support and their own individual hatreds, cannot last long – but Baal only needs it to last long enough to kill a million people.

the path they came with “Soldiers of the War” patrolling the Nile Valley. The PCs will have to find ways to shuttle the refugees across the desert. If these unfortunates remain where they are, they will die of famine and disease, or eventually get wiped out by Wari’s swelling ranks.

Khamsin will be able to help once the PCs reach the desert. Celestials can escort humans safely into the whirling sand, where the servants of Khamsin will take them in and whisk them safely across the burning wasteland. The Tether will have to be kept away from the camps, however, since unaccompanied mortal refugees have no protection from the harsh winds and blowing sands.

Thousands will die each day without help. Eventually, over one million refugees huddle at the edge of the impassable natural barrier, looking longingly toward the perceived safety of the north. Unfortunately, if the PCs do manage to ferry the refugees across the desert, Egypt will not admit them.

EGYPT

Egypt has troubles of its own. Unable to take in the refugees without risking the lives of its own citizens, and unwilling to risk an invasion by Wari Mlongo’s army, Egypt has deployed its troops on the border to protect

itself from the human tide. Some camps will be fired upon as they attempt to push into Egypt in desperation and fear. Thousands of people die each day here from lack of food, water, and medical care.

The celestials, aided by James Maloy, can attempt to negotiate with the government, but the victims of Wari’s war are too numerous for Egypt to feed and house, so the party is not likely to make much headway.

On the other hand, they could try to find a source of food and water for the needy people on Egypt’s border. Or they could fight against the troops and break the dam that holds back the refugees, but this would lead to huge riots and great loss of life – Wari’s men are undisciplined but numerous and still eager to kill. There is one organization equipped to handle this kind of crisis, and if the group wants to save lives, they need to make contact with it immediately.

Only the UN can save these refugees now.

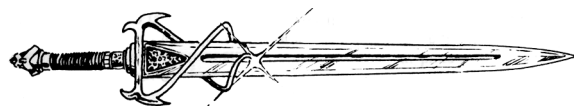
NEW YORK

People are dying, countries are falling and war is engulfing Africa. In desperation, James Maloy will ask his new guardians to take him to New York to speak to the United Nations. As a Peace Corps volunteer who had been posted near the flashpoint of the crisis, he hopes that someone will listen to him.

If he is taken safely to New York, then he must find someone at the UN who will listen to him. Maloy will eventually make contact with Aleksei Subotiev, the deputy ambassador to the UN from Kazakstan. He will push for the UN to listen to Maloy and will personally promise to lend some foreign aid from his own impoverished country to alleviate the crisis. Larger countries will be shamed by Subotiev’s gesture and will fall into line.

Diplomatically minded celestials will be useful in this period. Brains and not brawn are needed. Servitors of Marc and Mercurians of almost any Superior will have the necessary acumen with human negotiation. Give these groups +1 to their reaction rolls in conversations with the diplomats of the UN.

Once the UN backs the relief, the humanitarian crisis will ease. Unfortunately, it will be too late. Baal’s conditions will have been met. Even though millions of refugees’ lives have been saved, Wari Mlongo’s armies massacre hundreds of thousands of other innocents trapped inside the “Land of the War.” While the PCs are at the UN, they will hear the plaintive tone of the Third Trumpet echo and fade through the Symphony. Without their efforts, however, millions more would have died.



THE FOURTH TRUMPET



87

THE FINAL TRUMPET

And when the millennium is ended, the great dragon will be loosed from his prison, and will come out . . .
— Revelations 20:7

After “An Ancient Evil Bursts Its Bonds,” say the prophecies, the Fourth Trumpet shall blow. Now, the celestial world should be trying to guess which ancient evil is on its way back. Depending on their Superior and their own inclination, celestials may want to prevent this from happening or try to help it along.

U.N. EMERGENCY SESSION

Earthquakes and mammoth tidal waves pummel coastal regions around the world. In addition, a potent neurotoxin, as yet unidentified, contaminates an ever-growing span of the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Norway. So far, three tidal waves at least 30 feet in height have smashed over the fjords of Norway, scattering tons of dead fish and paralyzing or killing any people who ingest the water. The Norwegian government believes the toxin to emanate from illegally dumped waste, but has had no luck in determining who is to blame. The news media have been following these stories for the past ten days, so unless the PCs have been completely out of circulation they know about this global upheaval.

Members of the group who visit the U.N. building will begin to notice that the crisis in Africa is not the only emergency facing the United Nations. Elohim in particular will pick up on the worry and desperation many delegates are broadcasting. GMs should give Elohim a +2 bonus to their resonance rolls, since the aura of concern is so palpable.

The U.N. has commissioned experts from various institutions and universities around the world to investigate and report on the source of the problem. The PCs will see geologists and oceanographers clustered throughout the hallways of the United Nations building. Some of the scientists are standoffish or too absorbed in their research to talk to curious laymen, but one of the delegates from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute will be happy to discuss her findings.

DR. HEDDA JANSEN

Seismic Geologist

Corporeal Forces – 1	Strength 2	Agility 2
Ethereal Forces – 2	Intelligence 5	Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 2	Will 2	Perception 6

Status: 5

Charisma: 1

Skills: Chemistry/2, Computer Operation/3, Drive/2, Knowledge (Seismic Geology/6, Oceanography/4), Languages (English/3, Swedish/3)

Dr. Jansen is a tall, blonde woman in her mid-forties who looks as though she has lived her entire life on the deck of a boat. Originally from a Swedish fishing village, her interest in the sea led her into an academic career. She was always fascinated by the landscape of the ocean floor, imagining that when she sailed on the ocean she was really flying over mountain ranges. As she grew up, she decided to learn more about the underwater mountains, studying geology at the University of Stockholm.

She came to the United States for graduate work and stayed on to work at Woods Hole. After ten years of monitoring underwater seismic activity, she is their expert at predicting fault line movement, seaquakes and tidal waves. Naturally, she has been studying the recent oceanic phenomena, and the U.N. has called on her to share her findings.

THE HARD FACTS

If the celestials try to strike up a conversation with a scientist, Dr. Jansen will be the most forthcoming. She loves her work and willingly shares her knowledge.

According to her, the tidal waves are caused by seaquakes – earthquakes on the floor of the ocean. Scientists can tell when a tidal wave will hit land by calculating how many minutes the tremors took to travel that distance, then multiplying that number by hours. The problem is that none of the scientists monitoring ocean tremors expected so many at one time, and consequently evacuation efforts went less efficiently than they should have. Some tremors came from well-known fault lines, but some originated in completely dormant parts of the ocean floor.

She has charts with her which show the locations of all the tremors from the past ten days, and anyone examining them will be able to see immediately that connecting the epicenters forms a line that nearly encircles the globe. The line is not completely straight, but there are too many data to believe that it could be circumstantial or produced by error. The line travels from the North Pole to the Atlantic Ocean between Iceland and the British Isles. It runs between Africa and South America, then past Tierra del Fuego and up into the Pacific Ocean, where it squeezes through the Bering Straits and back under the polar ice cap. Many coastal areas along this path have experienced the tidal waves, which are rarely under 20 feet tall, although fortunately only Norway, Scotland and some Pacific islands have large centers of population near an epicenter.

Dr. Jansen hypothesizes that the poison washing up in Norway may have been in canisters on the ocean floor cracked open by the seismic activity. She says that she, along with many other geologists, think that the tremors are caused by the shifting of a large plate of the earth's crust, although she cannot explain its symmetry or its anomalous positioning across other, better-known fault lines.

"It's called the Jormungandr fault," she says, looking embarrassed. "I called it that as a joke, and the name just caught on." If the characters look puzzled, she will explain. "It's from Norse mythology. There is supposed to be a creature called the Midgard Serpent, or Jormungandr, wrapped around the world. During Ragnarok, at the end of the world, Thor is destined to fight it. According to legend, he's the only god who can kill it, although he dies in the process." She smiles grimly. "In my scientific opinion, we could really use Thor right now."

THE POISON

The cap to all of this information comes a few hours later when the identity of the poison hits the news. Researchers have determined that it is natural in origin, not man-made, and that it is almost identical to tetrodotoxin, the toxin found in the puffer fish called fugu.

This puts a whole new spin on the situation, because no company would be dumping a huge amount of naturally occurring tetrodotoxin into the ocean. Norway has begun to suspect a deliberate act of terrorism. The levels of poison are continuing to build despite efforts by expert oil spill containment crews, so U.N. relief workers have evacuated the entire coastline. The North Cape and Norwegian Currents spread tetrodotoxin into the Arctic Ocean and along the Russian shore as far as Arkhangelsk.

The source of the poison is so deep in the Norwegian Sea (4,000 feet below sea level near the Vorlen Abyss) that all efforts to locate it precisely have failed so far. A U.N. alert has gone out to all countries in the immediate path of the tide to clear their coastlines. Greenland, Iceland, Russia and Scotland have all suffered some loss of life, and struggle to control panicked and stampeding

coastal residents. The tiny Faeroe Islands in the north Atlantic cease communication, and flyovers cannot spot any sign of life. Governments in all of the affected nations have begun to point fingers at their enemies, hoping to prove to their constituents that they are doing something about the crisis.

SEARCHING

At this point, concerned celestials have a few options. They can try to go to Norway and stop the poison themselves, but this will quickly lead to Trauma if they go in the water. Their vessels can't withstand a tetrodotoxin bath.

They can consult with their Superiors. Superiors on both sides agree that the Midgard Serpent is real, and likely responsible for the seaquakes and the poison. All of the Archangels tell the PCs to dispatch the monster, which was thought to be dead already by Uriel's hand. They will leave the details of how to do this up to the celestials who "volunteered" to take care of the problem, although Yves might encourage them to do some research first.

Pro-stalemate Princes will also favor killing Jormungandr. The militant Princes don't think their Servitors should bother with it, but Baal does find it distracting, so he may tell the PCs to get rid of it by any available means. Saminga is the only Prince who will be truly upset to see Jormungandr go.

The characters can find Thor in several ways. They can research Thor's whereabouts in Yves' Library if they have access to it. They can ask Fugit to take a message to him and follow her (not easy).

They can go to the Marches looking for him, but as Thor remains on Earth, they won't find him. If they do check the Norse quarter in the Marches (*The Marches*, p. 96), Heimdall or Odin himself may ask them their business. If the celestials keep their mission secret, the Aesir will be very unfriendly, and may even try physically driving them out of the Marches. If they tell the Aesir who they are looking for and why, they will get assistance and information. Heimdall's vision, or Odin's ravens, can find Thor in New York.



JORMUNGANDR

Jormungandr is real. The Midgard Serpent is an abomination, and when Uriel decided to kill it during his Purity Crusade, even Jordi agreed that he was in the right. Uriel himself took on the task.

After a long battle, the Archangel of Purity hewed the Serpent's head from its body and flung the parts into the ocean. Unfortunately, Jormungandr has the ability to regenerate its body if its head is left intact. The Norse gods could have told Uriel that, if he hadn't been so busy hunting them.

The Serpent was smart enough to play dead while it regained its strength. It has grown slowly since its decapitation, gradually building its body from the meager Essence it accumulated over the centuries. It would be only a fraction of the size it is by the Fourth Trumpet, if not for Malphas and Kobal. But, thanks to the two Princes and their scheme, it's once again a world-girdling monster.

The two conspirators have a plan to trigger the Fourth Trumpet, but they want a backup plan in case it doesn't work. So they have been pumping Essence to Jormungandr for decades now, ever since Kobal discovered that it was still alive and decided to share the joke with Malphas. This extra care has not only allowed the creature to encompass nearly the circumference of the globe, but has increased its energy level to such an extent that it is moving and aware of its surroundings.

Its entire focus is to kill everything and eat Thor whole, in no particular order. Malphas doesn't think that the Midgard Serpent would trigger the Trumpet because it has no literal bonds to break, although prophecies are frequently not literal. But it will distract a lot of attention from his main scheme, and if it does happen to set off the Fourth Trumpet, so much the better.

Odin wants Thor to fulfill his wyrd and regain his dignity as a warrior, so he will inform them that Thor is in New York, on Earth and in bad shape. He explains that to kill Jormungandr, Thor will need his hammer, Mjolnir, his gauntlet, Jarngreipr and his belt, Megingjord (all in *Liber Reliquarum*, p. 102). Thor's full power will return once he is reunited with these artifacts and faced by his ultimate foe.

Thor is actually living on the streets of New York, so during the PCs' stay in that city dealing with the U.N., they could easily bump into him. A Seraph of Destiny can discover Thor's real name. A Cherub attuned to him will hear an echo created by the nearby Mjolnir, on display in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's armor and weapons exhibit. Thor seems like a bum and he has no memory of who he is, but his physical prowess is still godlike. The GM should feel free to introduce Thor into the story as an annoyance before anyone starts looking for him, so they can kick themselves when they find out they've been tripping over him all along.

THOR

Former Norse God of Thunder

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).

Artifacts: Mjolnir: (see box); Jarngreipr: 5 points of Protection (*In Nomine*, pp. 65-66) which only reduces damage from heat or fire, and only to the hand on which it is worn; Megingjord: +1 Corporeal Force, +4 Strength, reliquary/4.

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 is a shadow of his former self. During Uriel's Crusade of Purity he was ambushed by a squadron of Malakim, who separated him from his war hammer Mjolnir. In the ensuing struggle, Thor killed all of his attackers except the Malakite Tancred. The two of them fell to Earth and now live as Remnants: Thor searching blindly for Mjolnir, and Tancred chasing Thor, driven to kill him for reasons both have forgotten.

Thor will resist leaving New York without his hammer. Once someone brings it to him, or him to it, he will regain full use of his faculties and become a functioning member of the party, albeit an archaic one.

An extended description of Thor can be found in *Heaven and Hell*, p. 119.

THOR'S THINGS

Once Thor has regained his wits, he can help his rescuers find the rest of his artifacts. He is bonded to them as though they were corporeal artifacts, so he can feel where they are, but he is not adept at getting around the modern world or stealing things quietly. He will need lots of guidance and potentially some restraint.

Thor's gauntlet, Jarngreipr, resides in the armor display at the Art Institute of Chicago. He must have Jarngreipr in order to wield Mjolnir properly, so that is the first stop. Whatever the group did to get Mjolnir from the Met should work here too, but the less Symphonic disturbance the better. Other celestials in the area won't know what the characters are up to and they may be obstructive. The Art Institute is right next to Malphas' Grant Park Tether, so inquisitive demons will appear very quickly if the PCs make a mistake or call unwanted attention to themselves.

After Thor has Jarngreipr, the party must get to Norway. Not only is that where Jormungandr's head will emerge, but Thor's last artifact, Megingjord, is in the basement of an ancient farmhouse on Moskene Island, in the Lofoten Islands along the northwest coast of Norway. The government has blockaded the roads leading to the coast, so the party will have to get around Norwegian soldiers concerned for their countrymen and alarmed by the thought of terrorists. Anyone crazy enough to go *toward* the poisonous water will immediately be put into the second category, or detained as a looter. Crossing the channel to Moskene without touching the water might also prove challenging.

Once past the blockades and onto the island, getting Megingjord proves easy. There is no one around for miles, not even birds, and the smell of dead animals is overpowering. The farmhouse sits on a cliff about a half mile from the shore at the end of a dirt road. Below, the characters can see the tumultuous whirling of the famous Maelstrom, a centuries-old whirlpool south of Moskene. The farmhouse is completely abandoned and Thor can

MJOLNIR

Mjolnir is a legendary iron war hammer with a disproportionately short handle wrapped in leather and a leather thong at the end. In Thor's heyday, Mjolnir was very powerful, but since the god has fallen on hard times his weapon has become correspondingly less mighty. The weapon's full capabilities can only be restored by a Superior or by Thor's return to power.

Currently, Mjolnir gives the user Small Weapon (Hammer/4 and Throwing/6) as a talisman and the Song of Thunder/6 as a relic. It is also a reliquary/6. It has a range of 50 yards, scores maximum damage on every hit and comes back to the wielder's hand automatically. It has an automatic check digit of 6. The wielder must bond to the weapon before he can call on these features. Otherwise, Mjolnir is an ordinary warhammer with Power +2 and Accuracy -2.

However, if Thor should regain Mjolnir, find Jarngreipr and Megingjord, and sally forth to do godlike battle, Mjolnir's legendary strength will return, as reflected in the statistics given below.

As befitting the weapon of a thunder god, Mjolnir causes lightning to strike any target it is flung at, with matching thunderclap. When swung, its head glows red-hot, hence the need for Jarngreipr. Without this protection, Mjolnir causes the user 5 Body hits per round, which may require healing before he can effectively use the weapon again.

Mjolnir at full power is a reliquary/8. It gives Thor +6 to both his Small Weapon (Hammer) skill and Throwing skill, and the Song of Thunder/8 which can be used simultaneously with a physical attack. If Mjolnir hits a mundane creature, the target is automatically killed. Celestial targets take maximum Body hits.

The hammer also grants resistance to a specific poison, the form of tetrodotoxin produced by Jormungandr. This protection only works for Thor himself. For every 10 points of Body damage done by this toxin, Thor will only take 1 point.

Anyone weaker than Thor has minuses to use Mjolnir. A person must have a Strength of 8 to lift it, a Strength of 10 to swing it, and a Strength of 12 to hurl it. For each point of Strength below 12, subtract 1 from its Accuracy and Power as a thrown weapon, and 5 yards from its range. For every point of Strength below 10, subtract 1 from the hammer's Accuracy and Power when swung.

locate his belt with no trouble. Once he puts it on, he is fully prepared to meet his foe.

THE BATTLE

The characters have returned Thor to his former glory, which should look very impressive to them. This is the being who killed three Malakim bare-handed, after all. He is full of confidence, happy to be heading into his ultimate battle. He will decline any offers of help; he wants this enemy for himself.

Dark clouds begin to gather as Thor strides toward the water. He faces the sea and lets out a bloodcurdling yell, challenging his enemy to appear. Immediately, the ground begins to quiver, then shake in violent spasms.

HELLO, OLD FRIEND

If the characters have been through the *No Dinero* adventure (*Heaven and Hell*, pp. 112-126), then they already know Thor, his whereabouts and his problems. If they previously united him with Mjolnir, he regained his powers and joined his comrades in the Marches. If not, then he is still wandering New York and Mjolnir is still on display in the Met.

Hopefully, the PCs made friends with him in this past adventure, because if he doesn't like them, their job will be much harder. However, when he hears that Jormungandr is rising, he will do anything to get to the battleground, even if he hates the celestials.

If they helped him find Mjolnir, he is forever in their debt and will do anything they ask – within reason. Fighting Jormungandr is a request he would love to hear, since he planned to do that anyway.

All over the world at this moment, the Midgard Serpent is causing catastrophe as it lifts from its millennial rest.

Even though Thor stands over a quarter of a mile from the shore, the sea water swells and rushes toward him and any characters who don't back away. Soon a huge gray form rises above the surface of the water, emerging from the heart of the Maelstrom. The creature is covered in silt and all manner of unspeakable garbage from the sea floor. Its head is sixty yards across and it hovers two stories above Thor, who suddenly doesn't look mighty enough for the task confronting him.

Onlookers can make out tiny eyes on either side of the serpent's skull, blinking at the long-forgotten daylight. Without waiting for Jormungandr to get its bearings, the thunder god whips Mjolnir in a circle and lets fly. It sails toward the evil head in a burning red arc, impacting with a deafening sound as lightning streaks from the sky above. If the watchers are in range of the Song of Thunder (32 yards from Jormungandr), they must make a Will roll to avoid being stunned.

The serpent gives a seismic thrash felt around the globe as black ichor flows from its ruined eye. Soundlessly, it opens its maw and swings its head like a club, spraying undiluted poison from its tongue as it tries



PLAYING THE FOURTH TRUMPET

When the PCs discover what is supposed to trigger the Fourth Trumpet, they are going to get very jumpy about any bad omens. Balance the Midgard Serpent threat by tossing around some red herrings. Any supermarket tabloid should be full of ideas. Throw in as many piddling evils as you like, from Hitler's brain in Paraguay to an ancient Transylvanian vampire. Keep the PCs guessing. Let them discover the legend of Jormungandr and Thor on their own. Let them think that Jormungandr *is* the ancient evil. When it dies and no Fourth Trumpet blows, they may believe they have averted disaster. Then comes the real thing.

Jormungandr should be a convincing evil presence. It is on a par with a Superior in terms of its power, although it isn't very smart. It is a pure destructive force. Underline the fact that Uriel thought it was dead, as did all of the Superiors. It is a force to be reckoned with. The PCs should be encouraged to heed Thor's request that he battle it alone and face his destiny – hopefully, the beast's sheer scale will convince them of this.

When they return to Khalid, they receive their biggest clue yet that Malphas knows more than he's

telling. This should be a recurring theme – the PCs encounter Malphas and his cronies peripherally, and hear ever more rumors of Malphas' complicity in this whole deal.

Magog and his minions should be absolutely terrifying when they emerge from their long imprisonment. They should make Jormungandr look like an earthworm by comparison. Even the demons who let them out should be taken aback. These guys are a thousand years mad and they're ready for payback.

From the time Khalid sends the celestials to Magog's tomb, this adventure should go at breakneck speed. Malphas had Servitors ready to spring into action the instant he found Magog's prison. By the time that Khalid has explained things to his allies, the minions of Factions are hard at work on the entrance to Cruelty's tomb, using Songs, relics and plain brute force. When the PCs arrive at the tomb, they will have only moments to stop Magog's release. Almost instantly after his escape, Superiors will start converging on the area, starting with Gabriel. When she catches up to Magog in the village, the entire fight moves to the Marches. This is an epic moment of the adventure, and the characters should be pushed to their limits.

to knock Thor from his feet. He drops to the ground as its massive jaw sweeps overhead, then leaps up to smash the cumbersome serpent before it can renew its attack.

Jormungandr attacks with a target number of 12, does 1d10 damage every time it hits, doesn't Dodge, and will concentrate its attacks on the person who hit it for the most damage the previous round. It can easily swallow a human body whole, killing its victim with toxic saliva. Its head weighs 10 tons and it will try to crush its enemies if they hold still long enough. No weapon short of Mjolnir's power can damage the serpent's tough hide. It will lash the celestials with the Ethereal Song of Entropy if they are out of physical range.

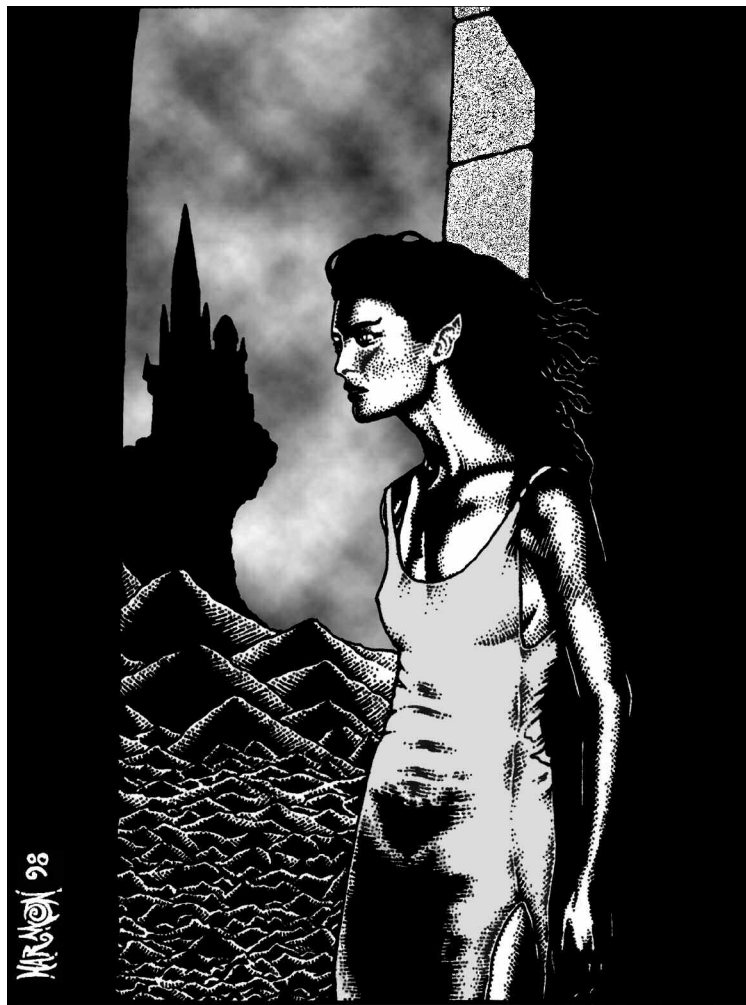
Jormungandr can spray poison up to 10 yards away (Accuracy +6). The PCs' vessels will not take damage from brief skin contact, although they had better wash the stuff off soon. If it gets in their eyes, ears, nose or mouth, or an open wound, they must receive the Corporeal Song of Healing; Medical skill isn't good enough, in this case. There is no antidote for the serpent's poison.

Tetradotoxin works swiftly. Ten minutes after ingestion, the victim will feel numbness and tingling in his mouth (or whatever the point of entry to the body). This is followed by weakness and paralysis, decreased blood

pressure and a quickened, weakened pulse. Death can occur in 30 minutes, although it will take longer if the poison didn't enter through the mouth or nose. Treat its effects like cyanide (*Night Music*, p. 66).

The battle will continue in this manner for nearly half an hour while the onlookers are buffeted by the incredible noise, deafening them to the Symphony. At last, the god is too weak to avoid the monster's bite and he is snatched off the ground, disappearing into its mouth. For a moment it appears that the Midgard Serpent has claimed the victory, when a searing bolt of lightning rips from the sky, directly into its head. Its brain explodes, hurling fragments of its skull like shrapnel, and the ground shakes as its massive head falls to earth.

Thor crawls out of his enemy's jaws clutching his hammer, which struck the final blow upward through the roof of the serpent's mouth. Slowly, Jormungandr slips back into the sea where it will become the rock that it pretended to be all these years, the source of the toxin destroyed. Thor smiles at the sight of his defeated enemy; then the poison overwhelms him and he dies, his vessel disappearing from the corporeal plane as it is called home by his brethren in the Marches. Mjolnir, Jarngreipr and Megingjord are left behind, a testament to his heroic struggle.



MAGOG

Malphas was in a terrible place, having a conversation with a terrifying being. Everything was working perfectly.

"Beleth, my horror, I need you to do something for me. I can't call it a favor, because when you find out what it is, you'll thank me for bringing it to your attention."

She gave him a narrow stare. "You talk too much. What do you want?"

"I want to release a friend of mine from prison."

"Huh," she snorted with derision, "you don't have any friends." Then the realization crawled across her face, making her smile a nightmare. "You're talking about Magog, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I am. Would you allow him to stay in the Marches while he regains his strength? Getting out of prison can be such an ordeal."

"He can come. If he can expand my borders for me, I might even let him stay." She looked out a window in her tower, across the tortured dreamscapes of her victims,

toward that blot of goodness on the horizon that made her view such a bitter one. "If he can hurt Blandine, then he can stay forever."

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

The celestials may think that the crisis is over, but Jormungandr isn't the only ancient evil on Earth, or even the most dangerous.

Fugit (p. 68) will deliver a message to them from Khalid, urgently requesting their presence in his camp. She has a relic for each of them that will recall them to the Iranian desert. Upon their return, they should notice a definite sense of danger pervading Khalid's entire group. The Archangel appears even less stable than he was just a few months ago. The harder he tries to believe, the more his faith slips away from him. He feels as though his indecision is some kind of test, but he can't tell whether the test is to persevere in starting Armageddon, or to be active in stopping it. Or something else. And so he sits in his tent, frantically searching his heart for the certainty it once held and finding only chaos.

His followers sense his turmoil. Some of them are afraid of him because of it, others worry about how to help him, and a small group close their eyes and deny there is a problem. If he Falls, that last group will Fall with him, without regret . . . their faith is in Khalid.

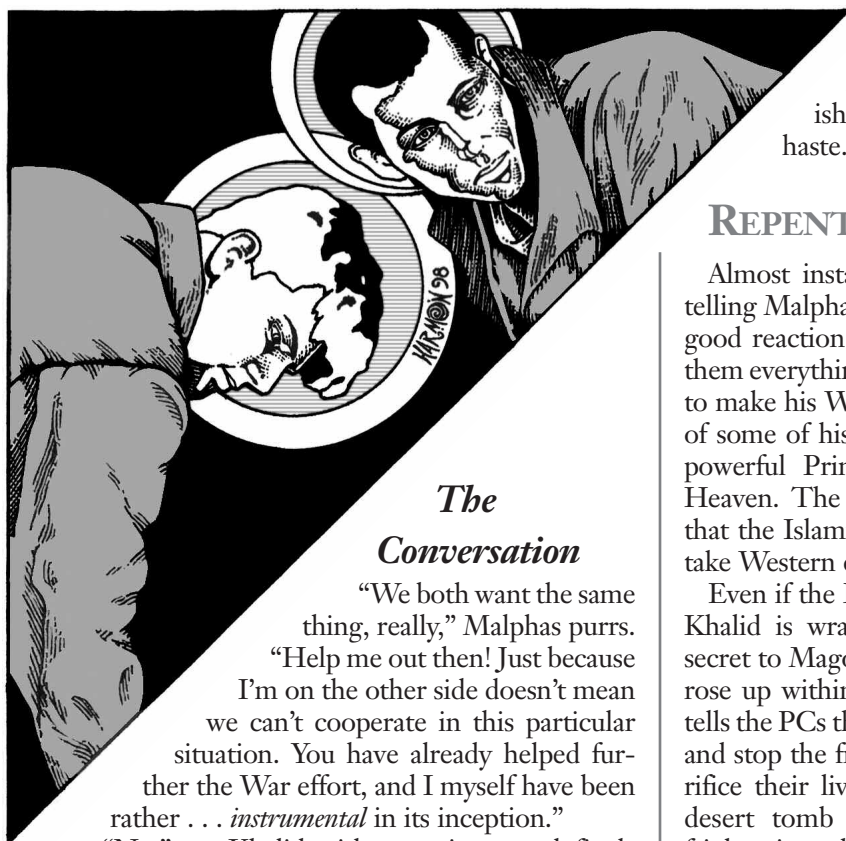
Khalid will not speak to the PCs when they show up, even if he told them to return. He wants help, but he cannot explain why he needs it, so he insulates himself. He is in the perfect state of mind for his next visitor.

FACTIONS AND FAITH

Khalid is visited by a shadowy figure that night. It is Malphas, and although his vessel looks different, he still has the cat with him. Again he lets it run loose while he has a conference with Faith.

The PCs are welcome to attempt to eavesdrop on their conversation. Khalid's security has become erratic in the past few months, so it won't be too hard.

Malphas wants Khalid to tell him where Magog lies trapped in the desert sands. That is one piece of information that no amount of digging could uncover, so this time Malphas really must get the information from him or all his planning will be for naught. He couldn't have chosen a better time. The Prince can sense Khalid's overwhelming isolation and he plays it for all it's worth, goading the Archangel to renew his militant fervor.



The Conversation

"We both want the same thing, really," Malphas purrs. "Help me out then! Just because I'm on the other side doesn't mean we can't cooperate in this particular situation. You have already helped further the War effort, and I myself have been rather . . . *instrumental* in its inception."

"No," says Khalid, with not quite enough finality in his voice. "I put him there because he is a blight in the eyes of Allah."

Malphas cajoles him. "The Apocalypse is coming. Now is the proper time for blights and scourges to be brought upon mankind. Don't tell me you feel sorry for them."

"I have no pity. When the time is right, we must do as Allah wills."

"But you're not sure the time is right, are you?"

"I have faith that I will be shown the way."

"Do you?"

The Archangel is silent. Malphas presses his attack.

"If you help me, I'll see to it that the faithful of Islam are left under your capable protection. They will survive the conflagration and live into the next age, worshiping Allah through you, their savior. If you don't push the War forward, the infidels will continue to corrupt the world, and none of your followers will be safe from their influence. Your chosen people won't die, they'll just rot from the inside out. All you have to do is give me the location. I'll take care of all the rest."

There is a pause, and then Malphas speaks again. "It's only a matter of time – you know it and I know it. Or do you know it? Do you know what you want anymore?" The listeners hear another long pause, then a

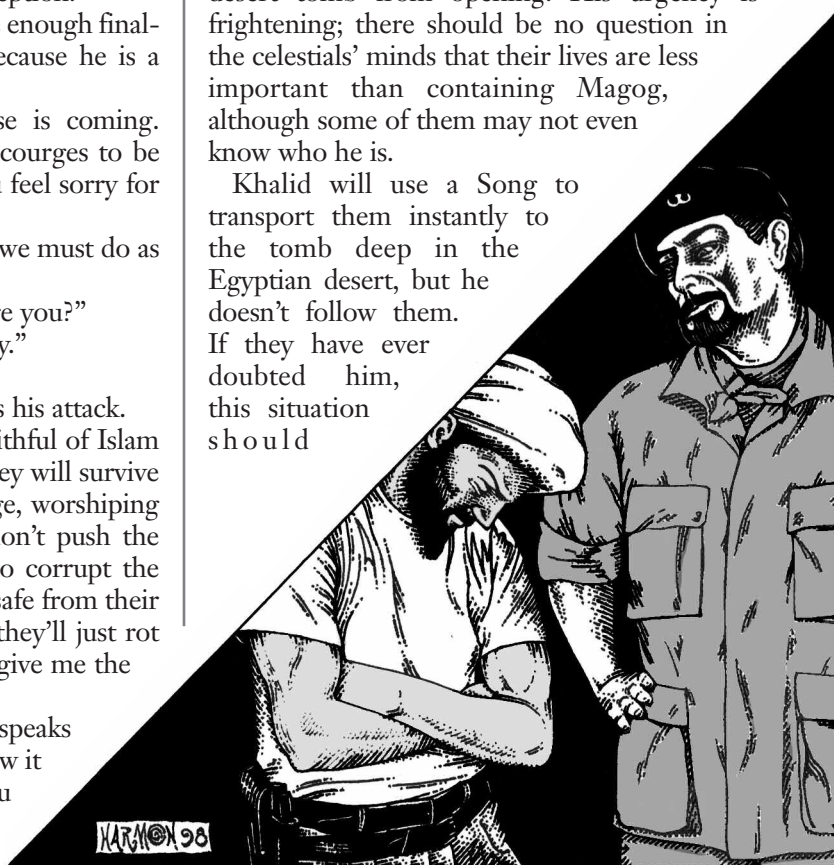
low murmur, indecipherable to eavesdroppers. The next thing they hear is the disturbance as the Prince vanishes, this time leaving the cat behind in his haste.

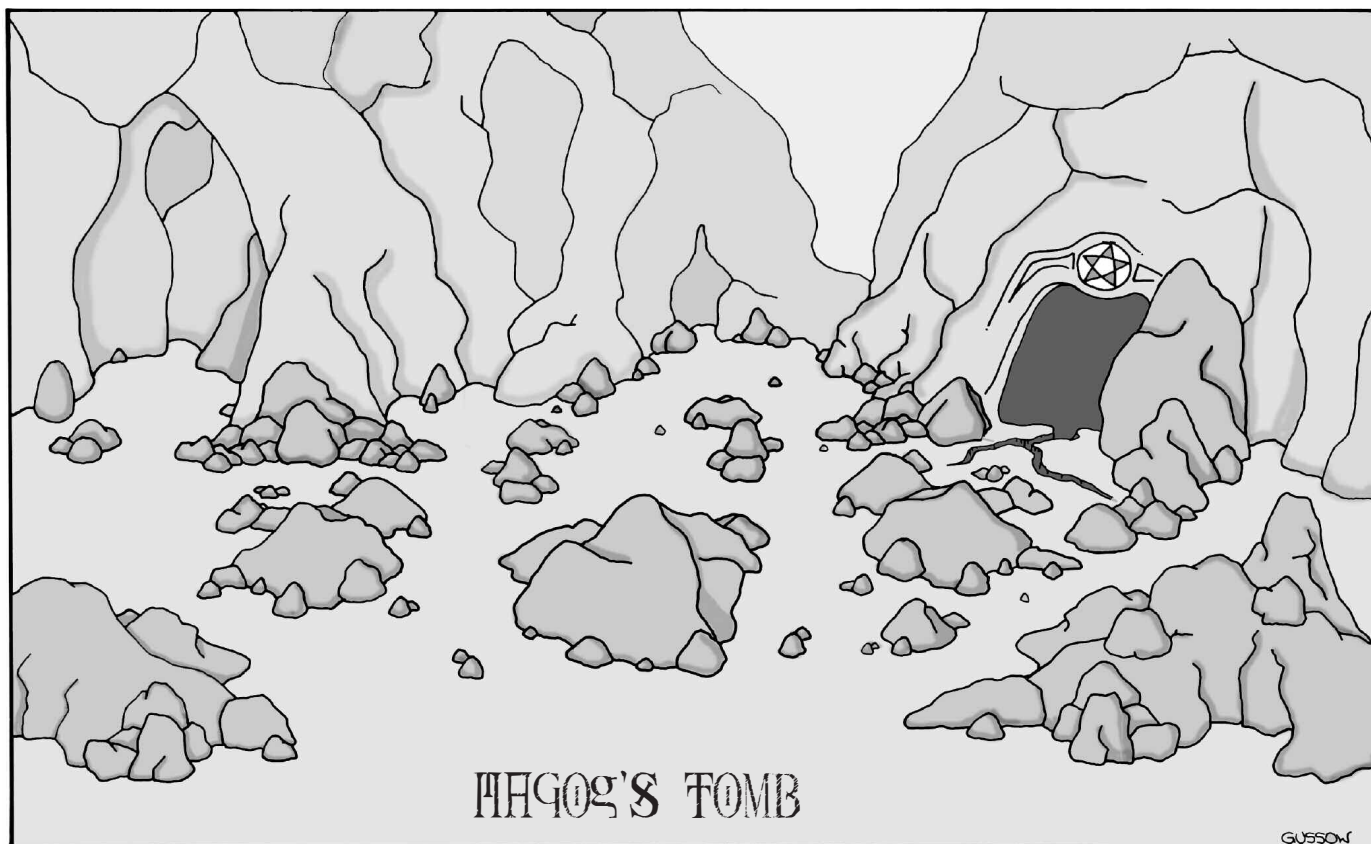
REPENTANCE

Almost instantly, Khalid feels incredible regret over telling Malphas where Magog is buried. If the PCs get a good reaction roll from him, he'll break down and tell them everything – Malphas is manipulating Armageddon to make his Word even more powerful while getting rid of some of his rivals in the process, expecting the most powerful Princes to go down in the battle against Heaven. The Prince of Factions has promised Khalid that the Islamic world will be left to him, and Hell will take Western civilization.

Even if the PCs do not get a good reaction from him, Khalid is wracked with guilt for giving Malphas the secret to Magog's prison, and regrets the selfishness that rose up within him during a moment of weakness. He tells the PCs that they must go immediately to the desert and stop the freeing of Magog. He tells them to sacrifice their lives if they have to, but to stop the desert tomb from opening. His urgency is frightening; there should be no question in the celestials' minds that their lives are less important than containing Magog, although some of them may not even know who he is.

Khalid will use a Song to transport them instantly to the tomb deep in the Egyptian desert, but he doesn't follow them. If they have ever doubted him, this situation should





strike them as very suspicious. Even if they believe Khalid, the celestials should wonder why he sent them to stop a Demon Prince while he disappeared.

THE TOMB OF CRUELTY

When the PCs get there, six Servitors of Factions, including a Baron and a Marquis, are at work on the tomb's only entrance. If Khalid's proxies attack immediately, they will find themselves overwhelmed by powerful demons. The best way to win this fight is for one or many celestials to call on their Superiors, their friends and anyone else they can think of, by whatever means they have at their disposal. They should bear in mind that no matter how powerful Malphas' servants are, the real danger remains the angry Demon Prince they are trying to release.

BAASHA

Djinn Marquis of Factions

Corporeal Forces – 4	Strength 7	Agility 9
Ethereal Forces – 4	Intelligence 10	Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 6	Will 12	Perception 12
<i>Vessel:</i> Human/4.		

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Dodge/5, Fighting/4, Knowledge/6 (Psychology), Lying/6, Move Silently/3, Small Weapon/5 (Stiletto), Tactics/5.

Songs: Entropy (Ethereal/5, Celestial/6), Numinous Corpus (Acid/4, Tail/5), Possession (Celestial/6), Shields (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/4), Thunder (Corporeal/4), Tongues (Corporeal/5).

Artifacts: Talisman (ring) with Corporeal Song of Charm/6.

Attunements: Djinn of Factions, Marquis of Factions, Imbroglia, Polarize, Alienation, Bigotry.

Special Rite: Baasha gains 1 Essence when she involves bystanders in a fight that is none of their business.

Baasha appears as a diminutive human female, deceptively meek and coy. In reality, she has a ferocious hate for relationships of any kind and uses her wiles to undo them. She wants all people to come to the same realization that she has; relationships are a lie and a trap. The only true connection between people is need, and as soon as the need is satisfied, smart people part ways. Malphas believes her to be an enlightened Servitor, conversant with the deeper meaning of his Word, so he gave her the high distinction that she holds. He knows that she is completely committed to starting Armageddon, which is why he selected her to oversee this crucial event.

BENHADAD

Djinn Baron of Factions

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 12 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 11 Perception 9

Vessel: Tiger/6, Human/6.

Skills: Dodge/6, Fast Talk/4, Fighting/6, Lying/2, Running/4, Small Weapon/4 (Baton), Survival/4 (Mountains), Tracking/5.

Songs: Charm (Celestial/6), Entropy (Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Numinous Corpus (Wings/4, Claws/3, Fangs/3), Shields (Corporeal/3, Celestial/4), Thunder (Corporeal/3), Tongues (Ethereal/3, Celestial/3).

Artifacts: Talisman (on collar) with Corporeal Song of Charm/6.

Attunements: Djinn of Factions, Imbrogio, Polarize, Baron of Inner Torment.

Benhadad is not only a combat monster, he is a serious loner who hates the human race. He tends to take animal vessels, always big and dangerous ones, and he lives in the mountains, away from humans. His favorite game is to turn a group of hikers or mountain climbers against each other until they come to blows, or even abandon or sabotage each other. Malphas thinks very highly of him, and has entrusted him with this important assignment.

The GM can decide how much of a battle he wants to allow here – if the players want combat, give it to them. If the party is small and weak, remove some of the demons at the tomb. If the party is large, or calls in backup, more Servitors of Factions can arrive on the scene. This can turn into any size fight the GM can handle.

Either side can emerge victorious, because it won't matter anyway. The demons have weakened the seal that David put on the tomb, and Magog will finish digging himself out even if the legions of Malphas are defeated. (That is, unless the GM wants to end the adventure here as a reward for exceptional play.)

Whether the tomb is opened or he opens it himself, Magog will emerge, followed by his minions. They will burst out, reveling in light and freedom, becoming more and more frenzied as they realize that they can commit all of the atrocities they've spent years imagining.

Even though their numbers have dwindled to less than fifty after centuries of celestial cannibalism while imprisoned, the servants of Cruelty have lost none of their ferocity. They take off abruptly, ignoring the PCs and seeking the closest human population (a village of about 500 people a few miles away) so they can vent their fury and gather Essence. Although Magog and his Servitors could decimate ordinary celestials, they are extremely weak from their long exile and would be no match for an Archangel, and there will be Archangels landing like atom bombs within moments of Magog's release. If hostile Superiors are already present, then Magog and his Servitors scatter; Cruelty's minions will mob anyone who tries to stop their Prince from getting to the village to recharge.

Even if the PCs were hoping to advance Armageddon, the Servitors of Cruelty in full celestial form openly slaughtering and torturing the defenseless village dwellers will be enough to give them pause. Magog was



imprisoned while celestials still took an active role in molding the Symphony, so his massacre of the humans is audible to celestials for miles around.

Even louder comes the sound of the Fourth Trumpet.

IN THE WAKE OF HAVOC

Celestials who were at the tomb can follow Magog and try to protect the people in the village, or if they are demons, they can try to persuade Magog to leave before he gets caught. The Demon Prince is literally ripping people limb from limb, as are his fifty followers. They are working as fast as they can, because Magog knows his heavenly foes will arrive soon, and he will not allow himself to be imprisoned again.

A few minutes after Magog reaches the village, Baasha appears and tries to talk to the rampaging Prince. She has come to warn him that Gabriel is at the tomb, in such a hurry to find the Prince of Cruelty that she still has her trumpet in her hand.

Gabriel arrives in the village on Baasha's heels, manifesting as an inferno of wrath. She rivals Magog in ear-splitting disturbance of the Symphony as she blasts demons indiscriminately. She is mad with rage, and might even injure an angel in her blind destruction. Before she can target him, Magog is gone, following

Baasha to the Marches where Beleth has agreed to shelter him.

THE MARCHES

Fearful that the Archangels would show up and destroy Magog, Malphas convinced Beleth to remove the newly-freed demons to the Marches. The land of Nightmares suits them perfectly, and they raise the level of terror to a new high. First they break through the ranks of the Guardians who protect Blandine's side of the Marches (*The Marches*, p. 92). Then they begin to tear through Blandine's Menunim with an incredible ferocity, building up strength and Essence with each attack. Although they inflict terrible wounds, Servitors of Cruelty are masters at leaving their victims alive. Peaceful dreamscapes shatter with images of blood, death and torture. Seeing that the newcomers are breaking Blandine's border, Beleth's Servitors gleefully join in the slaughter, along with any other demons that happen to be in the Marches.

The Servitors of Fire, led by Gabriel, flow from the caldera of their celestial volcano to defend the angels of Hope, but with the support of Beleth's nightmare warriors, Magog and his followers continue to carve a swath of destruction.

The celestials can join this battle, and after seeing Magog at first hand, any angel and perhaps a few demons





would do their utmost to stop him. Any Servitors of Blandine, Gabriel, David or Khalid would be immediately Outcast for failing to fight the minions of Cruelty. Still, Blandine is losing ground.

The Tsayadim

Suddenly, a flight of Tsayadim appears on the battlefield. The angels of Purity rip into the minions of Cruelty with the full strength of their divine dedication, crippling the assault on Blandine's territory and her Menunim. With burning swords and pure hearts, they stop Magog and Beleth from gaining any more ground. Angels rejoice to see Uriel's Outcasts, because their existence makes it likely that Uriel, too, still lives. This is the best news the Malakim have had in a long time. The angelic forces redouble their efforts and Blandine loses no more ground.

But the borders between Blandine's and Beleth's sides of the Marches have irrevocably shifted. To mark the change, Beleth and Magog's demons stake out the corpses of the Menunim across the new line of demarcation. Blandine can see hundreds of dead Servitors, frighteningly close to her tower, reminding her of their cruel and pointless demise.

In her sadness, Blandine reaches out to the Tsayadim, offering them sponsorship if they wish to be redeemed from their Outcast state. They rebuff her overtures, unwilling to abandon the Word of Purity even to return to Heaven. Blandine will continue to support them in any way she can, despite their harsh response. Helping the Tsayadim distracts her from her grief over the many dead Menunim.

RISE OR FALL

There are many people in the village who did not die in the onslaught, but they all have grievous injuries. Any celestials who stay in the village to help out will see the arrival of two more Archangels within seconds of Gabriel's departure.

David and Dominic take in the chaotic scene for a moment, then have a quick discussion, after which David leaves. Soon afterward, Khalid enters the village. He looks worse than he did when he sent the PCs on this mission, if that is possible. The sight of the horribly maimed villagers brings him to tears.

Dominic is unmoved by this display. He asks Khalid why he did not personally try to stop the tomb from being opened. Khalid answers that he didn't trust himself to act correctly on Allah's behalf at that moment, so he went to find Gabriel. The Archangel of Judgment does not look too pleased with this. Gabriel would definitely not be *his* first choice to call on in a time of need. As

Khalid disappears to the Marches, Dominic begins to investigate what happened. If all of the witnesses are in the Marches, the Archangel of Judgment will speak to them later.

If the celestials working for Khalid were angels who helped to prevent the Fourth Trumpet, they may attempt to speak on Khalid's behalf, saying that he sent them there to defend the peace with their lives. This will reconcile those who oppose Khalid in Heaven (most notably Dominic) and start him down the long road to recovery.

Whether or not the PCs stop Armageddon here, another continuing plot thread should be the rehabilitation of Khalid. If he makes it all the way back to Heaven's bosom, he'll be a changed Archangel. Khalid will not merely be the Archangel of the Faithful of Islam, but will go back to being, in truth, the Archangel of Faith – the virtuous belief and confidence in God and in goodness from which a person draws moral strength. After his recent trials, he'll be well-equipped to support his Word in its original, broader sense.

On the other hand, if the PCs reveal that Khalid had a part in freeing the evil he imprisoned so long ago, the other Archangels will shun him. By the time of the Fifth Trumpet, Khalid will have Fallen and added another Prince to Hell's side (see *Dark Khalid*, p. 101). Thus, the PCs' faith in Khalid becomes the ultimate deciding factor here.

This may help make up for the fact that the principals in this game are far too powerful for the celestials to stop by force. The driving question of the adventure now becomes how to get proof that the Malakim's honor remains secure. This proof will serve to pull everyone further back from the brink, and restore the stalemate to the status quo ante.

THE BURDEN OF PROOF

By this time, no one will be able to deny the severity of the situation. If Servitors warn their Superiors about Malphas or Kobal they will be heeded, but warnings without proof are not enough to stop Armageddon.

Kobal is in Hell with Maximilian, the not-Fallen Malakite from *Fall of the Malakim* (p. 60), and Malphas abandoned the cat that once was Mira Klein, also from *Fall of the Malakim* (p. 63). With them as proof, Archangels or Princes can decipher the truth of what happened at the time of the First Trumpet (*Fall of the Malakim*, p. 105). They will be convinced that Malphas and Kobal were behind the whole thing, clearing any besmirched names from the L.A. debacle. The Princes will also be convinced that they are not ready for Armageddon with the Malakim still intact and Uriel's Word still supporting the Tsayadim.

FINDING THE CLUES

If the characters are having difficulty finding or recognizing the clues in this adventure, the GM can help them out in several ways.

Mira – Valefor could steal the cat from Malphas, a suitably challenging task, and then abandon it somewhere that the PCs can find it. Or Lilith could retrieve the cat and recreate Mira, handing her to the PCs as a *fait accompli*.

Maximilian – Kobal could decide to play a game with the characters, leaving clues and notes around, each one pointing to another clue. GMs who like complex puzzles could have a lot of fun with this idea. Eventually, the clues lead to Hell. Then the hard part begins.

For ways to accomplish this, see *The Virtue and The Temptress*, p. 107. The PCs still have a lot of work ahead of them.

THE CONTRACT

In a place as dark as the Pit, for a very good reason, Baal was addressing Belial. “You know that Gabriel has, as the mortals say, ‘put out a contract’ on the servitors of our newly released brother the Prince of Cruelty. She’s giving out Essence to *anybody* who destroys one of Magog’s demons, including other demons.”

Belial laughed. “Well, we knew she was nuts. She’s been crazy for two thousand years . . . I can feel it . . . and when Magog got out, it was like a blowtorch in her face. Beautiful.”

“Beautiful, indeed,” replied the older Prince. “But it’s not really his Servitors that she wants. It’s Magog. She’s burning to get at him. And when she finds him, one on one, he’ll lose. He won’t call for help; we have to watch him, so we know when to step in.”

“That’s his problem. I don’t like his attitude. He spent all that time in the hole David stuck him in, couldn’t get out on his own, and now he wants to tell us how to run the War. That’s *your* Word, the War. Do *you* care what happens to Magog?”

The Prince of the War replied calmly, “Not at all. But I care a great deal about what happens to Gabriel. And so should you.”

The Prince of Fire jerked in surprise and started to speak. Then he realized what Baal was saying, and smiled. It was not a pretty smile at all.

“And if there’s nobody to blow the Trumpet? Do we still get Armageddon?”

“I think it will come along just fine,” replied Baal.



Gabriel is giving away a Rite to any celestial that wants it, including diabolicals. She will give them 5 Essence for killing a minion of Magog. As the conversation above indicates, other Superiors think she’s insane (more so than usual). Such an expensive Rite will put a strain on her resources, especially since she just threw all she had into the fight in the Marches. PCs can hear about the offer from their usual channels, or even from the other side. None but other Superiors will realize that Gabriel is weakening herself in pursuit of her vendetta. However, there are Superiors on both sides that wouldn’t mind seeing her and Magog cancel each other out.

Baal is keeping watch over the situation, hoping to step in when Gabriel burns herself out fighting Magog. He has alerted Belial also. When the time is right, they intend to gang up on her and destroy her while her power is at an ebb.

Khalid might interfere with that plan. Assuming he isn’t on the downward spiral to Falling, the Archangel of Faith is doing penance for his evil deed by watching out for Gabriel, and if she gets into trouble, he will come to her aid.

Dominic would secretly like for Gabriel to die in battle. It would be a tidy solution to the problem of her instability, saving Heaven from the danger and embarrassment of her Fall.

In the meantime, killing servants of Cruelty pays very well.



DARK KHALID

DEMON PRINCE OF FANATICISM

The world is wrong, and I am right. Follow me without question or I will destroy you.

In the official *In Nomine* continuity, Khalid does not Fall. However, it is the GM's option whether or not to allow Khalid's Fall during *The Final Trumpet*. This description of the Dark Khalid is included for those who are open to having another Demon Prince in their campaign.

After his Fall, Khalid becomes a Habbalite, full of denial about his fate. He sees his ousting from Heaven as a plot by the faithless to keep him from his God, and his one focus now is to destroy anything which goes against his version of faith. All of the unbelievers in his path must perish.

Khalid believes that he was too soft on infidels, both human and celestial, and he has vowed never to make that mistake again. His Fall has unleashed the full force of his fanaticism, which he kept in check while still an Archangel. He hates his enemies with the same self-destructive passion of a terrorist driving a truck bomb into an embassy, and considers his Servitors' lives – as well as his own life – expendable in pursuit of his cause.

All he can contemplate is the final battle, and he will do anything to bring it about. If his banishment is a test set by Allah, then he wants to prove himself in battle by slaughtering the infidel Archangels (Laurence in particular), purging Heaven of their corrupting influence, and restoring the True Faith – as defined by him. His Servitors must hold the same opinion or face annihilation. Khalid in his madness cannot tolerate opposing views. He requires more blind obedience from his followers than even Baal would try to enforce.

Habbalah make up the vast majority of his underlings. No strangers to blind faith in the face of unpleasant reality, Habbalah have rallied to him, considering him to be their salvation, their ticket back to Heaven where they



truly belong. Khalid's scorn for weakness and his scorched-earth philosophy have convinced them that he is a worthy leader. The only other band with a flexible enough sense of reality to work for Khalid are the Balseraphs. All of the others, especially the Lilim, consider him far too dangerous and unstable to trust, and he can sense mistrust with the crystal clarity of the truly paranoid. The only demons of other bands in Khalid's command are the angelic Servitors of Faith who chose to Fall with their master.

Khalid has many ready-made Soldiers of Hell to draw upon. Even before his Fall, he preferred the company of extreme Moslem purists. Now he seeks out the most fanatical murderers in the Islamic world to help his cause on Earth. He knows how close the world is to Armageddon and he is spending all of his resources to ensure that it happens.

DISSONANCE

It is dissonant for Servitors of Fanaticism to question any statement Khalid makes. If he says the world is flat and all infidels are demons who must be destroyed, his followers must agree without hesitation. Even if he contradicts himself or tells them something they know to be wrong, demons of Fanaticism must accept his word.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Khalid's servants are all as fanatical as him or they could not survive in his organization. They fear reason and logic, smiting those who disagree with their faith.

Balseraphs

Balseraphs are the only demons other than the Habbalah who are self-deluding enough to enjoy working for the Prince of Fanaticism. Their constantly shifting perception of reality is nimble enough to absorb Khalid's flagrant illogic. Balseraphs serving Khalid acquire dissonance only when their target successfully resists their self-contradiction with a check digit of 6.

Djinn

Khalid has a few Cherubic Servitors who decided to follow their master to Hell out of misguided loyalty. They

have become Djinn, and now they can automatically detect the presence of fanatic Muslims. They usually use this attunement to know who not to kill.

Calabim

Any Ofanim who gave in to their destructive side and tumbled to Hell with Khalid are now Calabim. They have a +1 bonus to attempt to destroy an infidel or heretical monument to faith.

Habbalah

Khalid's Habbalah are his greatest tool, spreading faith among the faithless, whether the faithless like it or not. A Habbalite can affect up to ten people at once with his resonance; his target is the highest Will in the group, but he gets a +3 bonus to his roll. If he succeeds, the entire group will believe what the Habbalite tells them for (CD) hours. If a Habbalite is projecting blind faith and his target resists successfully, he takes no dissonance for reabsorbing the emotion, but he must wait until that person leaves the group before using his resonance again.

Lilim

Khalid has never had any use for Lilim, and he wouldn't have one as a Servitor.



Shedim

None of Khalid's Kyriotate servants chose to fall with him, so he has no Shedim as Servitors.

Impudites

Khalid's Mercurians turned to Impudites. They are at +1 to take Essence from any human with blind faith.

The Fedayeen

Any angels who had enough blind faith in Khalid to fall with him get an additional attunement. They are at +1 to all Will rolls which test their faith. Note that their faith is in Khalid now, not God (although they think it's the same thing). They can use this Will bonus to resist logical arguments as well as physical coercion.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Holy War

For 2 Essence, a Servitor of Khalid can cause two people of differing faiths to come to blows over their religious differences. The effects last one minute for each of the demon's Ethereal Forces, during which time the victims must physically attack each other until one of them loses consciousness or the effect wears off.

DISTINCTIONS

Very few of Khalid's Servitors will have earned a Distinction in the short time he has been a Prince, except distinguished Servitors who Fell with him. Those who have acquired one received the honor as a field promotion. One good thing about working for Khalid; the fast track isn't very crowded.

Knight of Intolerance

Knights of Fanaticism can force a victim to see the world from a narrower point of view. The target will be unable to tolerate any disagreement with whatever concept he believes in most strongly for (Ethereal Forces) minutes. He may harangue, attack or shun whoever disagrees with his opinion during that time.

Captain of Terrorism

Using this distinction increases a person's Will by +2 if he is planning a terrorist action to promote his faith. The target loses any reluctance about laying down his life for the cause. The effects last for (Celestial Forces) hours.

Baron of Jihad

This distinction increases the number of people affected by the Holy War attunement. Instead of two people, Khalid's Barons can affect 100 people for each expenditure of 2 Essence.

RELATIONS

Most of the militant Princes are glad to have Khalid on their side, although he's definitely a loose cannon. Asmodeus isn't any more comfortable with him than Dominic was, however, for that very reason. Malphas approves of his extremism and intolerance, and Khalid thinks Malphas will help him save his faithful when Armageddon comes.

Baal wants to use Khalid in the final battle, not so much as a fighter but as a bomb: when he is unleashed against the enemy he is likely to blow up, killing himself and everybody else in the vicinity. The Prince of the War plans not to be anywhere nearby when it happens.

Furfur is in awe of Khalid, who he considers to be the epitome of hardcore fanaticism. The feeling is far from mutual.

Allied: Malphas

Associated: Baal, Kronos

Hostile: Furfur

Enemy: Andrealphus, Lilith, Haagenti, Valefor, Nybbas

BASIC RITES

- Deface or destroy a place of worship not dedicated to Islam.
- Kill an infidel or heretic.

CHANCE OF INTERVENTION: 4

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 The blood of an infidel or heretic
- +2 The blood of an atheist
- +3 A truck full of explosives
- +4 An armed group of 10 true believers
- +5 An armed group of 100 true believers
- +6 One hundred dead true believers and the 1,000 dead infidels who they killed

THE FIFTH TRUMPET

All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers or backgammon, with a slight moral tinge to it, a playing with right and wrong.
— Henry David Thoreau

Before the last echo of the Fourth Trumpet dies away, Superiors on both sides prepare to gather on Earth, where they must vote either to commit to the final battle or to stop the escalation. The prophecy for the Fifth Trumpet reads “In Unity, War is Embraced,” which is generally interpreted to mean that Superiors on both sides must unanimously vote for the War. Only once before have they met for this purpose: at that time the leaders of Heaven and Hell decided to wait. No one has ever heard Gabriel sound the Fifth Trumpet.

The Superiors don’t know that it only takes one side voting for the War to trigger the Fifth Trumpet. As with most wars, when one side decides to attack, the other is

LIMBO

Every celestial, even those in Limbo, can hear the Trumpets as they’re blown. When the Fifth Trumpet is blown, signaling the Superiors’ commitment to battle, Heartless celestials of all sorts (but not Grigori) try to exert the force of Will to return to the corporeal realm in whatever vessels they can manage, rallying to one side or the other. Every Trumpet blown has given the souls in Limbo +1 to their Will rolls – they have been gathering their Essence for a *purpose*. This modifier is cumulative, and persists as long as the cycle of the Trumpets is not broken; as soon as a prophecy is prevented from being fulfilled, the bonus is lost.

This means that a flood of celestials will appear on the scene, some of whom have been gone a long time. They will cause a great deal of confusion as they get sorted out and hooked up with their Superior’s forces – and as old feuds and old friendships resume. This creates yet another drain on the Superiors’ attention, and they will be increasingly impatient as a result.

at war whether they like it or not. That is, unless the side being attacked chooses not to fight back. Neither Heaven nor Hell considers that a tenable option.

The human body is a frighteningly primitive way to manipulate the Symphony – so uncomfortable and confining. The sight of all the Archangels or Demon Princes gathered in one place on Earth is a sign of impending doom that no celestial can ignore.



It is possible for the PCs to witness these events, although they have no control over the proceedings for the duration of the Fifth Trumpet. (See the *Playing the Fifth Trumpet* box, p. 106, for more active alternatives.) If they have been working diligently for their Superiors the characters may be asked to attend as a sort of honor guard or retinue. It is even possible that a character working for Kobal could be charged with casting his vote, but he would only choose a Servitor in whom he has complete trust. In fact, it is unlikely that Kobal would tell his proxy what the vote is about.

Some members of the group may continue to hunt for clues concerning the conspiracy between Malphas and Kobal during this time, search for Maximilian or work on whatever task their immediate superiors have assigned.

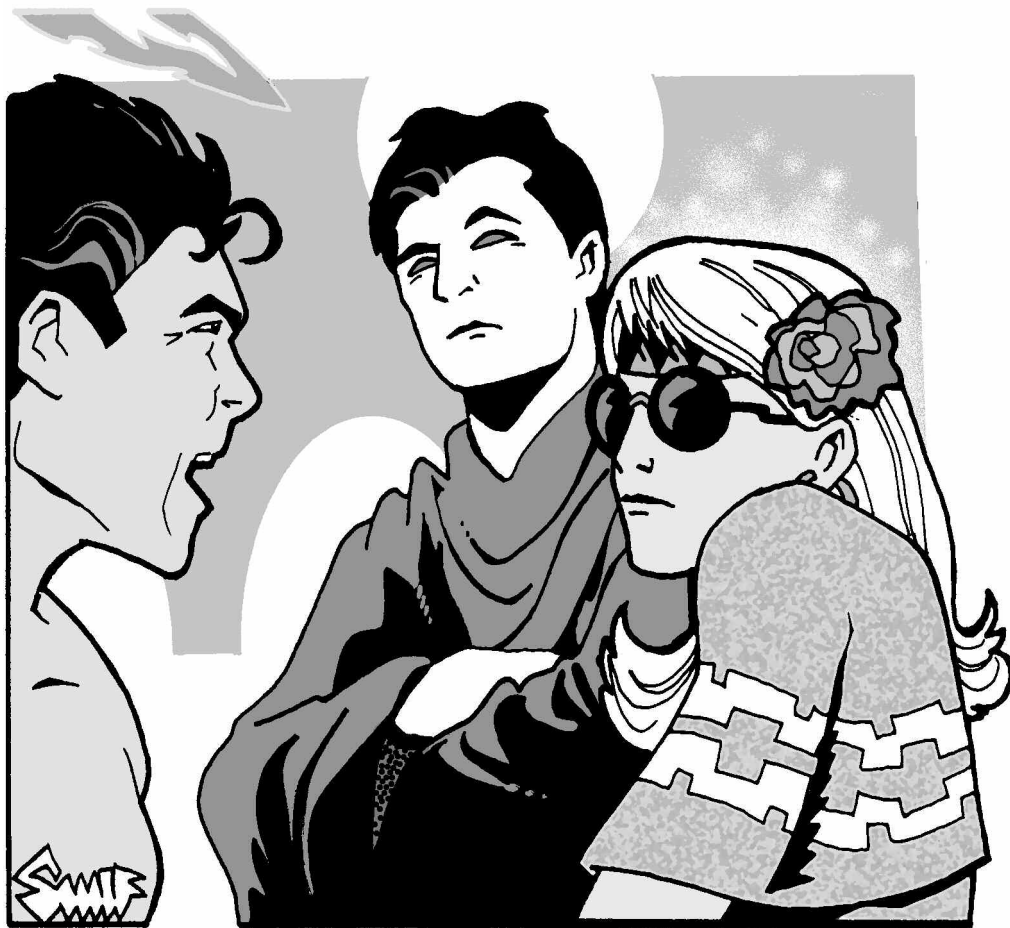
COUNCILS OF WAR

Paris

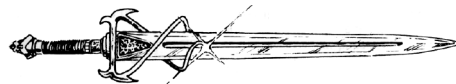
The Archangels hold their emergency war council in Notre Dame de Paris (their corporeal headquarters). They gather in the crypt beneath the cathedral's choir, a private underground space conveniently forgotten by the mortal world. All the Archangels, even some the angelic Servitors don't recognize, will attend. Khalid will be the last to appear (if he hasn't Fallen), visibly closer to redemption through the events leading to this moment.

The one heavenly Superior not present is Uriel – the purest of the pure, the first of the Malakim – and his absence is causing great consternation among the other Archangels. None of them voice their fears openly, but most of them believed that Uriel would return from the high planes of Heaven once Gabriel blew the Trumpets of Armageddon. Now they wonder: Is he coming? Does he still exist?

Those who thought that the Fall of Maximilian boded ill for Uriel now feel certain that they were right, that Uriel has somehow been destroyed utterly, withdrawing the protection of his Word from the Virtues. Those who drew hope from the Tsayadim's appearance suggest that Uriel will return when battle is actually joined.



Despite being underground, the echoing vaults seem filled with the light of stained-glass windows. All of the beings present wear expressions of grave determination: whether they wish to fight or keep the peace, no one takes the situation lightly.



“The Princes have voted, and they have agreed. It’s War.”



The Archangels vote by voice – there is no secret ballot for something this important, no better time for the truth. Blandine, visibly shaken by the decimation of her Menunim, supports all-out war for the first time in history. Even though Khalid has learned a great lesson in tolerance, he will vote for war. After harsh discussions, the rest of the pro-stalemate Archangels give in, all except Novalis. Her entire being is devoted to peace; to vote for war would cause her unthinkable dissonance.

All of the Archangels try to sway her, some with logic, some with pleading, some with veiled threats that her resistance may cost them the victory. Even Yves murmurs, "We should be united in our will and purpose." "Division is dangerous," adds Michael. "It is a weapon to use against the enemy, not against ourselves."

Laurence presses home the attack. "The honor of the Malakim is in doubt. The only way we can regain our honor and prove God's righteousness is by fighting the final battle. Do it, Novalis. Cast your vote. Bring us together. We are a force to be reckoned with! Don't stand in the way any longer."

Novalis' sadness is overwhelming. Tears stand in her eyes as she regards her heavenly peers closing in around her. "Perhaps," she begins, "perhaps you speak the truth . . ."

Suddenly, Gabriel's body jolts as though hit with an electric wire. In a trance, she raises her horn to her lips and blows one soul-piercing note. The throng watch in silence as she slowly lowers her instrument and says, "The Princes have voted, and they have agreed. It's War."

Nagasaki

Atop a skyscraper in downtown Nagasaki is a placid garden, constructed in perfect Japanese style. Carefully placed rocks, spreading shrubs, and a small stone bridge spanning a quiet stream, all denote utmost harmony. The peaceful effect belies the horrible violence that once occurred on this spot, for the building is positioned precisely at ground zero of the Nagasaki atomic blast.



PLAYING THE FIFTH TRUMPET

A gathering of Superiors may not seem to give the players much to do, but there are several approaches to this Trumpet that can make it interesting for everyone.

✧ The GM can have the PCs interact with the retinues of other Superiors. NPCs from previous campaigns could be there, either to the delight or dismay of the celestials who have met them before. This would be a good time to throw in some clues amidst the gossip of the waiting Servitors, or introduce them to NPCs who might prove important later in the adventure.

✧ Have the players play the Superiors themselves. This is a fun way to give the adventure a change of pace and give the players a feel for what is happening among the upper echelon. The GM can brief them individually on which way their Superior is going to vote, then let the players loose to act out this important part of the adventure.

✧ If the GM has access to a number of other experienced role-players who are not already in the game, he can invite them to be "celebrity guest NPCs." In other words, have some players join the game for one session just to roleplay the Superiors. The regular players can enjoy the novelty of talking to multiple Superiors at once: not a situation that occurs very frequently in *In Nomine*.

One by one, the Princes file through the garden, casting their vote for or against war by crossing the bridge and dropping their signet ring into the cool water of the stream. Crossing the stream without dropping the ring would be a "no" vote – but this day there are none who hold back.

The PCs may witness this from a distance; if they do, they'll notice that all the Princes pass through save Kobal; he has one of his Servitors go for him. (He's trying to stay with Maximilian as much as possible, so that the Symphonic disturbance of his coming and going won't alert anyone to the location of his hellish hideout.)

Valefor is the last to go, arriving just as the other Princes begin to look around with impatience. As he walks to the bridge, Malphas says accusingly, "Why are you always late?"

The Prince of Theft gives an impudent wave of his hand. "Oh, things to steal, places to rob. You know the kind of thing."

The moment Valefor's ring hits the surface of the water, all of the celestials present hear the pure, hair-raising note of the Fifth Trumpet.

Furfur starts jumping around, shouting, "All *right!* It's War! All-out, ass-kickin' War! This is the most hardcore thing ever!"

Baal regards him coolly. "You have no idea."



THE VIRTUE AND THE TEMPTRESS

Yes, if you cry out for insight, and raise your voice for understanding; if you seek it like silver and search for it as for hidden treasure, then you will understand . . . and find the knowledge of God.

– Proverbs 2:3-5

Deep in the Lower Hells, echoing through the gnarled caves and cold, plummeting depths, came the sound of laughter. It would ebb for a few moments, then peal forth again with raucous hilarity, stabbing the sinister darkness with its offensive mirth.

This rare sound issued from a cavern, one of countless thousands perforating the rocky abyss. This cavern differed from the others in only one respect: Kobal had chosen to house a special prize here, one he could not bear to leave. The Demon Prince considered decimating celestial L.A. enchanting, and starting Armageddon a practical joke of such delicious magnitude that he thought he might never top it, but he had just discovered an amusement that was distracting him even from the fun of the War.

Kobal was talking to a Malakite.

He couldn't imagine why he had never thought of it before. Malakim were the epitome of Heavenly sternness; no humor, no fun, no relaxation from their duties. The perfect straight men, Kobal thought: exactly his type. A simple pratfall could shatter their composure, and verbal repartee left them tied in knots. They made the best victims.

And yet he had never taken the time to *talk* to the most serious beings in creation. Perhaps it was because any

Malakite that met him would immediately try to kill him, and then he would destroy it. That made for short conversations. Captured Malakim he left to his Servitors.

This Malakite, however, was too important to leave to an underling. Nobody must know of its existence, or Kobal's biggest punchline would be ruined. So he undertook to babysit the angel personally. He had only intended to pop in occasionally and check on his prize, but when it started talking he realized that he hadn't had so much fun in years.

"Tell me again," said the Demon Prince, "what you are going to do to Kevin the Terrible, if I let you live."

Maximilian shifted in his bonds. "Well," he replied thoughtfully, "I'd like to flay him alive, then bathe him in all of the alcohol that his treatment drove me to drink. I'm not sure I could keep myself from destroying him, body and soul, long before I should – my patience isn't what it used to be – but I would film it all and watch it over and over. I would invite my friends . . ." The angel hesitated, his insanity abating enough for him to recall that he didn't have any friends. "I would invite my enemies. That would be better. I would show them Kevin being afraid and humiliated and wanting to die. Just so they would know what I had in store for them."

Kobal's laughter welled up, silencing his prisoner momentarily. Maximilian fluttered his torn wings with the embarrassment of a serious person who has just unknowingly made a rude noise. His celestial body was as scarred and deformed by Discord as his corporeal form had been, but somehow it was still nice to be out of that degraded flesh. And though he was a prisoner in



Hell, as he had been on Earth, now he did not have to be his own warder. Kobal's shackles held him in check instead of his own will, and after fifteen years being tormented by the demons of Los Angeles without being able to strike back, that seemed like luxurious freedom. It wasn't his fault he couldn't kill Kobal. He wasn't breaking any oath. He wasn't gaining more dissonance. Hell was *nothing* compared to Los Angeles.

Kobal was starting to calm down. "Oh, you are priceless. Naughty Scamper and Scurvy never told me how much fun you are. Of course, that was only one of many *faux pas* they made."

"I have plans for Scamper too, if you let me live." The phrase had become a little joke in and of itself between them.

"Do tell."

"Well, I would probably pickle him, like he did to all of those people you told me about. I'm not sure where I would go from there though." Maximilian's face fell, as though he were a child making a mistake in class.

Kobal shook his head. "Sadly, we'll never know. Do you know what I did with your vessel?"

The angel frowned. "I thought you said you were going to burn it. I wouldn't have let you take it, otherwise."

"I had a better idea," said Kobal. "I put Scamper in it. I stripped his Ethereal Forces – would you like one?"

Maximilian spat.

"No, I suppose you wouldn't. Anyway, I put the drooling moron into your vessel and turned him loose in L.A. He must be dead by now, although whether the Malakim

hacked him to bits, a mugger shot him, or he got run over by a truck, I've no idea. He might have even been killed by one of the L.A. regulars when they got back to town, thinking he was you . . ."

Kobal had to stop, because his audience wasn't listening any more. By the time Kobal finished his list of Scamper's possible demises, Maximilian was in hysterics. The Malakite thrashed in his bonds, rocking with joy, crying heavenly tears that hissed when they hit the floor. He laughed with the force of fifteen years of misery being released, and it was contagious. The Demon Prince of Dark Humor had almost never made a joke that someone else enjoyed more than he did, and at first he was taken aback. But he looked at the pathetic, raving, bound angel, doubled over with laughter in the deepest pit of Hell, and he laughed too.

THE WITNESSES TO CHAOS

There are two creatures who can help the PCs save the world; Maximilian and what is left of Mira. The adventurers have had many clues along the way to point them in the right direction, and a few NPCs on call to make sure they caught on. The GM should refer to this section of the book any time someone figures out the importance of either or both of the missing links.

MAXIMILIAN

Investigating Maximilian is a natural place to start. After all, he is the one who ostensibly triggered the Trumpets in the first place when he rampaged through L.A. If the characters don't get the idea, Koriel (p. 71) will find them and bring it up.

CALIFORNIA OR BUST

Almost all of the celestials who lost their vessels in L.A. are out of Trauma and rebuilding their territories. On their own, none of them will go to the trouble of piecing together what happened. Many of them are implicated in some fashion and don't want anybody to find out the part they played. Others don't know enough of the big picture to realize they saw something important. In addition, the celestials of L.A. have to prepare for Armageddon too, so they have a more immediate problem.

This is a situation where any demons in the party become indispensable. L.A. is still controlled by demons, although there are more angels now, principally those working on the investigation. Demonic PCs will have an

edge while interviewing in Los Angeles – most of the important witnesses are demons. Give the demon player-characters +1 on all reaction rolls as they gather evidence from other diabolicals, and give angelic PCs -1 reaction rolls unless they are talking to an angel. Also, a group with some demons in it is less likely to be harassed than a group entirely made up of angels.

A group of angels may want to use Koriel's contacts to get themselves officially named as investigators. If they are considered Outcasts, this won't work, but if any of them are still in Heaven's grace, an Archangel's official backing certainly won't hurt. Outcast or not, any celestial with important clues, information or even a really powerful hunch will get a respectful hearing from Koriel and as much help as the clues seem to warrant.

There are many celestials in Los Angeles from whom investigating PCs can gather important information. The following rundown summarizes who they are and what they know:

✦ Glug (Shedite of Death, *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 73) – He has Mira Klein's corpse and knows a Prince killed her, but not which one.

✦ Jonathan (Seraph of Destiny, *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 68) – He was out of town on the night Maximilian presumably Fell, so he is not an eyewitness, but he will help any angels by giving background information and a guided tour.

✦ Kevin (Balseraph Baron of the Media, *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 52) – If he thinks it will strengthen his hold on L.A. to help the characters, he will assist them.

✦ Natalie (Lilim of Factions, *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 53) – She believes that Malphas has Maximilian, but has no proof. However, Malphas showed her the Mira cat, and explained what it was. He did it to frighten her. She is worried that Malphas will kill her, and is ripe for redemption. Natalie is the most likely demon in L.A. to actively help interested parties find Maximilian and unravel the mystery.

✦ Neck (Mummi, *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 54) – He saw Malphas kill Mira Klein and knows that her last Ethereal Force is bound into a cat. He knows that she did something to an angel's Heart at Malphas' request, and that he gave her an artifact, which she returned before her death.

✦ Pendrake Carmichael (Elohite of Creation, *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 66) – If he helped reopen Eli's Tether, then he is still in L.A. and in a mood to atone. He knows about the construct and that one of Kobal's minions (Scurvy) produced an Essence battery to power the construct. He will answer any questions he can.

✦ Sarama (Cherub of Fire, *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 64) – He knows that Scamper and Scurvy killed many of L.A.'s celestials and that they had far more Essence than they should have.

SPOTLIGHTING THE CLUES

If the adventurers are having difficulty finding or recognizing the clues in this adventure, the GM can help them out in several ways.

Mira – Valefor could steal the cat from Malphas, a suitably challenging task, and then put the PCs in charge of figuring out how much his prize is worth. Or Lilith could retrieve the cat, collaborate with Blandine to recreate Mira, and hand her to the PCs as a *fait accompli*. They would owe her, of course.

Maximilian – Kobal could decide to play a game with the characters, leaving clues and notes around, each one pointing to another clue. GMs who like complex puzzles could have a lot of fun with this idea. Eventually, the clues lead to Hell. Then the hard part begins.

Both – An artifact could be used to track down either of the missing angels. If the GM chooses to allow this, he should not make it easy. The investigators will need to acquire an item belonging to the celestial they seek, and they will have to persuade a Superior to make the artifact. Most Superiors will be too busy to help. After that, the celestials will have to feed the artifact 3 Essence per day to keep it functional. This will create noise in the Symphony, attracting possibly unwanted attention. The GM should feel free to have a Superior retrieve this artifact once Mira and Maximilian are located.

(For statistics and full descriptions of these NPCs and their role in the Los Angeles disaster, see *Fall of the Malakim*.)

GETTING THERE

Even the vilest demon fears the Lower Hells. It is Lucifer's personal domain and the most evil place in Hell, full of monstrosities, agonizing dissonance and soul-chilling cold. At least, those are the rumors. No reliable witnesses have ever seen it and returned to tell the tale, barring the Princes and Lucifer himself. They are not interested in discussing it.

Kobal has Maximilian stashed away in a cavern in the Lower Hells, bound to the wall with level 6 Will Shackles (*Liber Reliquarum*, p. 81). Finding the Malakite will be very difficult, especially for angels. They can consult with Koriel (p. 71), who has some shady contacts from her dealings with Renegades. She may be able to get them a lead.

The best person to consult is Lilith, but her information doesn't come cheap. She will charge 8 levels of Geas

for discovering Maximilian's whereabouts. These levels can be shared among the group or taken on by as few as two volunteers. Lilith can deliver the information, but she won't help them get there, unless they want to pay, of course.

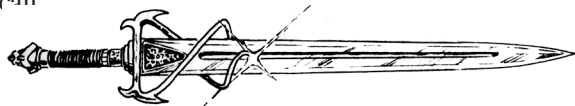
INTO THE BREACH

Once the party manages to locate Maximilian, they must either bring him to a Superior or bring a Superior to him. In order to do this, any angels in the group will have to trust their demonic comrades to do the job right, or endure the horrid dissonance of the Lower Hells. Angels must make a Will roll every hour that they remain in Lower Hell (this is in addition to the other problems angels face in Hell; *Heaven and Hell*, p. 61). If they fail, they are forced to leave Hell entirely.

Getting Kobal out of the cave would help the party's chances tremendously. The diversion would have to be monumentally important, but if they can induce Kobal to leave, their major worry is gone. They might be able to fake a message from Malphas saying that their plans are unraveling and Kobal is needed on Earth. If they can get Lagopus to believe them, he will take a message to Kobal.

If the celestials can get a Superior – or better yet, several Superiors – to observe Maximilian, they will know immediately that he has not Fallen. The more merciful Archangels will want to give him a chance to work off his Dissonance and return to Heaven. The militant Archangels may want to disband his Forces, but they will wait until they have conclusively proven that he did not Fall. Princes might all like to destroy him, but they too will want it known that the Malakim are still pure to prevent the Apocalypse from happening. No Demon Prince, no matter how militant, wants to bring on the Final Battle if he thinks Hell will lose.

The two exceptions to this are Kobal and Malphas. If the PCs invoke Kobal, he will practically expire laughing. Then he will try to make them expire for real. Malphas will skip the laughter and get straight to the slaughter. However, if a celestial has managed to find Maximilian, he is almost certain to have figured out which Princes *not* to call



Hell was nothing compared to Los Angeles.



THE CAT

The PCs have had several chances in the adventure to observe Malphas with his cat. Any demon in the group would realize that this is strange behavior for a Demon Prince. Even angels should be curious at the Prince's seeming attachment to the animal. It is the last remains of a Bright Lilim, Mira Klein (*Fall of the Malakim*, p. 63), who helped Malphas with his schemes while she was under Geas.

It is possible to steal the cat from Malphas, although very dangerous. He does not want Mira Klien's one Ethereal Force escaping until it is no longer a threat. Also, he's gloating. The cat would have to be taken to Heaven in order to protect it from Malphas.

During *The Fourth Trumpet*, Malphas abandons the cat because he believes that his plans are now unstoppable. Anyone can take it without repercussions at that time.

LILITH

The Princess of Freedom is the essential component to rescuing Mira. Lilith is the only one who can create (or recreate) a Lilim, although she needs the assistance of an Archangel to recreate a Bright. The cat contains the necessary Ethereal Force for the creation of a Lilim, so Mira can be brought back to life, albeit as an almost entirely new being. She won't remember anything about her previous life, but a Superior can retrieve enough of her memory to discover that she shattered Maximilian's Heart while under Geas to Malphas.

Although Lilith is perfectly content to let her children get into trouble, she does not approve of letting anybody renege on a Geas or betray a contract. Every once in a while, Lilith will make somebody an object lesson to teach other Superiors not to take her too lightly. She is fully aware that she is the only one of her kind among their ranks, and that her origins may lead celestials to think that she is weaker than they are.

If the group approaches her with the cat, she will be remarkably accomodating. She will ask for a Geas in return for recreating Mira, but her price will be quite reasonable. Only 4 levels of Geas, divided among the party however they like (one person with Level 4, four people with Level 1 each, etc.). Lilith will go to Blandine for assistance, which Blandine will be happy to provide in this instance. When Lilith is done with Mira, she will put the amnesiac Bright under the care of the party and disappear, leaving them with a heavy burden.

THE NEW BRIGHT

Blandine will be delighted to find out that her Servitor is alive. Any celestials who had a hand in rescuing her will receive a reward from the grateful Archangel of Dreams.

Blandine will explain to Mira's rescuers that the

Bright's memory cannot be accessed until she spends one night, from sunset to sunrise, at the place of her "death." If they don't already know where this is, the celestials will have to do some investigating. Even then, Mira's memories will probably only return to her subconscious mind. Blandine herself is restricted from helping because of Mira's status as a new Bright (see *The Trouble with Brights*, p. 110). She will happily take Mira back into the fold if Mira chooses to serve Dreams again.

Mira Mark II functions at about the level of a child of five, and has no memory of who she was. However, she is still a Bright Lilim. Her guardians' task is to keep her safe from Malphas until her memories resurface. Then they must reach one of their Superiors, or better still, the Seraphim Council, to examine her.

The Prince of Factions will not be happy that one of his pawns is up and about again, and if he finds out about her, he will send some minions to dispose of her for good. He will not attend to her personally because that would connect him to her too closely.

This can be played as a battle at the La Brea Tar Pits. If the GM chooses this option, he can have Blandine assign a few Servitors to help guard Mira, thus adding some muscle to the group.

The PCs may find themselves babysitting Mira even after a Superior has seen her, because she is a valuable witness and has information which might change the shape of the conflict. Despite what she knows, the Apocalypse cannot be halted at the snap of a finger. Many Superiors, both infernal and angelic, will want to examine her memories personally to make sure that she is not some kind of trick. Until they are all satisfied, she is in danger and the party must protect her.

The other difficulty is avoiding a Geas from her. She can sense people's needs and may inadvertently put a Geas on somebody in her eagerness to please.

THE TROUBLE WITH BRIGHTS

As explained in *The Infernal Player's Guide* (p. 116), Bright Lilim are so rare that there is no set procedure for absorbing them into Heaven's hierarchy. The Seraphim Council has to approve the assignment of each Bright to a particular Superior, and this involves weeks of discussion, interviews of the Bright in question, and psychological screening to ensure she isn't placed with a Superior who might drive her to Fall. During this time, the Bright is usually assigned some angelic guardians/watchers. In this instance, Blandine will assign the task to Mira's rescuers.

Even though Blandine was Mira's Superior, the new Mira is considered a separate individual, and the process of placing her must begin again, once she has regained whatever memories she can salvage from visiting the La Brea Tar Pits. It is part of Lilim nature, whether they are Dark or Bright, to choose who they will serve, or whether they will serve at all. As much as Blandine worries about Mira, she doesn't believe in influencing the Bright's decision, so she must let her go.

THE SIXTH TRUMPET

*Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar;
That mothers shall but smile when they behold,
Their infants quarter'd with the band of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds . . .*
— William Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, III,i

After the Fifth Trumpet, there is no graceful way for the Superiors to back down. By the time the Sixth Trumpet sounds, humanity will be irrevocably changed. Now is the time to bring up any last objections or turn in any evidence that suggests the Apocalypse should not go forward.

The prophecy concerning the Sixth Trumpet says that, “At the Changing of the Year, All the Continents Are at War.” The celestials must find the proof they seek before this happens.

This is also the last time before the Armageddon when the PCs will have room to breathe. Their Superiors are too caught up in preparations to pay close attention to them, so if they want to investigate Maximilian, now would be the ideal opportunity.

Bear in mind that for Trumpet purposes, war does not have to be officially declared by the countries involved. The people must desire to be at war with their enemies and engage in violent actions against them. That is the only “declaration” that counts.

HUMANITY

This is the point at which humans start to realize something is very wrong. Up until now, the bad things that have happened could be explained away. As the Sixth Trumpet approaches, only the most self-deluded human will be able to deny that the world has gone to Hell in a handbasket.

DESERTERS

Some celestials on both sides will be so set against the War that they will intentionally become Outcasts or Renegades. Going AWOL at this point in the countdown will be punished severely, but Superiors are so busy they don't have time to find all of their deserters.

The characters can chose this option if they have a serious disagreement with their Superior, but this choice should not be taken lightly. Celestials, both angelic and diabolic, are used to following orders, more so than humans. Celestials entire beings are dedicated to their Superior's Word, so breaking free will be very difficult. Doing so would be an adventure in itself.

Then there is the consideration of what happens after the War. Whether or not Armageddon comes, at some point Superiors will have the time to track down deserters, and when they do, they will not be inclined to be merciful, not even the Archangels.

Waging war on all continents will affect people and reshape the world to some extent. It is up to the GM to decide just how serious the wars become, how much humans understand what is happening and how they are affected by it. Every campaign may have a different answer to that problem.

CAN ANYONE PLAY?

Many of the ancient powers and pagan deities living in the Marches take advantage of the general chaos to return to the Earth, or at least roam around the dreamscapes of human sleepers. Magog and his pack brutalize a few of the unwary ones until they learn to stay away from him.

The PCs could easily run into these creatures. Some gods, like Odin, will probably help Armageddon on its way. Others may be obstructive or purely destructive, especially the nightmarish denizens Beleth has protected all these years.

Many people may get a shock when they call out to some obscure god and get a physical manifestation in reply. Worshiping a god and meeting him face to face are two entirely different experiences, and worshipers may regret their choice of deity when confronted with him (or it) in the flesh.

THE WARS

Starting a war on every continent simultaneously may seem like a monumental task, but the world has already been rocked by the crisis in Africa and catastrophic loss of life from earthquakes, tidal waves and poisoned water supplies caused by Jormungandr. So many countries in the modern era depend on each other that starting one big conflict will have a domino effect. All the world needs is a few well-placed celestial prods to topple into total war.

Europe

Norway already believes it is the victim of a devastating terrorist act, but so far they have no proof. A group of Shedim provides that by possessing many top members of a German neo-Nazi organization. They loudly claim responsibility for the poisoning, and Vapula provides them with tetrodotoxin canisters to back up their story. Nybbas whips the European press into a frenzy of retribution, which many Europeans, already harboring secret fears of a reunited Germany, swallow whole.

Habbalah drive German officials into furious contempt for their cowardly neighbors as Balseraphs spread rumors of secret German invasion plans from Paris to Moscow. Baal activates pocket groups of Hellhounds from the Hellforce (*Night Music*, pp. 53-54) on either side, escalating the situation into violence and rioting. Nations demand satisfaction; mobs of voters demand revenge. Soon, it's war.

North America

Belial's Servitors tear around the countryside, setting fire to the grain in the fields and spontaneously combusting the contents of any silos they come across (if it's winter, they just hit the silos). The Simonson Group (*Night Music*, p. 56), encouraged by Malphas, presents any number of reports on the terrorist, or racist, or leftist, or government (depending on the report and on the audience) scum trying to burn down This Great Nation and Destroy Our Family Farms. Other Hellsworn provocateurs stir up riots and



THE CHANGING OF THE YEAR

The meaning of the Sixth Trumpet trigger is left up to the GM. The Changing of the Year might mean a seasonal change, midnight on New Year's Eve, Chinese New Year, the new millennium, or some celestial marker for a new year forgotten in the mists of time. After all, the Trumpet prophecies are ancient, even by celestial standards. Whatever time works best for the campaign is the correct time.

Bear in mind that in the official *In Nomine* universe, Gabriel never blows the Sixth Trumpet. It would be wise to set the trigger point at least several months after the Fifth Trumpet, especially if the PCs are having trouble unraveling the mystery of the Fallen Malakite.

vigilantism. Malphas doesn't mind a bit if a few of Belial's Servitors get shot as a result.

Meanwhile, Saminga's demons are riding a tide of blood through Mexico and Central America. The diabolicals didn't have to start any wars here; when the United States started going up in flames, the stability that the larger nation imposed on its neighbors disappeared. The Servitors of Death just want to up the body count.

South America

Similarly, the destabilization of world powers has encouraged many of the South American countries into a flurry of land-grabbing and a couple of coups. Valefor and Mammon have combined to goad each government into taking whatever land they think they can hold onto.

Asia

Tensions quickly flare up in Korea. Hard-hit by famine and crazed by Haagenti, the North decides on an all-or-nothing gamble and flings troops across the DMZ, plunging the peninsula back into conflict and threatening to draw China, Russia, Japan and America into a widening death spiral.

In the Middle East, Magog's demons launch hit-and-run strikes on Islamic

targets, trying to get back at Khalid for their long imprisonment. They make no clean kills: wherever they go, people are left to die slowly, wracked with pain. Other celestials inflame Israeli and Palestinian passions into open conflict, pulling in the other Arab powers.

The Muradi Sufis (*Night Music*, p. 39) focus all of their manpower on fighting off Magog's attacks and protecting the Islamic populace from demonic torture. Murad, an EloHITE Master of Light, and Zadkiel, the Archangel of Protection, join them. Gabriel's forces are there too, but more for attack than defense.

Africa

The war in Africa that provoked the Third Trumpet had died down under scrutiny from the U.N., especially when the refugees were allowed to enter Egypt and Namibia. But Wari Mlongo isn't finished with his war yet. David's angels help to resupply Mlongo's forces, aided in large part by Vevaliah, the Angel of Supply Lines (p. 20). David is more than willing to advance Armageddon, and thus help Baal commit suicide.

Regrouped and replenished, Mlongo's fighters make another push out of the Congo into Angola. In frustration, South Africa retaliates and the war is on again.

Jordi is mostly interested in preserving the animals amidst the human strife. He doesn't think they deserve to

die with the humans in the continent's apocalyptic struggle. He will work from his African tether, trying to save as many species as he can.

Australia

Servitors of the Wind sweep through the outback of Australia, provoking restlessness in the Aboriginal tribes living there. Servants of Janus whisper that the time is now for the natives of this continent to strike back at the interlopers.

A group of young warriors wearing traditional battle dress walk into the town of Laverton and announce that they are taking it back from the white inhabitants. The police, taken by surprise, handle the situation poorly. They try to arrest the Aborigines with too few men, and in the ensuing struggle, one of the officers is killed and two Aborigines are shot. The others run and are pursued by a helicopter. In defiance, one of the warriors throws a stone at the low-flying copter and (with some help from Janus' forces) manages to hit the pilot, who then crashes, killing the two policemen aboard.

When both sides hear what happened, they accuse each other of brutality and vow to continue the fight to see justice done.

PLAYING THE SIXTH TRUMPET

This part of the adventure could be played out over many gaming sessions, depending on how deeply the GM and players wish to explore it. The PCs could potentially spend months or even years trying to promote or disrupt the Sixth Trumpet. Each continent could be an adventure in itself, whether the celestials are forwarding the War effort, hindering it, or trying to protect the inhabitants of the continent. Alternatively, the GM can focus this part of the adventure on the rescue of Maximilian and Mira, using the wars only as backdrops or to generate tension.

Feel free to throw in apocalyptic special effects; red skies, volcanoes, plagues of insects, water turning to blood – anything to show that Hell has literally broken loose. These need not be so pervasive as to overwhelm humanity completely. When the Trumpets stop, mortals should be able to return to their lives without too much trauma. But as coloring for your story, use whatever seems appropriate.

Both Heaven and Hell are now fully committed to winning Armageddon. Celestials, particularly angels, must realize that their Superiors may not like the War, but they like losing it still less. Balking at a request to support the War effort will not win anyone any points, even from Superiors who favored a stalemate earlier on. Formerly pacific Superiors will support subordinates in a quest for a peaceful solution (such as proof of a demonic hoax), and might even order them to find it ASAP, but will not appreciate failure. Militant Superiors will likely only accept a complete package, and some might even execute a servant out of hand for an act of insubordination.

If the PCs want to stop the War, they should be very discreet until they have enough evidence to prove that they're right. There are plenty of celestials out there who actively want Apocalypse and who might sabotage attempts to call it off. There are also both angels and demons who still want the War averted. The difficult part is distinguishing allies from enemies.

In General

Servitors of Andrealphus do their best to distract politicians and embarrass them at a time when nations desperately seek leadership. Fleurity experiences a bonanza. The world lives in terror, and many people turn to drugs to hide from reality, even those who never used them before. Working with Andrealphus, Fleurity also frames important government officials in every country for either taking or trafficking drugs. Some of the frames are pretty transparent, but in their panic, people are ready to believe anything bad. Servitors of Fate assist both Princes, pushing world leaders to be the worst that they can be and to break under the strain.

Haagenti's servants incite the poor and underfed people of every nation to rise up and storm the houses of the rich, and at the same time encourage hoarding of the Earth's dwindling food supply. Mammon encourages much the same behavior with everything else from diamonds to oil.

Furfur has a bad case of hero worship. He thinks Magog is the coolest Prince in Hell, and he has the few Servitors of Hardcore following the minions of Cruelty around, making every mess Magog leaves even worse. Furfur's servants stop medical supplies from getting through, and show the Servitors of Cruelty how to use land mines, napalm, white phosphorus, electricity and anything else they can think of. Magog has a lot of catching up to do, and Furfur is delighted to help him, not only because he likes Magog's style, but because having the Prince of Cruelty as an ally would help the Demon Princeling to garner a bit more respect.

Asmodeus' demons oversee all the hellions. When a demon gets too full of himself and deviates from the plan, or works against the interests of Hell, Servitors of the Game kick him into Trauma. Demonic PCs had better look out if they are working to stop the Apocalypse.

Dominic performs the same function on the angelic side. Some angels go overboard in seeking revenge against particular demons, or even against angelic rivals. Servitors of Judgment patrol the Earth to make sure that any teetering angels don't Fall and endanger their own comrades.

Laurence busily oversees the entire heavenly army. His rigid chain of command proves its worth as it keeps the angelic forces, particularly those of militant Superiors, organized. Seeing Khalid come back to the fold has heartened Heaven's General, who has regained some of his own faith in himself and the Malakim.

Marc helps to fund the War effort. Despite devastation all over the globe, money still talks, and many angels supply humans with the weapons they need to fight. Orc and Jean use the Internet to stir up as much trouble as possi-

ble. Since a lot of important information gets passed on electronically, their efforts wreak havoc with international communications.

Gabriel's forces are of course fighting cruelty, but on a scale they couldn't dream of before. Gabriel's fire consumes entire *regimes* built on cruelty – governments topple across the globe. Servants of Fire also go head to head with Magog's demons in the Marches and on Earth.

Novalis' angels act as the paramedics of Armageddon, trying to decrease human suffering as much as possible while helping the side of Heaven. Servitors of Christopher work with her, concentrating their efforts on protecting and aiding children in war-torn areas.



THE RAPTURE

And I saw another angel ascending from the east . . . and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, "Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." And I heard the number of them which were sealed: and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand . . .

– Revelations 7:2-4

According to some interpretations of the Bible, God has decreed that 144,000 chosen humans shall be taken from the Earth before the battle between Heaven and Hell. This is called the Rapture, and many people think they deserve this honor – many more than 144,000. Sadly for them, not everyone is correct.

REVENGE

At some point, Gabriel catches up to Magog and exacts her revenge. Their struggle injures both Superiors badly. Normally, Gabriel would overpower a Prince who has only held that rank for a few months (the time he was entombed doesn't count), but she has been spending Essence like water in her hunt, too obsessed with him to be prudent. Seeing his chance, Belial joins in the fray, but before he can threaten Gabriel's life, Khalid arrives to even the odds. His faith grows stronger with every day, and this focus and determination prove too much for Belial, who didn't really intend to fight to the death.

Free of interruptions, Gabriel incinerates Magog. She believes that she has killed him, although between her agitation, exhaustion and grievous injuries, she might have made a mistake. It's up to the GM.

Rikbiel, the Angel of Ascension, is in charge of transporting all of those marked for the Rapture. During the period between the Fifth and Sixth Trumpets, he is busier than ever before, escorting those humans with the Mark of God to their heavenly reward.

Dominic has a group of Servitors whose only task during this period is marking appropriately worthwhile humans for pick-up. Unfortunately, all celestials can see these marks, and demons love to pick off these paragons before Rikbiel can collect them. Any angel who sees the soft glow of God's seal on a human's forehead should protect that person from danger (especially temptation and other dangers to the soul) to the best of their ability.

Rikbiel (*Liber Reliquarum*, p. 107) is the only known Word-bound living artifact in existence. He took the form of a fiery chariot, and any humans he transports to Heaven become celestial while he carries them. They are also protected by his Songs and attunements. He is very noticeable, and celestials may see him swoop down to snatch some Soldier or other good person, even if they are in the middle of something. Rikbiel has many round trips to make, so he can't stop to talk, but the angels should feel honored to have seen this important dignity of Heaven.

GM Note: This section should *not* be played in any campaign where the GM wants the world to normalize quickly. The Rapture has too much of an impact on humanity to be passed over or forgotten when the Trumpets end.

RIKBIEL

The Angel of Ascension *Ofanite Master of Fire*

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

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/4), Form (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/5), Light (Corporeal/6), Location (Corporeal/5, Celestial/4), Motion (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/6, Celestial/6), Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Thunder/3, Tongues (Corporeal/3, Celestial/2)

Skills: Emote/4, Knowledge (Saints and Prophets/6), Singing/3, all Agility-based skills at level 6, and numerous other Knowledge and Language skills

Attunements: Ofanite of Fire, Malakite of Fire, Dance of the Atoms, Smite, The True Shape of Flame, Whispers of Inspiration, Master of the Light

Special Rites: Rikbiel receives 1 Essence for carrying anyone (mortal or celestial) safely to Heaven, and another 1 point for bringing them back. He also gains 1 Essence if he witnesses a mortal rising to the stratosphere or beyond and making a safe return.

ANTARCTICA

At some point during this part of the adventure, the celestials are instructed to go to some research stations in Antarctica to stir up trouble between the 45 people who live there – after all, the prophecy reads “every continent,” which presumably would include the land mass at the South Pole. Although the group can have participated in any of the war-starting activities on other continents, their Superiors have specific plans for them involving Antarctica. (This can be considered either a rewarding chance for independent action or a bitter punishment detail, depending on how the PCs have gotten along with their Superiors thus far.)

The characters receive a communiqué delivered either by Fugit or Lagopus. It is a message from the commander of their army: Laurence for angels, Baal for demons. They are to go to the Filchner Ice Shelf in Antarctica and start a war on that continent. To do so, they must indicate to Argentina that scientists have found oil deposits on land also claimed by the British, then sever communications between the three research stations on the ice shelf; one Argentinean, two British. Each station is manned by 15 scientists. The celestials should destroy the stations so they appear to have been attacked. When both countries send out troops to investigate, the PCs should do whatever necessary to get them shooting at each other.

If Fugit delivers the message, she will leave as soon as she sees that the recipients read it. If Lagopus delivers it, he'll snigger at them and say "Don't freeze your horns off!" (or "halos off," if he's delivering to angels) as he runs away.

These are not orders to be ignored. However, the celestials do have some damage control options. First of all, they can transplant the scientists someplace incognito where they will be safe. Leaving the scientists behind after the stations are destroyed would be a death sentence in this environment.

Secondly, they could just sabotage the radios at the stations and leave the buildings intact. They would then have to start a fight between the British and Argentinean troops before they reach the scientists.

Typical Antarctic Scientist

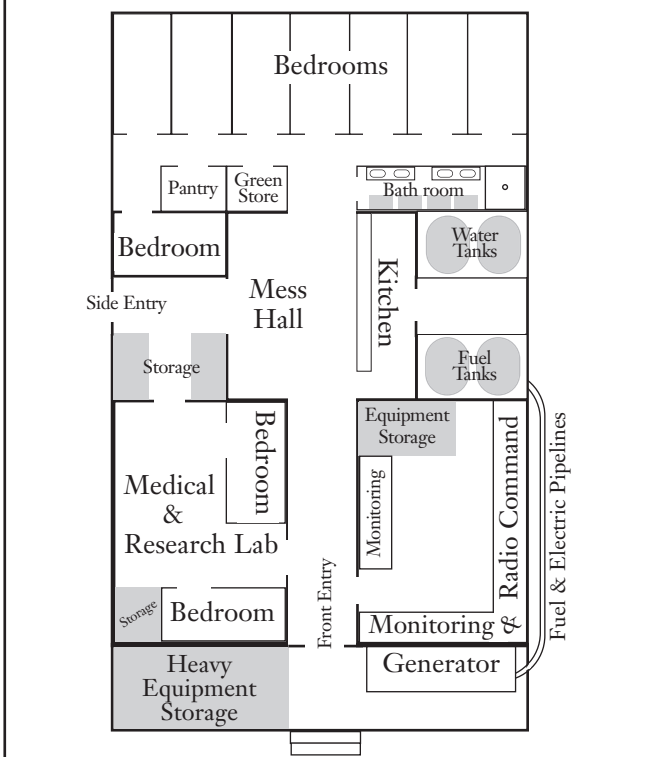
Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 5

Toughness: 2

Skills: Chemistry/2, Computer Operation/3, Climbing/2, Knowledge (Specialized Area of Science/4), Survival (Arctic Conditions/3)

Antarctic Research Station



LOW-IMPACT WORLD WAR

If the GM wishes to keep this Trumpet on a lower key, he might wish to substitute the dramatic events listed with the following wars currently raging or simmering as of summer, 1998. Even in the real world, the Sixth Trumpet seems uncomfortably close.

Europe: War between Chechnya and Russia; civil wars in Kosovo, Moldova, and Georgia; potential outbreaks in Bosnia, Cyprus or Northern Ireland.

North America: Rebellion in Chiapas; potential outbreaks in Guatemala or Haiti.

South America: Guerilla wars in Peru and Colombia; potential border war between Ecuador and Peru.

Asia: Civil wars in Sri Lanka, Afghanistan, Cambodia, Turkey, Tadjikistan, Burma, East Timor, Philippines, Lebanon; potential outbreaks in Sinkiang, Korea or the Middle East.

Africa: Civil wars in Algeria, Guinea-Bissau, both Congos, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Angola, Uganda, Sudan, Somalia, Rwanda and Burundi; potential outbreaks between Libya and Chad or Ethiopia and Eritrea.

Oceania: Uprisings in New Caledonia; potential civil war in Fiji.

Typical British or Argentine Soldier

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces – 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 3

Toughness: 2

Skills: Climbing/2, Ranged Weapon (Assault Rifle/3), Running/2, Survival (Arctic Conditions/3), Tracking/1

The PCs are welcome to use their imagination here. They are required to start a war on Antarctic soil, but if they succeed, no one will question how it was accomplished. Superiors are interested in results and they don't have time to micro-manage things at, literally, the tail end of nowhere. The celestials could start a war among the three research stations if they like, or even a war among the occupants of one station.

Conversely, if the group has spent most of this campaign trying to stop Armageddon, they could go to Antarctica in order to prevent a war on that continent after deducing that the prophecy requires an Antarctic war to come about. In that case, have a group of NPCs attack the scientists so that the characters can intervene.

THE FINAL TRUMPET

After this I looked, and lo, in Heaven an open door! And the first voice, which I had heard speaking to me like a trumpet, said "Come up hither, and I will show you what must take place after this."

— Revelations 4:1

*This section is not a part of the official **In Nomine** continuity. It is purely for entertainment, and for those people who want to know what might have been.*

When Gabriel's trumpet fell silent and the Symphony began its slow decrescendo, Yves decided to take a walk. That was how he thought of it, although no one else could walk in that way except God. Yves was walking in possibility.

He went forward for a very long time, and for no time at all, until the landscape resolved itself into a harsh,

sandy expanse, burning any life that dared to take root in its barren soil. Yves kept going, until he saw a gathering on the horizon. A few more minutes brought him to the edge of the throng, though no one acknowledged his presence. All the same, he listened, and watched, and learned.

THE FIGHT

Now only one more omen stood between the world and Apocalypse: God's champion must face Lucifer's champion in single combat. For this event, the most powerful members of the celestial nation, both graced and damned, stood watching side by side, witnessing the last battle before the Final Battle. They were all arrayed to charge at the sound of the Seventh Trumpet, trampling the body of the vanquished in their eagerness to clash together, steel and claw and wing, forgetting that they loved one another once. Or perhaps they remembered, and their hatred was all the deeper because each side felt betrayed by the other, ever so long ago.

All around the globe, the rank and file of Heaven and Hell stood in readiness, and the Symphony stilled like the eye of a storm. All waited to hear the sound of Gabriel's horn; waited, unmoving, for the signal to end the world.

The battle between the two contestants would take place on the plain of Har-meggido; a lonely place, though at the center of wars for time immemorial. No human eye saw onto the plain, not from the villages around it or from Mount Carmel on the northern horizon. This fight was private. Mortals would know soon enough who had won.





Celestials on either side showed the result of their long association with humankind: some were overcome with grief that so many must die, beings whom they had worked with and come to know; others smiled, waiting to kill and thus prove that they were right. Some wanted just to kill for the sake of killing. Within the throng were tears and snarls, nervous smiles and solemn nods to respected opponents. Everyone waited. The combatants were not there.

THE ARCHANGELS

Blandine looked much as she did during the vote for the Fifth Trumpet. Her cold expression almost matched that of her former lover, Beleth, except when she looked upon the ragged groups of Menunim. Then her face melted into poignant sadness. The Menunim themselves did what they did best and sent her a silent message of hope.

Nearby, Novalis walked among her Servitors, calling up armloads of beautiful flowers to pin to their breasts. Daisies for the Most Holy, clematis for the Guardians, wandering jew for the Wheels. For the Powers, a calla lily. She gave the Dominations wildflowers, and the Friends of Man received violets. As she approached the Virtues, roses appeared in her grasp; white for virtue, but stained with red at the tips of their thorns. Tears ran down her face, and where they touched the ground, water lilies appeared from the bare sand.

Eli mingled with his Servitors, who were scattered throughout the angelic army. He wore an old coat and carried a paper bag full of bagels which he shared with the few who could relax enough to eat. Every once in a while he frowned and shook his head, muttering darkly

to himself. As he passed a small pride of lions, he stopped for a chat, squatting down to face the creatures. Jordi panted from his many mouths, letting out the occasional roar in the direction of the Demon hordes. He declined a bagel.

The Archangel of Children stood near Yves – a different Yves from the one who watched – the two of them with their heads bent together in discussion. The young Archangel, like a child, could not hide his worries as well as the older Superiors. Similarly, the Servitors of Destiny seemed to be comforting Christopher's angels, but then again, they didn't look as though they had lost hope, or seem daunted by the fight. Many other celestials wished they knew what Yves knew at that moment. Yves nodded to his other self, who nodded back.

Gabriel paced furiously, ignoring the glances of her Servitors. Every once in a while she stopped abruptly and listened, like a wild animal seeking a threat. Then she resumed her walk, slashing at the air with her Trumpet as though already engaged with some imaginary foe.

Litheroy waited impatiently to find out what would happen next, his Servitors spread out to get the best view. Like the wind he embodied, Janus swept back and forth, here one moment, gone the next.

David's face was set as hard as his Word as he stood amidst his servants, nodding at each of the small groups they had formed. They knew what to do – he had tested them over the years to be ready for this moment.

Jean and Laurence stood amongst the Generals of the Sword, going over last minute plans and checking information. Laurence had already deployed his section commanders to organize and position the host worldwide for the optimal first attack.

Marc watched the faces of the enemy, weighing their resolve, looking for weakness. War was not so different from business, after all, but at least in business you could always start over if you lost. He noticed that Kobal looked pleased with something and filed that away for consideration. Looking over his shoulder, he gave his uncomfortable angels a wry smile. He found his situation pretty amusing too, come to think of it. Money didn't mean much here.

Zadkiel and her Servitors followed the Word of Protection to the last. They circulated amongst the gathering of angels, comforting those who needed it, noting where the weaker angels deployed so that they could stand before them during the battle. The demons across the battlefield were already shying away from the brilliant reflection of the sun that gleamed from Zadkiel's Aegis.

Khalid readied for battle, full of Faith in Allah's plan. He was not enjoying the thought of slaying his enemies as he might have before his reprieve, but he had a strength of purpose that had eluded him for too many years. His eyes, like those of his Servitors, glittered with steely purpose.

Dominic, inscrutable as always, waited with utter patience for the universe to change.

Uriel was nowhere in sight.

THE DEMON PRINCES

Mammon looked a bit subdued at the thought of how many things the War had already destroyed, things that *he* would liked to have had. He cheered up at the thought of looting the battlefield. He turned to his minions and shouted, "Get ready! We're going to get some booty!"

Fleurity was staring obsolescence in the face. If Hell lost, his Word would mean next to nothing. Hell would be empty of humans, the Earth would be out of reach, and demons –although they might take drugs – were already corrupt and therefore no challenge. He was coming close to *praying* for some kind of intervention. Or victory. Alaemon shared Fleurity's nervousness, for similar reasons. The Apocalypse was far too close to the concept of Revelations for his taste.

Haagenti brayed out a litany of extremely bad jokes, mostly involving hemorrhoids, while shoveling sand and rocks (and a familiar or two) into his mouth. He guffawed loudly and looked to see if his brother enjoyed the joke. Kobal was indeed laughing, but he didn't seem to be paying any attention to the hairy orifice beside him. He was laughing so hard he made no sound.

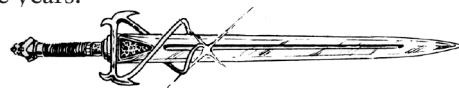
Furfur and his cronies bounced up and down with excitement. They formed a mosh pit near Magog's pack, and every once in a while a demon of Cruelty kicked one of the dancers away. However, they were too focused on

the battlefield to take much notice of their hangers-on. Without their master, they were not nearly so powerful, but they overflowed with rage and the desire to hurt.

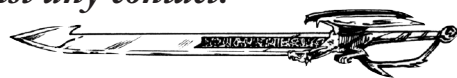
Andrealphus pouted with a sullen stare at all the blood-thirsty faces surrounding him. A little one-on-one violence, even a Marquis de Sade style orgy, those he could understand. But *this* was not what he became a Prince for. Only his most twisted Servitors found anything exciting in the prospect of the coming battle.

Beleth glanced scornfully at the Prince of Lust. Demons should be causing nightmares, not having them. Then she searched for Blandine, noting her position for the battle.

Asmodeus looked over the demon horde, perhaps looking one last time for any weakness or indecision among the ranks. Time would tell if he had done his job all these years.



Khalid was standing apart, even from his new demon brethren, his soul sealed against any contact.



Belial and his pyromaniacs sent large jets of flame in the air, trying to attract Gabriel's attention. Dejected that he could not make her acknowledge him, he huddled with his top Servitors, trying to figure out which Choir would burn the best.

Kronos looked as though he was having a dizzy spell. All of these beings were at a major crux in their lives, probably *the* major crux, and the different options were overwhelming him. He had instructed all of his Servitors, wherever they were, to give the angels the darkest fate they could manage. As the watching Yves walked past him, Kronos peered in his direction, scowling as at something dimly seen.

Vapula directed his servants in emplacing equipment in various locations among the demons. He was too busy with setting up to notice much else, but inside he believed that this moment might be his finest hour, the proof to all his hypotheses. Why, the entire battleground was a huge laboratory! And to think he hadn't wanted this War.

Nybbas captured it all on video in the best reality-television documentary style. He planned to sell it later: "When Angels Attack: Danger From Our Skies."

Saminga preened. He could have gone to sleep right now and his Word would have advanced all by itself. The Apocalypse was the best thing that ever happened to him.

Valefor and his gang of thieves flitted in and out, trying to score a few good artifacts from the crowd before

the fighting started. He even made so bold as to steal a few things from the angels. His servants were impressed. They hadn't even seen him over there.

Malphas surveyed his accomplishment with satisfaction. Stage one was over, but the factions were still too large. When Armageddon was through and the armies had lost their uniting purpose, then they would truly begin to understand.

Yves saw Khalid here, too. Like an echo, he was on both sides of the field of War. This Khalid had pulled hate and intolerance around him like a shield, protecting him from logic and mercy. He was standing apart, even from his new demon brethren, his soul sealed against any contact.

The Combatants

Michael and Baal appeared on the battlefield, one with a battle axe, the other with a sword, and among all the celestials fell silence. The wind keened plaintively between the two fighters as each judged his opponent. They had never fought face to face, though they had observed each other's technique in the battle against Legion. Now was the moment of truth for them both.

Unlike others in the throng, they didn't look as though their world was ending. They looked fulfilled. Michael had lost the weary lines that seemed to invade the face of any corporeal vessel he wore. Baal seemed to relish having a truly challenging opponent for the first time since his Fall. This was what they had been created for, and the end of the waiting had brought out a radiance in them both that awed the crowding Choirs and Bands.

Fugit stepped out from the ranks of angels, wearing the full regalia of a heavenly messenger. She received a note

of challenge from Michael and walked across the shimmering sands to deliver it to Baal. Baal sent his challenge in return. Once Michael read it and Fugit cleared the field, it began.

THE AFTERMATH

Yves turned away from the battlefield. He had no desire to watch two old friends fight each other, and the outcome would be much the same no matter who won. He could already tell that this was not the right moment. He walked until the sound of the Final Trumpet reached him, and the sky turned red, the mountains exploded, the rivers ran with blood. The Host, infernal and celestial, tore into one another for days on end.

Yves walked on, until he came to the moment he searched for: at the end of the fighting, there was no victor. God had not emptied Hell of its human souls, nor had Lucifer returned to Heaven with his vanquishing army. It was simply over, and the few survivors, human and celestial, looked around them and wondered why their release would not come. Then they picked themselves up and began to rebuild for the next time.

Apocalypse was not yet to be.

THE ALTERNATIVE

Then the Archangel of Destiny walked in a different direction. Some possibility had caught his attention, and his curiosity compelled him to investigate. He struck off at a different angle from reality and came upon another scene, a different aspect of the one he had just witnessed.

Lilith and Marc sat together on a terrace, a beachfront hotel in Haifa. They laughed with each other as a quiet





Mediterranean breeze blew around them. Lilith glittered with the shine of her geases, clothing her in the ultimate statement of ownership.

They talked business, which for them was pleasure.

"I've been asked to arrange a deal with you," Marc began.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "It just so happens that I have been authorized to deal with *you*."

He poured her some wine and she drank, looking at him over the rim of her glass with calculating eyes.

"I never considered that the Seventh Trumpet could be brought about by anyone but Michael and Baal," he said.

"I think they were more surprised than anyone. Us? 'The Champions of Heaven and Hell,' indeed."

"I approve. This is less wasteful than a fight to the death."

She smiled. "You have always been good at conserving resources. Here you are at the last, still saving God's business from shrinkage."

"So why did Lucifer pick you?"

"Oh, you know him." She laughed, but her voice held little mirth. She was well aware that Marc and Lucifer had been friends long before God created her, and sometimes that made her feel like a second-class citizen. "I think he did it just to make all of the Princes angry."

"Well, what I propose will definitely make them angry."

"Really. Do tell."

"I think that this entire Armageddon enterprise is founded on the specious premise that the state of the Malakim is threatened. I haven't seen any concrete proof, nor have I seen any Malakite besides Maximilian display indications of Falling. It just doesn't add up. Consider the Tsayadim. They have far less structure

than any other angels, including Eli's, and yet remain steadfast in their purity."

Lilith gave him a sarcastic round of applause. "That's a nice speech. What are you getting at?"

"I think we should decide to call it a draw."

She winked at him. "Are you afraid you're going to lose?"

"No. Khalid is stronger in his faith than ever before, the Malakim are still uncorrupted, despite their worries, and Gabriel trounced Magog. What I'm afraid of is that there will be no loser, or winner. I don't think it's the right time."

"Some of your friends don't see it that way."

He smiled. "They're not here. I am."

She laughed, a rich, mesmerizing sound. "You're wicked. It's a wonder you

don't fall like a stone."

"Not wicked, just pragmatic."

"Huh," she snorted. "That's what I always say, but none of your kind ever believe me."

"Well, how about it? Can you sell this to Lucifer?"

"Oh, I think so."

"Then we'll need a contract."

Lilith held up her hand and a sheaf of papers appeared in it. "I never go anywhere without one," she said to Marc's startled expression. He read over the documents and shook his head in wonder.

"How did you know? I'm a little disturbed that I'm so transparent."

"It has nothing to do with you, love. A draw is the only outcome that can satisfy me, and if you hadn't suggested it, I would have talked you into it. I'm not ready to be confined to one realm. They're all too small for me."

He looked at her with an inscrutable gaze. "That may just be true."

THE HERE AND NOW

Yves smiled to himself as he watched the Apocalypse end, not with a bang, but with a contract. Then he turned back toward his Library. There were still many things out of order in the world, and he couldn't stay away long.

As he made his way between the towering stacks toward the exit, one of his Servitors approached him.

"Master, there is a matter which requires your urgent attention. I thought that you had left the Library."

"I'm back now. I just went for a walk."

THE END

And he saith unto me, "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

— Revelations 22:10-11

The Trumpets are over, Gabriel puts her Horn away, and everything goes back to normal.

Well, not quite. Any event of Apocalyptic size is going to leave scars, and this adventure is no exception. Allies have shifted, enemies may have found some common ground, and the PCs know a lot more about how their Superiors act under pressure. Some may not like what they discover, some may find new respect for their leaders, but everyone comes though this experience a changed being.

*In the official **In Nomine** continuity, the Trumpets end soon after the Fifth Trumpet. Khalid is redeemed and Gabriel destroys Magog, or at least believes she has. Magog's dwindling pack of followers holes up in the Marches and continues to harass Blandine's Servitors. Mira gains a new life, although there is almost nothing left of her former self. Maximilian is taken in by an Archangel, no one knows which, and retreats to cleanse himself of his pain and corruption.*

THE PLAYERS SAVE THE WORLD

The PCs ultimately have the best chance of stopping the Trumpets and saving the world. They start the campaign as Outcasts or Renegades, and their lack of resources should force them to use their heads and look for non-violent solutions. They have also been personally affected by the schemes of Malphas and Kobal. Because of this, they are the most likely ones to focus on Maximilian and his innocence. If they save the world at any point in this adventure, they will receive huge rewards from their Superiors. The only exceptions are infernals who worked for Kobal or Malphas, and those Princes will be in too much hot water to worry about incompetent or treasonous Servitors – for now.

For any other Superior, the sky's the limit. The Archangels will be delighted to know that the Malakim haven't lost their grace, especially Laurence, who was worrying about his fitness to lead. The Princes will be



123

THE FINAL TRUMPET

glad to be out of a fight they might have lost badly. Either way, if the players roleplayed well, they should be suitably recompensed. A distinction, a Force or some new attunements would not be overgenerous. This might be one of the rare opportunities to get a rite or attunement from a Superior who the celestials don't serve. They will certainly be reinstated to full angelic or demonic status if they were still considered Outcast or Renegade.

Still, some Superiors really wanted the Apocalypse and they may try to keep the momentum going. Furfur, Magog (if he lived) and the Dark Khalid (if he Fell) will do anything within their power to start the Trumpet cycle again. They are not likely to be successful, but their schemes can cause a lot of problems. Angels will want to prevent their destructive plans, while demons will be more interested in preventing a rampage that sets Hell up for another loss.

FURTHER ADVENTURES

There are a lot of things left undone at the end of *The Final Trumpet*, and the next task for celestials is to help the world get back to normal. Of course, "normal" can mean different things depending on the realm they call home. But many adventures can spring from the characters' attempts to restore the status quo, or even to improve things a bit.

The possible adventure seeds depend on how many Trumpets sounded before the Apocalypse was averted. The following is a list of possible spin-off adventures and the Trumpet after which they would occur.

✧ *Second Trumpet*: Khalid is still in trouble. Archangels will want him redeemed, Princes will want him kicked over the edge. Also, L.A. is still somewhat open. Demons will want to secure it, angels will want to drive in a wedge to enlarge their presence there.

✧ *Third Trumpet*: The war in Africa has simmered but not died. The refugees need help, atrocities cry out for revenge (or reconciliation), or the characters could try to deal with the aggressors. Without the support of Vevaliah (or the equivalent demon in Baal's camp), Wari Mlongo's movement collapses once more into the hundred tribal wars and civil rebellions that gave it birth. This is not necessarily an improvement in human terms.

✧ *Fourth Trumpet*: Many parts of the world need relief from floods and earthquakes. Poison still taints the Atlantic. Thor's artifacts need a caretaker; the PCs could take them (or Laurence could confiscate them, if you don't wish to entrust such powerful relics to the characters), or perhaps they could give them to Odin in memory of his comrade.

✧ *Fifth Trumpet*: After the Fifth Trumpet there are a lot of celestials newly arrived from Limbo. If the PCs sent

an enemy to Limbo, that enemy is now on the loose. If Khalid Fell or Magog got out, they will be making their presence known. Angels would want to stop them and demons might not like the attention Magog draws upon himself.

The world is up for grabs. Lots of people need help, and lots of people are vulnerable and easy to take advantage of. Because of all the celestial warmongering, governments have toppled and whole cities have been evacuated, so it would be easy to insert a diabolical or angelic presence as they are rebuilt.

Many of the pagan gods and creatures that left the Marches still roam around and need rounding up. The Tsayadim might even attempt to restart the Crusade of Purity, and the characters may either have to work for or against this plan.

The celestials may have picked up a Geas from Lilith, who now calls upon them to work it off. Or perhaps they have been charged with re-educating the new Bright Lilim who was Mira Klein.

THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR

HUMANITY

If the adventure gets to the period between the Fifth and Sixth Trumpets, humanity itself may experience some kind of spiritual change; either the reawakening of superstition and mistrust, or a renewed interest in faith and religion. Most likely it would be a combination of both, but the shifting of focus from the scientific to the spiritual can be pursued in the game, if the GM so chooses.

Even though humans cannot consciously perceive the Symphony, they are a part of it, and any upheaval as forceful as the Trumpets will affect them on some subconscious level. Many celestials would welcome a return to a more spiritually oriented world, and this might be their chance to work for their wish.

Even (or especially) on a strictly physical level, the humans need help. The events surrounding the Trumpets have done great harm to the Earth and its inhabitants, and celestials will be either cleaning up or taking advantage, whichever activity they are inclined to pursue.

CELESTIAL POLITICS

Malphas and Kobal are in trouble, although Lucifer does appreciate that they were both serving their Words. What none of the denizens of Hell appreciate is a loser,

so the two plotters are not in favor with any of the other Princes. On the other hand, the forces of Heaven seem to be even more united than they were before (as Yves grins to himself).

Blandine is working to clean up the battlefield on her side of the Marches, and continues to try to form a relationship with the Tsayadim. Although they refuse to come under her wing, they continue to strike down any minions of Cruelty foolish enough to cross the border.

Gabriel seems to have experienced a catharsis during her pursuit and extermination of Magog. She is still reclusive, but her anger has ebbed from its usual levels.

Dominic feels relieved that he didn't fail in spotting a Malakite about to Fall, and he is pleased that Khalid is back in the fold.

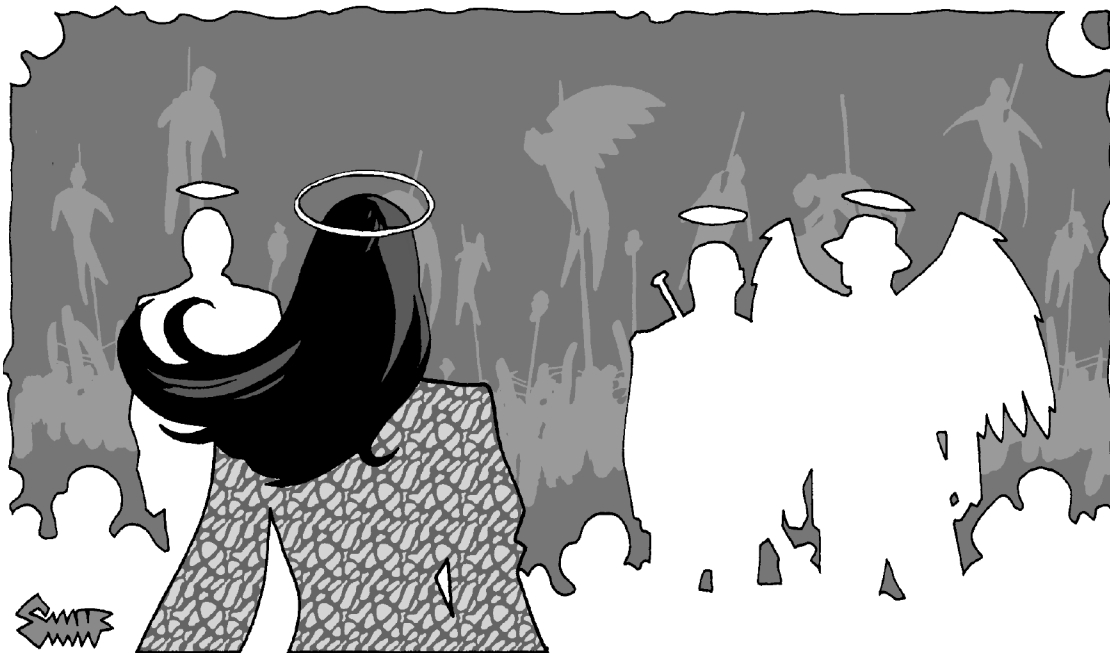
David is getting the cold shoulder from many who feel that his mistake with Maximilian brought on the Trumpets.

Furfur bet on Magog and lost. Many of the Princes fear that Furfur will go on a rampage like Magog did and get killed for it. While this idea holds a certain appeal, Furfur's death would doubtless cost the lives of other demons, and Heaven doesn't need another victory to gloat about. So the older Princes are trying to contain Furfur's activities for a while, which infuriates the Prince of Hardcore.

Laurence and Khalid

The two Archangels, rivals for so long, are now beginning to see each other's point of view. Khalid's struggle and ultimate redemption were an inspiring example to Laurence, who had his own crisis of faith when Maximilian seemed to Fall. Khalid, in turn, sees someone in need of his help, and with renewed passion for his Word, he ministers to Laurence's fears.

Working with instead of against Laurence has made Khalid regret that he didn't put aside his differences sooner. The War made it clear to him who Heaven's enemies really are, and they are not other Archangels.



The Malakim

Despite all efforts to restore the Malakim to their former sterling reputation, the tarnish created by Malphas' and Kobal's grubby fingerprints will not soon rub off. Heaven's greatest PR job has been undone. Much as an accusation of child molestation will follow a person even after an acquittal, finding proof that the Malakite didn't Fall will not convince everyone that it didn't or couldn't happen. Demons in particular will be hard to convince, because they are used to being lied to, and they prefer to see the world in the worst possible light.

Even more dangerous, however, is how the Malakim now perceive themselves. Some may never have believed Maximilian Fell, but those who had doubt cannot now deny that their faith in their own purity wavered. Even Laurence and David had their insecure moments. There will be a lot of second-guessing among the Virtues in the future.

In the Marches

Thor died in his fight with Jormungandr, but managed to kill the serpent first. The Aesir in the Marches approve of the way he went out, but not the result of his actions. It would have suited them to let Ragnarok roll over humanity and kill off many of their celestial oppressors. Now one of their finest warriors is gone but Heaven and Hell live on. Their relations with celestials have deteriorated as a consequence.

IN A LIGHTER CAMPAIGN

For those GMs and players who prefer a more humorous game, *The Final Trumpet* may seem rather weighty in its subject matter. However, bear in mind that Kobal is half of the conspiracy to forward the Trumpets, and no matter how tightly Malphas tries to control the situation, the Prince of Dark Humor may decide to ruin the plan just for a laugh. If the players want to avoid heavy dramatics, the GM can slant the game towards Kobal and his Servitors, who are all over the globe perpetrating the fun that is the Apocalypse.

Heroes who want to rescue Maximilian from Hell could run into Kobal and be challenged to a game, winner take the Malakite. Or Kobal could make a deal with them – if the rescuers can make him laugh more than Maximilian does, the Malakite goes free. Kobal is nearly as capricious as Lucifer himself, and his unpredictability can be a boon to a GM who also possesses a streak of dark humor.

One way out of the countdown to Armageddon is to have Kobal get bored with it. To liven things up, he decides to throw the entire celestial world into a frenzy by faking the sound of the next Trumpet. He uses a device created by Nybbas to record celestial sounds, and makes a copy of Gabriel blowing her horn. When the time is right, Kobal plays back the sound, and everyone thinks that the prophesy for that Trumpet has been fulfilled. Angels and demons drop everything and move on to the next prophecy, thus failing to bring on the real Trumpet. Gabriel is too busy looking for the jokester to tell anybody that she didn't play her horn, and by the time the Superiors rein in their servants, the Apocalypse has been averted by default.

IN A DARKER CAMPAIGN

For gamers interested in a darker feel, examine the impact of the coming Apocalypse in closer detail: the horror of humanity, trapped on the battlefield; the sadness of celestials who must destroy their friends who Fell; the helpless feeling of individuals caught in the machinations of beings beyond their control. It does not require much effort to darken the atmosphere of *The Final Trumpet*.

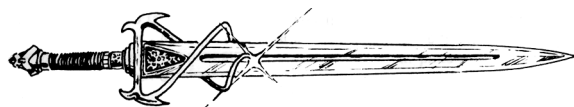
In the official *In Nomine* universe, humanity snaps back from the Trumpets relatively rapidly, and most humans have no idea what was building up in their midst. However, this adventure can be a springboard to a more Gothic world in the corporeal realm. Perhaps humanity learns about the celestials who have been manipulating

them all these years. Or the wars and turmoil created by the Trumpets keep springing up like wildfires for years after Gabriel's last note.

The two adventure suggestions below can be used separately or in conjunction with each other to carry on the theme of Apocalyptic disaster. Just as the celestial world heaves a sigh of relief (or frustration), humans decide to carry on where the forces of good and evil left off.

As an aftermath adventure, human beings prepare to start their own Apocalypse, which the characters have to stop, just as they helped end the real Apocalypse. A fanatical religious group correctly recognizes the portents of doom, but incorrectly decides that God wants them to be His instrument of destruction. They steal a biotoxin and smuggle it onto every continent, prepared to release it in unison upon an agreed signal (the end of the year, an eclipse – whatever timing works for the game). One or more of the characters stumble on the plot, possibly by meeting members of the group or seeing an accidental victim of the virus. The celestials must then track down all six containers (less thorough than celestials, the group neglects to poison Antarctica) of the toxin before the carriers can release it. If the toxin infects the populace, it will take a gargantuan effort to stop it from spreading. The only cure might be located deep in the Marches, guarded by hostile Old Gods who would be just as happy to see the humans die.

Alternatively, a mutated strain of locust escapes from the lab that created it, swarming and breeding as all efforts to exterminate it fail. The insects are immune to insecticide and begin to eat their way through the world's food supply, already reduced by circumstances surrounding the Trumpets. The PCs must stop the locusts. Maybe the insects respond to a certain relic. Maybe a petition to Jordi would make him take action, although he might think humanity was getting its just desserts after all.



Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

– Matthew 24:35-36



I n d e x

Aesir, 9, 89-90, 126.
 Alaemon, *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Alienation attunement, 49.
 Andersonville prison camp, 32.
 Andrealphus, 45, 61, 115; *opinion of Baal*, 28; *opinion of Kobal*, 38; *opinion of Malphas*, 48; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Antarctica, 116-117, 127; *typical scientist*, 117; *typical soldier*, 117.
 Ascension, Angel of, 116.
 Asmodeus, 26, 34, 58, 61, 67, 74, 103, 115; *opinion of Baal*, 28; *opinion of Kobal*, 38; *opinion of Malphas*, 48; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Attunements, *Alienation*, 49; *Baal's*, 28-29; *Bigotry*, 49; *Blood Oath*, 19; *Farce of Mistaken Identity*, 40; *Fedayeen*, 103; *Ferocity*, 60; *Fog of War*, 29; *Holy War*, 103; *Jinx*, 29; *Khalid's*, 55-56; *Kobal's*, 39-41; *Lash*, 60; *Magog's*, 58-60; *Malphas's*, 49-50; *Michael's*, 19; *Now That's a Punch Line*, 40; *One to One*, 19; *Protective Coloration*, 50; *Rant of Scorn*, 39; *Secretly Replaced*, 40; *Sure-Footed*, 19; *To the Death*, 28; *Weak Link*, 29; *Wrath of Allab*, 56.
 Austin, Texas, 8, 67.
 Baal, 8-10, 13, 15-16, 23-32, 35, 67, 82-83, 85-86, 89, 100-101, 103, 106, 113-114, 116, 124; *and Michael*, 27; *attunements*, 28-29; *distinctions*, 29; *history*, 23-25; *opinion of Kobal*, 38; *opinion of Malphas*, 48; *opinion on*

Armageddon, 68; *organization*, 27; *personality*, 25; *Rites*, 29-30; *sample servitors*, 30-31; *Tether*, 31; *Word*, 26-27.
 Baasha, Djinn Marquis of Factions, 96, 98.
 Bad Art, Demon of, 41-42.
 Bad Tidings, Demon of, *see Lagopus*.
 Balseraphs, of *Khalid*, 102; of *Magog*, 58.
 Baron of Eternal Agony distinction, 60.
 Baron of Jihad distinction, 103.
 Beleth, 14, 35, 61, 94, 98-99, 112; *opinion of Baal*, 28; *opinion of Kobal*, 38; *opinion of Malphas*, 48; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Belial, 100, 113, 116; *opinion of Baal*, 28; *opinion of Kobal*, 38; *opinion of Malphas*, 48; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Belshezar, Impudite Servitor of the War, 31-32.
 Benhadad, Djinn Baron of Factions, 97.
 Betchlow, Seneschal of William Henry Harrison High School, 42.
 Bigotry attunement, 49.
 Blandine, 98-99, 105, 110-111, 123, 125; *opinion of Michael*, 17; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Blood and Circuses, 9.
 Blood Oath attunement, 19.
 Cabinet War Rooms Tether, 22.
 Calabim, of *Khalid*, 102; of *Magog*, 59.
 Captain of Sadists distinction, 60.
 Captain of Terrorism distinction, 103.
 Cat, in whom is Mira Klein, 11, 75, 94, 99, 109-111.
 Catchy Tunes, Angel of, 9.
 Changing of the Year, 112-113.
 Cherubim, of *Khalid*, 55.
 Chicago, 91.
 Christianity, 53-54, 56.
 Christopher, 115; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Congo, 86, 114.
 David, 10-11, 13, 16, 24, 43-45, 53, 57, 99, 114, 125-126; *opinion of Michael*, 18; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Demon Prince of Rock and Roll, 8-9.
 Deserters, 112.
 Detroit, 42.
 Distinctions, of *Baal*, 29; of *Khalid*, 56, 103; of *Magog*, 60; of *Malphas*, 50; of *Michael*, 19-20.
 Djinn, of *Khalid*, 102; of *Magog*, 58.
 Dominic, 14-17, 53, 66-67, 69, 71, 73-74, 99-100, 103, 115-116, 125; *opinion of Michael*, 18; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Easter Bunny, 56.
 Eco-Terrorists, 84.
 Egypt, 57, 85-86, 95, 114.
 Eli, 9, 13; *opinion of Michael*, 18; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Elohim, 88; of *Khalid*, 55.
 Equal Truth, Angel of, 71, 108.
 Fall, the, 13, 24, 43.
 Fall of the Malakim, 65-67, 69, 74, 81, 99.
 Farce of Mistaken Identity attunement, 40.
 Fedayeen attunement, 103.
 Ferocity attunement, 60.
 Fifth Trumpet, 67, 81-82, 104-106, 112, 116, 123-124; *playing*, 106

First Trumpet, 4-7, 10-11, 67, 72-73, 81-82.
 Fleurity, 8, 61, 115; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Fog of War attunement, 29.
 Fortitude, Angel of, *see Magog*.
 Fourth Trumpet, 10, 67, 77, 82, 87-100, 104, 110, 124; *playing*, 93.
 Friend of Islam distinction, 56.
 Fugit, Angel of Messages, 21, 68-70, 89, 94, 116-117.
 Furfur, 8, 61, 67, 72, 103, 106, 115, 124-125; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Gabriel, 13-16, 43, 53, 65, 69, 73, 76, 81-82, 93, 98-100, 104-106, 113-116, 123, 125-127; *opinion of Michael*, 18; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68; *Rite for killing servitors of Cruelty*, 100.
 Geheran, Impudite Servitor of Dark Humor, 41.
 Glug, Seneschal of La Brea Tar Pits, 109.
 Goth Wannabes, Demon of, 42.
 Groves, 16-17.
 Haagenti, 45, 61, 113, 115; *and Kobal*, 37; *opinion of Baal*, 28; *opinion of Kobal*, 38; *opinion of Malphas*, 48; *opinion on Armageddon*, 68.
 Habbalah, of *Khalid*, 101-102; of *Magog*, 59.
 Heart, of Maximilian, 10-11, 111.
 Heimdall, 89.
 Hellhounds, 113.
 Holiest Man in the World, *see Qavam, Ahmad Khan*.
 Holy War attunement, 103.
 Hopscotch, Habbalite Servitor of Technology, 11.
 Horatius, 14.
 Humans in the campaign, 65.
 Impudites, of *Khalid*, 103; of *Magog*, 59.
 Insubordination, Demon of, 77, 78.
 Internet, 45, 51, 115; *Angel of*, 115.
 Islam, 14, 53-56, 95, 99, 114.
 Israel, 31, 114.
 Jansen, Dr. Hedda, 88, 89.
 Janus, 16, 69, 83-84, 114; *opinion of Michael*, 18; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Jarngreipr, 90-91, 93.
 Jean, 115; *opinion of Michael*, 18; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Jerusalem, 54.
 Jinx attunement, 29.
 Johannesburg, 84.
 Jonathan, Seraph Servitor of Destiny, 109.
 Jordi, 84, 90, 114, 127; *opinion of Michael*, 18; *opinion on Armageddon*, 67.
 Jorek, Demon of Goth Wannabes, 42.
 Jormungandr, the Midgard Serpent, 10, 89-93, 113, 126; *fault*, 88-89.
 Kevin, Balseraph Baron of the Media, 109.
 Khalid, 9-11, 45, 53-56, 57, 66, 68, 71, 73-79, 81, 83, 93-96, 99-103, 105, 114-116, 123-125; *attunements*, 55-56, 102-103;



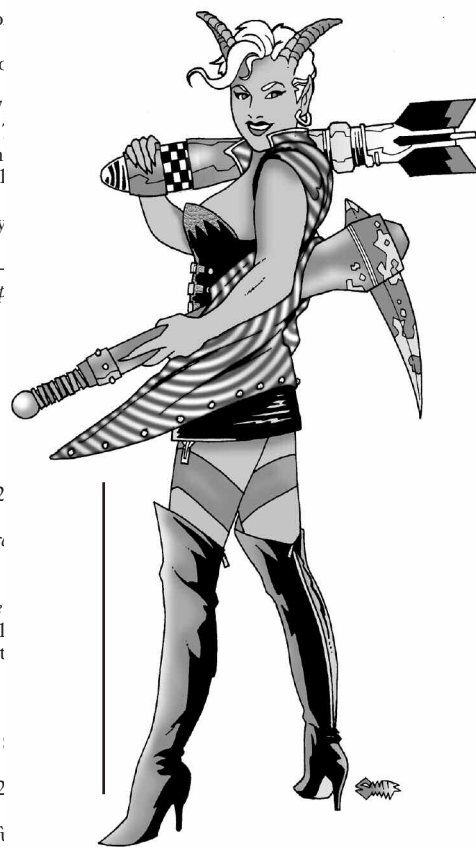


101-103, 124-
ance, 54, 102; *dis-*
56, 103; *Mosque,*
); *potential Fall of,*
9-10, 66, 73-75,
77, 94-95, 99-
101; *relations,* 56,
lives, 56, 103.
tialid's camp, 73-
1, 94.
amsin, mobile
o Janus, 83-85.
t of Intolerance
tion, 103.
it of Pain distinc-
50.
l, 11, 33-42, 45,
3, 81, 90, 99-100,
106, 109-110,
125-126; *and*
agenti, 37; *and*
omos, 36-37;
attunements, 39-
41; *history,* 33-
34; *opinion of Baal,* 28; *opinion of*
Malphas, 48; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 68; *organization,* 37-
38; *personality,* 34-35; *sample*
servitors, 41-42; *Tether,* 42; *Word,*
33, 36.
Koriel, Angel of Equal Truth, 71-
72, 108-109.
Kronos, 26, 67, 74, 77, 115; *and*
Kobal, 36-37; *opinion of Baal,* 28;
opinion of Kobal, 38; *opinion of*
Malphas, 48; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 68.
Kyriotates, of *Khalid,* 55.
La Brea Tar Pits, 11, 110-111.
Lagopus, Demon of Bad Tidings,
68, 70-71, 110, 116-117.
Lash attunement, 60.
Laughter, Angel of, *see Kobal.*
Lauren, Demon of Strippers, 9.
Laurence, 14-16, 27, 53-54, 56, 82,
101, 106, 115-116, 123-125; *and*
Michael, 17-18; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 67.
Lilim, *Bright,* 110-111; *of Khalid,*
102; *of Magog,* 59.
Lilith, 61, 100, 109-111, 125; *opin-*
ion of Baal, 28; *opinion of Kobal,*
39; *opinion of Malphas,* 48; *opinion*
on Armageddon, 68.
Limbo, 81, 104, 124-125.
Litheroy, *opinion on Armageddon,* 67.
Loki, 10.
London, 22.
Los Angeles, 9-11, 67, 69, 71-73,
108-109, 124.
Low-Impact World War, 117.
Lower Hells, 109.
Lucifer, 13, 15, 23-25, 33-37, 43-
44, 46, 51, 57, 77, 109, 125.
Maelstrom, 91-92.
Magog, 44-45, 53, 57-61, 72, 93-
100, 112, 114-116, 123-125;
attunements, 58-60; *dissonance,* 58;
distinctions, 60; *relations,* 60-61;
Rites, 61.
Maher-Shalal-Hash-Baz, Malakite
Servitor of War, 21-22.
Maigonigal, Demon of Bad Art, 41-
42.
Malakim, *demoralizing Fall of,* 10,

67, 69, 70, 72, 99, 105, 110, 125-
126; *of Khalid,* 54, 55; *problems of,*
69, 125-126.
Maloy, James, 8, 84-86.
Malphas, 9, 11, 24, 43-52, 71-73,
75, 77, 80-81, 90-91, 93-97, 99,
103, 105-106, 109-111, 113, 123,
125-126; *attunements,* 49-50; *dis-*
tinctions, 50; *history,* 43-45; *opin-*
ion of Baal, 28; *opinion of Kobal,*
39; *opinion on Armageddon,* 68;
organization, 46; *personality,* 45-
46; *sample servitors,* 50-52;
Tethers, 52, 91; *Word,* 46.
Mammon, 10, 26, 113, 115; *opinion*
on Armageddon, 68.
Map, 62-63.
Marc, 44, 69, 86, 115; *opinion of*
Michael, 18; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 67.
Marches, 10, 89, 92-94, 98-100,
112, 115, 123, 125-127.
Master of the Word of Allah dis-
tinction, 56.
Maximilian, Malakite Servitor of
Stone, 9-11, 71-72, 99-100, 105-
106, 108-110, 112, 114, 123,
125-126.
Megingjord, 90-91, 93.
Menunim, 98-99, 105.
Mercurians, 86; *of Khalid,* 55.
Messages, Angel of, *see Fugit.*
Methom, Calabite Servitor of
Factions, 52.
Michael, 10, 13-22, 23-25, 71-72,
81, 106; *and Baal,* 27; *and*
Laurence, 17; *attunements,* 19; *dis-*
tinctions, 19-20; *history,* 13-15;
opinion on Armageddon, 67; *orga-*
nization, 17; *personality,* 15-16;
sample servitors, 20-22; *Tether,* 22;
Word, 16.
Militant, *Archangels,* 67; *Demon*
Princes, 68.
Mira Klein, Bright Lilim Servitor
of Dreams, 10-11, 99-100, 108-
111, 114, 123, 125; *Mark II,* 111;
see also Cat.
Misfires, Demon of, 30-31.
Mjolnir, 90, 91, 92-93.
Moskene Island, 91.
Mot, Demon of Misfires, 30-31.
Murad, Elohit Master of Light,
114.
Muradi Sufis, 114.
Muzaffar, Cherub Vassal of Faith,
74, 75, 76, 78-81.
Nagasaki, 106.
Natalie, Lilim Servitor of Factions,
11, 109.
Neck the Mummy, 109.
New Hampshire, 52.
New York, 86, 89, 92.
Newspaper Letter Columns,
Demon of, 50-51.
Nigeria, 85-86.
Nkrumah, Angela, 10.
No Dinero, 10, 92.
Norse Gods, 9, 89, 126.
Norway, 88-89, 91, 113.
Novalis, 26, 52, 105-106, 115; *opin-*
ion of Michael, 19; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 67.
Now *That's* a Punch Line attune-
ment, 40.

Nybbas, 42, 45, 51, 61, 113, 126;
opinion of Baal, 28; *opinion of*
Kobal, 39; *opinion of Malphas,* 48;
opinion on Armageddon, 68.
Odin, 10, 89-90, 112, 124.
Ofanim, of *Khalid,* 55.
One to One attunement, 19.
Ophis, 24.
Orc, Angel of the Internet, 115.
Pahlavi, Mohammed, 78, 79, 81.
Paris, 105.
Pendrake Carmichael, Elohit
Servitor of Creation, 11, 109.
Peniel, Seneschal of Starlight Fields
Retreat, 52.
Pro-Stalemate, *Archangels,* 67;
Demon Princes, 68.
Protective Coloration attunement,
50.
Publius, Demon of Newspaper
Letter Columns, 50-51.
Qavam, Ahmad Khan, 79, 80; *house*
of, 79-80.
Rant of Scorn attunement, 39.
Rapture, 115-116.
Richard, Seneschal of the Cabinet
War Rooms, 22.
Rikbiel, Angel of Ascension, 116.
Sadism, 59.
Sahara, 85.
Saminga, 32, 85, 89, 113; *opinion of*
Baal, 28; *opinion of Kobal,* 39;
opinion of Malphas, 49; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 68.
Sarama, Cherub Servitor of Fire,
109.
Scamper, Impudite Servito
Humor, 11, 109.
Scurvy, Habbalite Knight c
Humor, 11, 109.
Second Trumpet, 9, 65, 67,
81, 82-83, 124; *playing,*
Secretly Replaced attunem
Seraphim, *Council,* 110-111
Khalid, 55.
Seven Signs of the Apocaly
ed, 67; *recognizing,* 81.
Seventh Trumpet, 67, 118-
Shal-Mari, 34-36, 45; *Hell*
Cineplex Sprawl, 10.
Shari'a, 54.
Shedim, of *Khalid,* 103; *of*
Magog, 59.
Simonson Group, 113.
Sixth Trumpet, 67, 112-
117; *playing,* 114.
South Africa, 84, 114.
Starlight Fields Retreat, 52
Strippers, Demon of, 9.
Stygia, 44-45, 50; *Villa Dis*
50.
Sudan, 85-86.
Supply Lines, Angel of, *see*
Sure-Footed attunement, 1
Tancred, Remnant of Purit
Tehran, 73, 78-81.
Tetrodotoxin, 89, 93, 113.
Theseus, 14.
Third Trumpet, 9, 67, 81,
114, 124; *playing,* 82.
Thor, 10, 89, 90, 91-93, 12
To the Death attunement,
Tomas, Angel of Catchy Ti
Tsayadim, 99, 105, 125.
United Nations, 86, 88.

Uriel, 10, 13-14, 17, 27, 53, 67, 69,
82, 89-90, 93, 99, 105.
Uzal, Demon of Insubordination,
77, 78.
Valefor, 9, 45, 61, 100, 106, 109,
113; *opinion of Baal,* 28; *opinion of*
Kobal, 39; *opinion of Malphas,* 49;
opinion on Armageddon, 68.
Valor, Archangel of, *see Baal.*
Vapula, 45, 51, 85, 113; *opinion of*
Baal, 28; *opinion of Kobal,* 39;
opinion of Malphas, 49; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 68.
Vassal of the Guardians of the Faith
distinction, 56.
Vevaliah, Angel of Supply Lines,
20-21, 70, 114, 124.
War, Word of, *Baal,* 26-27; *Michael,*
13, 16.
Wari Mlongo, 82-86, 114, 124.
Weak Link attunement, 29.
Will Shackles, 109.
William Henry Harrison High
School, 42.
Wood, Ed, 42.
Wrath of Allah attunement, 56.
Yves, 13-16, 33, 36-37, 76-77, 89,
106, 125; *Library,* 89; *opinion of*
Michael, 19; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 68.
Zadkiel, 10, 114; *opinion on*
Armageddon, 67.
Zobahl, Seneschal of Andersonville
Prison Camp, 32.



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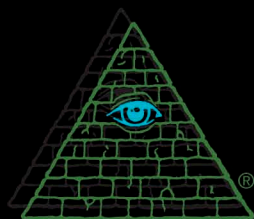


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