



IN NOMINE™

LIBER
SERVI TORUM

THE BOOK OF SERVANTS

STEVE JACKSON GAMES

*“Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another . . .”*
– Shakespeare

NOT JUST ANOTHER FACE IN THE CROWD

Ancient angels, new-fledged demons. Soldiers of Heaven and humans sworn to Hell. Reborn Saints and undead mummies. Ethereal spirits who side with darkness, light, or their own shades of gray . . .

Within the *Liber Servitorum*, Game Masters and players alike will find over 100 characters – enemies, allies, or plotters in their own right – ready to set their feet upon the stage as point-balanced player characters or experienced NPCs. Servitors from each Choir, Band, and Superior are represented here, as well as denizens of the Marches and mortals struggling on the battlefield between Heaven and Hell.

Also included are tips for making, maintaining, and destroying Roles, and guidelines for the creation and running of servants – human or otherwise.

So join the crowd inside these pages and get ready to rumble . . .



WARNING: This book is intended for mature readers. It contains interpretations of religious themes which some readers may find unsettling.



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LIBER *In Nomine* SERVITORUM™

THE BOOK OF SERVANTS

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LIBER SERVITORUM

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ABOUT *IN NOMINE*

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A CAST OF THOUSANDS



There are many players in the universal orchestra – Choirs of angels, Bands of demons, ethereal spirits, and humans, some who know of the War and some who don't. All add their own unique notes to the Symphony.

Within these pages are star performers, typical Servitors, and servants who retain favor only through results . . . or luck. There are young demonlings, ancient angels, middle-aged Soldiers, and point-balanced characters suitable for players (indicated with a cross).

This book is designed for easy access to a multitude of well-rounded NPCs. Each chapter begins with a mini-index listing the characters. Angels and demons are listed in order by Choir or Band. Sections within celestial chapters are organized by Superior. Toward the end of the *Liber Servitorum*, there are chapters on how to use Servants in a campaign, and why Roles are a useful aid to celestials living on Earth.

Some of the beings described in this book possess Resources from the *Liber Canticorum*, *Liber Reliquiarum*, or *Revelations Cycle*, but with few exceptions (the Servitors of lesser Superiors), these abilities are *not* the focus of the character. The Game Master is free to ignore or replace those abilities (or any others) when using the NPC.

More detailed information about characters and their abilities can be found in the *Angelic Player's Guide*, *Infernal Player's Guide*, and the *Corporeal Player's Guide*.

All characters have their "local area" language at level 3 by default; if their native language is listed, it will be indicated by an asterisk (*).

And now, it's time to meet the cast of characters who can bring new life (or unlife) to any game. Just be careful . . . some of them bite.

ANGELOLOGY AND DEMONOLOGY

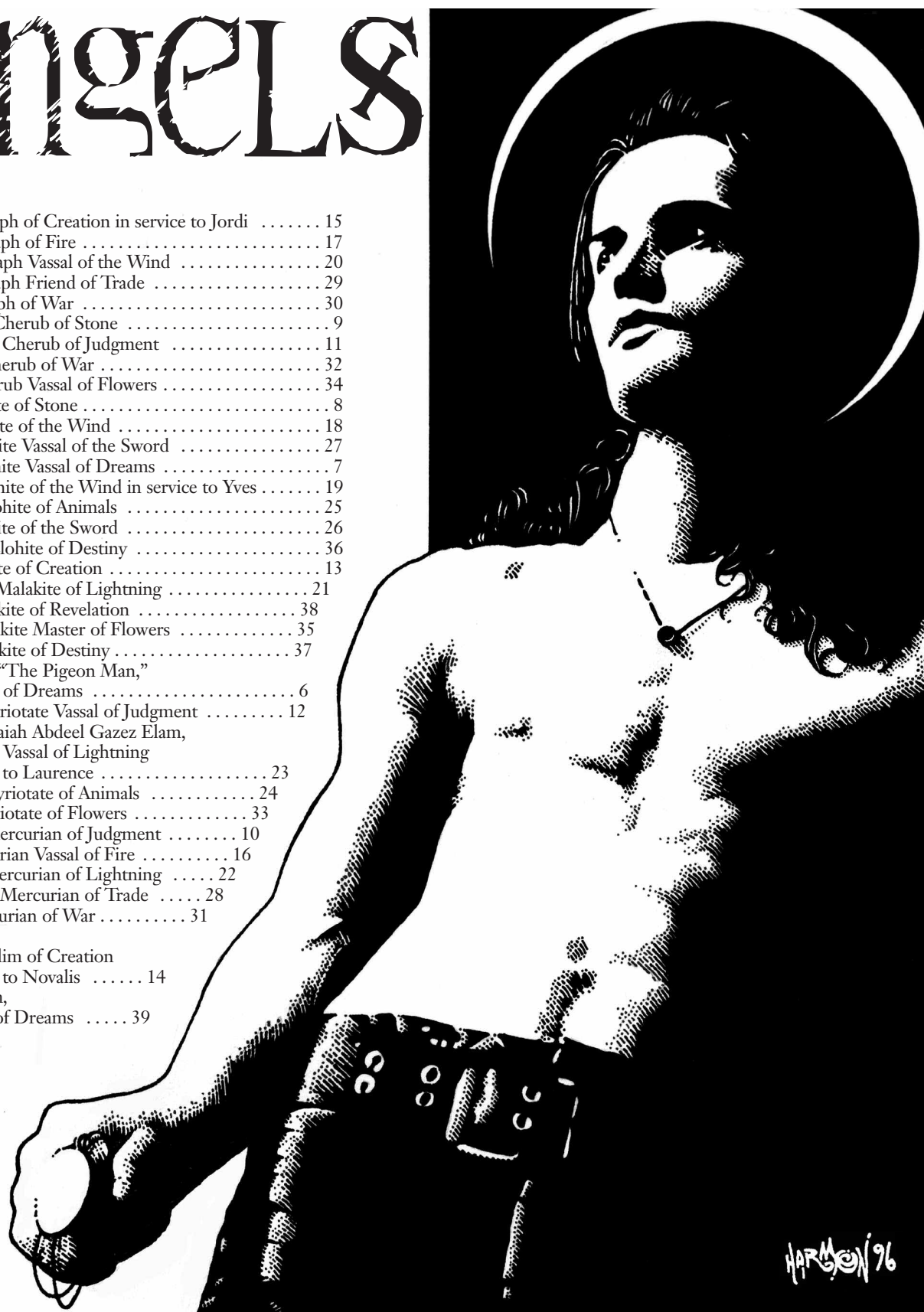
Angels (and demons, and ethereal spirits) have been interacting with humanity for a long time, and humanity has always had members who make it a point to remember the interesting stories they learn from these non-human beings. Unfortunately, between celestial misdirection, lying, and just plain forgetfulness (even a Seraph can say, "I don't remember who did that, but I think it was Camaysar.") – filtered through mortal misunderstandings, it's a miracle that even the bare bones of the tales aren't twisted into something entirely different. Having demons imper-

sonating ethereals for worshippers' Essence doesn't help matters, either. Add in the ability of humans to *make up stories*, and it can be understood how Za'afiel, EloHITE Seneschal of Hurricanes, is listed in various human texts as both Fallen and angelic, how Gabriel has been called a Cherub, and how Baal has been named both a Prince and a god. (And sometimes, to confuse matters even *more*, there's a celestial who takes a legendary name long after the legend was begun!)

There is usually some nugget of truth *somewhere* in the myths and legends around a name, but no human should depend on it. Sorcerers, in particular, should be wary of demons who *assure* them that Uriel is the Prince of Hades, and is perfectly summonable . . .

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SERVITORS OF BLANDINE

JEHONATHAN, "THE PIGEON MAN"



Kyriotate of Dreams

The closet door creaked open, and the little girl whimpered, pressing herself against the back of her bed.

*Outside her window, the pigeon saw her twitch in her sleep. It settled down on the ledge and slept. In the Marches, Jehonathan opened his many, **many** eyes. There, **that** was the child's dreamscape, a spinning mirror, drifting through the shadowy sand, heading straight for the crooked tower of terror. It was already into the disputed area between Dreams and Nightmares. The Kyriotate caught up with it, and entered.*

Oozing blackness puddled onto the floor around the girl's bed, insectoid limbs reaching out of the tar-like substance. Jehonathan cast about, worried a Shedite might be in the 'scape with him, but found nothing.

The dreams of mortals are indeed wondrous, he marveled. But this one isn't going to stay in Beleth's realm.

It was an easy thing, without opposition. He used his Song of Dreams and attunements to shrink the horrific, chittering blackness, turning on an imaginary night-light to dissolve it entirely. Then, he sent visions of peaceful night skies, and comfortable, snug quilts to cuddle in. The child's own imagination provided the living constellations of star-bunnies and nebula-puppies.

*When Jehonathan emerged from the dreamscape, it was meandering through the sands — on **Blandine's** side. The Kyriotate smiled at another job well done, and watched over the child's sleep for the rest of the night, just to make sure.*

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 9 Precision 3
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 4 Perception 8

Skills: Emote/5

Songs: Dreams (Celestial/4), Tongues (Corporeal/2, Celestial/2), Motion (Celestial/3)

Attunements: Kyriotate of Dreams, Dream Walking, Healing Dream

Through the lonely and depressed corners of a city wanders Jehonathan, the Pigeon Man. He appears as a homeless man, a flock of pigeons, or sometimes both at once. During the daytime, the man visits shelters throughout the city, and the pigeons fly from window to window, peering in. When he finds someone looking forlorn, the Pigeon Man knows that his next task is decided. It is his duty to bring hope to the unfortunate through their dreams.



The combative aspects of the War are not primary concerns to Jehonathan. Like many Servitors of Dreams, he feels making sure the humans have hope is more important than conflict, which may lead to the harm of innocent civilians or worse, incidents that could upset them in their dreams. He'll help angels, of course, but only in non-violent ways. Still, that's not to be scorned. In his repeated experiences as the unwanted of his city, he has learned much about its workings and can often provide useful information. But his tasks of hope take priority over other angels' missions, and if he or Blandine feels that another city needs his attention, he'll move on overnight. When celestials, other than demons of Beleth, disrupt his work, he snarls at them and focuses even more on his job. If the Servitors of Nightmares are involved, he will call for some Malakim of Dreams.

The Pigeon Man is not picky about his hosts, and he prefers to leave the human ones after a day or so to ensure that their dreams are bright as well. Hosts get walked or flown all over town as Jehonathan continues his restless search for dreams to improve. Recently, he's become bolder in his tactics to bring hope to humanity: if a person is on Beleth's side of the Marches, he tries to move the dreamer out, instead of merely preventing souls from leaving Blandine's realm. His success has caught the attention of the Princess of Nightmares; Jehonathan has caused some damage to her Word. It is only a matter of time before she assigns a demon to deal with him.

And then, he'll need to get help from others . . .

SESTINA

Elobite Vassal of Dreams

"Sometimes," Sestina explained, "my job is as simple as dressing up in a colorful, somewhat stifling costume, bringing joy to a handful of children."

Elsewhere, the butt of a gun smashed a skylight. Glass cascaded down toward a grand piano below. A lean figure in black dropped through the hole. Fifteen keys sang out as they broke.

"A Nightmares Tether requires more than just public awareness of some horrible event. Like Dreams, Nightmares is very personal. It needs someone to be hurt. It needs someone hurt so badly they can only handle their pain in dreams. So brightening someone's life, helping someone over that hump — that can abort the Tether before it forms."

The lean man struggled out of the ruined instrument. He ran across the room to an ornate door, broke it off its hinges without slowing, and stopped lightly at the end of the hall behind. A door blocked further progress, with a keypad lock beside it. The room on the other side was all metal — barren, hopeless, empty, and unyielding.

"That's the side of things I'm trained for. The public relations angle, smoothing over the memories of the individuals and communities that something Nightmarish affects. Of course, my team intervenes more actively, but that's a sideline at best. We are, after all, angels of the Marches."

The lean man pulled a sword hilt from his belt, shoved it against the keypad, and concentrated. Fire lashed from the hilt. Most of the lock melted.

"We're harmless, really."

The man spun the sword hilt, withdrew it, and thrust his hand into the lock's remains. His nose wrinkled at the scent of seared flesh as he felt along the bottom, found a wire, and pulled. The door opened. He said to the child inside, "It's all right. You're getting out of here."

"Is that all you need?" Sestina asked. "I do try to cooperate with the Media, given the similarity of our goals and methods."

"The nightmare's over."

Corporeal Forces - 3 **Strength** 7 **Agility** 5
Ethereal Forces - 3 **Intelligence** 5 **Precision** 7
Celestial Forces - 4 **Will** 9 **Perception** 7

Vessel: Female human/2

Role: "Sydney Reagle," PR Agency Executive/4, Status/4

Skills: Acrobatics/1, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/3, Driving/1, Emote/3, Escape/1, Fast-Talk/2, Fighting/4, Knowledge/4 (Dream and Nightmare Tethers), Lying/2, Savoir-Faire/1, Tactics/2

Attunements: Elobite of Dreams, Dream Walking, Vassal of Dreams

Nightmares Tethers, gathering points for demonic agents and plans, corrupt the dreams of mortals for miles around. Blandine uses Sestina and her team of corporeally-focused angels to "fix" potential Nightmares Tethers before Beleth claims them. Some angels under Sestina's command perform commando-style missions — rescuing children from slavery, destroying a site's physical resources, etc. Some work in the traditional Dreams manner, brightening lives and soothing a community's fears. All have the general ability necessary to do either task at need.

Sestina works as the owner of a public relations agency. She projects an almost Nybbasian image: warm and personable, but most of all *enthusiastic* at all times. She will also cheerfully give a PR spin to any demon she encounters who seems more interested in talking than fighting — and, as Sestina is no Seraph, the PR is carefully tailored to the subject.



Blandine considers Sestina's work important, but ultimately secondary. So every angel under Sestina's command is qualified — but not enormously powerful. Sestina's team rarely "blows" an assignment, but sometimes gets in over its head (and may ask for help). Since covering up a disaster can help Sestina's job, but make investigation difficult, the team and the PCs can also be at cross-purposes.

One clever Habbalite pulling Sestina's emotional strings could manipulate Sestina's entire team. Sestina maintains an emotional persona even when internally calm, so such manipulation would be hard to detect . . . and potentially very dangerous.

SERVITORS OF DAVID



BARRY

Ofanite of Stone



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

Vessel: Human Male/4, Charisma -1

Role: "Barry Goodman," Garbageman/3, Status/1

Skills: Driving/2, Dodge/3, Engineering/1, Fighting/4, Large Weapon/3 (Club), Move Silently/1, Singing/1

Songs: Motion (Corporeal/3), Speed (Corporeal/3, Celestial/3)

Attunements: Ofanite of Stone

There are five great forces of nature: Earth, Wind, Water, Fire . . . and Barry. (He's gone by Barry for centuries now, instead of his celestial name, Barachel.) A mortal Soldier once swore that even after Armageddon, Barry would manage to find his way to a bar and buy a cup of mead for everyone who was left standing. That was 500 years ago and since then things have changed . . .

He's discovered bottled beer.

He can often be found propping up a bar (spinning on his stool and swinging his feet). If you buy him a drink he'll expound on his homespun philosophy, which holds that hard work doesn't complain about who does it.

Barry works hard at his current Role, which involves driving a garbage truck. He gets to wear big stomping boots with steel toe-caps, and the day's work is done by noon – which leaves plenty of drinking time. The other garbagemen compete to be on his round, because Barry is famous for being the fastest trash collector in town. Before Barry started on the job, no one had ever seen a garbage truck reversed at speed down three tight bends with barely an inch of space to either side. Now they see it pretty often, but they'd rather close their eyes.

Mortal friends say that though he's not the sort of person you come to if you're having a philosophical crisis, he's a good pal who won't let you down. He also has an uncanny ability to sniff out the way to the nearest bar. People shake their heads in admiration; that's such a *useful* talent.

Barry encourages charitable and fundraising endeavors by his drinking friends. They use their two-week annual holiday to deliver supplies to third world countries that have suffered disasters. They raise money for widows and orphans by caroling during the Christmas holidays. Barry is the only one of them who can keep time or stay in tune,

but having five hulking garbagemen looming over them and trying to sing seems to be a great incentive to people's charitable natures.

He's a regular at church, although his manner of prayer seems a bit *relaxed* to the more traditional members of the congregation. His local priest is the long-suffering type who believes God will be understanding of those who leave crushed beer cans in His house when they've donated so generously to church charities. And so enthusiastically, too.

Barry has an old-fashioned sense of chivalry and attempts to be polite to ladies, frowning on people who swear too much in their presence. He is never cruel to dumb animals either – a category that includes most humans. Unfortunately, in all other respects he has the social skill and savoir-faire of an old cabbage. If invited into an expensive house, it is guaranteed that Barry will be the one who throws himself into a chair and kicks his muddy boots up onto the antique furniture with a satisfying *thunk*.

Barry might not be the fastest thinker in Heaven, but he's always happy to answer a call from a fellow angel in distress. He even keeps an emergency kit in the back of his van. It's packed with everything he needs to do the Lord's work: a spare pair of boots, a wrench, and a 12-pack of Bud.

GUILLAUME

Cherub of Stone

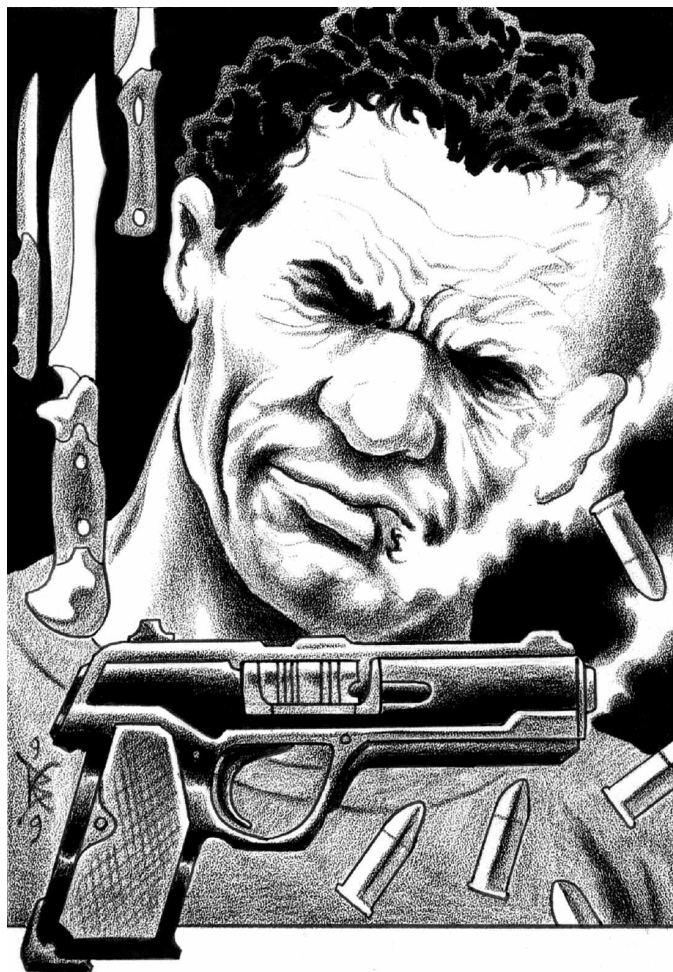


The boy standing at the front of the class glared at the floor, lost somewhere between embarrassment and fury. He hadn't meant to get caught showing his new knife to Matt, he hadn't meant to forget about the homework, and he hadn't meant to swear at the teacher. Well, maybe not the last.

Mr. Rolands was just leaning against his desk, with that scary stillness of his. The rest of the class had their attention fully on him. He balanced the knife that he'd taken off Benjamin between his hands, considering the steel.

"Bad quality," he said, finally, and brought the flat of the knife blade down against his desk. There was a sharp snap, and a fragment of the metal splintered off to quiver in the floor. "Get a better one next time." He nodded to Benjamin. "Detention this evening. Usual rules."

Benjamin sighed as he took his seat. A couple of his friends shot him sympathetic glances. Everybody knew what Mr. Rolands' detention classes were like . . .



Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 10 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 5 Perception 7
Vessel: Human male/2 (stocky, in his early 30s), Charisma +2

Role: "Will Rolands," Teacher/4, Status/3

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/3, Dodge/1, Driving/2, Fighting/2 (Tai Chi), Knowledge/2 (Geography), Medicine/3, Tracking/1

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/1, Celestial/2)

Attunements: Cherub of Stone

Guillaume is an angel of Stone who busies himself with pounding sense into the heads of schoolchildren at troubled schools. While he never starts a fight, he can handle any brawling in his classroom – and it's astonishing how any knives or guns that are pulled seem to simply "fly into his hands" when he gets close enough. Servitors of Novalis have called him brutal in his coldness and discipline, but he only replies that he uses whatever methods are necessary to teach. According to him, pupils don't want someone to sympathize with them – they want a firm disciplinary structure, and strong bodies and minds to be able to solve their own difficulties.

His Role is that of a teacher in an inner-city school, working with children who already belong to gangs and deal drugs in the playground. He specializes in geography, but can handle lessons in most core subjects, and is *very* capable of handling aggressive pupils. Any violence or weapons in his classroom means that the offender(s) will be in detention later – and Guillaume's detention classes take place in the gym. He also runs self-defense classes after school, but those require waivers from the parents of those involved. While his pupils may not always like him, after a few weeks they respect him enough not to try any disobedience in the classroom. If Guillaume discovers a pupil with particular potential or ability, or simply one who needs particular help, he will attune to that student and do his best to boost him or her into appropriate studies or toward scholarship programs.

Guillaume is a quiet man in daily life, only speaking up when necessary at school planning meetings. He cooperates with other local angels to ensure that "his" pupils get any help that they need, but is not fond of going far from "his" current school. One particular quirk of his is that he dislikes any Servitors of Destiny giving their attention to any *one* person, on the grounds that that person has some particular destiny or fate – what about all the *normal* people who could profit from their help, but aren't getting it? He does not let this become active hostility, but is less than welcoming to them if they are in the area.

SERVITORS OF DOMINIC

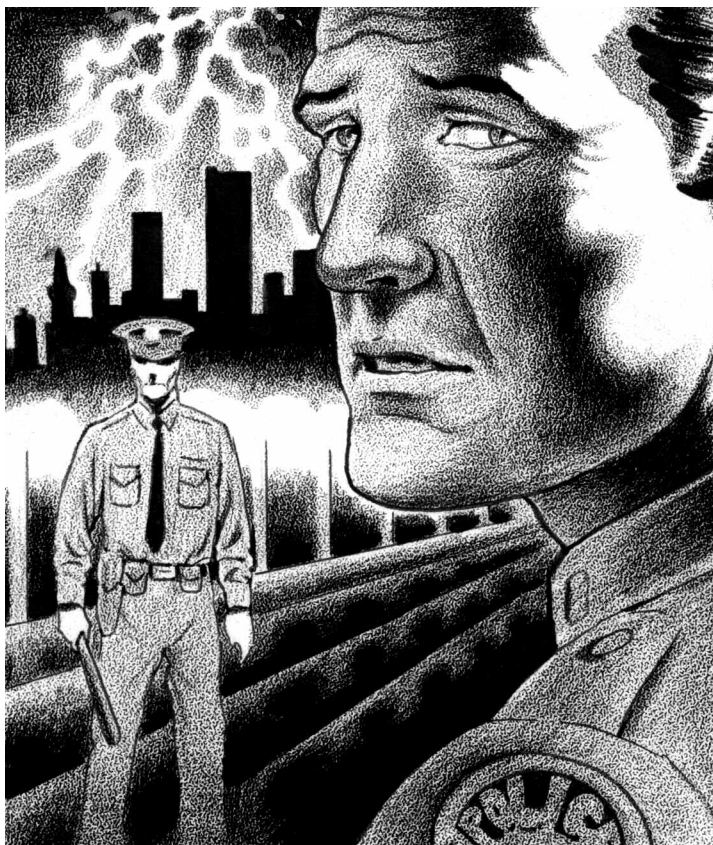
HUSHBON

Mercurian of Judgment



He was briefing a new partner. In his business, partners didn't last very long. Six months was about normal, a year for someone extraordinarily dedicated. The relentless day-to-day misery wears on the human soul and after a while, what was once an idealistic officer transfers to something more cheery, like homicide.

"That's Crystal," he says as he drives the unmarked car. "She's one of the regulars. We bring her in about once a week, but it never takes. Next to her are a few new girls – I don't know their names yet. Their pimp has 'em spreading for crack and heroin cash, I'd bet." He turns to his new partner. "The junkies are the saddest cases. They're out here 24-7, trying to get a john so they can make just enough money to support their habit. Those girls are walking out here with tracks up and down their arms doing tricks for \$5 a bang. We tend to just give them a good solid threat and send them home for the day." He turns back to the road. "Oh, and up on the corner, that massage parlor is a 'den of iniquity,' so to speak. We raid it every so often, but the girls are always back the next day . . ."



The new partner was starting to look a bit sad and sick. He wasn't going to make six months.

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 7 Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 5 Perception 7

Vessel: Human male/2

Role: "Alejandro 'Alex' Lopez," Police Officer/3
 Status/3

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Dodge/3, Fighting/2, Ranged Weapon/3 (.38), Savoir-Faire/3

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/3), Motion (Corporeal/4), Shields (Corporeal/4)

Attunements: Mercurian of Judgment

Hushbon often says to the humans he works with, "These girls don't like us, but they do love us." It's a wearing job, on the vice squad, assigned to work with human women who see their bodies as objects and sell them to johns who want a quick bang. But without the cops arresting these girls and pulling them off the street, they'd be beaten, raped, robbed, or murdered by their pimps over the day's take. No one else is going to get these girls off the street, or try to work them into rehab programs for their drug habits, or offer them opportunities in halfway houses.

The Mercurian's job is frustrating. District attorneys rarely care to prosecute the girls over such a minor charge when they're occupied by the more glamorous cases of murderers and rapists. Officers have hauled some of these girls so many times, they find no point in filing papers on them, let alone keep them in prison overnight. A massage parlor might be raided one day, and open for business the next.

Over the years, the Mercurian has been forced to develop patience, which may have been what his Archangel wanted him to learn. What Hushbon's ageless eyes see is slow change. The crime rate drops and more help becomes available for the women of the night, but it takes the crawl of years.

Hushbon inhabits police departments, working with prostitutes, trying to convince them that there is a better life. For angels, he is an invaluable contact who understands the ins and outs of the city. For demons, especially demons of Lust, he is a relentless foe. He does not tolerate those who exploit humans to satisfy emotionless sexual urges, and he works to destroy Lust's Soldiers and root out where Lust hides; he will bring down the full hammer of judgment on infernals and their operations.

SHEMERIDAN

Cherub of Judgment

The man looked up from the papers on his desk. "You have an appointment?" he asked.

The teenager stood in the doorway, her poise flawed by nervousness. "I needed to report . . . a problem. To Shemeridan."

The Cherub shifted his own posture, to attentive listening. "I am Shemeridan. Go on."

The teen said, "A friend of mine. In the corporeal. Veris, Mercurian of Fire. She's . . . I'm afraid she may be involved in something over-the-top again."

He nodded. "And you are?"

"May. Mayem, that is. Power of the Wind, in service to Destiny."

Shemeridan nodded again, comforting. "I'll report this. Thank you, Mayem of the Wind."

The Elohitte nodded in return and left the office, her shoulders straighter, as if a weight had been lifted. Shemeridan watched her go, then wrote the report. One Mercurian of Fire, possibly over-extending herself. One Elohitte of the Wind, showing undue emotion . . .

He looked forward to his Lord's weekly visit.

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 9 Precision 7
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 6 Perception 6

Vessel: Human male/1 (Older man)

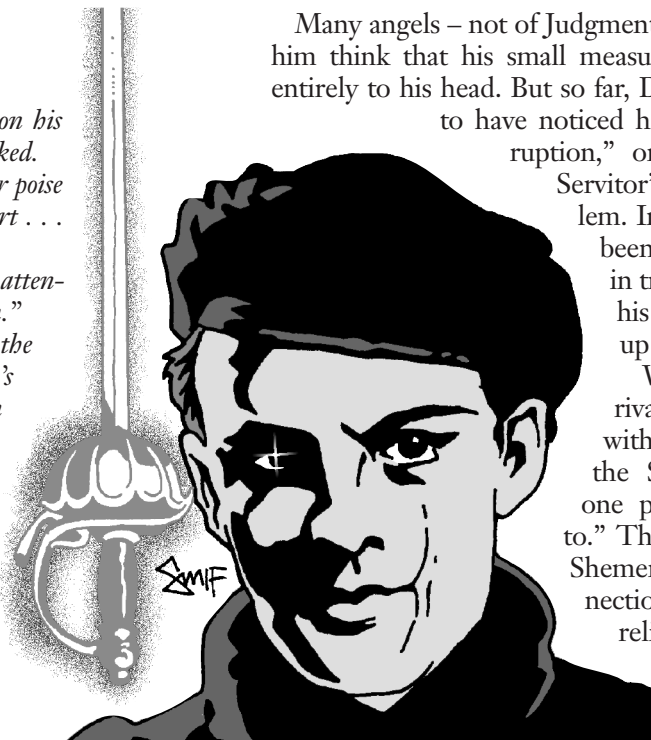
Role: "Sebastian Papandreou," Antiques Dealer/3, Status/3

Skills: Artistry/1 (Letter Writing), Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/3, Driving/1, Emote/2, Knowledge (Artifacts/1, Bureaucracy/2, Council Spires/1, History/2, Spires Personalities/2, Yves' Library/1), Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/1

Attunements: Cherub of Judgment, Incarnate Law

Shemeridan works as a researcher for Judgment, preparing preliminary reports on angels in response to complaints or concerns. His decisions can stop an investigation before it begins – or expand its scope. He's built on this limited power base, over centuries, and is a minor power broker within the Council Spires.

He uses the same skills to satisfy his love for possessions, trading antiquities both on Earth and in Heaven. He keeps few for long, but many fine treasures pass through his hands. His one permanent prize is the Hunter's Sword, a living artifact (*Liber Reliquarum*, p. 104).



Many angels – not of Judgment – who have dealt with him think that his small measure of power has gone entirely to his head. But so far, Dominic does not seem

to have noticed his servant's "petty corruption," or does not think the

Servitor's little quirks a problem. Indeed, Shemeridan has been assigned to participate in triads, when someone in his area must be checked up on.

When the PCs (or their rivals) need political credit with Judgment or within the Spires, Shemeridan is one possible "angel to talk to." Those who already know Shemeridan may use this connection when looking for a relic.

The Hunter's Sword *Chisloth-Tabor,* *Former Cherub of Purity*

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

Skills: Emote/2, Dodge/4, Move Silently/4, Small Weapon /4 (Rapier), Tracking/6

Uriel almost destroyed Chisloth-Tabor for unacceptable levels of dissonance. Instead, remembering past deeds of valor, he bound Chisloth into a sword. The Hunter's Sword is very critical of impurities – but few know this. It doesn't speak much, unable to find the words to express its hatred of corruption, or to explain the choices it made which resulted in its current existence. And, from time to time, it doubts itself. An Archangel has let its current owner live, time and again; perhaps Chisloth is still the one who is wrong. Perhaps it should try to sink into apathy, unable to fit into the world around it.

If it could be coaxed into speech, though, it would provide an earful about the Cherub who owns it. Perhaps even enough that, if its words were taken to Dominic, Shemeridan might find *himself* on the receiving end of an investigation. The living relic may well be overly sensitive, but any accusation against Judgment must be judged.

ADORIAM

Kyriotate Vassal of Judgment

Another three dead bodies, two illegal – and traceable – firearms, a baggie of cocaine stashed behind the toilet, a pile of diskettes with military files from the NSA, dubious printouts in drifts, and bloody hand prints on the carpeting. The dusty Texan motel room was a mess. The sun was setting, and it all had to be cleaned and gone before the demons showed up at dawn. **No problem**, Adoriam thought. After all, this was his job.



Twenty minutes later, Adoriam was standing in the check-out line, in the body of the motel's proprietor. He'd made a short trip to the Quik-E-Mart up the road to pick up the much-needed cleaning equipment: squeegee mops, sponges, foaming action cleaning bubbles, rubber gloves, twine, kerosene, and the all-important, innumerable garbage bags.

While he was cleaning the blood out of the grout on the bathroom floor, Adoriam reflected on his life. Angels, he knew, had a nasty habit of leaving behind a messy trail of destroyed buildings, stolen files, and the occasional bloody body when they got a little over-enthusiastic about carrying out the divine will. It was one of the things Judgment had to keep an eye on. The

Inquisition went about its job in Heaven through debriefings and inquiries, and Adoriam dutifully cleaned up the aftermath of a little bit of wetworks – in the name of God.

All in all, not a bad job.

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 11 Perception 9

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Driving/2, Fast-Talk/1, Lockpicking/2, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/2, Small Weapon/3 (Knife), Tactics/2

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

Attunements: Kyriotate of Judgment, Vassal of Conscience

There comes a time when a little damage control is just what the doctor ordered. Maybe someone got shot and there were unfortunate witnesses, or someone else got caught red-handed with the goods and an unlicensed firearm. Sooner or later, Adoriam finds himself on the job.

Adoriam's job is to clean up the messes left behind by other angels on Earth, and to cover up the trails left behind. His orders are often varied. On one mission he found himself possessing an IRS agent so he could systematically erase records of a Role which had been caught by the authorities, and on another, he was in the body of a New York City cop with the keys to the evidence locker. More than once he has found himself ordered to inhabit the vessel of an Outcast – and occasionally wound up consoling the woman (or man, or child) whose life the criminal had destroyed, while the perpetrator was picked up in the Marches. His life is fast, loose, and always changing.

Dominic has great faith in Adoriam. The Kyriotate sees the after-effects of crime constantly, and has no illusions about the "glamour" of the wrong side of the law. He's seen too much pain, and been party to too many emergency operations on Earth, to ever be attracted to the greedy selfishness of the other side.

Adoriam can be a mentor for young angels, a superior who hands out orders on assignments or the angel who is called in after the PCs' job on Earth is finished. The Kyriotate usually deals with demons only indirectly – he cleans up after disasters, removing clues or evidence which could inconvenience angels. And he's not above planting a little evidence that would incriminate infernals . . .

SERVITORS OF ELI



LAEL

Malakite of Creation

*Lael learned a valuable lesson he won't soon forget . . . Actually, he probably will, because now he's having trouble remembering things. But there's an outside chance he actually learned **this** lesson.*

He discovered that, when the Calabite of Fire is much more powerful than you, sometimes it is not a good idea to charge in celestially, sword waving overhead, screaming, "Die, demon scum!" Next thing he knew, he was staring at his Heart, trying to remember what his name was. It's a good thing someone came by and told him.

What was a diminished angel to do, while his Superior was on a walkabout? Lael didn't know, and found himself wandering around Heaven without a demon to smite. It was a sad state for a poor young Malakite. One day, munching a croissant he bought from the Marketplace, he came upon Archangel Eli, sunning himself in a deck chair.

After the initial pleasantries, Eli said, "You don't look happy, kid. But I've got a job for you."

Lael brightened up instantly. "Anything, boss!"

"There's a place that needs cleaning up, kid. A frightening and savage place. You'll know what to do when you get there."

He tapped Lael on the nose (bestowing a new vessel), and Lael realized he knew where he had to go.

So he went, but the vessel wasn't quite what Lael had in mind, as he took corporeal form and realized he was suddenly four feet tall . . . and a girl.

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 7 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 2 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 4 Perception 8

Vessel: Little Girl/2

Role: "Lily Lane," School Girl/4, Status/1

Skills: Dodge/3, Fighting/2, Large Weapon/4 (Sword), Throwing/3

Songs: Form (Celestial/4), Motion (Celestial/4), Shields (Corporeal/4)

Attunements: Malakite of Creation

Malakite Oaths: (i) Never suffer an evil to live if it's her choice. (ii) Never surrender or allow herself to be captured by the armies of Lucifer. (iii) Never use a weapon which has been used by an enemy. (iv) Never accept assistance once engaged in combat.

It's a difficult life, being a forgetful, four-foot-tall Malakite. Is she supposed to smite evil on the playground? Root out the Fallen from under the desks? Destroy the demons in the cafeteria – mainly those who serve up those strange gray lumps the kids call "mystery meat"?

Lael has only one vessel: an eight-year-old girl. She once had a "proper" Malakite vessel, but it, and one of her Ethereal Forces, was destroyed in Lael's first battle with a more powerful Calabite. Because the Force took much of the angel's memory with it, Lael is hard pressed to say when exactly this was, what exactly happened, or the fight's purpose, but she's convinced it was a glorious battle and she died with valor.

The Malakite is in the care of a Soldier of Creation, a woman named Mara Lane, who runs a dance studio. Under mysterious orders, Mara sends the Virtue to school with all the other kids. Lael is forced to find evil and confront it in the trappings of the American public school system, which may be what Eli had in mind for his Servitor the entire time.

Lael is a Malakite, regardless what her vessel looks like, and she's (over) enthusiastic about taking the fight to the demons' doorsteps. She'll attack, even in her little vessel, if she comes into contact with any denizens of Hell. In a smaller capacity, angels can use her to get at the children of the humans they are working with, or as a mole in a local public school – especially if the other angels have child-vessels, too!

EUODIAS

Bright Lilim of Creation in service to Novalis



It could have been a Hollywood plot: jaded streetwalker (played by a Lilim of Lust) meets influential man (played by the Archangel of Creation) who teaches her that there's more to life than sex, and love isn't a myth . . .

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

Vessel: Woman/1, Charisma +2

Role: "Dee," Soup Kitchen Assistant/1, Status/1

Skills: Acrobatics/1, Artistry/1 (Kama Sutra), Dodge/1, Emote/2, Escape/1, Lying/3, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/1, Seduction/6, Singing/2, Small Weapon/1 (Knife)

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/3), Harmony (Corporeal/1), Healing (Corporeal/1)

Attunements: Malakite of Creation

* *Euodias has paid 3 character points to raise her Perception by 1 (based on costs from **In Nomine**, p. 202). While Eli has given her his Malakite attunement (no point-cost), she does **not** have his Lilim attunement yet, nor has Novalis awarded her anything of Flowers.*

Eli dropped his new Bright off at Novalis' San Francisco Tether and vanished with no forwarding address. Euodias was presented to the Seraphim Council and the usual placement discussions ensued . . . with Euodias so befuddled by the shock of redemption that she was barely able to express any opinion of her own at all. Furthermore, she'd only heard Balseraphic propaganda about "Angel Princes," and – without her beloved Archangel around – was afraid to put herself in the power of the more feared names. Eventually, the Council placed her in service to Novalis, deeming the gentle Cherub to be the best Superior to guide this newest Creationer.

The Council was wrong.

It's been five years since her redemption, Euodias is over the "Big-Eyed Redeemed" stage, and she's bored. She's tired of lectures about love and peace. She's tired of being given "nurturing" jobs in Flowers-Tethers. She's tired of being protected and sheltered from any demonic influences whatsoever.

What Euodias *really* wants is to go out and kick some demonic backsides – and any Seraph of Creation could tell you that she'd be blessed good at it (with training), even if Eli *hadn't* given her his Malakite attunement. But no one's thought to ask them.

Euodias is nearly at her breaking point. She desperately wants to be in service to one of the more militant Archangels – Michael, Gabriel, Janus, David . . . even *Lawrence*, now! But the ex-demon still doesn't realize that changing jobs might be as easy as just asking. So she's looking for a way out from under her Flower-Cherub keeper's nose, to pull off an appropriately spectacular job that will attract the interest of some other Archangel. Any other Archangel.

She'd rather get some training first, of course, and her assigned Cherub is constantly lecturing her about associating with so-called bad influences: mayhem-prone angels and Soldiers, such as player-characters. With more sense than to try to invoke her Geas-hooks unwisely (and get dissonance) or lie in the demonic language, Euodias isn't likely to Fall again – but this doesn't reassure her Cherub or the Judgment triads who check up on her. It especially won't reassure them if she tries to spy on demons by impersonating a *dark* Lilim . . . which she'd think a perfectly logical tactic. (Of course, if she runs into demons before she gets some training, she'll likely get in over her head – but nobody said life was fair.)



LIBNAH

Seraph of Creation in service to Jordi

"So, Mr. Briggs, you're sure that your company is not illegally dumping waste?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," the business magnate replied, irritated that his departure from work had been hampered.

"Not even at Pine Glades?" continued the reporter, eliciting a twitch and a look of anger from the businessman, which were captured in the video camera held by the reporter's assistant.

"No, and that's all I'm going to say," finished Mr. Briggs, as he stormed down the steps of his building.

"Well, Tom, we're going to Pine Glades. Something's rotten in the state of Kentucky," the reporter chuckled, heading to his car.

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 5 Agility 7

Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 7 Precision 5

Celestial Forces - 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessels: Human male/1 (rumpled adult), Charisma +1;
Human female/1 (attractive female), Charisma +1;
German Shepherd/1

Role: "Gunn MacRay," Reporter/5, Status/2

Skills: Artistry/3 (Painting), Emote/4, Fast-Talk/3,
Knowledge/5 (Paintings), Tracking/2

Songs: Charm (Celestial/3), Form (Ethereal/3,
Celestial/2), Light (Ethereal/4), Projection
(Corporeal/2)

Servant: Tom Olaffson, cameraman (Class/4, Level/3)

Attunements: Seraph of Creation

Artifacts: Body Bag/2

Gunn MacRay is a good reporter. He would be a great reporter if he weren't always working on documentaries for fringe environmental groups, living on grants alone. He always picks up on the hot stories before even the companies themselves seem to know about them. He's tireless, relentless, and occasionally tactless, but he's always honest and often fun to be around.

Libnah used to work with painters. He was a woman named Jasmine then, and she'd go around inspiring art, by providing herself as a model for artists or by teaching painting. After Eli vanished, Libnah was reassigned, and Jordi wanted an advocate for the wilderness. Soon Gunn MacRay came into being. Between stories, Libnah still "pals around" with some of his former co-Creationists, swapping stories and having fun. He occasionally sees some of his artists, but doesn't try to meet them.

Now, Libnah lives for the story. He's found adventure in the act of seeking truth and creating good copy, and it's fun. When pursuing a lead, Libnah will shed all pretenses of sustaining his vessel, working without food or sleep.

Tom, his loyal companion and a fine cameraman in his own right, is therefore in a constant state of fatigue and hunger when "discovering the truth." He's learned to cope with it, but he isn't happy about it. Libnah will also do his own detective work, using Songs if necessary to infiltrate areas. Often, he will use his canine form to scour the woods for evidence of logging, dumping, or whatever the crime of the week is.



Talking to Libnah is an experience, if you can keep up. Libnah speaks quickly, with large gestures, and he's interested in everything. Get him talking about paintings, and he may never shut up. His favorite period is Impressionism. As a Seraph, Libnah is acutely sensitive to lies, and if he detects one, his curiosity makes him dig until he finds out what's really going on. This seems intrusive to some people, but Libnah makes amends if the lie wasn't about something important.

Libnah enjoys being a reporter, but he's not all that fond of working for Jordi. Animals are nice, but they don't paint. Libnah's now looking to take a short vacation; he's thinking about doing a documentary on art fraud to improve his career standing and credibility. Jordi has kept him limited to environmental and endangered-species issues; very important to the Word but not what gets one's films seen outside of environmental circles. Libnah believes that truth in reporting is something that needs to be done more often, and if Jordi could just give him a little more slack, he could make some serious changes.

SERVITORS OF GABRIEL

VERIS

Mercurian Vassal of Fire

The skinhead entered the warehouse with an unconvincing swagger, trying to impress his unseen contact. "Harpalus?" he called. Privately, he thought that fancy code words were for sissies. "Hey, Harpalus, is that you, man?"

Without warning, flames sprang up to encircle him, and through them walked a gigantic man with horns sprouting from his forehead. As he approached, the skinhead could see that the man was on fire, but he didn't seem to notice the flames. Harpalus thrust a document into his face and he shrank away from the searing heat.

"You have one chance to buy power for yourself and your followers. Sign this agreement, and all your little dreams will become big realities."

With a frightened smile, the skinhead started to back up. "Well, maybe this isn't such a good idea. I don't think my group is ready to expand . . ." "A hole opened up in the flames behind him and he turned, running out of the circle and disappearing through the door of the warehouse.

The flaming man snickered, and his laughter sounded not wicked, but righteous. His form shrank within his grungy overcoat, and as he shrugged the garment from his shoulders, his body completed the transformation from male to female. With a shake of her head the horns disappeared and dreadlocks sprouted from her scalp. She doused the fire with a casual gesture and leaned against a cement pillar to wait.

Presently, she sensed someone approaching her. "Ah, Harpalus," she smirked. "You look the same as ever. If cleanliness is next to Godliness, I can see why you live in the bowels of Hell."

"What are you doing here, Veris?" snarled the demon.

"Just a little errand."

"Get lost. I'm busy."

Veris pushed off of her support and strolled casually toward the door. As she left, the angel called back over her shoulder, "Better late than never – right, Harpalus?"

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

Vessel: Human female/2 (early 40s), Charisma +2

Songs: Fire (Corporeal/4), Form (Celestial/6)

Skills: Driving/2, Emote/3, Fast-Talk/1, Lying/3, Move Silently/1

Artifacts: A Zippo lighter which functions as a Reliquary/2, can only be used by Veris, and always lights (even when it is out of lighter fluid).

Attunements: Mercurian of Fire, Vassal of Fire



Like all of Gabriel's Servitors, Veris wants to punish the cruel. Like all of Gabriel's Mercurians, she wants to protect people from themselves. Unlike many of Gabriel's Servitors, she has a sense of humor. Veris goes to great lengths to make her victims look ridiculous, even if no one will see the spectacle but herself. She has made an art form of adding insult to injury.

In Corporeal form, Veris appears as a small black woman with short dreadlocks. She prefers clothing that is comfortably slouchy. Her demeanor is non-threatening, the better to gain the trust of victims of cruelty. If Veris needs to threaten someone, she uses the Song of Form and her innate talent for mimicry to project a frightening image.

Once Veris concocted an incredibly elaborate sting operation which bankrupted several Hellsworn businessmen and made the demon in charge a laughingstock in Hell and Heaven both. To her surprise, Kobal paid her a visit, thanking her for the great joke. Despite the success of the operation, Gabriel was highly displeased that her Servitor had been congratulated by a Demon Prince. She gave Veris a severe reprimand for showing off.

Veris decided that her pride had driven her too far, and she has worked more secretly since then. However, other angels won't have heard about her dressing-down, and may seek her out with some hair-brained scheme because they think she'll support it. If they ask her right, she might. The results will either be highly successful – or get everyone in deep trouble with the Archangel of Fire.

TALARIAL

Seraph of Fire

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The shadowy figure's voice was deep and frightening. "I am a servant of a higher power. I am here to punish you for your cruelty to your patients."

"Cruelty? I was never cruel to them. What they needed was someone who would tell them to pull themselves together."

"I grant you believe that to be true, but it is not. I will show you . . ."



Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4

Ethereal Forces - 5 Intelligence 8 Precision 12

Celestial Forces - 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessel: Mysterious Man/2, Charisma +2 (intimidating)

Skills: Dodge/2, Emote/4, Move Silently/2, Savoir Faire/1

Songs: Form (Ethereal/3), Light (Ethereal/3), Motion (Celestial/3)

Attunements: Seraph of Fire, Divine Logic (from Yves)

Talarial used to enjoy his work, in a way. Angered by the obviously cruel, those who lie to themselves more than to their victims, he found joy in hunting them down and tormenting them. When violence seemed called for, he asked friends to help; usually, he could take enough vengeance on the emotional plane, using shock and fear as a punishment.

But all too often, the victim – scared and confused – fled the vengeance of God, only to continue his sins elsewhere. It was all so . . . impermanent. Talarial decided that punishment alone was not enough. He presented his case to Soldekai, and was granted a leave of absence to enter the service of Yves. After decades of filing duties, with occasional diversions to interview one of the recently ascended, he had earned a gift from Yves. He was granted the attunement of Divine Logic, and took it back to the service of Gabriel.

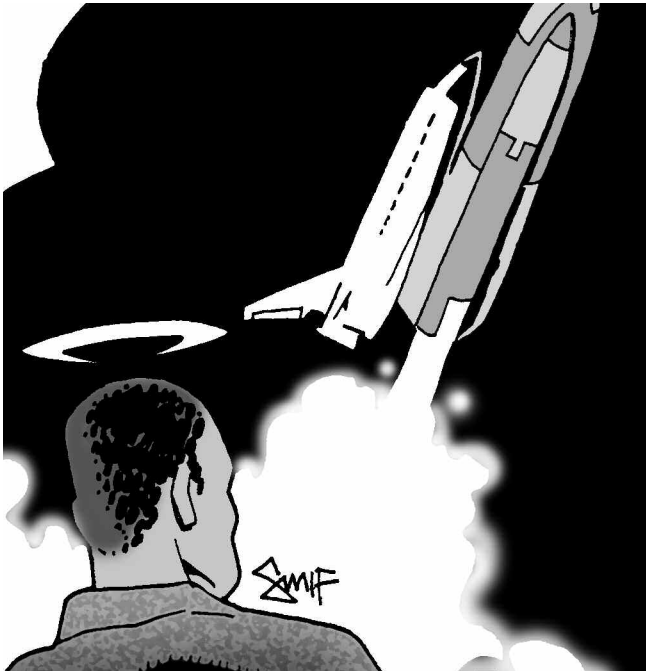
Nowadays, Talarial enjoys his work, a lot. When he tells the cruel what he knows them to be, they believe him. They have to. It's *true*. He brings punishment and truth together. Though many of his targets still ignore his lesson, he's had the joy of seeing a few of them genuinely repent and mend their ways. He makes a point of returning to these people a year or so later, and passing a new, updated, judgment on them. Others, though not repenting, find the pleasure in their cruelty gone; though their souls may not be saved, the lives of those around them are made a little easier.

His latest idea is to offer to help Mercurians of Fire bring healing to those who hurt themselves. The Mercurian can tell that they should be kinder to themselves, the Seraphic resonance lets Talarial know that the Mercurian is right (if the other angel *is* right, of course!), and Divine Logic can bring the human to the same conclusion.

Talarial has learned some Songs to help him surprise, and then get away from, his targets, but he knows he is not particularly combat-capable. Faced with a difficult target, he will ask favors from more able angels (such as the PCs) to get him access.

Amazingly, for his position and tast, he has never met a demon, and believes that he cannot face one yet. This minor quirk has never come up in a context where he resonated the full Truth on it; while he would have trouble *fighting* a demon, he's not incapable of defending himself in other venues. Still, he'd certainly want help if he were confronted with direct diabolical activity.

SERVITORS OF JANUS



OURIC

Ofanite of the Wind



Corporeal Forces - 2 **Strength** 2 **Agility** 6
Ethereal Forces - 4 **Intelligence** 8 **Precision** 8
Celestial Forces - 3 **Will** 8 **Perception** 4

Vessel: Human male/2

Role: "Eric Vernon," Astronaut/2, Status/2

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Driving (Car/2, Spacecraft piloting/4), Emote/2, Knowledge (Bureaucracy/1, Research/1, Spacecraft/2), Lying/2

Songs: Light (Celestial/3), Motion (Corporeal/3), Possession/3, Projection (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: Ofanite of the Wind

Like all angels of the Wind, Ouric loves to go fast. When humans started going *really* fast in supersonic jets and rockets, Ouric was there. Initially, he simply tagged along, hitching rides on experimental aircraft or chasing invisibly, then resuming his vessel for a night of reckless driving with the test pilots. But when the first humans left the atmosphere altogether, Ouric was frustrated. How can a Windy go where there's no air? Yet there *they* were, mortals shooting past overhead at five miles per second – while the Ofanite could only watch.

A fellow Windy came up with a solution. Gathering some admittedly circumstantial evidence of infernal meddling, the pair persuaded Janus that somebody needed to

watch out for Heaven's interests in the heavens. Wryly, the Archangel set Ouric to guarding space travelers against demonic plots. Over the past thirty years, Ouric's become very good at his job, and is a leading candidate for the Word of Space Exploration.

At first, space missions were rare enough that Ouric could simply accompany the spacecraft celestially. Nowadays, he must be more discreet. In his Role, he's a backup Shuttle pilot. He has trouble hanging around enough to make his Role particularly solid, since he has to be in a different locale every three days, but he tries – and has gotten slightly dissonant once or twice during training. When not personally on flights (which is often), he keeps tabs on the crews with the Songs of Projection. If infernal trouble comes up, Ouric can try to defeat the demons himself, or call for help from some powerful Servitors of Janus or Jean.

Ouric is very good at protecting astronauts and cosmonauts from overt demonic threats, but not so good at managing the political side of things. Time and again he's come back from a thrilling space mission, only to learn of budget cuts and project cancellations. The media's eyes have turned away from space (perhaps due to Nybassian meddling); it is only when Ouric fails at his duty, and something goes wrong, that the public notices.

Lately, in his astronaut Role, Ouric has been working with a group of Marc's angels to help a struggling, private space-launch company develop a reusable passenger spaceship. The goal is to make access to space so cheap and easy that the Infernals won't be able to keep humans planet-bound. Marc's angels hope space resources might someday make all humans rich and happy; Ouric just wants to fly rockets.

Ouric appears as a small, wiry man with unruly hair and a shy smile. Decades spent among technicians and engineers have changed Ouric. He is no longer the wild, anarchic celestial one would expect to find serving Janus. Ouric is much more serious and calm nowadays, with an unusually long attention span for an Ofanite. He still loves to get out and fly really fast, but he now has a greater appreciation for patience and dedication.

Ouric's involvement in the space program has given him a very good working relationship with the servants of Lightning. A few of his fellow celestials have suggested that he change Superiors, but for now Ouric is content to remain with the Wind.

Surprisingly, for an Ofanite of the Wind, Ouric is most likely to become involved with demonic *plots* and conspiracies, instead of good old demon-bashing. And when he has to move on, he calls local angels to clean up after him.

MAYEM

Elohite of the Wind in service to Yves

"Excuse me," said Mayem as the overweight businessman bounced into her. The man glared angrily at the street kid but said nothing, continuing on his way. Mayem rounded the corner and looked down at her hands – where the human's umbrella had miraculously appeared. It was going to rain this evening, and the man had a chance to meet his perfect match at the bus shelter if he waited long enough. Placing the umbrella on a bench, Mayem wondered how to delay the bus for half an hour. She glanced into the sky. Oh yes, it was going to be a wild storm.

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 8 Perception 8

Vessels: Human female/3 (teenager), Dog/1 (young puppy)

Role: "May," Street Kid/3, Status/1

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/1, Dodge/2, Driving/1, Emote/2, Escape/3, Fast-talk/3, Fighting/1, Lock-picking/2, Lying/2, Move Silently/1, Running/2, Small Weapon/1 (Knife), Throwing/1

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/1, Celestial/1), Form (Ethereal/2), Healing (Corporeal/3), Thunder/2

Attunements: Elohite of the Wind, Elohite of Destiny, Swipe, Divine Destiny

Mayem aims to move people toward their destinies through the careful application of chaos. By removing the order that people depend on to get through the day, this hard-working Elohite forces the best out of humans in situations that they wouldn't normally find themselves. In her Role, Mayem is constantly moving from city to city, hustling people, and searching for those who can be driven toward destiny by removing the things they take for granted. If her target would respond poorly to a street kid (and a great many would), she uses her dog vessel to infiltrate the target's life and add to the chaos.

Although she generates no dissonance by doing so, Mayem tries to avoid sending people to their fates through her efforts. She walks a thin line as only an Elohite could: calmly and rationally. She does not always limit her work

to humans; if she spots celestials who could approach destiny by her actions, she will inflict her frustrating chaos on them as well. For that matter, demons are likely to require a little shaking up, if they're to move closer to *their* destinies . . . If a player character's life is suddenly turned upside down, this angel could be responsible.

Needless to say, Mayem has made occasional enemies. Fate demons, of course, despise having such an annoying, *different* kind of opponent. Where a normal Servitor of Destiny would be courting dissonance, she can risk sending a human toward fate, if that's the only way to introduce Windy chaos and salvage a chance of destiny. She's also unmasked her share of infernals and Soldiers of Hell, especially since she got her Elohite of Destiny attunement. Mayem finds it *quite* entertaining to ask leading questions of suspicious people while leaning on their shoulder, and monitor the emotional results. Then she has to leave town in a hurry, of course, but since when has that been unusual for a Servitor of the Wind?



BLONDEL

Seraph Vassal of the Wind

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 6 Agility 10
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 8 Perception 8

Vessels: Human male/2

Skills: Acrobatics/1, Artistry/1 (Lute), Chemistry/1, Dodge/2, Escape/2, Fast Talk/1, Fighting/2, Lock-picking/3, Small Weapon (Knife)/2, Survival/1

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

Attunements: Seraph of the Wind, Malakite of the Wind, Vassal of the Wind



Anyone meeting Blondel for the first time might feel that warnings about Janus' angels were overstated. He's often soft-spoken and unobtrusive. When he speaks, he leans forward to engage people with guileless eyes, and apologizes profusely for any demands he makes on their time. Blondel can be coaxed into picking up a lute, long fingers weaving intricate four-part melodies, but prefers not to play violins since the time he heard Janus perform "The Flight of the Bumblebee" in under half a minute.

Experience teaches that he is not really the Seraph to leave alone with your devoted servant for anything more than a couple of minutes. You might return to find that said servant has decided to trek overland to Antarctica, start a civil rights movement, or devote his life to waging an expansionist war of world domination. Blondel's peregrinations across medieval Europe are the stuff of legend (some of it narrated by himself), as he carried the news of Richard the Lionheart's captivity to his brother John, in time to ensure the Magna Carta. Rumors say that even Napoleon was once just a staff sergeant with big ideas, before he had a five-minute chat with a certain Seraph at the Bastille.

Only constant variety keeps his tempestuous side under control. If he is forced into repeated patterns for too long, the frustration transmits itself to everyone within range. He gets jumpy. He gets snappy. His eyes glitter with barely controlled mania. He stalks up to strangers in the street, grabs them by the shoulder, and rants about the futility of a life that has no purpose. He frets for the mortals – they have so little time, and this makes him too impatient to wait long on any scheme. Everything must always be put into action immediately.

Privately, he is an iconoclast. To many other angels of the Wind, he is *the* iconoclast. It isn't that he is opposed to icons, as much as humanity's blind acceptance of tradition and surrender of the God-given ability to question beliefs. Some would be surprised at the notion of the mild-mannered Seraph taking an axe to the stained glass windows of a church, or burning books. Blondel enjoys it. It's very cathartic. He says (to the Divine Inquisition), "Is God a book? Is God a window?" Then he smugly points to the biblical passages where Abraham smashes his father's idols, or Jesus overturns the moneylenders' tables.

He has a loose circle of likeminded angels who have agreed to further these aims. They accomplish this by shattering the very things in which people think they believe. The iconoclasts held a secret wake when the Temple was destroyed. They raised their glasses to the Reformation. Many made a pilgrimage to join the festivities in Wenceslas Square when communism fell.

Their targets aren't just *religious* icons; political, personal, and economic ones are also ripe for destruction. Where they've targeted those whose faith was not all that it could have been, they've also been involved with angels becoming Outcast. Triads are under standing orders to investigate known iconoclasts wherever possible.

As the most prominent member, Blondel is a favored subject for the Inquisition. This allows him to have regular chats and theological discussions with fellow Seraphim – which he enjoys rather more than they do.

SERVITORS OF JEAN



TROPHIMUS

Malakite of Lightning

The family car smoothly purred its way out of the gas station, and the man standing behind by the pumps waved a cheerful hand after it.

"Okay." The man in the front passenger's seat turned to his wife. "How much was the damage, Susie?"

Susie watched the road ahead of her, avoiding her husband's eyes. "Well, it all made sense. We needed to get the tires changed, and there were those odd noises from the engine, and the new seatbelts are a lot safer."

"And the new side-mirrors?" he asked dryly.

She shrugged a shoulder. "At least we can see properly now."

He sighed. "So, you've just thrown away most of my bonus, on what? Prettying up the car with a load of gadgets that we don't want and we don't need . . ."

"He made it sound sensible," she protested. "We do want to be safe on the road, right? I got a package deal for the lot, and a free car-wash."

"I still think it's a con job," her husband muttered darkly. "What sort of profit margin is he going to have, if he's just going round trying to sell people stuff so they'll be safe . . ."

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 7 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 4 Perception 4

Vessel: Human male/2 (fortysomething)

Role: "Trevor Stone," Garage Mechanic/2, Status/2

Skills: Chemistry/2, Dodge/2, Driving/3, Electronics/1, Engineering/1, Fast-Talk/2, Large Weapon/1 (Sword), Ranged Weapon/2 (Rifle)

Songs: Motion (Ethereal/2), Tongues (Celestial/2)

Attunements: Malakite of Lightning, Remote Control

Malakite Oaths: (i) Never suffer an evil to live when it's his choice. (ii) Never surrender in a fight, or allow himself to be captured by the armies of Lucifer. (iii) Always do the best possible engineering job. (iv) Attempt to capture or destroy all Vapulan technology discovered.

Trophimus has been living a Role as "that guy down at the garage" for the last twenty years or so, working on promoting safer driving standards and safer cars. When people bring their cars or vans in for a check, they often find themselves leaving with brand new tires, engines *inside* safety tolerances, and booklets of the local traffic laws. On the other hand, dangerous drivers may find their vehicles have developed faults that will keep them off the road for weeks. Trophimus has even been known to pay a personal visit to very unsafe drivers – with his rifle.

The Malakite's other major role in the neighborhood is to supply his fellow angels with gadgets or substances to make their lives easier, such as nitroglycerine and timing devices. He can also come on a mission personally in order to fiddle with machinery or smite evil, but isn't really enthusiastic unless there is Vapulan technology to liberate or destroy.

Trophimus has a certain fascination for Vapulan work, which he has so far explained as an advanced case of "know thine enemy." Jean is unlikely to act on this, as long as it does not affect his efficiency, though angels of Judgment may find it dubious.

In his day-to-day job, Trophimus appears as a slightly balding man in his forties, well-muscled under work-darkened overalls, and capable of swinging a heavy wrench just as well as a sword. He often has half-glasses perched on the end of his nose; he's not short-sighted, but they help to soften his image when he's giving a sales and safety talk. Seldom irritated, he likes to express annoyance in a constructive way. Reversing a heavy truck over the motorbikes of demonic Soldiers usually teaches them a very important lesson about safety . . .

AHIBEZEK

Mercurian of Lightning

The young man looked at the smoking engine of his car with panic on his face. Inside the car, his wife yelped as another contraction bit. The man's head jerked up at the sound, causing him to hit the hood. Cursing, he leaned back into the engine bay, wondering what was wrong with the machinery. *Why wasn't I ever interested in cars when I was a teenager?* he wondered frantically.

An old white van pulled up behind his car. A wrinkled man with gray hair and oil-stained overalls stepped out, carrying a tool kit with him. "Ma'am," he said, nodding as he walked past the panting woman in the back seat. Leaning under the hood, he smiled at the young man. "Don't worry, son, I'll have you going in no time. Why don't you see to your wife?"

The man nodded and raced to the car's back door. Ahibezek looked at the engine. Smiling to himself, he pulled a wrench from his tool kit and reached around the engine. He would have these two at the hospital with plenty of time to spare.

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

Vessel: Human male/4 (Elderly man)

Role: "George Smith," Repairman/4, Status/3

Skills: Chemistry/3, Climbing/2, Computer Operation/4, Dodge/2, Driving/2, Electronics/5, Engineering/5, Fighting/2, Lockpicking/2, Medicine/1, Move Silently/1, Small Weapon/1 (Wrench)

Songs: Affinity (Corporeal/4, Celestial/2), Healing (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/1, Celestial/1)

Attunements: Malakite of Lightning, Mercurian of Lightning, Remote Control

Artifact: Van/4 (Corporeal Artifact)



Sometimes aid arrives from the most unlikely places – or at least with very good timing. Ahibezek spends most of his time driving around in his old van searching for people who need a hand. Ahibezek is a whiz at anything mechanical or electrical, and most of the people he helps regard him as a Godsend. They'd be surprised at how right they are.

He possesses a powerful intellect, but generally acts in a disarmingly simple manner. He knows how to fix almost anything, but has never been fond of learning all the technical aspects of his job. If confronted with blueprints, circuit diagrams, or technical jargon, Ahibezek usually grunts "Don't know 'bout that," and gets on with fixing whatever needs it. (A habit which sometimes drives his fellow Servitors up a wall – especially the Malakim.) The Mercurian is slow to anger, but can be vicious with a wrench, as several demons have learned to their vessel-loss – and he's not adverse to waving his tools at annoying humans, if he thinks it will help the situation. Politics has, after all, been called the art of saying "Nice doggy" while looking for a rock.

This kind angel has been serving Jean for centuries, helping where it was needed. He's never yet had one of those *spectacular* successes that garners distinctions, but it's probably just a matter of time. Hopefully, when he happens upon a situation like that, he'll be able to handle it. If not . . . well, he's *not* stupid: he'll call for help, if he can.

SHIPHI HARHAIAB ABDEEL GAZEZ ELAM

Kyriotate Vassal of Lightning in service to Laurence

"What was that?" asked the young Impudite, coddling his tender forehead with one hand, the other on the wheel of their small Honda.

"One of Jean's Vaporsh, obviously. Shtep on it," replied the Balseraph in the passenger's seat. From the look of it, his face had taken quite a beating.

The car radio crackled to life. "What I'm wondering," spoke the radio, "is when you're letting those kids out of the car."

The Balseraph tried to turn to face the children in the back seat, but found his unused seatbelt suddenly wrapping around his neck with a hideous strength. The Impudite squealed as his hands were wrenched about by the steering wheel and the car skidded to a halt. As the demons struggled with their entangling seatbelts, the rear doors opened. The captives took off running.

The car roared to life and lurched forward. "Now, my little demons, time for a short joy ride . . ."

Meanwhile, the frightened children were comforted by a priest who was waiting nearby.

He looked at the retreating vehicle. "Thank you, Shiphi," he whispered.

Corporeal Forces - 5	Strength 12	Agility 8
Ethereal Forces - 3	Intelligence 6	Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 3	Will 8	Perception 4

Skills: Computer Operation/4, Detect Lies/3, Dodge/4, Electronics/3, Engineering/4, Fighting/5, Large Weapon/3 (Club), Move Silently/2, Small Weapon/3 (Knife), Tracking/5, Knowledge/2 (Photography)

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/4, Celestial/3), Motion (Ethereal/4), Machines (Corporeal/4)

Attunements: Kyriotate of Lightning, Remote Control, Vassal of Lightning

*Shiphi - a multitude
Harhaiab - anger of the lord
Abdeel - a cloud of God
Gazez - a passing over
Elam - a secret*

Shiphi has been hunting down diabolicals for some time now, preferring to possess objects rather than living hosts. Demons find it unnerving that an inanimate object might spring to life and attack them. Even their own clothes. Even their own weapons.

With Remote Control, his resonance, and the Ethereal Song of Motion, Shiphi is a powerful force, barraging his foes from all sides. Although he prefers to operate alone, he is often instructed to work within a group. Communicating with him can be disorienting, since he likes to possess TVs or radios for conversation. Aside from demon-stalking, his hobbies include radio and VCR repair, fixing cars, and photography.

Before being placed in Laurence's service, Shiphi was responsible for Tether-defense in areas near Vapulan strongholds.

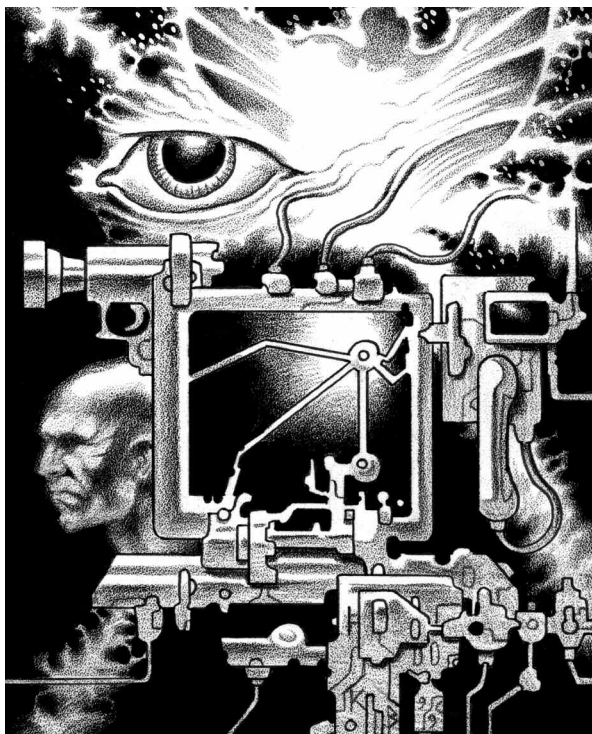
This job was interesting at first, but

Shiphi quickly became bored with waiting around for danger to approach his guard-posts. So he started helping out angels on the sly. Serendipitously, this once resulted in the foiling of a Vapulan plot against the Lightning-Tether, gaining the Kyriotate his distinction.

Eventually, after Shiphi invited several Sword-Servitors to hide out in the low-profile Tether he was supposed to be helping to *conceal*, Jean decided the Domination needed a dose of adventure. Either the Kyriotate would get tired of seeking it out, or he'd be transferred into Laurence's service entirely.

Laurence is hoping that he can persuade Jean to transfer Shiphi with all his Lightning attunements and distinction. Jean is concerned that the enthusiastic angel would use Lightning-acquired knowledge, and inadvertently let something leak. Shiphi is just having a ball.

If PCs are in trouble, Shiphi can show up as the cavalry, but since his abilities *are* so powerful, he's constantly on the move, shuttling from one Sword-assignment to another. He particularly likes taking on demons on his own - where there's no one to complain that he's going over the top.



SERVITORS OF JORDI



CRUTHRIEL

Kyriotate of Animals

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

Skills: Fighting/3, Move Silently/1, Tracking/2

Songs: Acid/2, Healing (Corporeal/1), Tongues (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/1)

Attunements: Call of the Wild, Kyriotate of Animals, Seraph of Animals, Cherub of Animals, Ofanite of Animals

Most Servitors of the Archangel Jordi are not fond of humans and their cities. Cruthriel is an exception. A Kyriotate, Cruthriel inhabits the swarms of rats, pigeons, roaches, and mice that thrive in human-built surroundings. Cruthriel is a big-city angel and makes no apologies for it.

As with many Kyriotates, Cruthriel's favorite hosts are pigeons. It is a source of great joy for the Domination to possess a flock, fluttering about the glass and steel canyons of downtown. Roaches are another favorite, especially when their numbers soar in summertime. When controlling roaches, Cruthriel's consciousness can spread throughout an entire metropolis, and no event goes unseen by tiny eyes in the shadows.

Archangel Jordi has assigned the Domination to look after the welfare of urban creatures, figuring that such a strange Servitor might as well be put to use. Cruthriel works hard at this assignment. Boys tormenting stray cats may suddenly find themselves beset by hundreds of flies. Building owners who put out poisoned grain for pigeons discover their properties invaded by roaches.

But though Cruthriel's primary work is fun and rewarding, the Kyriotate's real passion is snooping. With a dozen eyes spread out across town, Cruthriel is a one-angel surveillance network. If there's someone or something to be found, it won't stay lost long. Angels in Cruthriel's current home city can always depend on excellent intelligence reports on what the demons are up to. With its Choir Attunements, it can even solicit information from other kinds of animals besides its own insects.

And if trouble erupts, even a Calabite with an Uzi is going to have a hard time dealing with a swarm of hornets. A Kyriotate of Jordi inhabiting several hundred insects can laugh at guns, knives, and most offensive Songs. About the only things Cruthriel worries about are the Song of Thunder . . . and flamethrowers.

Perhaps it's the inevitable effect of spending so much time around mundanes, but Cruthriel has developed a rather mercenary attitude – which can sometimes be a bother to other angels. It's not that Cruthriel has ever turned down a request or failed to help anyone in need, it's just that there is always a "little something that needs doing" in return. Sometimes the payback comes right away; sometimes years go by before the Kyriotate calls in the debt. There have been some angry murmurs that Cruthriel acts like a Lilim, but nobody ever complains very loudly . . . you never know who might be listening.

Although angels of Jordi are supposed to be aloof from human society, Cruthriel skates on the fine edge of dissonance by identifying very strongly with whatever city it currently calls home. There will always be Cruthriel pigeons watching the local baseball team or perched atop local landmarks. When other servants of Jordi have objected to this behavior, Cruthriel is quick to respond that it is the *place*, rather than the *people* – humans come and go, but the city lives on.

ELIASAPH

Elobite of Animals

Again, the sun rose in the East, and again, it required no ritual to the Changing Woman, who – according to local belief – had helped to place it into the sky. It came up all by itself. That, alone, was a miracle. In celebration, Eliasaph took a deep breath as the dawn Essence settled into his soul.

He hadn't always lived in New Mexico. He lived on the Navajo reservation where the White Man had put him in 1863. In that year, he was forced to endure the Long Walk. He lived through the atrocities, he watched the disease, he observed the murderers. But he did nothing. He only watched. But he remembered. He remembered before the White Man. He remembered before any man at all walked along these dusty parched lands and teased out the few crops this desolate, desiccated land would give.

Eliasaph realized he had his first visitor of the morning. He sat down slowly, old bones creaking and snapping in his dungarees, and wiped some of the dust from his hands on the sides

of his pants. He leaned down, and proffered a hand to the small guest. The lizard, dusty brown-green and almost invisible against the hard-packed ground, crawled onto his palm.

"Good to see you again, Walks-With-Four-Legs," Eliasaph said as he sat back up, visitor carefully perched on his fingers. "I see you have come to hear more tales of your Great-Grandfather, He-Who-Is-Brown."

With the almost imperceptible bobbing of the lizard's head, the Elobite started in on his parable.

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

Vessel: Human male/2, Rattlesnake/1

Role: Native American/4, Status/1

Skills: Climbing/3, Dodge/3, Ranged Weapon/4 (Rifle), Survival/2 (Desert), Tracking/2

Songs: Harmony (Corporeal/3), Healing (Corporeal/3), Tongues (Celestial/2)

Attunements: Elohite of Animals, Call of the Wild



Every morning at dawn, Eliasaph leaves the sanctuary of his trailer on the reservation in the New Mexico desert, and watches the Sun come up over the mesas. The morning rush of Essence is a reminder of his purpose. When it ends he turns, and faces another day.

He is alone, but he is not lonely. The curious often drive long distances in their dusty automobiles, seeking out the strange old man in the desert. There are odd rumors about him, and the people come, searching for his wisdom. They listen to his curious tales of the snake, the lizard, and the salamander. They learn from the knowledge of the animals that live among the sands.

He is only happy to teach this, the most important of lessons. To Eliasaph, there is nothing that holds more meaning than the ancient, dry insight of the desert creatures. He makes sure his seekers leave with a deeper appreciation for the world they live in – and for those who inhabit it along with man. He speaks easily to all comers, sitting on a small folding chair outside the door of his trailer, and the desert lizards scamper over the toes of his scruffy work boots.

Eliasaph is an old creature who has known the desert and its ways for countless millennia. He'd be a good contact for angelic PCs who require a guide through the dry deserts of the United States, or a mentor who can give them a new look on the information they have on hand. He would make a wily antagonist for demons who cross into his territory.

SERVITORS OF LAURENCE



ZENAN

Elohite of the Sword



Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 5 Perception 7

Vessel: Human female/2, Charisma -1

Role: "Mary Ariksen," Student/2, Status/2

Skills: Acrobatics/1, Climbing/1, Detect Lies/1, Dodge/3, Fighting/1, Knowledge (Agriculture/1, American History/1), Large Weapon/4 (Sword), Lying/3, Move Silently/2, Small Weapon/1 (Knife), Tactics/3, Tracking/3

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/2), Shields (Ethereal/3)

Attunements: Elohite of the Sword

Zenan is not the most happy of Elohim. It was assigned to a small town in what later became the state of Maine, and – over a period of *years* – thoroughly tricked by a pair of Habbalah of Malphas. (The demonic ploy involved a "hysterical mother" who believed her child was a

changeling. She was right, but not even Zenan believed her.) At the end, its vessel (a farmer) was killed, and it was placed in a Trauma that lasted for many years.

Upon awakening, Zenan was dismayed by how horribly it had been played for a fool, and begged that it never be assigned to the corporeal realm again. This request was considered . . . and denied.

Laurence decreed that Zenan was to return to Earth and research what happened to the little town – and all its inhabitants – after the angel's corporeal death. Only when the Power had *all* the information about what its actions had wrought, good and bad alike, would Laurence reconsider allowing his Servitor to hide itself away in Heaven.

Zenan is now a history student in college, appearing as a gaunt-faced, nearly anorexic female. After being distracted by a young woman, all those years ago, Zenan fears that emotional diversions might once again mask demonic activities – or worse, cause her to remain on Earth for non-objective reasons. Some might say her request for a distinctly unattractive vessel was also subjective, but Laurence granted it.

The project is not a small one. The town was obscure, and the Elohite feels driven to find out what happened to *all* the inhabitants who might have been influenced by Zenan, or the demons who killed it. This includes mortals who were children at the time, and then their children – to see if the demons spread a taint. She hates that she must pause between semesters, but too much feverish study would be out of character. To aid in building her Role (which she hopes to pass on to another, when her quest is done), she takes overseas vacations, tracing the *mortal* influences on "her" little town.

Though Zenan is dutifully doing the research, she is still a Servitor of the Sword. If there are angels about who need help, she can be called upon – and is a member of the Society of Creative Anachronism, purely to allow her an excuse to possess a sharp-edged sword in her dorm room. (Of course, if anyone who cared about the dorm rules found her sword there, she would be evicted.) If she finds demonic activities herself . . . her faith in her abilities was badly shaken by her encounter with the two Habbalah. She will seek out backup instead of tackling them alone. If deprived of such assistance, Zenan would resort to indirect methods. She never, *ever* wants to face a demon alone again.

Despite her uncertainty, the Elohite is not as close to dissonance as she fears. She is, however, closer than a contented Power, and is therefore on the list of "angels to talk to" when Judgment triads are in town.

PALTIEL

Ofanite Vassal of the Sword

"This is one of the greatest deceits of Hell: they tell all the alchemists and scientists, the poets and the sorcerers that they can achieve the object of their desires, that the philosopher's stone can be had and that it will give them power and immortality."

"This is a lie – all the works of men and spirits, all our wisdom is but vanity and vexation of spirit. Our own efforts can not make us worthy of the Grail; it is the quest that transfigures the quester. God burns away the dross in our souls until we are burning steel, He heats and beats and quenches the iron in our hearts until He can lift us and we blaze with the light of His reflected glory."

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessel: Human Male/2

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Dodge/4, Emote/3, Knowledge (Esoterica/4, History/3), Large Weapon/6 (Sword), Savoir-Faire/3



Song: Motion (Celestial/5)

Attunements: Ofanite of Laurence, Purity of Purpose

Paltiel appears on Earth as a tall man with black hair and dark eyes, possibly of either Spanish or North African origins. He dresses conservatively but informally, and moves and speaks with an urgent intensity.

Approximately one thousand years ago, the angel Paltiel questioned his mission. He told his Archangel, Laurence, of his doubt, and was ordered to wander the Earth in quest until such time as he had found his faith once more.

He walked across the world, and wept to see all the woes and sorrows of mankind. But he hardened his heart and passed them by, for he was on quest to find out the secrets of all the hidden places in the world.

But this was to no avail – he heard no voices in the whirlwind, saw no burning bushes, found no prophet who could truly say that he knew the will of the Lord. Finally, despairing, he saw that there was no place under the sun that held the secrets he sought. Slowly and with a heavy heart, he began the long trek back to Heaven, to report his failure to Laurence.

But as he moved once more across the Earth, once more he saw all the sorrows of mankind, and this time he paused, for he knew that his quest was fruitless folly. He spent years – and then years of years – patiently laboring to bring bread to the hungry and drink to the thirsty. He gave thanks to God for the days his labor bought men, and thanked the Lord once more that he was permitted to labor for His glory, and gave no thought to the quest his Archangel had set him.

And one day he was met by Laurence, who asked him how he fared on his quest. And Paltiel, to his surprise, realized that he had achieved his object, and gave praise to the Lord for His grace and thanks to his Archangel for his wisdom. And Laurence commanded Paltiel once more, and told him that he must quest anew: now he must quest to help the sons of Adam and the daughters of Eve find the strength to give praise to God the Lord, the gracious, merciful and long-suffering.

In a bright-toned game, Paltiel is useful as an example of the standards angels are expected to live up to. But even in darker games, he is useful as a source of angst: he can make the rationalization and equivocation of the other PCs and NPCs seem empty and hypocritical.

SERVITORS OF HARC



LYSIMACHUS

Mercurian of Trade



The man in the pearl-grey suit folded one leg over the other as he leant back, and balanced his elbows on the arms of his chair. "My dear Miss Barlow . . ."

The woman opposite him regarded him thoughtfully. "Am I to hope that we can come to an agreement on this?"

He shrugged slightly, then tilted the pen between his fingers, watching her reaction to the body language. "Miss Barlow, I want only the best for both our companies. If we can implement rigorous safety standards now, we will save by it later. Best begun, best ended."

She considered a moment, then nodded, and half smiled. "You have a point, I'll admit it. With all the inspections lately, it'll ultimately be a saving. If I can get it past the other directors – and I think that I can – we can swing it." She regarded him from under lowered eyelashes. "You are sure that I can't take you out for dinner now?"

He swung himself upright in the chair, and raised an eyebrow. "My dear Julie – no gentleman allows a lady to pay for dinner. You can let me take you out for dinner, though, if you would like."

She shook her head, as she began to tuck her files away. "Very well. Just, please, a non-smoking section this time."

*Lysimachus sighed as he touched the cigarette case in his pocket. Some aspects of the 1990s were **very** annoying . . .*

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

Vessel: Human/2 (male in 30s), Charisma +2

Role: "Hector Evans," Bank Associate/4, Status/4

Skills: Dodge/1, Driving/1, Emote/2, Fast-Talk/2, Large Weapon/1 (Sword), Savoir-Faire/2

Songs: Tongues (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/1, Celestial/1)

Attunements: Malakite of Trade, Mercurian of Trade

Lysimachus is a Servitor of Trade recently out of Trauma, last on Earth in the 1920s (before an unpleasant incident with some Servitors of Belial). At the time, he was part of a group of Servitors assigned to promote reliable safety practices and ethical trading in the business community. Now that he has recovered from Trauma, he has returned to his duties. His Role specializes in arranging mergers, and he takes care to ensure that all deals are done ethically, and that suitable safety measures for the workers are in place.

Lysimachus' current problem is that while his manners are perfect – too perfect, even – he's a little out of touch. He is not prejudiced against women – he merely thinks it only proper that he should hold the door for them, buy them dinner, and so on. As for smoking, he is having severe difficulties adjusting to the fact that it is no longer fashionable in the way it used to be. He isn't addicted to tobacco – he's just used to having a cigarette to gesture with. And as for the decline in modern cars, compared to a classic Bentley . . .

The Mercurian is still a very effective worker. His manners, though old-fashioned, appeal to older businessmen. Younger ones also find him easy to deal with – he seems so friendly. He lays more emphasis on business ethics and adherence to the law than other Servitors of Trade often do, which can make him an enemy to humans or demons – or even other angels. If direct action seems appropriate, he'd rather hand the situation over to more combative angels. Lysimachus avoids personal combat where possible, knowing his own strengths and weaknesses – besides, swordcanes are sadly out of fashion these days . . .

JEATERAI

Seraph Friend of Trade

The tall form – resplendent in perfectly pressed, black silk suit – stood on the far side of the old oak desk. As she settled into the leather chair and placed her briefcase on the floor, she said with clear certainty, “The manuscript you hold in your hands is utter tripe.”

The editor shook his head, and slammed the heavily bound pages down on the polished hardwood. “He’s one of our best-selling novelists.”

“Trash,” the woman said, as if she were not insulting a man’s work but simply commenting on the state of the weather. “Garbage. Witless ramblings. Its true value is far less than that you will end up paying. Imagine stacks of books moldering away in the warehouse,” she said, her words carrying the weight of inevitable truth.

“We’ve published four of his novels, each to great success,” the editor said, emphatically.

“And the fifth is not necessarily a charm. It may just be the last one you ever publish in your career. I have one here,” the

tall woman replied, gesturing with a slight movement of her body toward her briefcase on the floor, “which, I can certainly guarantee, is worth your while. It’s written by a relative unknown, but I believe you’ll be pleased, if you’ll just take a moment . . .”

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

Vessel: Human female/2, Charisma +1

Role: “Katrina Odell,” Literary Agent/4, Status/3

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Fast-Talk/2, Savoir-Faire/4

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

Attunements: Seraph of Trade, Elohite of Trade, Divine Contract, Friend of the Shareholders

It’s difficult for a young, talented author to get a break. Most publishers would rather rely on a known writer than take a chance on a relative unknown. More often than not, the agents who represent more demanding clients can sweet talk their way to publication first, leaving the new talent forgotten in a drift of paper. Buried on someone’s desk, or into the circular file goes the next *The Sun Also Rises* or the next *Grapes of Wrath*, neglected in favor of another bland, forgettable bestseller. But Jeaterai can tell when she has something worth selling, and she’s going to make sure that her talented client gets what the manuscript is worth.

All it takes is the right representation, and Jeaterai is often the woman, or the Seraph, for the job. In a sea of sharks, she’s the dolphin who easily navigates the difficult waters of business. She knows the worth of the book she holds in her hands, and she’s going to make sure that she gets every cent. She carefully reads her clients’ contracts, checking for loopholes and escape clauses. She protects their interests, and she gets them started in the right direction. Occasionally, it just needs a little push, and one sparkling career can burst onto the scene, changing literature – and possibly the world – forever, and for the better.

Jeaterai makes a good superior for younger angels who are new to her city, an experienced source of information about the local area or an older foe for new demons. She can also be used as a fixer: an angel who gets equipment or supplies from reputable sources for Heaven’s cause.



SERVITORS OF MICHAEL



AJAXIAS

Seraph of War

AJ stepped over the gurgling Calabite and slammed another clip into his .44, glowering at the Malakite of the Sword behind him. "I know the truth hurts, but it's called 'a cover of suppressing fire,' Buddy-boy! Learn it, live it, love it, or we'll all be grease spots!"

The Seraph bounded ahead; the Malakite checked his own gun and looked for more demons. Still, he was wondering if a little Trauma might not improve AJ's attitude . . .

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 7 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 3 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 6 Perception 6

Vessel: Human male/3, Charisma -1

Role: "AJ Wheeler," Survivalist gun shop owner/2, Status/2

Skills: Dodge/1, Driving/1, Fighting/1, Move Silently/1, Ranged Weapon/4 (Pistol), Small Weapon/3 (Knife), Tactics/3

Songs: Motion (Celestial/4), Shields (Corporeal/4)

Attunements: Seraph of War, Ofanite of War

Ajaxias – or AJ to his (few) friends – is everything Michael looks for in a recruit: tough, fearless, and 100% dedicated. Unfortunately, he's a lot of things that other angels *don't* look for in a companion: obstinate, conceited, rude, and unsubtle.

He's usually found on the front line of a battle, barking orders at people who didn't know they were his subordinates. He's fond of macho aphorisms like "My way or the highway," "No guts, no glory," and "Drop and give me twenty." On the average, it takes him two minutes and five seconds to rub angels the wrong way.

His Superior tries to downplay his little social wrinkles by moving him around a lot, usually to groups that need some backup for a tough mission. Unfortunately, AJ can't hide either his assumption that he's in charge when the bullets start flying, or his automatic disdain for those who don't measure up to his (heavily biased) standards of excellence. AJ himself, of course, is the best thing to happen to demon-slaying since hollowpoint ammo. Just ask him.

He's an angel, but he's also a real jerk.

Furthermore, he's not as good as he thinks he is – though he can gun down demons like God's Own Assault Rifle, his plans inevitably boil down to "Walk in and shoot them." He has, from time to time, even wounded angels or Soldiers of God who didn't duck fast enough when the lead started flying. So far, he's not killed anyone he shouldn't, or sent them back to Heaven the fast and Traumatic way . . . but nobody who knows him will be surprised when it happens.

With great patience and endurance, AJ can be persuaded to see the Truth in others' words. But it's always a trial, and many people just give up and plan around him. He makes a great diversion . . .

He can be assigned to help (AJ reads this as: "take temporary command of") any group of angels as backup, or to supervise any mission Michael wants to keep an eye on. He can also be used to introduce in-character tension – he's obnoxious, but angels can't just cut him into little bits without repercussions, and he *is* useful when it gets down and dirty. He's especially likely to antagonize any "trench-coated loners" who refuse to take orders.

AJ's relationship with demonic characters is even simpler: he tries to kill them, as quickly as possible. Fortunately, he's not as good with tactical assaults as he could wish – but he can certainly be blessed annoying.

AHDID

Mercurian of War

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

Vessel: Human female/3, Charisma +2

Role: "Roberta Brosseau," Lawyer/6, Status/4

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Fast-Talk/5, Lying/2, Savoir-Faire/1

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/4, Celestial/5), Harmony (Ethereal/6)

Servant: Joshua Hammond, Human (Class/5, Level/2)

Attunements: Mercurian of War

To most people, Roberta Brosseau is a hell of a lawyer. A select few know that she's really Ahdid, a Mercurian – and a hell of a lawyer. As Brosseau, Ahdid prosecutes for the Lord. Long ago, she saw that while her compatriots fought the good fight, there were nonviolent – at least, physically nonviolent – paths she could take. After extensive study of the laws of humanity, Ahdid took her first case. She lost pretty badly. The second case went a bit better, and Ahdid only barely lost. Since then, she's won nearly every case she's taken. Mostly, she's a good lawyer, but she's also an excellent judge of winnable cases. Her record is good, her law firm is prosperous, and the war is being fought in an totally different manner than Michael usually prefers. (Still, other War-angels are often leery of one of their own in a Role that "those Dominican hyenas" are often found in.)

Ahdid's forte is prosecuting corporations. She'll take class action suits, environmental suits, and liability cases. Most of the time, her clients are ordinary people who would normally waste away into obscurity in the face of corporate lawyers, unable to afford an attorney (Brosseau takes a percentage of all settlements, of course). She's not so crass as to have television ads screaming about personal injury; Instead, she prefers an understated newspaper advertisement for her services. Most of her clients find her after a referral from a fellow celestial. Occasionally Ahdid takes cases with money-grubbing, unpleasant clients. She's a lot less picky when infernals are somehow involved with the target of her litigation; Though human evils are good fights, demons must be fought to the bloody, legal end – whether they were innocent of what they're accused of or not.

Ahdid is not a solo operator. As Brosseau, she's one of two partners behind Brosseau and Hammond. Along with a staff of paralegals and administrative assistants, they drive the success of the firm, though Joshua Hammond is the only other member who has a clue about what really motivates their cases. Ahdid hooked up with Joshua just

after law school. While he's hardly a saint, Hammond is a decent fellow who understands the gravity of the celestial war. On top of that, things have become a lot more exciting since he was let in on the bigger picture. Joshua considers Ahdid a good friend for whom he'd sacrifice a lot. Only time will tell if extended exposure to the grittier aspects of the War will blunt that friendship.



As a Friend of Man and a fan of humanity in general, Ahdid tries to solve problems by putting a human face on the situation. Most of the time, this means showing the defendants and the jury that her clients are real people. Ahdid doesn't like being overly manipulative when she does this, but if she absolutely must bring out the pictures of bald, sickly children, she will. On rare occasions, she'll hook up with other celestials to put some public pressure on a company, or to oppose bad publicity kicked out by servants of Nybbas. In a few special cases, Ahdid has won her point by reminding the *defendants* of their humanity. These are cherished victories, recorded in seemingly random mementos strewn across her otherwise neat desk.

In the courtroom, Ahdid is tenacious and aggressive – but if the judge orders her to sit down, she does. It is, after all, an order and not a cowardly retreat.

NAPHTALI

Cherub of War

The street was gray and wet with rain. Water ran down the gutters to swirl and eddy around the leaf-blocked drains. Thin drops slashed through the air like needles, making the passers-by lower their heads and struggle against the driving wind. A man plodded down the left side of the street, attaché case swinging from his hand, his trenchcoat whipping round his legs.

The dark green car came round the corner too fast, spraying a fan of water as it swung through a puddle, and the woman at the wheel cursed as the water slopped across her windscreen.

The man in the trenchcoat turned to cross the road, barely glancing to left or right as the rain drove into his face.

There was a blurring movement of speed, of violence, and he blinked as he landed on his rear; the feel of someone else's fingers still imprinted in his shoulder. The dark green car passed in front of him like an image from a nightmare, going right through the space where he would have been.

Naphtali kept on walking till he was a good fifty yards away from the man – now surrounded by a helpful crowd – and had an excuse to pause and pretend to look in a shop window. It could be worse, he consoled himself. At least this one is only absent-minded. At least he doesn't have a terrorist squad after him . . .

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 5 Perception 7

Vessel: Human male/2 (Nondescript, in his 30s)

Role: "Norman Miles," Private Detective/3, Status/2

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Dodge/1, Driving/2, Fighting/2 (Brawling), Lockpicking/1, Lying/2, Move Silently/4, Ranged Weapon/2 (Rifle), Small Weapon/2 (Knife)

Songs: Form (Ethereal/2, Celestial/2), Healing (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/1, Celestial/1), Possession/2

Attunements: Cherub of War, Ofanite of War

In military structures, there are people who end up with small jobs, unimportant jobs, yet jobs which are linchpins to major operations. A low-level clerk may be vital to a major weapons deal, or a minor cypher operator can be crucial to an entire code-breaking operation. Someone has to look after these people.

That someone is Naphtali. Unremarkable, unobtrusive, a gray and forgettable man, he wanders after his current attuned and protects them from harm. Guided by his attunements and his gut feelings, he keeps them safe

from dangers accidental and deliberate – until the major operation is over. At that point, usually, the target in question becomes unimportant again, and Naphtali is assigned to someone else.

Given that his attuned subjects are often from military or secret services, Naphtali has become expert in following them unobtrusively. It's hard for him to do his job if he's in jail for suspected espionage. He gets to know their routines, follows them to and from work, and hangs around their place of work if possible (sometimes getting a job as a temporary computer operator). He follows them *particularly* closely on days when his Cherub of War attunement tells him that they might otherwise die, using Ethereal Form and Lockpicking to get into classified areas.



Personally, Naphtali has made a *career* out of being gray, bland, and unobtrusive. Even with other celestials, he has lost the habit of casual conversation, and only speaks when it is absolutely necessary. The people that he protects may seem unimportant to him, or to others, but he trusts Michael's judgment. It is rare for demons to take a direct interest in his targets, and he has grown lazy about watching for this . . .

SERVITORS OF NOVALIS



MESSICA

Kyriotate of Flowers

She curled up beside Hanna, purring softly as she raised a lazy eyelid to watch Buster and Katarin chase each other across the room. She yawned, licked a paw lazily, and glared resentfully at old Helmut Kohl, who roosted his plump carcass in the one sunny windowsill in the room.

From a second set of eyes, she watched with concern as Araphiel stumbled down the narrow street, still blocks away, blood running down one limp arm. She sighed, inwardly, and got up from Hanna's side to warn Ana that company was coming . . . and to have the gauze handy.

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 2 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 10 Perception 6
Skills: Acrobatics/3, Fast-Talk/3, Move Silently/4, Survival/3 (Urban), Tracking/5
Songs: Tongues (Corporeal/5), Form (Corporeal/3), Healing (Corporeal/3, Celestial/3)
Servant: Ana Bryzneski (p. 102), Class/4, Level/2
Attunements: Kyriotate of Flowers

When Messica left Jordi's service, it was to the intense relief of both parties. Though she'd thought Animals a good Word when she was a reliever, Messica never felt quite at home with Jordi's intense wildness, while Jordi never understood Messica's desire for comfort and protection. With Novalis, Messica has found her niche. The Domination hadn't thought of any particular Archangel she might have preferred, but with Novalis she found a service she could truly understand. In small ways, one life at a time, she set to work improving the lives of a pet here and there . . . and that of the pet's owners as well.

In the 300 years of her service to Novalis, she's been a quiet, happy, but perpetually busy servant. She did her part in the spread of Humane Societies and SPCAs across the modern world. She's helped veterinarians stay on the right track in diagnosing and curing animal diseases. More usually, though, she's been a protector and occasional defender, providing support and safe haven for angels on assignment.

For the past 50 or so years, Messica has served the Word of Protection almost as much as Flowers. The little Kyriotate who once left to seek security now spends much of her time providing it to others, especially angels on assignment near her. Through cat's eyes she watches for danger, gathering information and relaying it to those who rely on her services. Most important to her, though, are the tiny islands of peace and security she works to defend, one home at a time, one pet at a time.

Messica currently divides her Forces as needed between Ana Bryzneski and her seventeen well-fed cats. The cats are all contented and arrogant; Ana is an opinionated and fiery immigrant from Poland.

The first time Messica possessed the woman, in order to see if all her cats were truly well cared for, the Kyriotate discovered that Ana had the potential for a 6th Force – and that the cats were plump and happy. After going through the files and clippings of Ana's various crusades, Messica decided that this human wasn't just a potential Soldier, she was a potential *partner* in the War. Convincing Ana wasn't easy, though; eventually, the Domination just invoked Novalis and hoped for the best. The best happened, and Messica got her partner.

The Kyriotate's possessions have added to Ana's already entrenched reputation of senility. One day she offers cookies and punch to children after school; the next she chases them off her lawn. The strangest sort of people go in and out of her house, day or night.

And strangest of all, there is always that one cat atop the fence post, watching, watching . . .

BLASTUS

Cherub Vassal of Flowers

A dark, smoky bar filled with motorcycle gangs, after-hours roughnecks, and off-duty sailors. In the midst of the noise, smoke, and motion, there's the sound of breaking glass. Two men jumped up over spilled beer, fists clenched, shouting into each other's faces with alcohol-laden breath, "Throw away my beer, willya? You wanna fight? You'll get a fight, you . . ."

A ham-sized fist grasped the collars of each of the men. Both of them looked up and up, going slack-jawed at the immensity of the black man in studded motorcycle leathers, who was holding them like puppies. An earth-deep voice drawled, "Y'all don' wanna fight here." He gave both of them a small shake. "Do you."

Both men blanched at the question and shook their heads.

"Good. Then I'll getcha another drink ta make up the one y'all . . . accidentally spilled. Sad waste, that." New beers appeared to replace the spilled and the giant's brown paw swallowed each man's hand, "Hey, m'name's Bubbha. Glad ta meetcha."

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

Vessels: Human male/5 (Big, brawny, black), Charisma +1; Dog/2 (Rottweiler)

Role: "Bubbha," Bouncer/4, Status/2

Skills: Acrobatics/4, Driving/4, Fast-Talk/5, Knowledge/3 (Bartending), Seduction/4

Songs: Harmony (Ethereal/5, Celestial/3), Motion (Ethereal/5, Celestial/4), Shields (Corporeal/5), Tongues (Corporeal/5)

Attunements: Cherub of Flowers, Vassal of Flowers

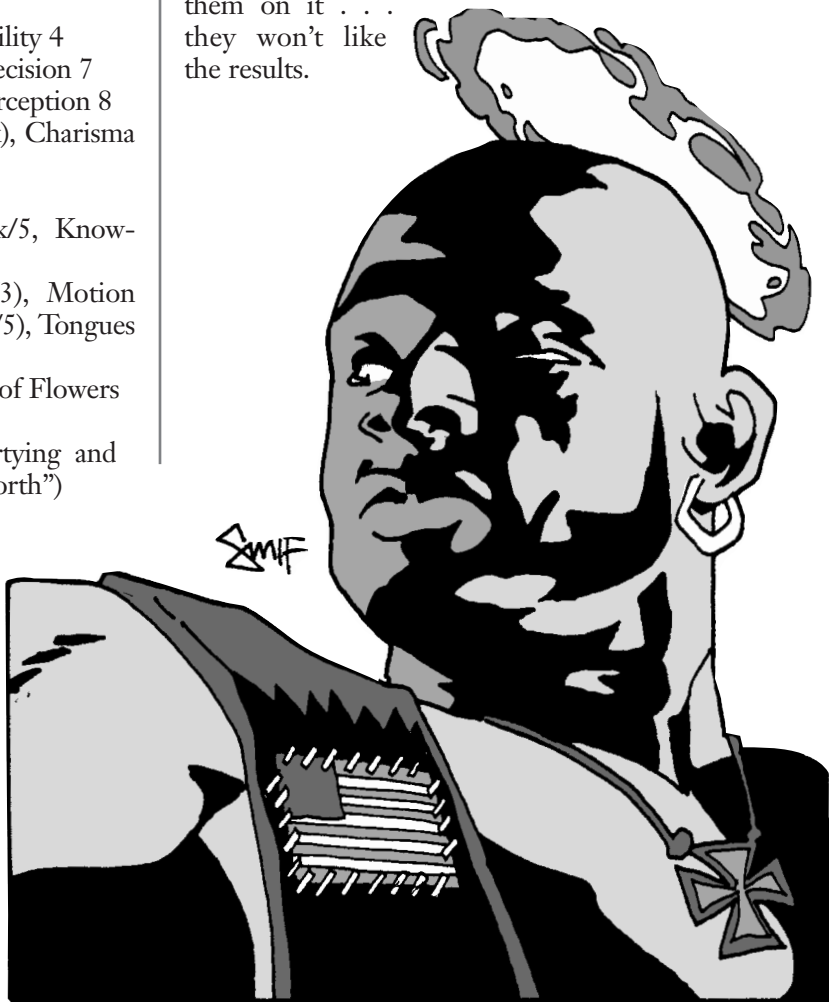
Wherever you find warriors at rest, partying and boozing it up, Blastus ("that buds or brings forth") will be there. He's been there since wine was first pressed . . .

He's big, affable, and crafty enough to do what's necessary to keep the peace in his bar. He'll use intimidation if he must, though he prefers to fast-talk folks out of actually fighting and into a non-violent adrenaline rush – like motorcycle racing or bungee jumping, say – or simply act as a mediator. When it actually gets to something down and dirty, he can get the key item away from the fighters using either of his Songs of Motion, or to get his charge safely through the mayhem without confrontation.

He's fun-loving and willing to mix it up in any kind of bar party. He earned his Vassal distinction (indirectly) for rescuing six of Michael's angels from a Lust Tether they'd been scouting out. The War Servitors had been drugged, and were sitting ducks when Blastus showed up. The peaceful Cherub got the party going louder, and slipped the angels out the doors one by one, beneath the Seneschal's distracted nose. Michael admired Blastus' tactical capabilities enough to offer the Cherub a job. Blastus politely declined – and then added, "Well, sir, when I have to use the talents and strengths *your* folks have, I've already failed."

The old Seraph wasn't entirely pleased with the Truth that gave him, but respected it. Novalis gave Blastus his distinction for saying that to Michael's face.

In his Role as "Bubbha," the Cherub makes his living as a bouncer. He has an incredibly good record for low property damage. He can be met in any bar that PCs might frequent, and he's there to keep the peace, no matter what. He'll cheerfully party with demons, but if they get destructive and don't shape up after he calls them on it . . . they won't like the results.



KYOKO

Malakite Master of Flowers

The garden balanced between discipline and grace, mirroring the woman who cared for it. She knelt before the tiny, dark pool, meditating as she watched the metallic flash of goldfish.

AJ saw none of the surrounding beauty. He strode roughly over the path, focused on his mission. This woman was the only Virtue in the area, and he needed back-up. He figured "Malakite of Flowers" was an oxymoron, but at least she was distincted.

She seemed not to notice his approach. "Kyoko?" he grumbled, trying to get her attention.

"Are you here about the Liar who has entered this town?" she asked, still not facing him.

AJ decided to be more impressed with her. "Yes. He needs to go down."

"And what is your plan?"

"The usual. Go to his house, beat the crap out of him and dispatch him to Hell."

She rose from the ground in one graceful move and faced her visitor. "What are his defenses? Whom will he call upon for help? What is the layout of his house? Are you sure he is irredeemable?"

The Seraph was silent. Finally, he grumbled, "I know his address."



Kyoko shook her head. "You have no discipline." She pointed at a small, shaggy plant. "You are like this young bonsai – so much potential, but impatient with the proper form of life."

He took a step back, startled, as she snapped open two gleaming, metallic fans, seeming to pull them from thin air. With a flick of her wrists, the fans sliced through some errant branches, which fluttered to the ground.

Kyoko favored her astonished visitor with a faint smile. "Take care that you do not require the same treatment."

Corporeal Forces – 4 Strength 7 Agility 9

Ethereal Forces – 6 Intelligence 12 Precision 12

Celestial Forces – 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessel: Human female/3 (Japanese, appearing 30-60)

Role: Landscape Artist/4, Status/4

Skills: Artistry (Japanese Gardening/3, Ikebani/3), Fighting/6, Meditation/5, Move Silently/3, Small Weapon/3 (Fans), Tactics/4, Ranged Weapon/5 (Fans)

Songs: Healing (3/all), Motion (Corporeal/4, Celestial/2)

Artifacts: Two metallic fans, containing the Song of Light (All/6) and the Summonable Feature.

Attunements: Malakite of Flowers, EloHITE of Flowers, Master of Peace, Nothing but Flowers

Malakite Oaths: (i) Never suffer an evil to live when it's her choice. (ii) Never surrender or allow herself to be captured by the armies of Lucifer. (iii) Never enter a fight in anger. (iv) Never harm an innocent.

Kyoko is a rarity: a Malakite of Flowers. She is a long-time student of nature, and favors the disciplined but tranquil style of a Japanese garden. She considers such order and beauty to be an echo of the Symphony, and a sign of God's hand at work on Earth.

She sees evil as a sickness in God's garden, and she prunes it away without compunction. However, unlike many Malakim, she is not willing to uproot a tree simply to remove a dead branch. Kyoko strikes with precision, causing maximum damage with minimum bloodshed and disruption. She will not attack if innocent bystanders might become involved, but she is very good at manipulating circumstances so that her targets have no one to hide behind.

Over the years, she has developed her own style of martial arts, mainly based in Tai Chi, and uses metallic fans as weapons. Her current pair were a gift from a fellow Virtue of Creation.

Kyoko could be assigned as a mentor for inexperienced angels, particularly those who don't look before they leap. She is also highly involved with community service – which helps her destroy evils in a different way – and is a good source of local information. As she goes about her volunteer work, she is quite likely to notice the effects of demons in the area.

SERVITORS OF YVES



CONTRAIIAL

Elobite of Destiny



"So this is where Lucifer Fell. Or was he Pushed?" Contraiial said, as it stared at Lucifer's Cathedral of Light.

"It's generally agreed that Lucifer was responsible for his own Fall," replied the Seraph Inquisitor, who was keeping an eye on the newly redeemed angel. *"So no, he wasn't Pushed."*

"As the Archangel of Light, Lucifer was Word-bound to illuminate the mysteries of the Symphony. And the biggest mystery the angels were ever presented with was the question of why God believed humans, a species capable of indiscriminate lying and killing, were so very valuable. I wonder if, when God called an end to experimentation on humans after the Eden fiasco, Lucifer didn't decide that the only way to do his duty was to experiment on angels? And I wonder if God didn't anticipate that, when She gave Lucifer the Word of Light?"

The Seraph shook its wings uneasily. "This is a dangerous line of speculation. I would truly hate to see you become a 'yo-yo.'"

"Well, so would I. I doubt that Kronos would be overjoyed to see me again."

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5

Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 10 Precision 6

Celestial Forces - 3 Will 6 Perception 6

Vessels: Human male/2 (teenager); Human male/1 (old man)

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/2, Fast-Talk/4, Knowledge (Archive Layout/4, Library Layout/2, History of Pre-Fall Heaven/2), Lying/1

Songs: Harmony (Ethereal/3), Shields (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/2), Tongues (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: none (he has not yet earned his Choir Attunement)

Until its recent Redemption (due to one of those backlashes of Emptiness), Contraiial was a Habbalite Knight of Fate. As a Habbalite, Contraiial believed that Lucifer, the "Archangel" of Light, must be deliberately serving God's will by illuminating the difference between Good and Evil. Though no longer certain of this, Contraiial still believes there must be more to the Fall than meets the eye.

The Seraph of Judgment monitoring Contraiial's re-education as an angel fears its unorthodox opinions about Lucifer are a sign of potential backsliding. But Yves has instructed Contraiial to interview angels who have experienced Infernal Interventions, and study early documents in the Library from before Lucifer's Fall, in order to learn all it can about Lucifer. Yves has also mused out loud about the implications of special-purpose Words, such as "Lucifer's Destiny." Contraiial has taken this as a hint.

The vessel Contraiial had when he was a demon was that of an elderly man. That vessel was badly damaged by one of Asmodeus's Soldiers when the Habbalite defected to Heaven. Yves gave Contraiial a new, much younger-looking body and Contraiial is still trying to update his speech and mannerisms to fit a teenager. Oddly enough, the vessel Yves supplied has red hair, and features that some angels think bear a strong resemblance to those of Nybbas.

Contraiial is designed to encourage philosophical discussions about underlying metaphysical issues of the universe. He can show up days or weeks after angelic characters have been hit with an Infernal Intervention, and ask, "Why do you think that happened?" He may also be able to confuse any demons fool enough to talk to him – Contraiial is *not* likely to Fall again.

BILGAH

Malakite of Destiny

The secretary looked down at her appointment book, and crossed off Mrs. Thompson with a yellow highlighter. Mrs. Thompson was now sitting on the couch on the other side of the room, thumbing through a three-month-old copy of an entertainment magazine.

Bilgah smiled at the patient, nodded her head, and invoked her resonance. As the woman smiled back and started to make friendly chatter, the Malakite winced, inwardly. No wonder Mrs. Thompson was unconsciously wringing her hands. She was likely feeling guilty about a few things she did the past week, including not paying enough attention to her son . . . again. Any minute now she would need to get up to go wash her hands – oh, there she went.

Bilgah sighed, and made a little note to pass to Dr. Weisman before Mrs. Thompson's weekly session, so he'd know just what she needed to talk about. At this rate, Mrs. Thompson was going to need more than a little friendly prodding if she wanted to get into Heaven.



Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 7 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 7 Perception 9

Vessel: Human female/2

Role: "Belinda Connor," Secretary/6, Status/3

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Emote/2, Fighting/2, Knowledge/3 (Psychology)

Songs: Harmony (Corporeal/3), Healing (Corporeal/3, Celestial/3)

Attunements: Malakite of Destiny, Divine Logic

Malakite Oaths: (i) Never suffer an evil to live if it's her choice. (ii) Never surrender or allow herself to be captured by the armies of Lucifer. (iii) Always tell a victim what crimes they are being punished for. (iv) Read, write, or collect at least one book on psychology once a month.

Bilgah believes in a hands-off approach in dealing with mankind. While other angels might favor wading in, fists flying, her firm ideology mandates that she work at a tangent, unless it is *absolutely* necessary that she directly confront a problem.

Bilgah sustains a strong Role as a receptionist in a psychologist's private office. Here, she manages the appointment book, deals with the medical files, maintains the billing, and codes the patients into the computer. This allows her easy access to all manner of people who need a little push in the right direction: depressive cases, obsessive compulsives, couples in need of marriage counseling, and a host of minor neurotics. She doesn't hide her desk behind a curtain of glass or a wall. She keeps it out in the open where she can easily engage in conversation with the patients, offer them a bit of advice from time to time, and resonate on them without hindrance. In keeping with her Role, the psychologist she works for is completely unaware of her angelic presence. Dr. Edmund Weisman is neither Soldier, nor Saint, nor celestial. He's only a man who happens to have a guardian Malakite in the reception area, who helps him become the best psychologist he possibly can be.

Bilgah is a useful contact for angelic characters who find themselves working with and around human beings. She has contact with many who need help in their own fashion on a weekly, and sometimes daily, basis – and so she may be in touch with the very human the angels are seeking. But if a demon crosses her path, or threatens the destiny of one of the humans she watches over, she will roll up her sleeves, bring out the swords and guns, and wade in with fists flying – without her charges ever knowing.

MINOR SUPERIOR: LITHEROY



ITHRAN

Malakite of Revelation

"My name and allegiance are classified."

"Humph. Well, I know why you're here, mister. You wanna talk about them little gray fellas, don't ya?"

The stranger did not reply. Instead, he appeared to be scrutinizing the old farmer, who shifted uncomfortably.

"Yes. To talk," came the eventual reply. "About your . . . recent abduction experience."

Corporeal Forces - 4	Strength 9	Agility 7
Ethereal Forces - 2	Intelligence 3	Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 3	Will 6	Perception 6

Vessel: Human male/3

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Driving/1, Move Silently/2, Fighting/3, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Tracking/2

Songs: Light (Celestial/3)

Attunements: Malakite of Revelation, Sense of Significance

Malakite Oaths: (i) Never suffer an evil to live if it's his choice. (ii) Never surrender or allow himself to be captured by Hell's armies. (iii) Recover enemy artifacts. (iv) Hunt and destroy demons and ethereals in the guise of extraterrestrials.

Ithran is tasked with hunting down agents of Hell masquerading as extraterrestrials. Demons, like angels, are to keep their existence a secret from humanity; some minions of Vapula have found that, by impersonating aliens, they can fulfil their nefarious tasks with relative ease.

Humans accept – and sometimes welcome – the existence of little gray men, where they scoff at little red ones.

Ithran takes a particular interest "alien abductees." If they're telling the truth, these people may have been singled out as long-term test subjects. It has not been unheard of for Servitors of Technology to implant strange devices within humans, and monitor their progress. Ithran's solution to this is simple. If the human is worthy, he will do everything he can to help them (such as bringing in Jeanites to remove implanted devices). His approach is less amiable with the dishonorable.

Ithran is irked by the irony in his work. The mysterious way he approaches people has contributed greatly to UFO conspiracy theories, especially ones concerning the government. Revealing his name or loyalties would, as he puts it, "constitute a security risk." If pushed, he claims he serves "a higher authority." This skirts the edge of Litheroy's displeasure, but so far, Ithran's results have protected him from his Archangel's Seraphic wrath.

When he first arrived on Earth in the early 1950s, Ithran had no idea how much paranoia he would eventually spread. He didn't start the "Men in Black" tales all by himself, but he's not innocent, either. His best attempts at weeding out evil influence often pose more questions than answers, and this worries him deeply. He can state that "there are no aliens" (at least to *his* knowledge!), but he cannot reveal the real culprits. His need to avoid untruths often taxes his conversational skills and he sometimes finds himself spinning off at bizarre tangents during interviews. This has led many of those he's spoken with to conclude that he's downright *weird*.

Ithran's pondered upon better approaches but hasn't yet come up with alternatives. Being denied a Role means that his options are limited, and he'd welcome suggestions. As it is, he believes his discomfort is a small price to pay to keep celestial affairs quiet.

The brightest possible future for Ithran would see him transferring to the service of the Sword. Here, he could develop a Role (such as "civilian UFO investigator") that could let him perform his job without the constant fear of dissonance.

Since he doesn't have the cover of a Role, some Vapulans are starting to suspect that there's someone after them who isn't human. If Ithran's not careful, he may one day be led into a trap of superior numbers – with Force-rendering weapons which could leave him a Remnant.

*(The Archangel of Revelation, Litheroy, is detailed in the adventure **Fest of Blades** in the **In Nomine GM's Screen pack**. If the GM does not wish to use that material, Ithran could be changed to a Malakite of the Sword.)*

RELIEVER

NASONIHELEM

Reliever of Dreams

Nas fluttered along, darting between dreamscapes, long past the vague border between Dreams and Nightmare. She peeped out over a dune of Marches-sand. Yes, there was someone sitting there. **Better find out what she's doing here, the reliver thought. She might be involved in a Nightmares plot!** She hoped she'd be able to bring back something useful to Lady Blandine.

Nas spiraled in closer, trying to get a good look at the person. Female, tall and thin, with an austere beauty like a Seraph. **Maybe it's a Balseraph!** She wondered if there was anything she could do, if it was. **I'm going to fledge Malakite – I should hurt Liars!**

Then the woman pounced, and Nas found herself pinned against the sand, her ebony butterfly wings beating uselessly. The woman squinted, then said, "You're way out of your side of the Marches, kid. You're lucky I found you, instead of Beleth's guys."

Nas gasped, frightened, wishing only to be free, hidden by her Malakite attunement. "Wh-who are you?"

Almost gently, the woman said, "Your Lady will tell you what I am." Then she gave Nas a toss into the air, and the reliver darted away. As Nas glanced over her shoulder, she saw the woman vanish, waking herself from sleep.

And when Nas got back, her Archangel did indeed tell her what the woman had been, and that there was no way to remove the book of the proto-Geas from Nas' soul.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 3 Perception 5

Vessel: Kitten/1, Charisma +1

Skills: Climbing/2, Move Silently/4

Songs: Dreams (Corporeal/4)

Attunement: Malakite of Dreams

Discord: potential Geas/2, invokable by an unknown Lilim

Nasonihelem, little helper of Dreams, has a problem. While sneaking farther into Beleth's territory than she should have, she was caught by a Lilim – who saw the reliver's Need to escape. When the Daughter let Nas go, the Need was answered, and the Geas-hook was set. While Nas will get a chance to resist when that favor is called in, her Will isn't strong enough to ensure that she'll be able to throw off the compulsion. She's especially vulnerable if that Lilim knows the Celestial Song of Charm.



Still, Nas hasn't let this shameful setback thwart her personal dream of becoming a Malakite. She knows that there's one sure-fire way to free herself from diabolical influence: soul-kill the Tempter who holds the hook. She can't track down the demon, but that's what the Earthly vessel is for! Eventually – surely! – the Daughter will show up to call the Geas in, and if Nas can spot her first, Nas can lead a full angel to her.

And while she's in the corporeal realm, she'll make herself useful. As an adorable kitten, Nas follows children home and makes sure their sleep is peaceful. Admittedly, she often has to spend several minutes performing her Song, to make it work – but she's pretty good at finding places where humans won't look.

Nas has been on Earth for almost a year now, and it must be admitted that she's getting a little impatient. Demons aren't considerate creatures, but Nas would really like it if that dratted Lilim would show up to get killed. She's started watching for signs of demonic activity, hoping she can get the jump on her opponent. She's quite unaware that this urge to go snooping is the same one that got her caught in the first place . . . and until she learns, there's a chance history will repeat itself. Of course, there's also a chance she'll get lucky, and uncover something important, just as she'd hoped – much to the demons' consternation, and the glee of the angels she'll call.

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SERVITORS OF ANDREALPHUS



HAGROTH *Shedite of Lust*

Two boys sat behind the empty school building, relaxing after a long day. "Got any cards you want to trade?" asked one.

"Naw. I got something better. Wanna see?" The second boy, eyes agleam, pulled an old magazine out of his backpack. The tattered pages were still glossy in the sunlight.

"Geez, Ralph, where'd you get this?" The first boy stared, mouth open, at the picture in front of him. He'd heard that there were magazines that showed naked girls, but not like this.

*"Got it from a friend. Wanna borrow it for the weekend? You gotta promise not to lose it, OK?" The first boy nodded his acceptance, not looking away from the picture. Ralph held out his hand, and the two shook formally. As they clasped hands, one could almost hear the disgusting, slurping noises as something unholy crawled from one boy into the other. Ah, thought the demon, **nothing like spreading the word.***

Corporeal Forces -2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 7 Perception 5
Skills: Dodge/3, Emote/2, Fighting/3, Knowledge/3
 (Campaign City), Lying/2, Move Silently/3, Seduction/1
Songs: Motion (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/1, Celestial/6),
 Shadows (Celestial/3)
Attunements: Shedite of Lust

Hagroth is on his first trip to the Earth, and he's having a great time. As a newly-fledged demon, he's finding plenty of things to keep himself entertained. He is quite young for a demon, even by human standards, and is curiously inexperienced in the ways of the Word he serves. (Andrealphus enjoys his Shedim in cycles, when he's "in the mood.") For right now, Hagroth leaves the seduction and perversion to others, and concentrates on what he likes: voyeurism.

Young boys are Hagroth's preferred hosts. Their awakening sexual curiosity is easily corrupted into a lust for illicit experience. He would be equally happy, however, in an adult, as long as the host was completely innocent and largely ignorant.

Some might say he lacks the imagination and experience to corrupt a human beyond the pedestrian. And some might think him relatively innocuous, but Servitors of Eli, Novalis, and Christopher (the Chrub Archangel of Children) find him insidious – his child-hosts are taught to objectify the people they see, in the pictures or through window-curtains. (Not to mention coming into contact with people who would provide hard-core porn to children!)

He is friendly enough, as demons go, and possessed of a crude, grade-school level sense of humor. He even seems to have a strange sort of innocence and naivete. But he is still a Shedite, who thrives on the blackest pits of corruption the souls of humanity can offer.

He has no real combat abilities, but has picked up some rough-and-tumble from horsing around in Hell. He knows how weak he is, and is frightened by angels. He will avoid combat, or even confrontation, at all costs, using his Celestial Song of Motion for a quick exit if necessary. If cornered and desperate, however, he may take inspiration from the news and start shooting up his school lunchroom – even in places where guns are normally hard to come by, a Shedite can usually possess someone who owns one.

Hagroth is very oriented toward stealth (for a beginner) and avoids causing disturbances of any kind. He does make a good spy, and would be happy to perform this service for demonic allies. He would also make a good opponent for inexperienced angelic PCs, especially ones who had never encountered a Shedite before. His lack of raw power would be compensated for by the sheer frustration of trying to defeat an opponent who not only avoids combat, but also brings children into the line of fire. He would particularly upset Servitors of Christopher, Novalis, and Zadkiel (the Cherub Archangel of Protection).

BEALOTH

Balseraph of Lust



The raven-haired woman grins a steely, loveless smile, all business. One leather clad hand trails down her client's chest, faces a breath's distance away. The red lights in the floor illuminate her beautiful features from below and the pounding music drowns out her words to a whisper, for one man only: the one caught in the crosshairs of her attentions.

Right now he is all bravado, believing he will take what he wants from her and leave her breathless, moaning for more. Oh yes, he can have his little illusions, his little fictitious world of dominance and submission, she thinks. Bealoth has another victim for the night, and his pleasures and screams will bring him closer to Hell.

"I can empower the weak," she whispers in his ear. "I can make the strong crawl on their knees. I can make the brave tremble at my step. And you . . . I can make you anything I want."

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

Vessel: Human female/2, Sex Appeal +3

Role: "Mistress Brenna," Dominatrix/3, Status/3

Skills: Acrobatics/1, Emote/2, Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/2

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

Attunements: Balseraph of Lust



Her perfect body is encased in leather, head to toe. Her stiletto heels tap a rhythm out on the hardwood floor. Her whip trails down her side. Her eyes search the clientele for those who are buying. Her smile is filled with daggers.

Bealoth runs the Red Door. It's an exclusive club, open only to selected, card-carrying members who have invested their time and their money in the pleasures that Bealoth has to offer. In the front, it's a normal strip club, open to the greasy, ham-handed public who frequent such establishments. The girls come in and strut their stuff on the stage, thrusting their hips to the bass throbs of the hard, blaring background music. They wiggle for their drooling audience and make a tidy sum at night as the old men come in and stuff dollar bills into their g-strings. But the real allure of the Red Door club is what is in the back rooms.

Bealoth offers any pleasures her members can afford. There is no envelope to push, there are no limitations.

She can drive their pleasures further and higher than any have ever gone before – or can ever go again, without her. She makes her clients plead, and she makes them crawl. She has all manner of exotic equipment which she uses to play with her well-paying toys. She is ready to fulfill any fantasy, and she'll tape it so they have something to remember. Her clients literally scream for more, although sometimes they just scream. Sometimes she takes on three or four at a time. In the end, they all leave with smiles on their faces and scars on their bodies . . . and souls.

And her toys never, ever cry their "safeword."

Bealoth is a good contact in a demon controlled area, and a subtle foe for angels who cross her path – she would be especially pleased to have one of the Host beneath her whip, and the distinction of Knight before her name. She might even take a few risks for such a prize.

AHIAN

Habbalite Captain of Lust

"Can't you feel His fire burn in your veins, moving you to the sacraments they call blasphemies?"

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 9 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 4 Perception 6 Will 10

Vessel: Human male/3, Charisma +2 (attractive)

Role: "Carlos Ramirez," Night Club Owner/3, Status/3

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Dodge/4, Emote/2, Fighting/3, Lying/5, Move Silently/5, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Seduction/3

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Dreams (All/4)

Attunements: Habbalite of Lust, Dark Desire, Captain of Diabolical Delight

Ahian has a Role as the owner of a trendy nightclub in the student district. He is a Latin male, just under 6 feet tall, with green eyes and wavy black hair. He is strongly muscled, but still lean and fast. It would be traditional to compare him to a cat, but they simply aren't cruel and beautiful enough. Think rabid, man-eating Bengal tiger, fat and sleek from the flesh of infants, for a closer match.

His personal philosophy is a weird set of anti-Gnostic heresies. He believes that matter and material nature is superior to the soul and spiritual nature, because God – who was ultimate and pure Spirit – created the physical universe and pronounced it good. He uses, as further evidence of his theory, his belief of the Incarnation: God descended from perfect spirit into the material body of Jesus Christ, and thus transformed Himself from spirit into matter.

So Ahian believes that mankind and the angels must give up the false and heretical belief in spiritual perfection, and perfect themselves through pure and mindless sensual gratification. They must descend from virtue into vice to achieve the enlightenment of ignorance. He inflicts every form of violent sensation, from orgasm to agony, on those who cross his path. He makes no effort to distinguish between pleasure and pain; that would be an intellectual judgement, which must be extinguished in order to obey the will of God.

Note that he pays considerably less attention to his own beliefs than might be expected for a Habbalite. But this is exactly what his ideals demand. Philosophy itself, as an intellectual pursuit, is higher and more spiritual than casual cruelty and physical gratification, so he must ignore it as much as possible.

When he is trying to break someone, he will typically use his resonance to drive them into wild passions that

oscillate between indescribable agony and mind-blowing highs, then use Dark Desire to get them to transgress any and all inhibitions and moral qualms they have. The specific transgression he drives them to – cannibalism, rape, torture, self-mutilation – does not matter to Ahian, as long as it is a violation of his victim's moral code. He *loves* playing with Malakim, though he thinks it a great pity that even they break.



In demonic games, Ahian may well "graywash" PC demons by acting as a violently evil contrast to their actions. In angelic campaigns, he is certainly not a combat-weak street-walker, unable to stand up to the Host's more aggressive members; neither is he an "inoffensive" demon, to be converted or dispatched at divine whim. It may be obvious when he's in town, but angels will have to be creative to deal with him. Just smiting him may put him in Trauma, but he comes back eventually. It's very hard to actually make Ahian suffer for his crimes, because he enjoys all strong sensation, *including* pain itself. He sees even death and Trauma as chances for his strange brand of exaltation. Probably the only way to upset him is to undo his work . . . which means healing the people he has broken.

SERVITORS OF HSMODEUS

VERED

Impudite of the Game



The lacquered nails tapped impatiently. "Oh dear. Cat got your tongue, Ralens? I said 'put it on the chair.'"

Her companion, less subtle, just pulled a gun. Ralens wrenched at gilt buttons with shaking hands and tossed the waistcoat over the seat.

"Much better," she agreed, approvingly.

"What do you want to know?"

With a muffled report the gun fired, straight into the Impudite's gut. Ralens staggered, and fell after the second shot.

"Nothing," said the creature masquerading as a woman. She kicked her heels from the table and walked around to finger the embroidered silk waistcoat. "You were denounced, in a manner of speaking. I'm having a marvelously Kafka-esque week."

As his vision blurred, Ralens heard her commenting to her colleague, "Did you see that? He was wearing brown shoes with a blue suit. Sometimes I despair for the future of my Band . . ."

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5

Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4

Celestial Forces - 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessels: Human female/2, Charisma +1; Male/2, Charisma +1

Role: "Charles Montague," Literary Reviewer/4, Status/3

Skills: Dodge/2, Fast Talk/1, Emote/2, Knowledge/2 (Culture), Language/1 (French), Savoir Faire/2, Tactics/4

Songs: Affinity (Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Attraction (Ethereal/3), Forbidding (Ethereal/3)

Attunements: Impudite of the Game

Vered is an Impudite-sized, attention-seeking missile. She truly adores humanity, but for all the wrong reasons. Watching them find ways to play the system is very appealing to her. She loves them when they flock around her, hanging onto her metaphorical coat-tails and begging shamelessly for goodwill. She especially appreciates the way they can learn the rules of the game so quickly, when taught by a master. If only demons would learn from their example!

Dazzling, chic, and marvelously good company when she wants to be, the Taker writes pleasant notes to local infernals, informing them politely how she wishes to be bribed. It's not phrased so brutally as to use the word "bribe," of course. Perhaps it will simply be an invitation to attend the new production of *Carmen*, with a comment that the view from the most expensive seats in the



house is simply wonderful. Naturally the demon will be expected to find tickets, even if the event has been sold out for months. Most grimace privately, but think that it's worth the pain. There are, after all, so many Gamesters who are less reasonable about these things.

Information about other demons is also rewarded with a melting smile. Vered is accepted as a necessary evil, whose best feature is that she can easily be bought off with unctuous flattery and a nice tailored jacket.

For those who annoy her, the reaction is equally swift and shallow. Demons have found themselves staring at their Hearts in the company of Game-Djinn, for the simple crimes of being ill-mannered or unfashionable.

Evidently she is currently in her Prince's good books, because she has even been assigned to cooperate with angels on some recent missions. She uses her female vessel, which she prefers, for dealing openly with other celestials. The male vessel is spared for mortal assignments and undercover work.

In her Role as a (male) literary reviewer, Vered teaches humanity that it isn't what you do, it's who you know that counts (and how far you are prepared to suck up to them). She collects kickbacks from mortal publishers and writers in return for turning in good reviews. It's a pleasant lifestyle, filled with travel to exotic locations and alcoholic receptions. She claims, straight-faced, that this is the sacrifice she has to make in the service of her dread lord.

Vered is a crooked cop, but also an information source – for angels or demons alike, if they can pay. Though petty, she is intelligent and can back-stab so gently that her betrayal is only realized at the last moment.

HARUPHITE

Djinn Knight of the Game

The young woman choked on her coffee, and her friend reached across to pat her on the back. "Hey now, what is it? You okay?"

She didn't have eyes for him, or for the rest of the cafe, only for the chessboard that somebody had left on the table beside them. It was a travelling set, folded open, a position laid out on it in white and black. With a carefully controlled hand, she shoved her tumbled hair away from her face. "Where did that come from?"

The man shrugged. "I wasn't watching." His eyes tracked back to her bosom, where they had been fixed for the last half-hour or so. "Look, about this deal . . ."

The woman leaned across to examine it. There was an undertone of hysteria to her voice. "It's a move closer to checkmate." She glanced across the cafe, too fast to truly notice anything. "Look, I have to go."

He blinked, taken aback. "Go? But we'd only just got started. Look, if this is some sort of fancy move to jack up the price, honey, it's not going to work."

She shook her head. "It's not. Oh, it's not. Look. I just have to go." Her glance flicked across the room again. "I'll be in touch."



He leaned back into the hard plastic chair, and snorted. "Yeah, I bet you've got an appointment."

She shuddered. "Oh no. I'm avoiding one for as long as I can."

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces - 5 Intelligence 10 Precision 10
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 9 Perception 7

Vessels: Human female/2 (thin, black, razor-cut hair); Human male/1 (elderly businessman)

Roles: "Hannah Mehdi," Survey-Taker/4, Status/2; "Jeffrey Blazen," Traveling Salesman/3, Status/2

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Dodge/2, Driving/2, Knowledge/2 (Market Research), Lockpicking/2, Move Silently/3, Ranged Weapon/3 (Revolver), Tracking/2

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

Attunements: Djinn of the Game, Humanity, Dissonance Binding, Knight of Judgement

Asmodeus has a Servitor who is called the Chessboard Stalker. Few can claim to have seen his or her face – all that is known is that the Stalker hunts Renegades. A Renegade will find a chessboard with a chess position laid out on it, in some public place that he frequents. The next day, the chessboard will be found closer to his current home, with the chess position advanced a move toward mate, and the next day, a move further . . . Very few have the nerve to wait till checkmate, and even fewer manage to flee successfully.

The truth is that Asmodeus knows the value of fear. A threatening Servitor who arrives in town and publicly terrifies the Renegades will often panic anyone treasonous – even those only *thinking* treasonously – into trying to run. Haruphite is the latest in a line of Servitors to take up the "position" of the Chessboard Stalker. She is given a target Renegade to leave chessboards near, and a few unobtrusive henchmen who will wait and capture anybody who tries to do something treasonous – such as trying to run away.

Haruphite herself is sharp-tongued and vicious, but realizes her danger should anybody try to take out this "famous" Servitor of the Game; though no pushover, she is by no means as tough as her reputation. Other Servitors have died in the "role" before her. So she stays on good terms with her assigned henchmen, and hopes that someone else will inherit the title without her having to die first.

When leaving chessboards, she prefers to use the Song of Possession to force mortal pawns to place them, while watching the reactions of the target. Outside her "role," she's thought to be a common Djinn – only Asmodeus and those in his favor know her true identity.

SERVITORS OF BAAL

HELEZ

Lilim of the War

The two figures stood behind a convenience store, next to its dumpster. "You owe it to me," the Balseraph purred, stroking his long fingers through his victim's hair.

The Lilim closed her eyes, tried to shake her head. What had he done for her? She couldn't remember. Still, there was a debt. She couldn't refuse a debt. "I . . . I owe . . ."

The Balseraph suddenly developed an entry-hole above one ear; the exit wound blew out his jaw. He crumpled.

The Daughter, without a speck of blood on her, stepped away from the dead vessel. She swallowed, turned, and made her way to the pay-phone in front of the store. After a moment, it rang. She picked it up. A soft voice said, "You owe me, sister."

She bowed her head. "I acknowledge the debt, sister." And she felt the year-Geas wrap around her soul.

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 4 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 8 Perception 8

Vessels: Human female/2, Sex Appeal +2; Human male/1, Sex Appeal +1; Young girl/1

Skills: Acrobatics/1, Chemistry/1, Climbing/1, Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/1, Dodge/1, Fighting/1, Lying/1, Ranged Weapon/6 (Sniper Rifle), Tactics/2, Tracking/1

Songs: Affinity (Celestial/1), Attraction (Ethereal/2), Form (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/4, Celestial/2), Shields (Celestial/2)

Attunements: Lilim of the War, State of Ophis

Discord: 2 Geas/2, owed to Baal (so he can track her)

Occasionally, a Balseraph will use his resonance to make a Lilim believe she owes a debt. Usually the compulsion lasts only as long as the resonance – if it's not resisted in the first place – but some will convince the Daughter to actually self-Geas to the Liar's will. Lilim, obviously, hate that, especially if it's *repeated*. Unfortunately, sometimes their Mother or Prince won't help, and either they can't eliminate the Balseraph personally, or the political repercussions would be just as damaging without "plausible deniability."

So a Tempter in such straits puts the word out among her sisters, and she's contacted by *the* sister. The one who never gives her name, but who'll teach an annoying demon a corporeal lesson or two (usually with a sniper rifle, but sometimes with poisons or other dirty tricks). Of course, you'll owe her afterward, but at least it's to a sister, and for a reasonable time.



This sister communicates via letters, email, and at the last, by phone, where she uses her ability to geas a cooperating subject (*Infernal Player's Guide*, p. 50) to collect her payment.

Most who know about the mysterious assassin assume she's a Free Lilim. They're wrong.

Helez (her name meaning "armed" or "set free") was created especially for Prince Baal, and she is no Renegade. Armed with cutting edge weaponry and a small collection of Songs, the quiet Daughter's killings are known about and blessed by her dark Lord for one particular reason – the Geases she acquires from her sisters in return.

Helez almost never calls in the Geases she's paid. She holds them so that, when Armageddon comes, she can bind her siblings to battle instead of cowardly hiding. (They'll get invoked early if she absolutely *must* or at Baal's orders. This is done via telephone, not face-to-face.)

Since the War and the Game are on relatively friendly terms, Helez is known to Asmodeus as well. If Helez needs help from a Game-Tether, she only needs to pay with a code-phrase and a sealed report of her actions.

Naturally, Helez clears "moonlighting" targets with her immediate superior, so she won't interfere with important plots, and gives priority to her usual duties. Her identity is unknown to the other Princes – but "the Mystery Lilim" has been disowned by Lilith, labeled as fair game. Helez has already narrowly escaped some ambushes arranged by those whose plans were set back by her assassinations . . .

SIHON

Impudite Knight of the War

"I have no illusions about how the War will go – Michael crushed the Lord of Lies like a bug on a plate the first time around, and the rematch won't be any different. He'll waste Baal as an appetizer; then finish off Lucifer as the main course. Then the rest of us will all be cast into the lake of fire to burn forever."

"I sometimes fantasize that on Judgment Day I'm going to dive smirking into the dark, but really I'll be screaming futile threats between bouts of begging for mercy. Just like all the other damned."

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 7 Agility 9

Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Perception 6

Celestial Forces - 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessel: Human male/3 (Caucasian), Charisma +2

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Dodge/5, Fast-talk/2, Fighting/2, Large Weapon/4 (Sword), Lying/4, Ranged Weapon/4 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/4, Tactics/3

Songs: Tongues (Celestial/1), Motion (Celestial/5)

Attunements: Impudite of the War, Lilim of the War

Discord: Vulnerability/6 (Silver)



Sihon appears on earth as a blue-eyed, black-haired, white man in his mid 20s. Between his natural resonance and Baal's gift of the Lilim of the War Attunement, he is cool and stylish knee-deep in the bloody filth of the battlefields, as well as in the mansions and ballrooms where war is first decided. And everywhere, he maintains the slight smile that says nothing can really touch him.

The Impudite takes his name from Sihon, king of the Amorites, who tried in vain to keep Moses and the Hebrews from seizing his kingdom for themselves. He saw an echo of Hell's struggle against Heaven in the Amorites' futile struggle against the chosen of the Lord, and named himself after their king who led them to destruction.

Despite Sihon's open defeatism, Baal entrusts him with some of his most important missions. Sihon was one of the angels who followed Baal into rebellion during the original Fall, and he has served him loyally for all the ages since. (Perhaps if he did not serve so loyally, he would have grown more – but the occasional celestial battles sap his strength. But perhaps his lack of potential as a threat is why he *has* lived so long . . .)

For Sihon, his loyalty to Baal is not a matter of politics, morality, or even honor; it is something that lies at the heart of his personal style. Once, ages ago, he told Baal that he would follow him anywhere, and he intends to live according to that promise, no matter what. He readily admits it's likely Baal will eventually betray him and toss him aside. But this is irrelevant – all that matters is that he will live and die according to his own choices.

Sihon despises angst and philosophizing, and avoids it. He believes defeat is the inevitable end of the Rebellion, and a demon can be judged by its response to this fact. An admirable demon acknowledges the inevitability of its defeat, but opposes God nevertheless; it cloaks itself in the romanticism of the lost cause, and lives according to its unique personal symphony, unbowed and defiant before the face of the Lord.

Baal uses Sihon as a liaison to angelic forces. Since he is both Discordant and willing to accept the metaphysical beliefs of the angels, he can often convince angels he is redeemable. These angels may cut him slack in an effort to win his trust, and he uses his position as a "trusted demon" to funnel information back to Baal.

He augments this impression by selling out the more violent and insane demons – who inevitably turn out to be enemies of the War. Frequent choices are demons of Malphas and Kronos, who are usually vile enough to make angels overlook any ulterior motives. And even when he is discovered as irredeemable, Sihon remains a principled and honorable enemy.

SERVITORS OF BELETH



HEZIR

Shedite of Nightmares

*The fog eddied round the woman, and she leaned against the wall, shaking with fear. The **thing** had been following her as she tried to find her way home, its soft footsteps a little too wet and squishy to be human, its breathing ragged and hoarse. She could still hear it now, snuffling like a dozen dogs as it tried to find her scent.*

"Go away," she whispered into the mists. "Please."

The surface of the wall became cold and slick, dampness oozing through her clothing and making her jerk away from it.

"I don't know who you are or what you want!" she screamed into the mists. They drifted closer, all gray and yellow. "This isn't fair!"

Above her reared the spires of the city, dark gray things that tilted and swung into new positions when she looked away. There were no stars, there was no moon. There was only the fog and the city.

*She opened his mouth to scream again, and the fog rose around her to smother and caress, running down into her lungs like oily water. She flailed at the air as it settled **inside** her, wetly fluttering against her skin, closing over her eyes.*

Then she woke up.

And the fog was still there, pouring over her in a mass of mouths and eyes.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 11 Perception 9

Skills: Artistry/2 (Painting), Dodge/3, Fast-Talk/1, Fighting/2, Knowledge/2 (Horror Films)

Songs: Dreams (Celestial/3), Entropy (Celestial/2), Healing (Celestial/3), Shields (Celestial/4)

Attunements: Shedite of Nightmares, Dream Walking

Hezir is a small Shedite of Nightmares with large ambitions. Still only 8 Forces, it has decided that it needs to make its mark in some spectacular fashion, and gain the attention of its superiors, rather than spend a few centuries doing menial work. It is therefore pursuing an aggressive policy of driving its victims to insanity or death, and taking serious risks in doing so.

Hezir prefers to work on an assigned target (it's so much easier to gain notice for brilliant work that way) but is happy to practice on random victims as well. Its method is to possess someone close to the victim, and get into the victim's house – or as close as possible. It then waits for the victim to sleep, and enters his dreams, performing Celestial Shields to cloak the area first, if possible. Once in the victim's dreams, Hezir provokes nightmares to the best of its ability, ending in themes of choking clouds and slimy presences. The victim wakes – to find Hezir itself hovering over the bed, in celestial form, just as it appeared in the dream. So far, the Shedite credits itself with several nervous breakdowns, one full insanity, two strokes, and a heart attack. What's more, if it moves fast enough, it can safely flee the area before the Song of Shields wears off and any disturbance becomes audible.

This is risky, because if anybody became aware of Hezir or its methods, it is vulnerable to Corporeal and Ethereal attacks. Hezir is gambling that it can operate undetected long enough to grow stronger. Smug, cunning, and cruel, Hezir will certainly be on the fast track to success soon – as long as its superiors don't simply claim the credit for its actions. (Hezir has very little experience in practical politics.) It is considering some sort of large-scale demonstration of its abilities, and has been wondering how effective it could be if it based itself in a *hospital*. Why, with all the resuscitation technology available, it could return to the same people *night after night* . . .

MIKHAIL

Habbalite of Nightmares

He raised up his hands before the small group in the abandoned warehouse, and allowed their eyes to fall upon the blood which dripped from his hands and his brow. "Upon me is the mark of the Passion," he said. "It is the sign of Christ: the sufferings, the pain, the fear."

In their eyes was the glow of belief. He had delivered them from the jaws of death to bring them life, and he had proved his divinity with undeniable miracles of wet, red blood and pain. In his hands they were freed from their fears; in his hands, he had healed.

"And on dread Golgotha the Christ suffered and cried to the Lord, and the Lord freed him not, for although he was the Messiah, the Lord had forsaken him," Mikhail said to the children, and their eyes glowed with passion. He lowered his voice and whispered, "As, my children, He has forsaken you. And as Christ died, he cried unto the Lord, and gave up the ghost."

"Amen," chanted the group, sitting in a small circle around their prophet, their own private saint who brought to them miracles.

Mikhail leaned down, and smeared the blood of his hands on their foreheads, for they were marked, and he would bring them directly to God through their terror; for he had a special rapport with the Lord himself, and he took his orders directly from Him.

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 7 Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 9 Perception 7

Vessel: Human male/2, Charisma +2

Role: "Father Michael," Priest/3, Status/3

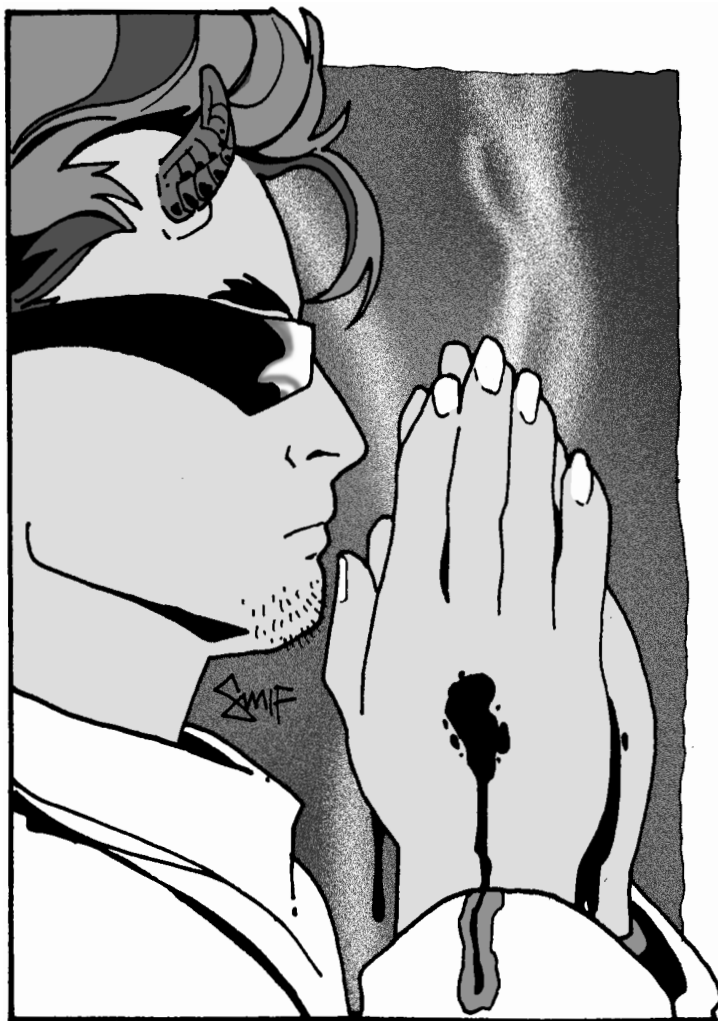
Skills: Dodge/2, Emote/4, Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge/3 (Inner City Area), Lying/3, Seduction/2

Songs: Dreams (Celestial/3), Entropy (Celestial/4), Healing (Corporeal/6)

Attunements: Habbalite of Nightmares

Discord: Stigmata/3

The small group consisted of disenfranchised adolescents – young boys and girls who had run away from their homes, fleeing real or imagined terrors at the hands of their parents, of the future, of their lives. Mikhail found them on the streets, alone, huddled in dirty alleyways, strung out on crack, dreaming idle dreams of darkness and the death that was to come. He fanned the flames of their fears, and unto them he brought the Lord, and unto them he removed their dreams and replaced them with the bloody nightmares of crucifixion and pain endured on the cross. Under his guidance their fanaticism was kindled, and through his miracles they believed.



Mikhail does not see the stigmata as a curse. He sees it as a gift from his Princess, who, in her God-guided wisdom, gave him his true purpose: to deliver those who live in the shadows from their fears and to put their trust in him, for he will show them the one true way. By confronting their fears through pain and suffering, the mortals he leads find new strength in their terror. He occasionally has some failures – a few have cracked under his ministrations and gone stark raving insane, and there was the one last month who hung herself from the light fixture in her room . . . but these are unfortunate failures, examples to be used to strengthen the resolve of the group.

Mikhail is a predator, a denizen of the forgotten world of dark city streets, who preys on young runaways who have been lost by the system. He sees himself as bringing God's Word, not seeking to undo the work of Heaven. He's a natural enemy of those angels who wish to do some good down on the city streets, and will violently oppose any efforts to free anyone from his precious cult of fanatic children.

SERVITORS OF BELIAL

DISHON

Balseraph of Fire

"Call out for pizza, disbrag."

That's Dishon, the little Balseraph thought, but he cringed into the next room without speaking. Habbalah were nasty, and Jason was vicious.

"Sky-bi Pizza-pie," the voice on the other end chirped. "Can I take your order?"

"Um." Dishon glanced over his shoulder. The door was closed. The faux angel wasn't paying attention. "I'd like your Tex-Mex special, large, with anchovies and jalapeños. Extra jalapeños."

The voice on the other end didn't falter. "You got it. Can I have your number and address?"

Dishon gave out the required information, and smiled to himself. That Habbie thought he could take the heat, eh? He'd never even been into the kitchen . . .

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

Vessel: Human Male/3 (teenager), Charisma -2

Role: "Diago Garcia," Street kid/1, Status/1

Skills: Climbing/1, Dodge/2, Escape/3, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting/1, Lockpicking/1, Move Silently/5, Running/5
Song: Tail/1

Attunements: Balseraph of Fire

Dishon always dreamed of getting his 7th Force and fledging. But it wasn't supposed to happen like it did. Dishon was just another pizza-delivery gremlin in Shal-Mari, who crawled out of the gutter and attached himself to a restaurant just next to that gutter. He fully intended to live and die in the service of Gluttony, eating pizza scraps whenever he could. He was just delivering an order to one of the gladiatorial pit staff. He never saw what hit him, but he woke up in a vessel, a fledged Balseraph, surrounded by a collection of other demons, being whipped into action by a Habbalite of Fire.

Dishon never learned if their attack on the angelic Tether was a diversion or the main thrust. He never learned if it worked, or even whose Tether it was. He's not even sure who or what

gunned him down as he ran in, carrying the dynamite he'd been handed.

When he woke up, curled around a Heart he hadn't known he'd had, he and some of the other survivors were herded into a room together – and congratulated by the Prince personally, as well as a high-ranking Baalite.

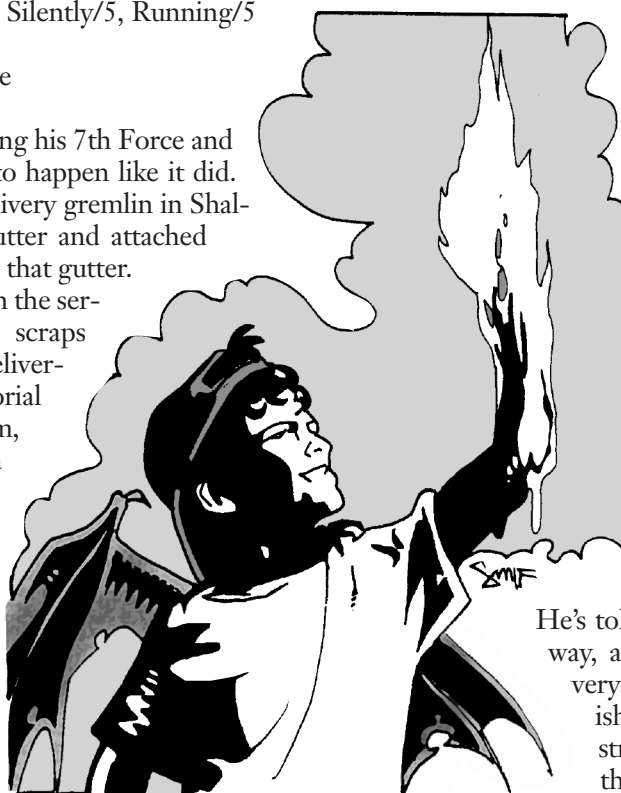
Dishon still doesn't know what was up, and he doesn't want to know. He's not really suited to Fire – for one thing, any time he's tried smoking, he's wound up choking on the floor. He'd like to get back to working for Haagenti, but Jason, his Habbalite "mentor," has impressed upon Dishon's self-centered little mind that trying to cut out on Fire gets one staked out for the Gabrielites to play with. (It's sometimes debatable whether Jason knows which Fire he works for, in Dishon's opinion.) Dishon hates his so-called orientation instructor and shows it in many petty ways. Jason takes this out on the little Balseraph physically and psychologically, after Dishon gave the Habbalite backlash on his resonance.

Still, working for Fire has some interesting perks. Since Dishon's sense of humor was forged in Shal-Mari, he's discovered that his ability to heat objects up is good for *unlimited* amusement. He's particularly fond of doing this little prank in fast food

restaurants – he's not the one behind lawsuits for overly-hot coffee that burns the customers, but he certainly *thinks* he is. He's a Balseraph, and everyone knows they run things in Hell and on Earth – *right?*

When he's not plotting something nasty to happen to Jason, being ordered on missions by the Habbalite, or playing nasty heat-related jokes on humans, Dishon's trying to figure out how to get back to Gluttony and keep his cute attunement. He's sure there's a way.

He's told himself there's got to be a way, and he'll think of something very soon. Just as soon as he's finished talking this human into striking a match, out behind the warehouse.



SHIHOR

Djinn of Fire

Joelle unlocked her door and walked into the darkened apartment. It had been another long day at work, and now all she wanted was a drink. There had been meeting after meeting, and now she was just plain tired. She peered into the darkness, and thought she heard something . . . no, it was nothing. The building settling, that's all.

As she tossed her keys onto the small corner table, a hand wrapped around her mouth and hissed in her ear: "Shhh . . ." She let out a muffled little scream.

"I've been waiting for you, Joelle," he whispered. "I've been waiting all day." He used his free hand to stroke her shoulders, her hair, her face. His touch was rough, hard, and beneath it was the energy of a burning inferno, barely kept in check. "I love you, Joelle. Soon, you will love me as well forever and ever and ever." He leaned down and kissed her neck. "I'll brand you right here with my own mark. You will scream. You will cry. You will writhe in pain. When it is over, you will be with me, and we will be forever in the flames."

She began to sob.

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

Vessel: Human Male/3

Skills: Fast-Talk/4, Fighting/1, Move Silently/4, Running/3, Seduction/4, Tracking/4

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

Attunements: Djinn of Fire

Shihor has Fallen.

Once, he remembers, he was a Cherub of Fire, a blazing symbol of God's passions for mankind. He served his Bright Lady faithfully and with love. But then he discovered his precious attuned was committing horrible acts of betrayal. She had not been faithful to her family, and had turned a blind eye to her children. Instead she returned her guardian's love in full, obsessively, passionately, like a driving need or an addiction.

Shihor refused to let go and allow her to be harmed by anyone, least of all himself. He murdered everyone around the attuned who had been betrayed – friends, family, and children – as a way to remove the burning offense to God's Justice. He wanted to be loved, and loved forever, and kill everyone who would dare come into the attuned's way.

He couldn't hide his attuned forever, although he tried. His compatriots discovered his transgression, and his growing dissonance. In an act of misplaced compassion, a Malakite of Fire took it upon himself to end the cycle

of madness and brutality, and sent Shihor's attuned to her justly deserved reward. Shihor could not survive this act. He turned his pain inward, and took it with him on his long journey to the Pit.

Now, he serves Belial because the burning is at least familiar. Now, he is a symbol of passion turned inward into obsession.



He stalks those whom he believes will love him. He follows them, day after day, watching their habits, observing their patterns, staring at them through windows across the street. He is certain that, once they get past their initial terror, they will return his inflamed love forever. Those who are worthy of his obsession, he marks with his symbol so that they will be his, in body and spirit, until the end of time.

Shihor is not new to the War. He has old contacts among the angelic Host, and may have marked the Soldiers of new contacts as prey for his attentions. He is a good enemy for Soldiers, or for those who work closely with human beings. And he will assist other demons – if they'll assist him with the object of his desires.

SERVITORS OF HAAAGENTI



KEEBAH

Habbalite of Gluttony

"Would you like the eight-carat one? It's only \$20 more."

"And you'll want the Miracle Jewelry Cleaner for that, of course. It's a steal at only \$19.95."

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot, we've got a special on our three-tier TiqueWood Jewelry Case, since you've bought the ring . . . oh, no, you have to buy the matching earrings to qualify for that. But they're only \$32.95, and you'll save \$30 off the case – it's only \$59.95 . . . great!"

"Okay, your total is only \$152.74, with shipping."

The young blonde hung up, ready for her next victim. This was too easy. She needed something more challenging. Maybe something on the air – she could do enthusiastic drivel better than those human bimbos they used.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 9 Precision 3
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 8 Perception 4

Vessel: Human female/3 (small, blonde, about 20), Sex Appeal +1

Role: "Melinda Mercier," Telesales Associate/1, Status/1

Skills: Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge/1 (Fashion), Lying/1

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/2)

Attunements: Habbalite of Gluttony, Consume

Her vessel is "kee-oot," her Prince is an idiot – not that she'd tell him to what passes for his face – and "telesales associate" for a cable shopping channel is no job for a person with *her* talent. Keebah is not a happy Habbalite.

On Earth for less than a year, and corporeally weak, she's easy prey for the first blackwing to come along, and knows it. But she doesn't want to hide – she wants to stand out among these dull human sheep. She's an angel! (Just ask her.) It's her *due*! So Melinda the mouse goes out and roars after work.

Melinda cruises the singles bars, playing the ditzzy blond she looks like, leaving behind a trail of foolish human males who couldn't out-think *or* out-drink her. And if their hearts or pride are broken, that's *their* weakness. Her meager salary goes entirely to party clothes – even if her vessel is too cute, she's genius enough to compensate for her Prince's tastelessness.

Brilliant, bored, and ambitious is always a dangerous combination in Hell, and Keebah has concluded that her prospects in Gluttony are *far* too limited. Fortunately, her Prince doesn't notice much but what's in front of him, and a bright "angel" could go far . . . to work for someone with more class, who'd give her more opportunities to punish the unworthy. Someone, say, like Nybbas or Kobal. Her current job offers opportunities to impress both, if she can only make a few contacts, and do a little PR. Keebah is currently lying low, looking for an opportunity to make a big score with the Media or Dark Humor.

While technically weak, a mere 7-Force demon, Keebah is an expert at making the most of what she's got. She's smarter than the average celestial, and has a twisty, scheming mind that has yet to make its mark on the Symphony. She's easy to underestimate, knows it, and makes good use of that fact.

Currently, she's got a couple of schemes in the works. One of the salesmen-announcers on the channel took a liking to Melinda – he likes younger women, sometimes *lots* younger – and promised to get her an audition. With a little encouragement, the father of one of his girlfriends might show up with heavy weaponry, and go postal on the air. Even afternoon talk shows can't offer that.

Sometimes, people call in to the show to try to *sell* things. They're crazy, but the women with the "Genuine Angel Feathers" might have something. Angels are in vogue with the mindless media masses; owning the Next Big Silly Fad could be worth Kobalic brownie points. And if any snoopy wimp angels showed up . . . Judgment might like to know where those feathers came from.

TOGAAL

Shedite of Gluttony

I feel the meat shiver around me as I guide its hand to the glass. "I really shouldn't," it murmurs. I coil around and around its tired little brain, all soothing and warm. I know what it wants. I know what it craves. I know where it keeps the bottles hidden. It's so weak it whispers my thoughts out loud to itself: "But just one won't hurt . . ."

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

Skills: Fast Talk/5, Lying/5, Driving/3, Fighting/3

Songs: Fangs/2, Form (Corporeal/5)

Attunements: Shedite of Gluttony, Consume

Special Rite: Contribute to a mortal's drinking problem. (From his immediate master, the Demon of Alcoholism.)

Togaal is an eager young Shedite under the command of the Demon of Alcoholism, and he loves his work. He was only recently unleashed upon the Earth, but he's been very busy so far.

It's child's play for him to hang around Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and take someone over, then have a field day making them and everyone around them fly off the wagon.

While he's there, he's inclined to make his hosts get into almost Lust-style affairs – kinky, abusive, and promiscuous.

With his Song of Fangs, he's also had some luck playing the vampire in dark alleys; he's only killed a *few* silly humans, so far . . . Needless to say, this is going to attract the attention of Lust, eventually, and the demon who finds him will either want to recruit him or destroy him for infringing on Lust's turf. Or maybe he'll run into a *real* vampire who doesn't like the competition!

He also likes to frequent events that focus on over-imbibing, like office Christmas parties, St. Patrick's Day at O'Malley's Pub, and Friday night on Fraternity Row.

After a day or two in a host, he'll throw in a few traffic offenses or incidents of domestic violence for good measure, but these hardly blow his cover under the circumstances. His favorite game is to toughen himself up with the Corporeal Song of Form and play Bumper Cars all over town.

He can take care of himself with the mortals, but if he encountered any divine opposition he'd have to go running for some backup (such as demonic player characters). He causes enough incidental mayhem around himself that he could be used in a game to afflict anyone important to the PCs, or their property, even if they don't personally know anyone who's in recovery.

Togaal has one other problem, which he is blissfully unaware of – his immediate boss is the Demon of Alcoholism, but Fleurity (Habbalite Prince of Drugs, recently come to power) is trying to move in on that Word. At the moment, Fleurity's agents are using bribery – but that could change to covert warfare at a moment's notice.



If it does, Togaal may, without realizing it, be on the list of demons whose names are anonymously delivered to agents of the Game. After all, Togaal's little Bumper Car games *do* cause an awful lot of disturbance . . .

HORMAH

Calabite of Gluttony

"But what kind of addict would need all these coconut husks and crushed honeydew rinds? Would the presence of junkies account for all these uneaten french fries? These puddles of glazed catsup on the bureau?"

"Maybe so. But then why all this **booze**? And these crude pornographic photos, ripped out of pulp magazines like **Whores of Sweden** and **Orgies in the Casbah**, that were plastered on the broken mirror with smears of mustard that had dried to a hard yellow crust and all these signs of violence, these strange red and blue bulbs and shards of broken glass embedded in the wall plaster . . .

tion – were penned up together in the same room for five days and five nights, without relief."

– Hunter S. Thompson, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 9 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 4 Precision 8
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessel: Human male/2

Skills: Chemistry/3, Dodge/2, Driving/2, Fast-Talk/2, Lying/2, Savior-Faire/2

Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Claws/4, Motion (Corporeal/4), Shields (Corporeal/4)

Attunements: Calabite of Gluttony, Consume

Discord: Gluttonous/3

If Hormah loves anything, it would be his mounds of blow: uppers, downers, coke, smack, acid, cases of beer, and pills all the colors of the rainbow. He would roll in it if he could, and on several occasions (which are best left out of the annals of history) he has tried. It inspires him to greater and greater acts of depravity, as cars are destroyed, hotel rooms are set on fire, and wallpaper togas creep into his daily wardrobe. He streaks across America in his '77 Buick – a car in such a state of disrepair he's replaced the rear window with a sheet of plastic lining, held on with duct tape – bringing with him a suitcase full of fun and a nose for his next party.

Hormah considers himself a generous Calabite of the highest order, and an all-around fun guy. He shares with his current human pals, and he encourages them to have a good time. He knows that if they just get around to the business of downing another nose-full of cocaine, they'd be in a serious party mood. The more, the merrier! Bring on the blow!

The aftermath of his parties is a sight to behold – or maybe not, if one has a weak stomach and anything resembling moral conscience. These are the sort of things God Himself might turn a blind eye to, out of basic embarrassment. Couches have been launched out of third story windows, stereos have been set on fire, and inexplicable young women wearing only panties have run down main streets screaming about rutabagas. Entire cities have been scandalized. The tales of the orgies of consumption began by Hormah live in the annals of infamy.

Hormah is proud to be a Servitor of Gluttony. Okay, it isn't the most glamorous thing in the world – and it doesn't carry as much prestige as say, Prince Asmodeus's private toilet scrubber – but it lets him get out into the fresh air and make some new friends. So a few houses burn to the ground in the process, so what? These things happen, and occasionally entirely by accident.



"No; these were not the hoofprints of your normal godfearing junkie. It was far too savage; too aggressive. There was evidence, in this room, of excessive consumption of almost every type of drug known to civilized man since 1544. It could only be explained as a **montage**, a sort of exaggerated medical exhibit, put together very carefully to show what might happen if twenty-two serious drug felons – each with a different addic-

SERVITORS OF KOBAL



SHETHAR-BOZNAI

Shedite of Dark Humor

His host looked at the bathroom floor of the hotel suite. The body there was, unfortunately, quite dead. And, much to Shethar's consternation, it had made quite a mess in the process of dying.

"We gotta call the cops, man," Tony-the-host said, panic rising in his voice. "We gotta call 'em. We gotta tell 'em it was an accident. I didn't mean for that booker to die. We were, we were . . ."

Shethar had his host sit down on the bed, staring into the blank TV. "Now, this is no time to panic, Tony. Take a few deep breaths, and think positive thoughts. Are you thinking positive thoughts?"

Tony, from the flushed face and the crazed look in his eye, was clearly not thinking positive thoughts. This was something he needed to work on.

"All we have to do is realize our problem and actualize our goals," Shethar said, deep in the back of Tony's consciousness. "Now, if we involve the cops, there will be questions, and problems. There might even be jail, Tony. You don't want to go to jail. What would your wife say? Now I've seen a path through

this – it's winding and hard to see, but I can see it. Tony, no one knows where she is. No one knows she's here. We called her specially, remember?"

Tony nodded.

"Tony, do you remember that hardware store we passed on the way here?"

Tony nodded again.

"Good," Shethar whispered. "Friends help friends, Tony. But real friends help friends hide the bodies."

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 5 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 9 Perception 7
Skills: Emote/3, Fast-Talk/2, Lying/2, Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/1, Tactics/2
Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/3), Charm (Celestial/3), Shields (Celestial/4), Tongues (Celestial/3)
Attunements: Shedite of Dark Humor, Prank

Shethar has taken his hosts to one too many self-help seminars, and he's made the mistake of listening. He's heard one too many speeches about self-actualization, he's read one too many "How To Get Ahead In Business" books. Now he can help his hosts visualize the path they need to follow. Maybe other people don't see it, maybe it's a very long and twisty trail, but he can see it laid out before him. And at the end of the road is success . . . for himself, at least.

Shethar can help his hosts make the most of their potential. If he decides to get his hosts to quit their jobs and walk naked down a main highway (in the direction of oncoming traffic, no less), this is just to help their self-esteem. If he can get them to do this before lunch, then they're getting even closer to being all that they can be. And when the host stands over the burnt metal frame of what is left of his car, staring at divorce documents from his wife, not even wearing any shoes, then Shethar knows it is time to move on. After all, this host has realized his goals and made the most out of his short, sad existence.

His hosts don't need self-confidence: Shethar can do it for them. The mousier the host, the more introverted, the more the poor human needs his help. He's their self-confidence. He's their self-esteem. They can become so much more if they just listen to his advice and learn the secrets of motivation.

Shethar-bonzai is a good adversary for angelic PCs. He likely won't be very helpful toward demonic PCs, though, unless there's something "funny" for him to do . . . or unless he can get them to see that twisty path to their true potential – that Shethar sees so clearly.

ABIASAPH

Calabite Knight of Dark Humor

The school band had just come to the end of its performance, brass instruments gleaming in the afternoon sunlight. The cheerleaders came running out onto the grass, flashing their pompoms and twirling their skirts, chanting, "Go School!"

A thin man leaned against the stand which held the spectators, and flexed his fingers thoughtfully. "Because of a nail, the shoe was lost . . ." he murmured to himself.

"Hub?" the woman next to him asked, before looking back to the cheerleaders. "Awww. Aren't they just the cutest things. That's my Janey out there with the red hair."

The cheerleaders climbed on each other's shoulders, forming a pyramid, their white and purple pompoms flailing wildly. "Smash them all! Get the ball!"

"Really?" the man asked, peering at the girls. "That one?" He pointed at the red-haired girl perched on the top.

The girl's pompoms exploded in a wash of fluff. She screamed, and the pyramid came apart in confusion, collapsing into a morass of struggling girls.

For a long moment, a horrified silence hung in the air, then slowly, one by one, the audience began to laugh. Even Janey's mother clung to the side of the stand and laughed at her struggling daughter.

The girls began to cry. One by one, they staggered to their feet and fled the field.

"And all," murmured the man to himself, "for the want of a horseshoe nail."

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 11 Agility 5

Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7

Celestial Forces - 4 Will 10 Perception 6

Vessel: Human male/3 (thin, late thirties, straggly hair)

Role: "Al Boskins," Private Detective/3, Status/2

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Dodge/1, Driving/3, Engineering/2, Fighting/3, Large Weapon/2 (Club), Savoir-Faire/1

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

Attunements: Calabite of Dark Humor, Habbalite of Dark Humor, Prank, Knight of Derision

Discord: Berserk/3

Abiasaph is a minimalist. He believes in causing the maximum amount of painful mockery for the minimum of effort. His particular area of expertise is public concerts or sports performances at schools, where one little destroyed component or off-balance note can spoil the efforts of hundreds of young people. A single destroyed instrument or platform support, or a player missing a catch, can result in wholehearted public mockery and total destruction of the victims' hopes and self-esteem.

However, Abiasaph often feels (as he'll explain to any friendly audience) that he's not living up to his full potential. Sure, he's a brawler who can trample any angels (or other demons) who get in his way; sure, he's a Knight of Derision with a high record, but nobody seems to appreciate his *mind*. He envisions himself as a computer hacker who could bring down systems across the country with the touch of a single key. Unfortunately, though he studies computer languages hopefully, he usually destroys any computer he uses out of sheer frustration. He goes through a lot of laptops . . .

He is still extremely good at his chosen work. Abiasaph keeps moving across America and Europe, not staying in any location for long. He's most busy at the end of school terms, with all the performances and concerts going on. His tendency to go berserk if he *does* get into a fight with angels has caused him to leave town precipitously on several occasions – but he does his best to deposit the bodies somewhere appropriate, such as the local school stadium. Some Servitors of Fate have been noticing his work at shattering young hopes, and are considering suggesting that Kronos would be a kind and rewarding master . . .



SERVITORS OF KRONOS



Harsha doesn't believe in using force on humans to drive them to their fates. That could be dissonant, and she can't see the personal gain. She knows well that all it takes are a few well-placed words from someone the human trusts, and they will go to their fate all by themselves, along with giving up a little Essence on the way. A smile, a friendly word, a few kind comments about their hair, and instantly you're the human's trusted friend. It's all so easy, really, when she thinks about it.

Harsha even has a gimmick, of which she is quite proud. Who do people trust more than their friendly neighborhood psychic, with her pack of Tarot cards, strange rune stones, and arcane mysteries? In these times – when the Age of Aquarius is fashionable, packages of incense are sold on street corners, and love spells can be bought on television for \$19.95 – there is always a place for a friendly smile and a pack of ancient powers from the dawn of time. Besides, the scarves, printed with moons and stars (which match her deck!), set off her eyes.

The Tarot cards are no more than pretty pictures printed on heavy card stock. Harsha well knows that the importance of the cards lies in the interpretations she concocts. In the right hands, the cards can be a source of great inspiration, a clear picture of the present . . . or a tool used to steer people away from their possible futures. She acknowledges that she is – or is not – the right hands, depending on point of view. A shuffle, an arcane layout and,

for a little Essence, Harsha can tell her mark all they need to know about fulfilling their fate. It's lying right there on the table. A few more dollars (and some additional Essence), and she's even willing to forecast love in the future – if the human in question is well-dressed, well-groomed, and drives a sports car.

She sits on the sidewalk behind her little booth, day after day, wrapped in her scarves. The wind blows through her hair, while she watches the face of her pocket watch, dangling off its golden chain. The humans come to her in droves. Curious, spending money, or searching for a new direction in their future . . . they're all just begging to be helped on their way to Hell. She's so happy to assist with a smile.

Harsha can be used as a good source of information for demonic PCs, or a subtle influence for angels to counter.

HARSHA

Impudite of Fate



"The Tower. You can be assured your business partners are after your money. Ah, yes. The 10 of Swords. You should try to get rid of them. And I so like your coat."

Corporeal Forces - 2 **Strength** 3 **Agility** 5
Ethereal Forces - 3 **Intelligence** 8 **Precision** 4
Celestial Forces - 4 **Will** 10 **Perception** 6

Vessel: Human female/2

Skills: Artistry/3 (Drawing), Emote/2, Fast-Talk/2, Lying/3, Seduction/1

Songs: Charm (Celestial/3), Entropy (Celestial/3), Shields (Celestial/3)

Attunements: Impudite of Fate, Fated Future

MALCHRISTOS

Balseraph of Fate

"Is it true that you asked Lucifer for the Word of the Antichrist?"

Malchristos gazed down at the smirking Impudite reporter. The nails hurt his wings so much. "Certainly not," the Balseraph replied, "I'd never do anything so foolishly presumptuous. I simply asked him a **question** about theology."

"I guess he wasn't pleased by your question, which is why you're nailed up there on that cross," the Servitor of the Media retorted.

"On the contrary," Malchristos said, through gritted teeth. "My Elohite resonance indicated to me that he was amused, and even somewhat pleased. He said I needed to understand Christology more fully. That's why he had me nailed to a cross in the middle of Shal-Mari for three days."



"And has it given you a better understanding?"

"Of course. Everything Lucifer does is very, uh, 'enlightening.' Believe me, after three days up here, I understand crucifixion better than ever before. On this subject, I don't want to be any more enlightened."

"I see. I'm sure our viewers would love to know exactly what this question was you asked Lucifer."

"I'd already asked Lilith some questions about theology, and based on her reply, I wanted to know if Kronos was the **original** Jesus Christ, before he Fell."

The Impudite blinked, and turned off his tape recorder. "Listen, if you're going to say things like that, this is the end of

this interview. We don't repeat libelous things about Demon Princes on the All-Hell New News Hour."

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 10 Perception 10

Vessel: Human male/2 (elderly)

Role: "Alvin Hall," Catholic Priest/3, Status/3

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Dodge/3, Emote/5, Fast Talk/4, Fighting/2, Knowledge (Archive Layout/3, Theology/6), Language (Latin/2)

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/3), Charm (Celestial/5), Shields (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/2), Tongues (Corporeal/4)

Attunements: Balseraph of Fate (Elohite), Impudite of Fate, Fated Future

Discord: Geas/6 (owed to Lilith)

Malchristos' work for Kronos involves convincing humans and celestials that some person or institution is in fact the Antichrist. In the Middle Ages, he spread rumors about nobles and Popes. Now he spreads rumors about corporations like Proctor and Gamble and people like Bill Gates. None of the people he's targeted have any connection to Hell. The idea is simply to spread fear and confusion. But centuries of talking about the Antichrist have gotten Malchristos thinking about the original Christ.

In return for his Geas, he's learned that Lilith suspects that Kronos is actually an avatar or manifestation of God, much as Yves is (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 37). This has led Malchristos to theorize that Kronos was Jesus Christ, before the shock of the Crucifixion caused him to Fall. He knows that Kronos' Baron of the Book of Days distinction (*In Nomine*, p. 173) confers a detailed knowledge of the events of one century from sometime in the last two millennia. Malchristos believes that Kronos began to gather the data contained in the Book of Days immediately after he arrived in Hell, and therefore dates his time of arrival at two millennia ago.

Malchristos also believes his theory would explain a lot about Heavenly politics. If Dominic knows that Christ both existed and *was* a manifestation of God, but does not know what happened to Christ after his death, it would explain Dominic's support for Christianity. If Yves knows Christ became Kronos, it would explain why Yves instructed Gabriel to help him replace Christianity with Islam, yet was reluctant to explain why to the other Archangels.

Other demons are naturally leery of such suggestions, and feel that getting too close to Malchristos is unhealthy. They're probably right, as the Balseraph's next plan involves questioning *angels*. Not that the angels will be happy to have such questions asked of them . . .



KALLAI

Free Lilim in Service to Fire

"Arson shouldn't be a crime, not when you consider how many people and places so desperately need to burn."

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 6 Perception 6
Vessel: Human female/2, Charisma +1 (Physical beauty)
Role: "Xhosa Mar," Radical Political Activist/2, Status/2
Skills: Chemistry/3, Detect Lies/3, Dodge/2, Fast-Talk/4, Fighting/2, Knowledge/3 (Politics), Ranged Weapon/3 (Guns), Lying/4
Songs: Entropy (Ethereal/3), Charm (Celestial/3)
Attunements: Lilim of Fire
Discord: Angry/3, 2 Geas/3 (owed to Lilith)

"Smash them all! Burn them all! KILL THEM ALL!"

When in the West, Kallai takes form as a tall, athletic black woman, dressed in punk styles. She usually has a copy of *Das Kapital* or some other radical text in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

SERVITORS OF LILITH

Kallai believes passionately in her dark Mother's Word, and seeks to destroy every social institution and every personal bond that can constrain an individual's behavior. She sees pure Hobbesian anarchy, the war of all against all, as the state of pure infernal Freedom. To this end, she has bound herself in a long-service contract to Belial. In exchange for his Attunements and Rites, she acts to spread chaos and destruction on the Earth.

Usually, she takes a Role on Earth as a radical political activist. She targets people with legitimate grievances, turning them into violent radicals, willing to pay any price in carnage to smash the system that hurt them. Those in charge of the system, of course, are confirmed in their fear and distrust of the radicals, and they will react violently against those who threaten order. So a terrible cycle of violent protest and violent crackdown, followed with even more violent protests and crackdowns is created. The social order is weakened and consumed in an orgy of rioting and hate.

She rarely engages in solo violence, although she is a reasonably capable fighter. Instead, she prefers the rush of adrenaline that comes from being part of a mob that has abandoned every moral inhibition, and will joyfully loot and pillage during a riot. She will use her Songs to drive enough other people to violence to trigger a riot, even if this leaves her low on Essence.

Kallai's conversation is forceful and direct, but she has a habit of going for biting one-liners at the expense of building a coherent argument. If she's given extended time to speak, she'll start out the same way, but tends to build up into extended rants that are astonishing in their violence and ability to work up a crowd.

She is on very good terms with both of her Superiors; Lilith is pleased with the enthusiasm with which Kallai spreads hellish Freedom across the world. Kallai will sometimes even do her Mother's bidding without asking payment, if the task will shatter enough human bonds. Belial simply loves the fire and destruction that follow in Kallai's wake. It is even possible that she will bind permanently to his service, although in recent times Malphas has been inquiring about her availability.

The riots and violence that Kallai incites tear at the bonds of charity and community that are at the core of David's Word, and there are a number of David's angels who want to see her dead at any cost. The PCs may run into some of these. If they lack context on what's happening, they will see what looks like David's skinheads beating up on protesters with legitimate grievances; GMs can have fun playing with PC expectations.

FIDELIAD

Free Lilim



A light as pure and clean as the light of Heaven woke him. Eyes watering, blinking, he sat upright and pulled the sheets to his stomach. "What in the name –?"

"Indeed," a soft and pleasant voice said. He heard something dripping against his linoleum floor. "The Name. Look upon me, Leonard."



His eyes finally cleared and a slight frown wrinkled his forehead. "The white robes are very nice," he murmured, "and the face is classic. Still, our Lord has not appeared in person before a man in centuries, at the least. Please, whomever you may be, turn off the light show and leave my house."

"Your heart aches for faith," the image of Christ said. "Yet I will go, if you wish it."

"Please," Leonard whispered.

The image winked out. The light began to fade.

Leonard blinked for a moment. Silence.

"Wait," he said, voice ragged.

The Lord did not so much fade in as turn around, facing the corporeal world instead of that of the invisible. One hand came down, caressing Leonard's face, leaving a hot wet trail along his cheek. "I shall always be here for my servants, Leonard. But there is a price."

"A price?"

"There is one who must die," his Lord said. "To prevent a thousand years of war and bloodshed."

"Ridiculous," Leonard said bluffly, his initial suspicion returning in full force. "I am a man of peace."

"It is your decision, Leonard," Christ whispered, his voice terribly pure. "Your fears or your faith; your Lord or your conscience; clean hands or a clean soul. His name is Brian Fenderson. He attends your Church."

Then the Lord was gone, and Leonard touched a hand to his cheek, and held it before his face. The room was dark now, but the red that clung to his hand could have only one nature.

Blood. Blood from the hands that pinned the Lord to his cross.

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

Vessels: Human female/2, Charisma +2; Jesus Christ/2, Charisma +2

Skills: Detect Lies/1, Dodge/4, Emote/1, Fighting/1, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/1

Songs: Form (Celestial/5), Light (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/5, Celestial/1)

Attunements: None

Discord: Aura/1, 7 Geas/3 (to Lilith), Stigmata/2

Fideliad (born Paruah) decided early in her life that her title of "Free Lilim" wouldn't be a joke. For a century, she took on only the most specific Geases, and has reached her centennial with a smaller debt than she started with. Of course, she was also Discordant and Attunement-free; such is the price of integrity in Hell.

Her stigmata, in particular, have gone thirty years without correction. A canny individual, she eventually decided to capitalize upon her flaw. She picked up a mock-Jesus vessel from Kobal on the cheap – he thought it mildly amusing on its own, to have a Lilim asking for such a form – and began paying visits to those in Need of faith. She keeps the resulting Geas-hook, but usually manipulates them with a lighter hand. With deception alone, she uses them as pawns to fulfill the most difficult Needs of others – death, destruction, sex, vast sums of money – things she might otherwise have to sully herself or obtain demonic aid for.

Fideliad explains her assumed name as follows: "A nymph of the waters is a naiad; a nymph of the rocks is an oreid; a nymph of faith is a fidelid."

Fideliad has a talent for twisting men and women who place their love for God above the rest of their ethical code. Angels may find it unsettling to confront such believers – simply sweeping them out of the way or dissuading them can be difficult.

Fideliad is distinctive on many levels, much to her distress, and cannot elude a careful search. And, Heartless, she cannot easily flee back to Hell should angels come calling.

SERVITORS OF ALPHAS



JAHAZ

Calabite of Factions

"God is an inconsistent concept, which has currency only because so many people can't accept the basic fact of solitude. It is claimed that God is the omnipotent might of perfect love. This is a pretty phrase, but I have seen loves so perfect that Archangels wept when the lovers came together. And in my hand every single one came apart like cobwebs in the rain."

"People believe in God only because they do not wish to know the truth about themselves, because they do not wish to admit that their souls are composed of the arithmetic of desire and the calculus of instinct."

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 6 Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 7 Perception 5

Vessel: Human male/2, Charisma +1

Skills: Detect Lies/6, Dodge/2, Emote/6, Fast-talk/6, Fighting/1, Knowledge/6 (Psychology), Lying/6, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol)

Songs: Charm (Celestial/6)

Attunements: Calabite of Factions, Impudite of Factions

Discord: Vestigium/3 (Cloven hooves), Crippled/3 (Can't run well with cloven hooves)

Jahaz appears on Earth as a tall, heavysset black man. Unlike most members of his Band, he takes pains to appear well-dressed and well-groomed, even though this means he must change clothes a dozen times a day.

Many celestials, angelic and demonic, underestimate the Calabim, thinking them to be mindless thugs. They have not met Jahaz. He is a cold and calculating intelligence, who disassembles minds as easily as his Band-mates disassemble physical objects.

He maintains a cool and superior persona, taking little apparent interest in the doings and feelings of others. In reality, he is a keen observer, watching the construction of relationships and beliefs that define the people around him. And he calculates, coolly and scientifically, the simplest and most efficient ways to dissect those minds.

Because he knows how tenuous belief and passion are, he is very unwilling to expose his emotions to the world as he sees others expose themselves. He allows himself only a cool and distant curiosity, and will take action only to get the opportunity to learn more about the calculus of behavior.

Whenever Jahaz comes in contact with someone new, he will begin a slow and methodical process of torture, designed to break down a mind into its constituent drives and reflexes. His tortures are nothing as crude as hot irons or even threats to his victim's loved ones or possessions. Instead, he uses his attunements to surgically cut his victims away from the web of relationships that support them, and strip them of everything they have faith in.

When his specimen is finally utterly alone and despairing, Jahaz will move in and begin to disassemble the subject's personality with his Song and attunements. There is no passion at all in what he does; just a jeweler's patience and a serene confidence that he will find the levers that will cause his victim to come apart.

In fact, Jahaz is usually successful at breaking his specimens. It is a pity he can never be troubled to put his toys back together again. But, he will say, there are always new pathologies to investigate, and he simply doesn't have the time to reassemble minds. It's not worth it, anyway, for a mind is rarely as interesting as the pieces that make it up. His lucky victims are the ones who are detected and institutionalized before they succumb to the voices in their heads and blow up a kindergarten; the unlucky ones simply starve to death because they can't remember what food is.

Jahaz is suitable as opposition or a brief ally (until it suits him to take apart his "friends").

ISHMA

Habbalite Knight of Factions

He smiles when they don the robes.

He smiles when they pledge their allegiance to God.

He smiles when they light the Cross, and it burns brightly, so brightly.

When the heat from the flames rushes over his skin and small gusts of hot wind lifts the flap of his hood, Ishma feels like he's doing something, he's really doing something here, among mankind. There is nothing like a little hate and loathing to really bring people together under one unifying banner of community. He looks down at the baby in his arms, swaddled in the same white robes, and he can do nothing but smile.

There was a time, not too long ago, when his week-end evenings were filled with a never-ending parade of marches, beatings, burnings, and lynchings. Under his orders, the unworthy were killed and their homes were bombed. He had ordered shootings and hangings. It was good for the community. Violence really brought people together, and all under the name of God.

It's been getting harder in the years of political correctness. People turned against the community that he had worked so hard to cultivate. They shout slogans of hate, they attack with baseball bats and they firebomb homes in the names of the morally right. But this is not a problem – violence can only breed violence, hate can only breed hate, and he can easily switch to the winning side. The cycle continues.

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

Vessel: Human male/2 (forty-something), Charisma +2

Role: "Jacob Anson," Militaristic Leader/3, Status/2

Skills: Dodge/3, Fighting/3, Lying/2, Savoir-Faire/2

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/2, Celestial/3), Shields (Corporeal/4, Celestial/2)

Attunements: Habbalite of Factions, Knight of Deception

Hate groups have almost become an accepted staple of American society in the twentieth century – from white supremacists to black extremists to survival groups who hide in the mountains polishing their guns. They claim their right to free speech, and they detest it when others claim equal rights. And so their little groups become breeding grounds of mistrust, propaganda, and hate . . . on both sides of the equation. Groups hunt down their targets and beat them to death on secluded corners in the dead of night. At the same time, marches are arranged,



protested, and attacked by law-abiding citizens with baseball bats in the interest of freedom. It's all so beautiful.

Ishma loves the legacy of it all. Hate-filled, white, southern families bring their small children to ceremonial cross burnings. Black and Hispanic families teach their children to hate the white man who keeps them down. Television and other news media display the hatred for all to see, in its stark pain-filled reality. Nothing really fosters a feeling of togetherness in a group like getting together and loathing in the name of God's righteousness.

The Habbalite is in the thick of it, and enjoying every minute. One day he might be donning the white robes and speaking persuasively to a group of young, bright-eyed, and enthusiastic skinheads on a farm in Alabama. The next day he might be explaining to a radical religious group why they are God's chosen.

This is God's work. This is what he was meant to do.

Ishma may be used as a mentor for newer, younger demons who are in the area, or as a wily foe for an angelic group of PCs.

SERVITORS OF NYBBAS

IRU

Habbalite of the Media

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 4 Precision 8
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 6 Perception 10

Vessel: Human male/2, Charisma +1

Role: "Harry Jones," Manager/2, Status/2

Skills: Computer Operations/2, Escape/2, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting/2, Knowledge/4 (Occult and Psychic lore), Lockpicking/2

Songs: Motion (All/3), Possession/3, Tongues (Ethereal/2)

Attunements: Habbalite of the Media

Servant: Silver Runestone (below), "Psychic" (Class/4, Level/2)

Iru is an eager young demon with big plans. As one of Nybbas's Habbalah, he is immersed in the world of modern New Age mystics and occult enthusiasts. Most of his fellow Punishers view their deluded mortal followers as merely victims to be tormented. But Iru has his eye firmly on the big picture. He wants to turn pseudo-science into a powerful weapon for Hell.

Science, with its emphasis on proof and reason, has been tricky for celestials on both sides of the War to handle. Demons love to use science to discredit religious faith, but its emphasis on truth and honesty runs counter to everything the Father of Lies stands for. Angels have the opposite problem – many ethical scientists are agnostic at best.

Iru has glimpsed a third alternative. By encouraging people to believe mystical nonsense presented in a "scientific" fashion, the Infernals can strike a blow against both faith and reason simultaneously. The possibilities are endless.

So far, Nybbas has looked favorably upon Iru's operations. Television shows about UFOs and ghosts do well in the ratings, and millions of people call telephone psychics every day. But so far Iru has failed to produce a real "boffo event" which could gain him the Word he dreams of: Pseudo-science.

At present, Iru works as the business manager and general factotum for an up-and-coming psychic. Ten years ago, Sylvia Knudsen was an unsuccessful stage magician working children's birthday parties. Five years ago, she began "channeling" famous dead people like Pocahontas, Merlin, Catherine the Great, and the Buddha. Today, Silver Runestone has a small empire with books, videotapes, week-long seminars, and pricey personal sessions.

She claims that her training can help people relive past lives, communicate with the dead, increase their intelligence, see the future, and levitate.

Of course, it's really her quiet assistant, "Harry," who's responsible for all of Silver's paranormal feats. His goal right now is to arrange for a media-

saturated scientific test of Silver's mystical abilities. If she can pass a set of rigorous tests, Silver can become a big-time cult leader – and Iru can gain a potentially powerful Word.

There is, however, a strong chance that this won't work as he's planned. With the slightest misstep, the Game will descend upon the hopeful Habbalite. While promoting the metaphysical (*without* mention of the truth of the War between Heaven and Hell) could be useful, it's hard for a Habbalite to keep his mouth shut about God . . .



Silver Runestone, née Sylvia Knudsen

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

Status: 2 (Professional Psychic)

Charisma: +1

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Emote/4, Escape/2, Knowledge/4 (Psychic lore), Lockpicking/2, Seduction/2

Silver is a small, fine-boned woman, whose long hair is bleached silvery-white. When making public appearances, she wears filmy, semi-transparent gowns that reveal her lovely figure; on other occasions she prefers sweatpants and tank tops.

She is a canny woman, with a highly-developed self-interest. As long as she is content to let Harry call the shots, the bucks keep rolling in. Silver knows there's something weird about Harry. She doesn't understand how he does all the things he does, but she knows it's all some sort of a con. If things ever turn dangerous, Silver's first priority will be saving her own skin.

AVEN

Djinn of the Media

A bloated, legless demon sits in a dark room lit only by banks of LEDs and the blue glare of computer terminals. Casually, it tosses a candy wrapper to the floor and reaches out to flip a switch. A blinking red light goes out, and an instant of independent thought is corrected.



Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 7 Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 8 Perception 8
Vessel: Human male/2, Charisma +1 (Smooth voice)
Role: "Don Murphy," Shut-in/2, Status/2
Skills: Computer Operation/6, Fast-talk/3, Fighting/1, Detect Lies/3, Electronics/5, Knowledge/3 (Hypnosis), Lying/3
Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Charm (Celestial/4), Dreams (Corporeal/4, Celestial/5), Entropy (Ethereal/3), Light (Ethereal/4), Tongues (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2, Celestial/4)
Servant: Rogue FBI Agent (Class/4, Status/4)
Attunements: Djinn of the Media, Balseraph of the Media, Subliminal
Discord: Pallid/3, Obese/6, Crippled/6 (Legless)

"Good morning, Rick Williamson, this is Control. It is 3:58 AM, and your wife is sleeping deeply. She will not wake up for another 3 hours and 4 minutes. In that time, you will get up, get dressed, and drive to the corner of Oak and Highland, where you will pick up the cardboard box marked 'recycle immediately.' You will then drive up Oak Street until you see a black Mazda RX-7 parked alongside the street. Place the box 16 inches behind the left rear wheel of the Mazda. Return to your home, where you will sleep for 48 minutes until your wife wakes you. This is Control, concluding transmission."

Locked in a tiny, nondescript apartment, Aven is a hideously deformed, rotting mass of flesh – at the heart of a staggeringly sophisticated array of telecommunications and surveillance equipment. His voice is smooth and commanding . . . the only aspect of his form that doesn't evoke instant revulsion.

Many of Nybbas's Servitors seek the spotlight, desiring fame, glory, and the adulation of the masses. Aven is wiser, knowing the limelight just hides the targeting lasers. A hard-won lesson, that: a fellow Servitor tried to have Aven taken in by the Game as a Renegade. The Balseraph who did it was found out, but not before Aven had suffered a great deal – deprived of contributing to the world's media for several months, he had to shuffle his dissonance into Discord. Nybbas never got around to curing it, and Aven set out to earn his restoration.

Now the Djinn operates on the public through indirect manipulations of the media. Through his Songs and attunements, Aven is able to work on the minds of selected humans until they become part of his network of spies and agents. Some are lunatics who believe they hear mysterious voices that give them strange orders. Others don't even know they have been adjusted until they hear a keyword on the evening news and then go on a murderous rampage – which puts them into the news themselves.

He is highly paranoid, using blind cutouts who have no idea who they serve instead of ever trusting one of his agents. This means that his actions and responses are based on incomplete and fragmentary information, and that he'll miss many seemingly obvious opportunities, but Aven is too acutely aware of the vulnerability of his corporeal vessel to risk revealing it. He regards the Essence he must use for his Subliminal attunement or his Songs as a necessary risk, and does his best to space it out, minimizing the range it can be heard.

He is bolder in the Marches: much of his brainwashing relies heavily on his ability to enter the dreams of his victims and torture them there. He can send them instructions by through twisting the media, but when he needs to establish an attunement to a new victim or question them closely about what they have observed, he must enter their dreams.

PAU

Balseraph of the Media

*"Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's a real shame about that school bus full of kids. But look on the bright side: I look **good** walking away from an explosion."*

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 8 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 2 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 10 Perception 6
Vessel: Human Male/4, Charisma +3 (Rugged good looks)
Skills: Chemistry/4 (Explosives), Dodge/6, Fighting/3, Ranged Weapons/6 (Pistol), Seduction/4
Songs: Healing (Corporeal/5), Motion (Celestial/5)
Attunements: Balseraph of the Media, Soundtrack
Servant: Television News Producer (Class/4, Level/3)
Discord: Obsession/5 (Act like an action hero)

Of course, Pau is white, male, tall and ruggedly built, with a perpetual two-day growth of beard, dark sunglasses and a black leather trenchcoat.

Pau is a Balseraph of the Media who has concocted a very complex network of delusions that boil down to one simple belief: life is an action movie, and he is the hero.

Once, he was an ordinary Balseraph, no more delusional than any other member of his Band, running just another tasteless talk show. But then angels discovered him and handed him one defeat after another – his show was canceled, his servants redeemed, his lies revealed, and worst of all . . . his agent dropped his contract.

Pau could not understand it; he had done nothing to distinguish himself, nothing to explain why Heaven had chosen *him* for destruction. He thought about his problem, systematically going through all the possible reasons, until he understood. Life was a movie, and he was the star. What had happened to him was simply the first act, where the hero is wronged and the audience learns to sympathize with him.

He called his news producer and told him to get a news team to the angelic Tether that housed the angels who'd nailed him. He picked up his guns and his dynamite and went in. On live television, he shot up over a dozen Soldiers and angels, and finished it off by blowing up the building and everyone inside it in a violent apocalypse.

When Nybbas realized how crazy Pau had gone, his first instinct was to recycle the Traumatized demon's Forces. But then the Prince of the Media saw the ratings. Millions of people had seen Pau on television, seen him with a gun in each hand and a trenchcoat flapping in the wind. And they had begun to dream that they too

could aspire to a life of infamy, violence, and absolutely no consequences.

So now, whenever Nybbas needs a violent distraction, he hauls Pau up from his little nook in Perdition. Despite Pau's lone-gun attitude, he's a lot more effective than his opponents expect, because he has a totally casual attitude toward killing, explosions, and triggering truly gigantic amounts of Symphonic disturbance. His total disconnection from reality means that even if he is captured, he can't spill anything useful to his captors. And to top it all off, his ratings numbers are off the charts, allowing Nybbas to turn a profit even on irrelevant distractions.



Besides his obvious use as comic relief, Pau is a vivid and distinctive opponent, and as a possible romantic interest for demons (or angels!) in attractive female vessels. After all, Pau thinks he's an action hero, and this includes liaisons with dangerous women. But even though it's probably easy to swing Pau over to the PCs' side, his hair-trigger reflex toward violent overreaction will be a lot of trouble for the PCs (and a lot of fun for the GM).

SERVITORS OF SAMINGA



BIDKAR

Calabite of Death

The souls wailed and struggled, as always, but there were three of them against four roving young demons. One Argentine of minimal consequence; one from an African state wracked by civil war; one . . .

Bidkar stopped the Impudite. "Wait. This one's mine." The Taker hissed, but desisted and sat out – safer not to test either of the bone-pierced Habbalah who flanked Bidkar.

The man resisted the bloated Calabite's questions. Bidkar smiled unpleasantly and let her resonance stretch. And once the soul had finished screaming, the Destroyer listened in fascination to the acts of a man Death had never managed to recruit for a Soldier, but had wanted all the same. She needed to understand the errors the mortal had made in his crusade of white-robed hate. Eventually, she would have to correct them.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 8 Perception 4
Vessel: Human female/2, Charisma -1

Skills: Chemistry/2, Fighting/4, Large Weapon/2 (Axe), Ranged Weapon/3 (Rifle), Small Weapon/2 (Knife), Tactics/2, Throwing/3, Tracking/2

Songs: Numinous Corpus (Acid/1, Claws/1, Horns/1, Tail/5)

Discord: Pallid/1

Attunements: Calabite of Death, Balseraph of Death

Bidkar is a young Calabite, still only possessed of seven Forces. This doesn't prevent her from harboring ambition in her demonic Heart. No, Bidkar knows exactly what she wants: to win enough approval from Lucifer and her Prince to be awarded the prize of a Word. Genocide.

It's true that every holder of that Word to date has been eliminated. But Bidkar believes earnestly (if mistakenly) that the reason has been a simple lack of sufficient preparation. She, on the other hand, has had Genocide as her goal right from the start. Her appearance is proof of that – sickly white, thin in some places and bloated in others. Not to mention her smell. She's not being overly hasty; the road to a Word is a long one, and precision is necessary. Balance. And the occasional explosions of entropy and violent, agonizing, drawn-out death.

Bidkar has only just been given an Earthly vessel. She didn't, truth to tell, particularly want it yet. She's intelligent enough to know that she's still incompetent in matters corporeal. What she'd prefer is some more time in Abaddon. Perhaps a pass to Tartarus to practice her skills in some pleasant and useful fashion. Perhaps even a visit to Shal-Mari, to learn more about the corporeal world and the allied Word of Dark Humor. There'd be enough time in Hell to earn her Forces, to hone her Songs and skills, to shine just enough to gain notice, not so much that she's the target of suspicion as well. But now she's been forced into the corporeal realm ahead of schedule.

As far as Bidkar can tell, she was selected for Earth-duty at random, and now all she's thinking about is getting back to Hell without the taint of "incompetent" upon her. Some noble death, defending her master's plans against clearly superior numbers, say . . . Eventually, Bidkar knows, she'll be ready to begin her true work on Earth. She'll use her valiant efforts as credentials then. And if she must walk the line between incompetence and threatening her paranoid Prince – by the time he quests openly for her Word, she'll be able to do it with ease. After all, even Saminga must know how loyal she is to the cause of Death. Eventually, everyone will.

She's sure of it. Fortunately for everyone else, she's probably wrong.

LABANA

Lilim Captain of Death

"There is no freedom is death? Ha! Hardly . . . there is the ultimate freedom in death. If some mortal is bugging me, I have him iced, smoked, erased, removed, neutralized, terminated, made very, very, very dead. That's freedom."

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 9 Precision 7
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 8 Perception 12

Vessels: Human female/2 (tall, brunette, fierce); Human male/2 (tall, brutish, confident); Human female/2 (blond, softly curved), Sex Appeal +1

Roles: "Laura Haverly," (brunette) Criminal lawyer/3, Status/3; "Darren Liepold," Businessman/3, Status/3

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/4, Driving/1, Emote/3, Knowledge/6 (Law), Language/1 (Latin), Lying/4, Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/2

Songs: Claws/4, Form (Celestial/3), Healing (Corporeal/3), Tongues (Corporeal/3, Celestial/2)

Servants: Varies; currently Dana Jones (below) (Class/6, Level/3), and Raca (p. 108) (Class/5, Level/2).

Attunements: Lilim of Death, Balseraph of Death, Vampiric Kiss

Labana has been serving Death for far too long for her health, say her sisters. But she loves it, especially the thrill of pitting humans against humans. There's nothing quite like knowing that you're responsible for not only the death of some petty, disgusting human, but that there's no blood on your hands personally because you were never there. Best of all, there's no hard evidence to prove that you even made any deals with anyone. It's almost heaven.

Laura Haverly is the flesh and Role that Labana dons when she needs to "help" some poor murderer out of the clutches of the evil law system. In return, the murderer will do her a favor or two . . . usually another killing (or two).

The Role of Darren Liepold is an "associate" of Laura's, usually the face that the poor criminal sees before meeting Laura. And of course, introducing the law-breaker to a lawyer, who'll do the job for almost free, is a favor in itself. Darren does other jobs as well, of course. He's known in the underworld as a "connection," someone to talk to if you need a body, living or dead, disposed of.

To convince her dark master that yes, she really is killing people herself, Labana frequently recruits potential undead. Saminga can't understand why more Lilim don't serve him – doesn't he give them un-aging servants, who will stay perfect and dead forever? In a fit of inspiration (for him, at least), he has tasked this Tempter with

finding candidates who appeal to her sisters. For this, she uses whichever of her three vessels appeals most to the targets. Once they've been recruited, they stay a while with Labana, learning how to please the Daughter. Then they're transferred to one of her rare few sisters in Death. A large fraction of the undead servants of Saminga's Lilim were originally found, and approached, by Labana.



DANA JONES

Mummy in service to Labana, Coroner

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Status: 3 (Coroner), Charisma +1

Skills: Knowledge (Court process/1, Metallurgy/2), Lying/5, Language/3 (Latin), Medicine/6

Songs: Form (Celestial/3), Unlife/3

Disadvantages: Obsession/2 (death and the dead), Geas/4 (to Labana)

Dana Jones was merely a student, broke and obscure, when she was approached by Labana. After a while, she was the newest recruit to the "sexy" side of Death – killer in the night, by turns victimizer and victim at the ceremony that made her a mummy, welcomed into her new existence by her Lilim mistress. Now, she's approaching the top in her field . . . so long as no one finds out that she's been falsifying evidence – or that she's *dead*!

With her Celestial Song of Form and a little time, she can make it look like just about anything was the cause of death, which often makes Labana quite happy.

SERVITORS OF VALEFOR



FARAGOTH

Impudite of Theft

"The Hokusai collection is excellent, but I'm especially fond of Hiroshige's work. It's a real class act by George Barrows showing them together in an evening show. Beautiful art, relaxing music, and, of course, good company. More wine, my dear?"

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

Vessel: Human male/2, Sex Appeal +1

Skills: Acrobatics/2, Climbing/1, Dodge/3, Lock-picking/1, Move Silently/1, Running/1

Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Healing (Corporeal/2),

Attunements: Impudite of Theft, Passage

Discord: Fear/2 (Heights)

When it comes to a little B&E, Faragoth is the man. More than a simple cat burglar, he likes to work a place up ahead of time. He cases it, manages a little social engineering, then makes his move. The preliminary contact is as much a part of the fun as the actual job; It gives him a chance to make friends, drain folks, and learn about bigger, shinier targets. Sometimes, for kicks, he hangs around and consoles people the day after – they usually appreciate the attention when something major has been lost. All in all, it would be a good life if it weren't for some bad luck.

Faragoth always attracts the wrong kind of attention, usually after grabbing something much more important than he expected. A few times he's had to deal with troublesome mortals, after breaking into a Mafia Don's house without adequate investigation, or the one time he walked off with a laptop full of classified CIA mission reports. More often, he blunders into celestial difficulties. He habitually avoids working with fellow Infernals whenever he can. He narrowly missed being blamed for a horrendous failure once, and subsequently spent four days stuck in a bus in Ecuador with an angry Calabite. He's stolen several artifacts, each time drawing the ire of one or more angels. His last encounter with a Malakite of Stone ended with a thirty-story plummet from a penthouse apartment. Since then, he sees the stern face of that nameless Malakite every time he leaves the first floor.

After all these disasters, Faragoth has developed into two people. One is the suave, relaxed guy who cruises into the party and attracts other beautiful people. This Faragoth, often going by names like "Michael" or "Stephen" as circumstances require, is completely comfortable with himself and his environment. He enjoys keeping up with such human trivia as fashions and entertainment (always managing to acquire a suitably swanky wardrobe for the occasion). The other Faragoth is a markedly different beast. Far too often a punching bag for bigger celestials, he fears angels and demons alike. When he thinks other celestials are near, Faragoth acts the part of a reluctant schoolboy, trying to fade into his chair and seem utterly inconspicuous. This usually fails.

Currently, Faragoth is trying to curb his bad luck. Every new town seems like another opportunity, with no people or celestials who know him. Unfortunately for Faragoth, the last few "opportunities" have left him bruised and penniless. The latter part is no problem, but if he's ever dropped from another tall building, Faragoth may snap.

RIKNIK

Djinn of Theft



The customs agent looked up for the next person in line, and considered taking a urgent coffee break. Seeing the lengthening line, he sighed and decided against it.

"Good evening, Mrs. Draper. Do you have anything to declare?" He knew better than to ask her how her trip was.

"Well, I'd like to declare that you took long enough to get to me. I pay enough taxes, there should be more people here. And you people always take forever for the simplest things."

*The agent contemplated sending her off for a full inspection, but he'd heard the tales of what happened the last time someone tried **that**. He didn't need trouble with his co-workers.*

*And all they got on her was ten pounds of undeclared Belgian chocolate. From the looks of her, it probably **was** for personal consumption.*

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 7 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 8 Perception 4

Vessel: Human female/1 (about 60), Charisma +1

Role: "Evelyn Draper," Tourist/3, Status/3

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Dodge/2, Driving/2, Fast-Talk/2, Large Weapon/3 (Umbrella), Lockpicking/2, Lying/3, Move Silently/2

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/3), Motion (Ethereal/3, Celestial/3)

Servant: Riknik sometimes travels with a male companion, using her Djinn of Theft attunement, but changes her "male friend" frequently.

Attunements: Djinn of Theft

Riknik is that rare and dangerous creature: a smart Djinn. She has a specialized, but important, job in the shadowy world of Theft – she's a smuggler of small, high-value items. Whether it's the latest samples of designer drugs from Far Eastern labs, a pound of gemstones from African mines, or a microchip stolen from Silicon Valley and headed to China, Riknik's "Criminal Express" can get it there.

As Mrs. Evelyn Draper, she's the bane of airport agents, waiters, and hotel clerks the world over. The widowed Mrs. Draper travels constantly to tourist spots, where she promptly complains about how everything is inferior to "back home." One of those muscular, "iron auntie" types, she can be seen waving her trademark black umbrella at hapless clerks and waiters from Rio to Stockholm.

Riknik's *modus operandi* is to attune to her cargo, stash it in the luggage, vehicle, or even clothing of her "mule," and then follow at a circumspect distance while her unwitting courier safely carries the loot through Customs.

When the mule comes to rest somewhere convenient, she sneaks in and takes off with the goods. The victim is always someone unlikely to be suspected: a family with children, a corporate executive, a retired couple taking their first overseas trip . . . or innocent player characters.

Since style counts a lot with Valefor, Riknik has a trademark – when she retrieves her charge, she always leaves behind a small business card reading "Thank you for being used by Criminal Express. We hope you'll serve us again soon." Needless to say, this has left a lot of otherwise straight people with serious concerns. But what can they do? There's nothing there but a card, and no evidence of wrongdoing. The police would just ignore it . . . or maybe they wouldn't. Either way, it would be a lot of hassle after a long trip.



Riknik is the meticulous type of Djinn – her attire is always in perfect order (if not style), her schedule is planned out to the second, and anything that goes wrong is not *her* fault. She expects similar attention to detail from everyone. Constantly. And loudly. And *right now*. But only for *her* problems.

The umbrella? Sometimes an umbrella is just an umbrella. There's not even a sword in the handle. But not a few airline crewmembers would like to petition to ban it from planes.



TARAN

Impudite of Technology

A large psychiatric nurse, built like a Land Rover, pinioned the boy's arms while he struggled and spat, wild with fury.

"It seems quite aggressive," commented the woman in the tailored suit, behind the one-way mirror. She scribbled a note in her pad and glanced at her companion quizzically.

"I'd agree," he murmured to her. "A most promising candidate for front line work. We've been working on him for some months now. Shall I have the next one shown in for you, Baroness?"

"No. This will suffice. When will it be ready to leave?"

The doctor's moon-shaped face split into a pleasant smile. "Usually I like to allow for a short period of training, to accustom . . ."

He was cut off abruptly as she pulled him up by the lapel of his white coat and slammed him hard into the wall.

"Listen to me, you jumped-up little leech. I'll take it when I'm ready, and I expect to find it full up on Essence. I know your type." She pounded his head into the wall again for good measure before dropping him in a heap. "Do I make myself understood?"

The Impudite sniffed back tears of self-pity and nodded silently. As she wheeled and left, he was still groping for his glasses.

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

SERVITORS OF VAPULA

Vessel: Human Male/2 (chubby, thirtysomething), Charisma +1

Role: "Dr. Timothy Curran," Psychiatrist/3, Status/3

Skills: Dodge/3, Fast Talk/1, Medicine/3

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Dreams (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/2), Entropy (Ethereal/2)

Attunements: Impudite of Technology

Dr. Curran is the sort of mild-mannered and understanding psychiatrist any parent would wish to consult if little Jimmy showed worrying signs of talking to himself, throwing frenzied tantrums, or torturing the neighbors' cats. Underneath the professional exterior, it is clear he sincerely cares about people and wants to help. He and his clinic are also well regarded by medical colleagues. He picks up many referrals from doctors who recognize symptoms that need a specialist's touch, as well as police and prison authorities who use him as a consultant in particularly hardcore cases.

He is a cover role for Taran, an ambitious Impudite of Technology who hopes to use his current project as a stepping-stone to greater things. Taran's current responsibility is to talent-spot mortal Soldiers and servants at a young age. He looks for potential candidates, indicated by behavior such as precociousness, hyperactivity, hearing voices, or being an unusually good liar. If all goes well, he then organizes their initial training, which involves the use of torture, drugs, "dream therapy," and brain-washing in order to soften the teenagers up and condition them to be emotionally dependent on a controlling infernal. Finally the mortal is handed over to a client demon. If it shows promise, Hell might even fund its college education!

Taran has trained Soldiers who later found deployment under Theft, the War, and the Game, as well as Technology. He prefers not to think about the rare failures. Cases which prove too intractable (or those with Cherubim attuned) are rapidly passed to other Technologists as experimental subjects. Where possible, he also likes to train a potential master and servant together, in a way which he likens to matching guide dogs with the blind. His regard for other demons is very low indeed. They come, they take away his pets, they sometimes have to be reminded that mortals need to sleep and eat – but do they say "thank you"? No. Sometimes they even have the nerve to call upon him to use his medical contacts to get an angel committed.

He consoles himself with his Role, which at least means that mortals do what they're told and treat him with the respect that he believes he deserves.

HERMON

Shedite of Technology

He'd been hacking all day long. Someone had posted a challenge on the net last week, and he couldn't just turn it down. A challenge was a challenge, and he had a reputation to maintain. No security was unbeatable, no system was uncrackable, at least in his eyes. All he needed was a host, and he was set. The host, of course, was the easy part.

The problem, he discovered during his long hours of writing code, was that his host (a bloated, acne-ridden adolescent with a penchant for classical music) had this disturbing habit of craving popcorn. The movie-stuff, drenched in stale oil – the taste replicated for the microwave. He thought about denying his host the popcorn, to corrupt him. *That would get him*, he thought. But then he realized, in a fit of pique, that the oil-dripping grains were actually the source of a corrupting influence. Soon the computer was covered in a drift of microwave-wrappers and scribbled notes. He was knee-deep in flowing bytes and greasy crumbs.

Suddenly, in a flash of electrons, he was through. There was nothing much to see, but that wasn't the point. Soon, Hermon was posting his new glory across cyberspace for all to see and admire. "I just broke into the DSN, man, and I got my hands on some sensitive information. They called that system unbreakable, man. Unbreakable. But I got in."

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 1 Agility 3
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 12 Perception 8
Skills: Computer Operation/4, Electronics/4, Engineering/4, Lockpicking/3, Tactics/3
Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/3), Charm (Celestial/4), Light (Ethereal/4), Shields (Celestial/4), Claws/3
Attunements: Shedite of Technology

To Hermon, no security system is so strong, and no piece of personal information is so sacred, that it isn't a target for his wanton acts of electronic destruction. A web page here, a file there; he leaves his mark across an endless stream of bytes and packets. It isn't just the bragging rights which stir his blood, it's the chase and the hunt, and nothing else matters. There is an uncharted wilderness in cyberspace, and Hermon considers himself one of its greatest predators.

Hermon takes delight in breaking into systems – the more difficult, the better. Once he has discovered a new "unhackable" target, he will coax his newest geeky host to sit at terminal with Vapulan laptop in hand, whispering words of encouragement. Day after day, night after night, he will try every hack and every trick of the trade to bring the security walls crashing down and making the system his own. When he is done, and has left his mark in a trail of cyberpunkish spews of letters and numbers, he will announce his accomplishments to the praise of the hacker community. For every one of his fantastic exploits, he further mars the reputations of legitimate programmers everywhere.

Hermon moves around often, from host to host, never staying around too long. He haunts computer labs at campuses across the world. Wherever the Internet is, Hermon lies in wait for another free terminal. It doesn't matter what host he inhabits; his handle, "Hermie," is always the same. In cyberspace, where there are no faces and voices, it is the handle – and the reputation which goes with it – that truly matters, and Hermon is determined to leave his mark on hacker culture forever.

Hermon can be a companion for starting demonic PCs or a good contact. He also would be a good foe for any younger angels – especially those of Lightning.



MARION

Lilim of Technology

Perched at the computer, the graduate student glanced over his shoulder at the approaching lab tech. He looked nervous, unusually so even considering that the woman was older than his mother. "Marion. Can I—"

"Ms. Yung," the tech corrected sharply, and the student cringed. "You can do me a favor. You can get off that system. Do your camera work later."

The student would never know exactly why he gathered up his disks and samples, but Marion hardly cared; the spent Geas-book was a minor debt on a minor person. What it would win her was well worth the expenditure.

She set up the camera and its computer with her own project as a cover. Ten minutes later, Dr. Li hurried in, and his look of dismay was almost perfect; he needed that machine badly.

"I can take my turn later, if you insist," the tech snapped, "but you'll owe me." And he would pay that debt. Vapulan eyes would see his paper long before any journal. Another crumb of stolen credit for Technology; another bit of status for a Lilim.

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 9 Perception 11
Vessel: "Marion Yung," Human female/3 (middle-aged)
Role: Lab Tech/4, Status/3
Skills: Chemistry/2, Computer Operation/1, Electronics/3, Knowledge/3 (Genetics), Lying/4
Songs: Charm (Corporeal/2, Celestial/6)
Attunements: Lilim of Technology

The stereotype of the Lilim is of a sensuous party demon. After all, most people Need to have fun. Marion, on the other hand, does not have any particular need for fun – and, while she's perfectly willing to take advantage of other people's Needs, doesn't see any reason to be bound by them herself. She does – or so she insists – what she wants to, no more.

Most of her fellow Tempters look at her, and the Prince she is bound to, and laugh.

Still, Marion is perfectly happy working for Vapula. She finds something comforting in the wires and enzymes, the files and the programs. The scientists and technicians she works with are almost as predictable: easily maneuvered in one direction or another, their research nudged, tinkered with, or stolen outright. As Marion Yung, with her graying dark hair and sensible skirts, she's a plausible fixture in any lab Vapula might want influence over.

Influence over . . . that's it, really. The wires can't argue. Computers won't surprise her. Enzymes don't rebel. And, under her resonance, lies, and Songs, neither do the humans (or even demons) who Marion works with. And this is why, though not a Free Lilim, she believes herself nonetheless a true Daughter of Freedom. Her freedom. At the expense of theirs.

Marion is generally found in a white lab coat, whether she's in or out of the lab at the time. Her ID is always clipped to one pocket; the other one holds an amazing variety of types and colors of pens, pencils, and markers. Most often, she speaks in clipped, curt tones, even when offering a favor. She is not particularly a likable person and takes pains to keep it that way.

Unlike many Vapulans, Marion doesn't seek out Lightning projects to foil, or try to hide from the angels of Jean. She's entrenched in her chosen community, acts more like a human than many of her sisters (let alone other demons), and doesn't feel like calling attention to herself by doing otherwise. She will, of course, hook any of the Host she can – all the more so if she's working with them. The research does not defy her, and neither will anyone she works with. *Anyone.*



MINOR SUPERIOR: ALAEMON

TAMMUZ

Lilim Captain of Secrets

The Jeanite glanced around the bar furtively. "Have you got it?" he whispered.

"Of course," Tammuz said, with a thin smile. She handed the Mercurian a copy of the computer file she'd stolen. "This is the information on Vapula's cold fusion power generator."

The angel slipped the disk into his pocket. "Thanks. If this data is what you say it is, you've done me a big favor. But I'm not willing to pay you a Geas for it."

Tammuz smiled. "Of course not. I haven't asked for a Geas. All I want is the same thing I've gotten from Jean's people in the past – your assurance that you'll keep my part in this completely confidential. I can't afford to risk letting the Game know I'm helping angels foil demonic plots, can I?"

"No, of course not. I promised to keep this to myself, and I will. But I want to know why you're helping me."

Tammuz gave him another little smile. "Someday I might go Renegade . . . or beyond. A girl has to plan for her future. Maybe someday I'll ask you for a favor you're willing to give me. Something that won't harm Heaven."

"Maybe. Keep in touch." The angel slid out of the private booth and left. Once she was alone, Tammuz checked the hidden camera that had recorded her giving the angel the data. The angel wasn't a fool: he'd checked for hidden surveillance equipment. But she'd put it in the one place she'd known he'd never look – the brooch that graced her ample cleavage, where no efficient Servitor of the Elobite Jean would look for long. She didn't *need* to get Geases from the angels she helped. In the long run, mutually beneficial cooperation worked well. And if all else failed, she always had the blackmail.

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 8 Precision 8
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 9 Perception 11

Vessel: Human female/2, Charisma +3

Role: "Angelica Grant," Patent Lawyer/4, Status/4

Skills: Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/3, Fast-Talk/2, Knowledge/5 (Patent Law), Lockpicking/2, Lying/4

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/1), Shields (Corporeal/4, Celestial/6), Tongue/5

Attunements: Lilim of Secrets, Captain of Private Chambers, Chalk Outline, Lucifer's Document Shredder

Discord: Geas/4 (owed to Alaemon) Geas/3 (owed to Lilith), Deteriorating Geases/2

Tammuz (who *vastly* prefers to be called Angelica) feared she was doomed. She had developed the



Deteriorating Geases Discord after a stint of bad luck invoking some favors. Yet ironically, this inspired her to develop an effective new strategy. She now uses her attunements and position as a lawyer to "help" the Servitors of Jean. And she doesn't ask for a Geas in return.

The help Tammuz gives them is genuine and very valuable. She wants to stop Vapula's attempts to reveal the secrets of nature, after all. Her apparent generosity is leading several Jeanites to trust her more than they should. She's started to corrupt them by persuading them to keep secrets, even from Jean himself. In return for her help, they help her discover secrets about other demons. And she's gathering information that gives her the option of blackmailing the angels she's working with.

Unfortunately, she's making enemies of Servitors of both Vapula and Litheroy (the Seraph Archangel of Revelation). They're starting to suspect that there is an alliance between Jean and Alaemon (Impudite Prince of Secrets), and while the Superiors won't speak to each other, some of their servants are considering working together to counter this threat.

Tammuz's current vessel is that of a beautiful black woman in her mid-thirties. She seems designed to distract hard-working Lightning Servitors, and they very much want to avoid being distracted in that way.

(Alaemon and Litheroy are detailed in the adventure, *Feast of Blades*, in the *In Nomine GM Screen* pack. If the GM does not use these lesser Superiors, Tammuz would make a good Servitor of the Game.)

DEMONLINGS

SNOOP, CRUMBLE, AND PLOP

Snots of Hell

Plop looked around slyly to see if anyone was listening and then spoke to the other snots.

"Okay, here's the plan: Snoop, you get close to Mr. Fancy Britches and see what you can overhear. Crumble, if Snoop looks like it's in trouble, you take out the demon."

Snoop blinked its huge eyes slowly – which, for it, was a sign that it was quite disturbed by the idea. Still, it didn't say anything, which Plop took as assent.

"Next, Snoop comes back and tells us what it heard. We sell the info to the highest bidder. We'll be gremlins and imps in no time!" it concluded with a satisfied look on its face.

Crumble, as usual, was a few sentences behind in the conversation, "I don't know, Plop. He's a pretty big demon."

Plop stamped all its feet and looked disgusted, "Moron! He's just an Impudite! If he was a Shedite or something, you might have a problem. Now just stick to the plan and nothing will go wrong."

This logic convinced Crumble. The demonling settled back into its typical passive acceptance of whatever scheme Plop was explaining this time.

The cunning snot rubbed its hands together, "Who knows, we might even become full demons if we get something juicy enough. And Snoop? Please remember to use the Cream before you sneak up on him, this time!"

All reservations squelched, the other two nodded eagerly.

Snoop

Corporeal Forces - 0 Strength 0 Agility 0
Ethereal Forces - 0 Intelligence 0 Precision 0
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 2 Perception 6
Skills: Lying/1, Move Silently/4, Tracking/3

Snoop looks like a collection of large, unblinking eyes with a few tentacles snaking out from the mass. It speaks little, but watches everything. This snot is easily bossed around by Plop and rarely questions orders. Unfortunately, it's not very clever and has a fondness for shiny things. This might cause Snoop to grab things it wasn't supposed to, despite any orders by Plop.

Crumble

Corporeal Forces - 0 Strength 0 Agility 0
Ethereal Forces - 0 Intelligence 0 Precision 0
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 6 Perception 2
Skills: Fighting/4, Running/4

Crumble, the "muscle" of the group, resembles a squat barrel with stubby arms and legs. Plop keeps it around because it's willing to follow Plop's lead and occasionally has an insight that is missed by the little band's leader.

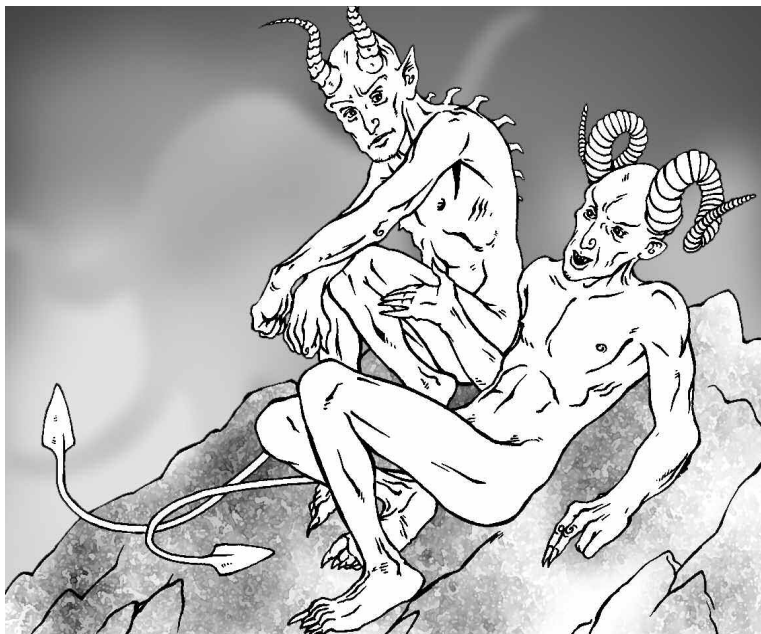
Plop

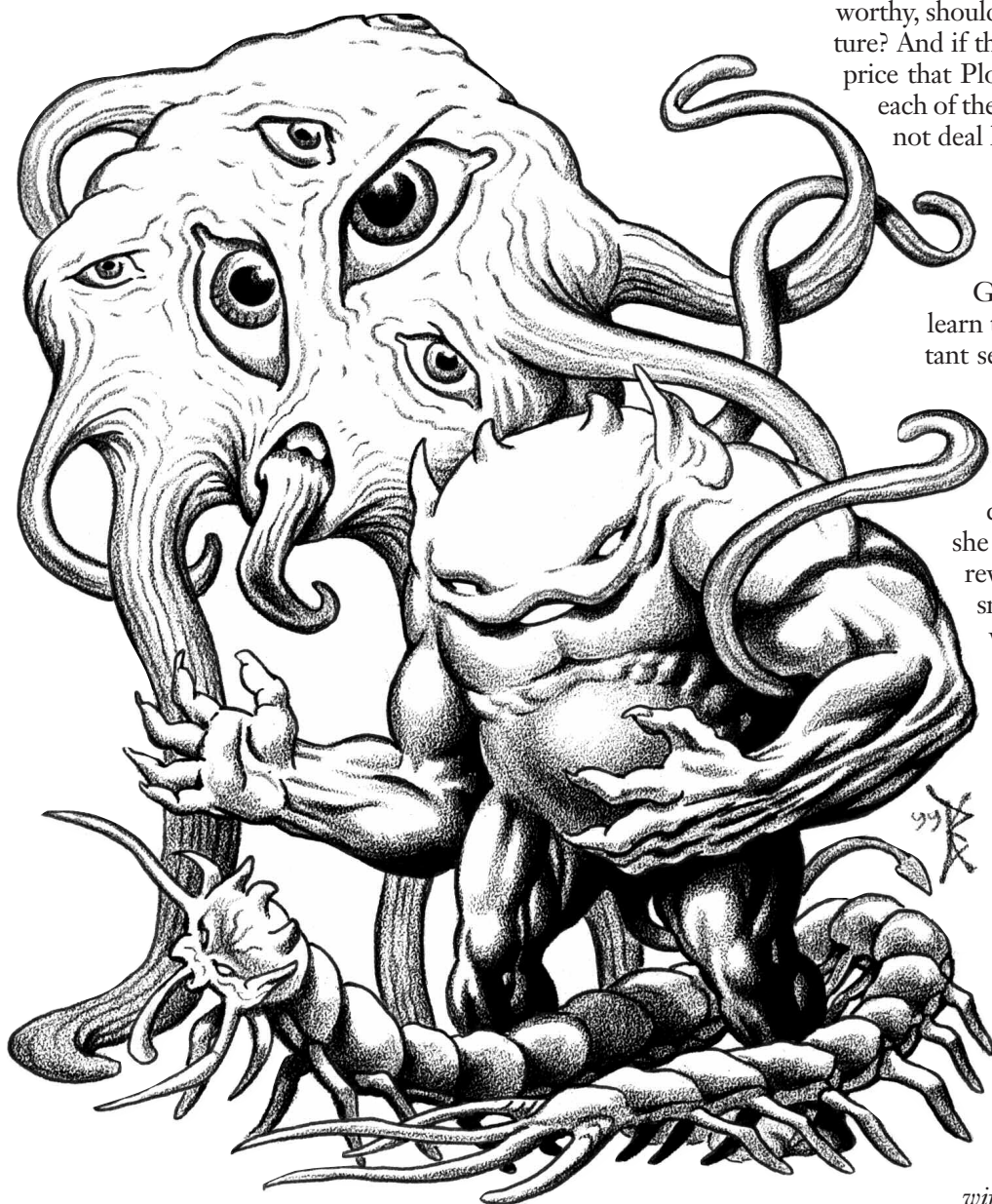
Corporeal Forces - 0 Strength 0 Agility 0
Ethereal Forces - 1 Intelligence 3 Precision 1
Celestial Forces - 1 Will 3 Perception 1
Skills: Fast Talk/4, Lying/1, Chemistry/1, Lock-picking/2

Artifact: Vanishing cream. After applying the cream to his form, the user is celestially invisible for 6 hours. One dose is needed for every Force that the wearer possesses, but using more than 2 doses causes a violent allergic reaction that reduces all rolls by three and negates the invisibility (due to cussing, scratching, etc.). Plop carries some and has more hidden (as much as the Game Master thinks is important or amusing).

Plop looks like a purple centipede with mismatched legs. It is the brains of the three (and definitely the most ambitious!). It's the one who found the discarded Vanishing Cream in Vapula's reject pile and figured out how to use it. Since then, it has been scheming how to use the artifact best.

The three snots are always looking for a better life and have actually developed a decent plan: find out something useful and sell the information. They spend a lot of time spying on demons





and trying to discover a good buyer for anything they overhear. Add in Snoop's habit of taking "nice things," and there are many ways they might be encountered by the player characters.

✧ Snoop has grabbed an artifact belonging to the demons or they have been sent to recover something that has gone missing in Hell. Nybbas has some *very* nice things and would be quite upset if something vanished!

✧ Someone has been leaking information, and one of the player characters is tasked to find out who. All evidence points to another of the group . . .

✧ Plop talks to a PC about some information that it wants to sell. Since snots are not very useful or trust-

worthy, should the demon believe the creature? And if they do, how will they pay the price that Plop demands (i.e., a Force for each of the snots)? Of course, they need not deal honestly at all . . .

✧ A Lilim approaches a PC and tells them that she'll give him some useful information in return for a Geas/2. If he accepts, they learn that some snot has an important secret of theirs and is looking for a buyer. For an additional Geas/5, she's even willing to tell them where it is! If the group decides to cheat or trick it out of her, she will go out of her way to get revenge: perhaps by giving the snot's name to lots of people who do *not* have the character's best interests at heart.

In a wretched pit, two demons were lounging around, relaxing after a hard day of Hardcore. The Calabite leaned back against a crumbling rock face and continued to gripe. "Geez, where does he get off being so high and mighty!"

His Impudite companion grimaced, "He is a Demon Prince, after all. It goes with the territory."

"Bab. He was a demonling with the rest of us and the grubs and frotlings. I think he's forgotten what it's like to be down. Way down."

"Shut up, man! Someone could be listening! You know how sensitive he is about . . . that." He lowered his voice, "One word that you let it slip and you'll wish you were back with the grubs."

"There's no one here, I checked it out." He looked around again perfunctorily. "Nothin' can find us here while we catch a break."

The Impudite looked sour, "You say that until you find your Forces scattered across half of Hell."

The Calabite's laughter was his only reply.

Sitting on a rock, not two feet from the pair, Snoop watched . . . and remembered.



OUTCASTS, RENEGADES, AND REMNANTS



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MAGGIE

Outcast Ofanite of Creation

THREE SKINHEADS BRUTALLY SLAIN

Survivors Say Single Killer Did The Job

"She was like a whirlwind," witness claims.

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 7 Agility 9
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 6 Perception 6

Vessel: Female human/4

Skills: Chemistry/6, Language/3 (German), Singing/4, Throwing/6

Songs: Entropy (Ethereal/4), Motion (Celestial/3)

Attunements: Ofanite of Creation, Transubstantiation

Discord: Angry/3, Berserk/1

Maggie was first assigned to the corporeal realm in the early 1920s. She blended into the German art community, providing a little inspiration here, a voice for a new composition there . . . and the fact that her then-current Role was Jewish bothered only a few lunatics.

Then those lunatics came to power.

Maggie ran, as only an Ofanite could, for several months. Bad luck caught up with her near the French border, however, and she was placed on a train to the nearest internment camp. The confinement conflicted with her Ofanite nature. Unwilling to betray her Role, trying to give hope to the humans she was imprisoned with, Maggie started getting dissonant. The dissonance twisted in her, and the Discord she accepted only made her furious at her friends, all angels, even her Archangel – for they had all abandoned her and the good people she still tried to help. By the time the train arrived, her Heart had cracked beyond repair.

Upon arrival, she was designated as unfit for manual labor, taken out back, and shot. With her Heart cracked, her angelic friends couldn't find her, didn't realize she was in Limbo, and eventually gave up looking.

About ten years ago, Maggie finally made it out of Limbo. She currently earns her living as an itinerant singer for fringe bands and occasional drug dealer. She's accomplished at fabricating drugs the hard way, but she's not above using her Transubstantiation attunement from time to time to ensure a decent supply. She refuses to deal "hard stuff," and generally sells only to her friends and band members.

Her anger is mainly directed toward those who find the policies of the Nazi government admirable, and she takes great pleasure in ensuring that they don't get the chance to act upon such impulses. She carries several knives, and never hesitates to use them when she feels it necessary.

And since the deaths of humans ring through the Symphony like a gong, it's only a matter of time before celestials discover her. If they're angels, well . . . Maggie is exactly the sort of being that triads of Judgment fear all Creationers will become. If she's found by demons, her Discord makes her seem half-way to Calabite already, and a tempting target.

Maggie herself is sometimes a little bit afraid of what she's become – usually when she snaps back to herself and sees her hands covered with blood that's not her own – but she spent a very long time in Limbo, and no one sent her any messages of hope. Not her friends, not her Archangel, *no one*. Even if she didn't have Discord, she'd feel angry and betrayed about that. What little she's discovered of celestial politics doesn't reassure her. She's not sure what Eli is up to, and she'd get a certain unhappy satisfaction from hearing that he'd actually gone and Fallen, as Judgment fears he may. But she has no intention of turning herself in to a triad, either. Discordant and with her faith in her creator in tatters, she doesn't trust what Judgment might do to *her*.



Eventually, if she keeps killing those who deserve it, Maggie will attract attention from other celestials. Those who would be most interested in her – and most likely to meet up with her or seek her out – are Servitors of Nybbas, Fleurity (the Habbalite Prince of Drugs), Dominic, Eli, or Novalis.

NADZORETH

Renegade Balseraph of Death



Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 7 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 9 Perception 3

Vessel: Human female/2, Sex Appeal +2

Skills: Artistry/3 (Death), Fighting/2, Lying/3, Small Weapon/3 (Dagger)

Songs: Entropy (Ethereal/4), Motion (Celestial/4), Form (Celestial/2), Possession/4, Tongue/4

Attunements: Balseraph of Death, Habbalite of Death, Zombi, Sanctuary of the Dead

Discord: Obsessed/2 (Artistic Death)

Artifacts: Black iron torc (Reliquary/4)

Chalk it up to artistic temperament.

Among Saminga's servants, there are the Thanartists: demons whose job it is to be *creative* about death, to come up with new styles for the end of all things. A difficult job – made even more difficult by Saminga's misconception that *he* has lots of interesting and exciting ideas about death as well.

It was too much for Nadzoreth to tolerate any longer.

She'd been on the ascendant for a while, promoting the darkwave style of black leather and spikes, loud music and hard drugs – death was cool, violence was fun. Everything was great. Then the fad got stale, and her star began to fade. Bad enough – but having Saminga sticking his nose into her business, offering “really good ideas” and expecting her to work on his idiotic visions of style and art? That was the last straw. As an *artiste*, Nadzoreth couldn't work under such conditions. She shattered her Heart and fled to Earth. There, she could pursue her art in peace – of killing people in new, cool, um . . . *dark* ways.

Unfortunately, Nadzoreth had previously been to Earth only once, and doesn't really understand human society (and she's *not* that great an artist . . .).

She made a base in a neglected cemetery. From there, she ventured forth, looking for materials: black latex, angst-filled comic books, surgical supplies . . . people. At first she was merely grabbing vagrants and homeless people, but they soon learned to avoid the area. It looked as if she would have to start venturing further afield – until she met Tobias and his friends.

Tobias Wulfchylld (or Raoul Newman, his real name) is a sixteen-year old who saw the darkwave style as perfect for him, and his resentment of the world for not . . . well, for not giving him everything he wanted, whenever he wanted it, whether he knew what he wanted or not. He and his friends hang out in the city's clubs, stores, and cemeteries (until they inevitably get busted). Nadzoreth captured Tobias to use in her “art,” but was surprised when the boy all but fell to his knees and worshipped her. For Tobias, Nadzoreth is everything he's ever wanted: a savage goddess of sex, death – and revenge.

Tobias and friends now act as Nadzoreth's agents, getting her anything she wants – including more victims. For her part, Nadzoreth adores the fact that she now has an audience, and she panders to them shamelessly. She dresses to fit their expectations, uses her abilities to entertain them, and even grants them zombi servants on occasion. Longing for respect, she's told the boys that she is in fact the Demon Princess of Death, here to bring night to the world (she figures she had more right to the title than that cretin Saminga). Tobias has started picking out people – girls who wouldn't go out with him, security guards who hassled him, teachers who flunked him – and putting them forward for Nadzoreth's pleasure. His fate is already sealed.

Of course, they're *all* headed for disaster. The police are wondering about the disappearances around the area. And while Nadzoreth can kill without causing disturbance, the Essence she spends to use her abilities causes frequent celestial noise. Eventually Hell (or Heaven) will catch up with her and her followers.

REMNANTS

THE TROMBONE MAN

Remnant Mercurian of Creation

The scruffy old man has no name. He has no home. He has no possessions except this old marred black case and his clothes. What he does have is a comforting smile, a mind full of marvelous experiences, a head full of long graying hair, and a slightly disturbing stench. He tries to stand downwind.

The scruffy old man walks down the living, thriving city streets, one city much like the next. He can feel the world breathe around him, the awesome throb of human life. Around him life is running its frantic, frenzied course, and he merely watches as he continues his endless walkabout, and he smiles.

He's happy, because the world is a wonderful place and he's seen many wonderful, marvelous, exciting things with his tired old eyes.

In his passion for mankind, he feels the need to bring his amazement at life to all he can see. He wants to share this miracle of life so others may learn, and join him in joy. In the middle of the night, when all is still and peaceful, he finds a street corner. Reverently, he lays down his black case, and exposes the large, gleaming brass instrument to the streetlights above. Through music, he expresses his wonder at humanity. He lifts the instrument to his lips, and takes a deep breath. He pauses to savor the moment.

Finally, fully prepared, he blows his first puff into the mouthpiece of the trombone.

It's too bad he's a violinist.

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 0 Will 0 Perception 0

Vessel: Human/2 (old man), Charisma -2

Skills: Artistry/3 (Violin), Dodge/2, Lockpicking/3, Lying/3, Survival/3 (Urban)

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/3), Shields (Corporeal/3)
Attunements: Mercurian of Creation

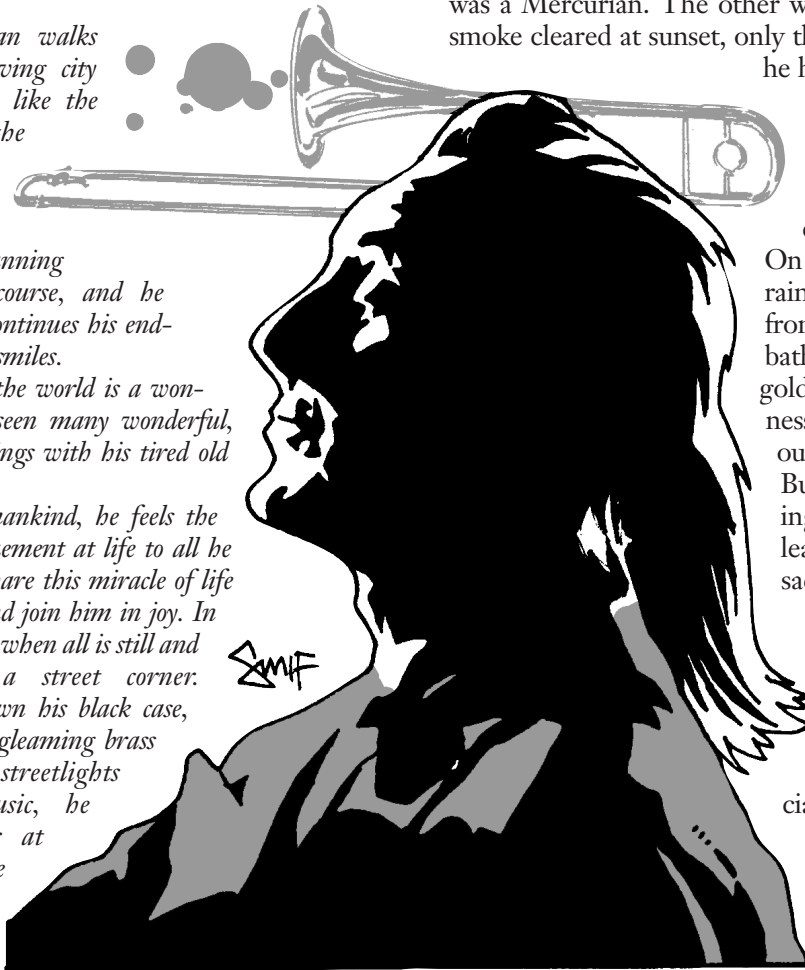
On July 3, 1926, at a speakeasy in New York City, two celestial beings met in the back alley and had an argument over a human woman. The purpose of the argument is long forgotten in the mists of time. They were from two different sides of the tracks, realms apart. One was a Mercurian. The other was a Calabite. When the smoke cleared at sunset, only the Calabite was still what he had been at dawn.

The former angel has long since forgotten his name. His true identity is hidden behind random flashes of memory. On good days – after a fierce rain, when the sun peaks out from behind the clouds and bathes the world in shafts of golden light against the darkness – he feels he can reach out and be more than he is. But as suddenly as the feeling comes . . . it's gone, leaving the old man lonely, sad, and empty again.

The old hobo moves from place to place, riding in the boxcars of trains, but a part of his angelic nature remains. He is a musician – or was, when he can glimpse the glories of his past. An ancient tune goes around and around inside his mind. A forgotten melody, sometimes

classical, sometimes jazz. When he can really feel love, for mankind or the world it lives in, he can channel that music and he plays it for all the world to hear. Even at two o'clock in the morning.

The Trombone Man cannot remember who he was or where he came from . . . reliably. But within his wandering mind are fragments of memory, and some were important once. He can be part of a rescue plot for angelic PCs, or an old foe for demons – one who still remembers evidence of old crimes, imperfectly concealed.



JAMES JEFFERSON BUCHANAN (MOLSTROTH)

Remnant Balseraph of Factions

They watched the video tape again. Buchanan was playing with a small child, obviously enjoying talking to the little black girl, laying his hands upon her withered leg. Then the tape ended.

*"He ain't supposed to be playin' with no nigger kids," said one of them. "He's **supposed** to be tellin' the rubes to get together and burn the little brats. What the hell's the matter with him?"*

The other one shrugged. "What do you want to do about it?"

The first man though for a while. "Hell, son. The Klan can always use another martyr."

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4

Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 6 Precision 6

Celestial Forces - 0 Will 0 Perception 0

Vessel: Human male/1 (middle-aged), Charisma +1

Role: "James J. Buchanan," Evangelist/4, Status/5

Skills: Emote/3, Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge/4 (Christianity), Savoir-Faire/3

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/4)

Attunements: Polarize

Discord: Merciful/3, Obsession/2

Molstroth is – *was* – a Balseraph of Factions, comfortable in his Role as the Reverend James Jefferson Buchanan. From his pulpit, his radio station, and his syndicated weekly TV show, Buchanan preached a gospel of racial hatred – sugarcoated with talk about "racial identity" and "family values." With the backing of the Ku Klux Klan, he went from strength to strength, occasionally using his celestial powers to build up his mystique as a true holy man.

Then he was found out by a group of angels, and was torn into celestial shreds by a Malakite. That should have been the end of it.

But instead, Molstroth's tattered Forces regrouped around his Role, and he lives again as a Remnant. Befuddled and confused, he has forgotten all about his life as a demon – now he *is* James Jefferson Buchanan, a man of God. In fact, Buchanan is now *truly* a believer, a devout follower of God, rejecting his former racist rhetoric. However, his mind is fragmented, and he goes through life in a daze, with only flashes of his former charisma.

Of course, his backers (and his agent and manager) are less than thrilled about this change of heart. Ratings are plummeting, and the KKK is starting to want their money back. Not knowing Buchanan's true nature, they

think he's suffered a nervous breakdown, and that the "faith healing" is just hysteria.

The best thing, they've decided, is for Buchanan to be assassinated – *live on TV* – by a black gunman. As a martyr, Buchanan is worth much more alive than dead. An assassin has been lined up, and the hit will come in the middle of the next fund-raising broadcast.

Just to make things more complicated, the angels who originally attacked Buchanan think that the Balseraph has returned, and plan to make another attempt to destroy him. They don't know about his current nature, or his new personality. Furthermore, Malphas doesn't want this kind of embarrassment left lying around in public view . . .



And Buchanan himself? Though his mind is muddled, and he finds it hard to stay focused, there is a fire burning inside him – a fire of faith in God that leaves little room for anything else. If left alive, he could truly bring some good into the world, preaching his new gospel of love and tolerance. But he also has a burning need to heal, to use the Songs of Healing that he no longer understands. This obsession can lead him to strange acts – such as breaking into hospitals to try and heal the sick, or even injuring others just so he can try to heal them. Occasionally he subconsciously uses his Polarize Attunement, just to make others fight so he can heal them afterwards.

The broadcast is coming up. His enemies gather on all sides. And Nybbas will *love* the ratings on this . . .

ETHEREAL SPIRITS

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17 ELECTRONICA TURBINE 42

Ethereal Spirit

Query: Nature spirit?

Null Response! Outdated/inadequate/obsolete! Inefficient!

Query: Unit designation?

17 Electronica Turbine 42! Technology/ingenuity/self! Spirit type primal!

Query: Self status?

Successor unit! Advancement/improvement/replacement!

Obsolescence null with periodic upgrade!

Query: Essence consumption?

Efficiency 95%! Direct conversion! Mass/energy/potential!

Query: Corporeal world?

Deployment option! Gravitation/tropism/migration! Von Neumann reproduction!

Query: Celestial entities?

Interference/obstacle/exploiter! Avoidance routines active!

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 3 Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 1 Will 2 Perception 2
Skills: Chemistry/1, Computer Operation/1, Dodge/4, Electronics/2, Fighting/2, Move Silently/6, Running/3
Songs: Form (Corporeal/1, Celestial/1), Shields (Ethereal/1), Tongues (Ethereal/2)

17 Electronica Turbine 42 may be a unique spirit, or merely the first of a new breed; either way, most celestials do not know what to make of this electro-mechanical being. Resembling nothing so much as a giant robotic millipede (usually), Electronica is perhaps the most alien mind to be found in the familiar parts of the Marches. Although it is easy to speak with, its frame of reference is relentlessly inorganic and oft-times bizarre; conversations with Electronica usually run normally for several exchanges, then break down into storms of apparent non-sequiturs and random references before returning to vague comprehensibility.

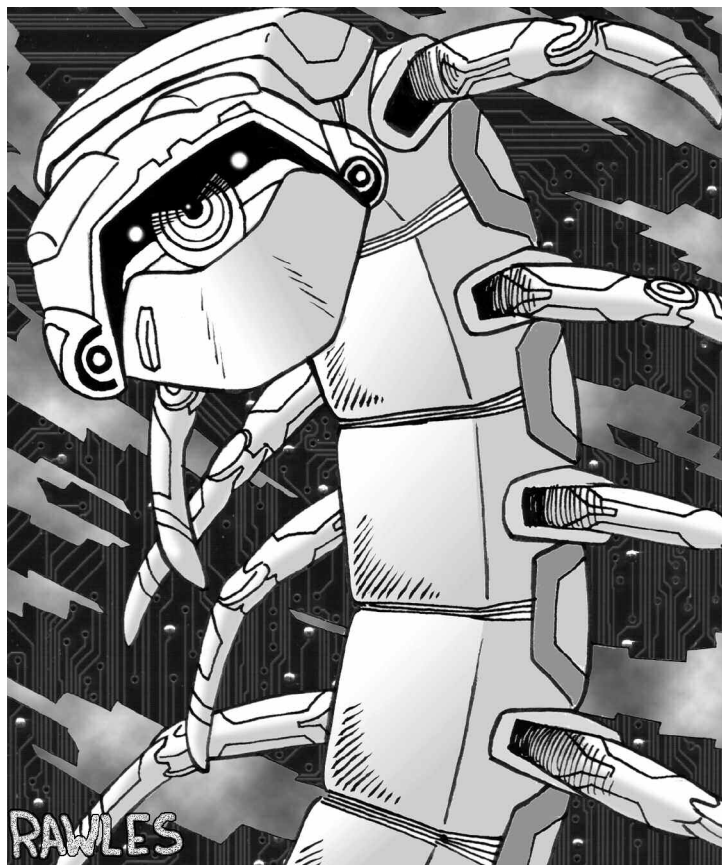
In its longer periods of clarity, Electronica seems to claim that it is a new type of primal spirit, reflecting a new Affinity for mankind's technology. Some celestials accept this claim, while others believe Electronica is nothing more than an escaped dream fragment with delusions of grandeur. It has been sighted in the Marches since the beginning of the 20th century; some of Jean's angels have suggested it may have originated in Nikola Tesla's dreams.

Electronica is normally found roaming the Vale of Dreams, occasionally collecting assorted ethereal flotsam and jetsam. It seems uninterested in most dreamscapes, though, and the purposes behind its

perambulations and collections have never been discovered; if asked, Electronica's explanations begin at cryptic and rapidly turn nonsensical. It has been known to change shape, Transformer-style. It seems to dislike or fear celestials – possibly because servants of Vapula and Jean both pursue it – and tries to avoid them. It views other ethereals with apparent suspicion as well, as many of its fellow spirits will try to devour it for its Essence.

One comprehensible goal of this spirit is reproduction. Electronica believes it needs to enter the corporeal world in order to spawn offspring of some kind, and to this end is collecting the Essence necessary to build a powerful vessel. This vessel, when complete, will no doubt be identical to Electronica's ethereal manifestation – not the kind of thing most celestials would like to see loosed upon the Earth.

It is up to the GM whether Electronica is a dream fragment or a true (if new) primal spirit. If the latter, the Technology Affinity has Precision as its base characteristic. Its suggested powers include information retrieval and analysis, transformation of raw materials into finished goods, protection from natural forces, communication, armor, adaptability, and perhaps the Lightning Affinity. Essence cost would be as per the Stone Affinity. Electronica would have this Affinity at level 6 instead of the Songs listed above.





AMAL BIN-SAID

Ifrit

*"No, it is **not** comfortable in here, thou offspring of inbred camels! Suleiman the Great declared it to be a punishment, and in that the accursed Suleiman was more than right, may he be . . .*

"What? Thou fool! Not since the reign of the great Caliph Haroun al-Raschid have I been subject to such a fool as thou! I am no genie, no Djinn – accursed in the sight of Allah be their name! I am that greatest of all creatures, an Ifrit!"

*"No, I do **not** grant wishes. Not even if you could break Suleiman's seal and free me from this thrice-accursed bottle, O fool among fools.*

"Halt, child of scorpions! Whither dost thou go? Thou think-est to abandon me? How dare you, traitorous one!"

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 6 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 1 Intelligence 2 Precision 2
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 4 Perception 4

Skills: Artistry/2 (Sculpture), Dodge/1, Emote/2, Fighting/3, Lying/4, Singing/2

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/1), Entropy (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/1), Form (Ethereal/1, Celestial/3), Light (Corporeal/1, Celestial/2), Motion (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/1), Possession/4, Tongues (Ethereal/4), Transference (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/1, Celestial/1)

Discord: Bound/4 (Brass Bottle)

Artifact: His bottle is a Reliquary/6, but he cannot tap it except to serve his "owner" and to power his Song of Tongues.

Somewhere in the Border Marches, off the paths celestials tread, half-buried in what passes for dirt in that region, is a brass bottle. It's large, almost four feet long, shaped like a Greek *amphora*, save with a flattened bottom so it won't fall over. It's centuries old, its once-shiny brass gone to greenish-black, making it hard to spot. Its stopper is held in place by a blob of lead melted onto the end of the neck. Incised into the lead is a complex, six-pointed design that looks almost brand new: a Seal of Solomon.

Inside the bottle is an exceptionally bad-tempered ifrit.

Centuries before the birth of Christ, Amal bin-Said offended King Solomon of Israel. Solomon, an exceptionally powerful sorcerer, forced the ifrit into a handy bottle and sealed him within it for all time. Amal became Bound to the bottle, and further, Solomon declared that he had to obey whoever possessed it. Then the king summoned another spirit to cast the imprisoned ifrit into the land of dreams.

For several thousand years, Amal languished, waiting for someone, *anyone*, to come along. Solomon's binding originally prevented him from using any of his songs save for Ethereal Tongues, except at the bidding of the bottle's owner. However, over the many centuries since Solomon cast it, the seal has weakened, and now several of Amal's Songs will function, weakly and fitfully.

For decades he has been using the Corporeal Song of Motion to nudge his bottle out of the Far Marches and towards the Vale, in the hopes that someone whom he can Possess will find it.

The truth be told, Amal has been found several times, but his rage-fired, abrasive personality drove all his potential "masters" away before he could Possess them. (He gets even worse if called a Djinn, since a Band of demons took that name as *theirs*.) The terms of his imprisonment require that those who would command Amal be touching the bottle after claiming it as their own, and only then are they vulnerable to Possession. But Amal's foul temper and abusive invective have done more to continue his imprisonment than Solomon's Seal by driving away everyone he might have Possessed.

Amal's Binding requires him to give truthful answers to all his "owner's" queries, but he can lie by omission and is not required to volunteer information. (Use his Lying skill to determine if loopholes can be found.) He's not allowed to warp the intention of an order, but can "mis-understand" a vague request. It's been a long time since he's had the opportunity, though.

BABA YAGA

Russian Ethereal Spirit



*There was this woman like a Buchenwald canary
Under the hairdryer
Filing her nails SKRITCH SKRITCH SKRITCH
With all the premeditation of a Florentine torturer
Flourishing the blade as she rasped her nails
Into some kind of obedience.
FLICK FLICK FLICK.
A duellist on the parried defense
With sounds like a Viking bell
Nails like the Longboat of the Damned
In their ceaseless.
Carving her talons, shaped for her prey.
Fixing her vulture eyes on grandchildren
SKRITCH SKRITCH SKRITCH
Instrument of death. My ears victim
My spine. Down a blackboard ceaseless
Her nails her nails her nails.*

— *Baba Yaga*, by Lela Kaunitz

Corporeal Forces - 1	Strength 1	Agility 3
Ethereal Forces - 3	Intelligence 7	Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 3	Will 7	Perception 5

Vessel: Human female/2 (old hag), Charisma -2

Skills: Fighting/5, Lying/5, Move Silently/5, Small Weapon/4 (Knife)

Songs: Claws/5, Draining (Celestial/2; touch variant), Dreams (Celestial/4), Fangs/4, Spirit Speech (Ethereal/3)

Artifacts: Baba Yaga's Hut is suspiciously animate; it moves under its own power. It also has an interior larger than its exterior. In addition to being a Reliquary/3, it may well be another, allied, ethereal spirit, either Bound into a hut or simply of odd form.

The Mortar and Pestle is a relic (Corporeal Song of Motion/3) and a reliquary/4. Her Broom is a relic containing a unique Corporeal Song/4 that hides evidence of her presence (the Song's check digit acts as a penalty to subsequent Tracking rolls).

In the Marches, in Beleth's domain, there is a forest. On the edge of this forest, there is a hut. Around this hut is a fence. On this fence are the skulls of children. This is clearly not a normal hut. Normal huts don't whirl around in mad circles while perched on the top of a single, massive, chicken leg.

Inside the hut, the little old hag sits hunched over her loom, hands always busy moving, moving, snipping a thread here, and a thread there. Her huge, distorted nose is shadowed on the wall by the flickering firelight. Her fingernails curl like claws. The long needle darts back

and forth frantically across the skeins. She smiles, her grin dotted with iron teeth.

She is the Witch in the Woods. She is the Crone. She is every childhood nightmare, waiting under the bed to push wayward children headlong into her oven. She comes in darkness, snatches the babies from their cradles and makes meals of them. In the darkest night, she drives through the forest in her mortar, steering by her pestle and using her broom to erase all trace of her passage.

She is Baba Yaga, and she dwells in her hut at the edge of the Marches, along with all the other half-remembered childhood horrors and forgotten fairy tales. She has not been to the corporeal realm for a long time – that anyone knows of. Serving Beleth and Hell, she feeds off the nighttime terror, which has never completely gone away, her fingernails rapping, *rap rap rapping*, endlessly on the windowpanes.

BUICHI

Ethereal Japanese Ronin

The three louts shoved the old woman around between them, one pushing her towards the second, and then the second towards the third. Her shopping-bags had fallen to burst on the ground, cans and vegetables spilling out on the concrete.

"Gonna getcha," crooned one of them. The other two sniggered. "Nice old mommy, getting food for her brats. Well, hey, guess we want some food so you get to be mommy to us. Isn't that . . ."

The voice from the entrance of the alleyway was sharply accented. "Release her."

One of the thugs looked over his shoulder, then blinked. "Hey," he said, and missed his catch on the old woman, who stumbled into the wall. "Hey. There's a moron in a dress with a big sword."

The man in the brown kimono inclined his head. "Katana," he said, reprovingly.

The other two thugs turned their attention to him. One giggled, and slipped a flick-knife from his sleeve. "Oooh. Pretty man. Pretty man with big knife."

The old woman wasn't watching, wasn't listening. She curled up against the wall, vaguely hearing noises like screams. Her hands were over her eyes, and she nearly cried out when she felt someone shaking her shoulder. It was the man in the kimono, and he was offering her the shopping bags.

"Little sister," he said, politely, "this street is not safe. I ask you to allow me to escort you to your home."

She pulled her shopping bags to her as she scrambled to her feet. "What? You mean like a bodyguard?"

His smile was very thin. "Yes – it is my usual role."

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 7 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 4 Precision 8
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 5 Perception 3
Vessel: Human male/3 (Japanese, early thirties, long hair), Charisma +1

Skills: Acrobatics/2, Artistry/3 (Calligraphy), Dodge/3, Knowledge/3 (Japanese Literature), Large Weapon/3 (Katana), Seduction/2, Survival/2 (Woods), Tactics/3

Songs: Form (Ethereal/3), Motion (Corporeal/3)

Buichi is a figure from Japanese folktales and legends, the wandering bodyguard (*yojimbo*) and hero. Such stories have now been widely publicized in manga and anime, resulting in a groundswell of Essence coming to Buichi, and making him once more able to act in the world, in support of his culture and other Japanese ethereals.

And he's not happy at all.

Although the Japanese *kami* have largely allied with Nybbas to promote themselves, Buichi – by the very nature of his character (he was *written* that way) – is an

honorable and ethical man. He finds the alliance with Hell increasingly difficult to tolerate, and would be interested in siding with Heaven, despite the angels' past behavior. If they were prepared to make an adequate apology, he'd do it. He'd even settle for a few solo angels discreetly admitting they were in the wrong, if it meant a chance of working with a few suitably-minded allies to pull his fellow Japanese ethereals out of the jaws of Hell.



In the meantime, Buichi patrols the streets of local communities, in a kimono (or trenchcoat) and with his sword. If he spots someone vulnerable entering a dangerous area, he will offer to act as their bodyguard till they are safely through it. If assaulted, he will respond by maiming or killing attackers. This can cause trouble, as he has to beware celestial investigation, but he also hopes that it may lead to meeting some *sympathetic* angels. It is a pity that those who he most admires – the Servitors of the Sword – are among the least likely to deal with an ethereal spirit . . .

THE BENEVOLENT SPACE BROTHERS

Ethereal Spirits



"People of Earth! If you only learn the ways of peace and enlightenment, you may join our great Federation. Destroy your atomic weapons and awaken your world's psychic potential by meditating on our civilization's great principles. Earth may yet be invited to become a member.

"But my time is short; I must return to my homeworld of Etheronis immediately."

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

Vessel: Humanoid/2, Charisma +1; or Spacecraft/4

Skills: Emote/4, Knowledge (Astronomy/1, New Age Mysticism/3)

Songs: Dreams (Celestial/2), Harmony (Corporeal/2), Light (Corporeal/1), Motion (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3), Tongues (Ethereal/4)

The instigators and beneficiaries of a new cycle of myth, the Benevolent Space Brothers are a band of spirits who masquerade as both aliens and their spacecraft in order to harvest a rich crop of belief and Essence. By cloaking themselves in the trappings of pseudoscientific possibility, they take advantage of the gullibility of the UFO lunatic fringe.

Their solemn pronouncements of recycled New Age philosophy to selected "contactees" are designed to focus the devotion of the faithful believers in their "message." From this devotion (and a few Essence-sending rituals they teach their human contacts), they receive Essence enough to raise their Forces above the Ethereal average, and to craft more of their unique corporeal vessels – which they then use to reach more "contactees" and thus restart the cycle on a larger scale.

The Brothers have been running this particular spiritual scam for more than 50 years now, despite the efforts of celestials on both sides of the War to stop them. Unfortunately, the Marches are vast, and the numbers of celestials patrolling them are small; it is far too easy for the Brothers to slip in and out from their home in the Border Marches.

Space Brothers usually enter the corporeal in pairs: one will use a "spacecraft" vessel, while the other is its "occupant." Though the "spacecraft" cannot perform all alleged UFO tricks (instant acceleration and deceleration, damping of electrical devices, turning on a dime), they *look* enough like UFOs to convince their mortal contacts. They are clever enough not to leave much in the way of evidence after their visits. This helps foil celestial hunters, and they are also aware of the paradox of belief – that the more solidly something is proven, the less effort is made to invest belief in it. By leaving themselves mysterious and unconfirmed, they can attract a small number of fervent true believers – who are far better sources of Essence than would be a much larger number of people who casually accept their existence.

Each Space Brother normally has only one vessel, either a stunningly beautiful blonde-and-blue-eyed human of above average height, or a dramatically idiosyncratic "spacecraft." Like most spirits, the Brothers are actually genderless, but their humanoid vessels may be of either sex.

Space Brothers encountered in the Marches are usually the humanoid variety. They frequently communicate with prior contactees via dreams. The Space Brothers are not allied with either Heaven or Hell, and they bear a strong enmity for the Greys (p. 89), whom they consider unimaginative rip-off artists.

They don't discuss the fact that they took their current forms from human stories themselves – after all, that's what ethereals have been doing since their creation.

CUPID

Ethereal Spirit

"I am Aphrodite's son, one of the most ancient and powerful of the Olympians. I was Eros, embodiment of both love and lust, long before that simpering catamite Andrealphus got wet for Lucifer and Fell.

"I understand human sexuality in a way celestials never can. I walked among mankind, I answered their prayers for intercession, and yes, I loved them. In every sense of the word. I submerged myself in the pleasures of mortal flesh as angels never dare, but I never forsook the intimacy, the exquisite thrill of reciprocated passion, that demons must reject.

*"Do you not understand that love and lust are two sides of the same coin? Only celestials must divide themselves so, partitioning their hearts and souls in rigid compartments defined by a Word. I still savor mortal dreams, on **both** sides of the Marches, and sometimes they remember my touch vividly enough to call me to the waking world.*

*"But how I long for the days when people actually **prayed** to me. Do you know how humiliating it is to rely on Hallmark cards for your Essence?"*

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

Vessel: Human male/1 (young man), Charisma +2

Skills: Dodge/3, Emote/5, Enchantment/3, Knowledge/4 (Romance), Lying/2, Move Silently/5, Ranged Weapon/4 (Bow), Seduction/6, Singing/3

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/6, Celestial/4), Form (Ethereal/6), Spirit Speech (Ethereal/4, Celestial/3), Wings/3

Artifact: Cupid's Bow; a relic (Ethereal Song of Attraction/3), reliquary/3, and talisman (Ranged Weapon/3 (Bows)).

Cupid is a tragic figure. Though he tries to present himself with dignity, he's no happier than the Cherubim at being depicted in modern times as a fat, diapered baby.

The self-proclaimed "God of Love" is not an innocuous creature, though. Cupid is a liar and a user, a deluded wretch who casually ruins lives to prop up his own ego. And he is *not* an Olympian; the real Eros didn't survive Uriel's crusade. Cupid is just a middling ethereal spirit who's managed to collect the stray bits of Essence accruing to what remains of the Eros myth. He *thinks* he's the old god in greatly weakened form, but any surviving Olympians would be quick to denounce him for a pitiful poseur.

Cupid sees it as his duty to inspire erotic passion, wherever and whenever he can. He fancies himself a romantic, and spends a lot of time answering mortals' prayers

by stalking objects of unrequited love in the Marches and shooting them with "Cupid's arrows" (the Ethereal Song of Attraction).

Thanks to his media presence (for which he occasionally does favors for Nybbas), he gets enough Essence to stay alive. Even his surge in popularity around Valentine's Day only nets him a trickle, though, since hardly anyone actually *believes* in Cupid. The trickle is enough to let him occasionally create vessels, with which he makes brief forays to the corporeal realm. He works a little mischief, forcing mortals to fall in love with him or creating star-crossed romances, and flees back to the ethereal plane if threatened.



A few sorcerers know how to summon Cupid – he makes a little Essence by trading in romantic advice (or more often, a quick shot of instant passion) and assisting in enchantment ceremonies, since he's one of the few unaligned ethereals who knows how to make artifacts.

Cupid is thoughtless in his application of "love," but he's not allied with Beleth, so he doesn't use his powers exclusively to cause harm. He's only survived by being extraordinarily sneaky. He's deliberately avoided becoming powerful enough to attract celestial attention. Since he's a pop culture icon, even if Cupid were destroyed, it's likely that another spirit would take his place eventually.

ELDER THUNDER

Primal Spirit

The north wind rises, old man's eyes wondering deeply as he locks his door

He knows the fear when I'm too near him, he's seen me angry before

The black intruding clouds approach as I release a destructive blow

All the crashing, all the flashing light brings terror upon my foe

I fight with force and power for my land

I command the lightning's hand!

– Kansas, *Lightning's Hand*

Your chances of getting bit by lightning go up if you stand under a tree, shake your fist at the sky, and shout, "Storms suck!"

– Johnny Carson



Corporeal Forces - 2	Strength 2	Agility 6
Ethereal Forces - 2	Intelligence 3	Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 1	Will 2	Perception 2
Affinity: Storms (Agility)		

A primal spirit with the Storms Affinity, Elder Thunder has long been familiar with humans who would summon him. For thousands of years, Native Americans called upon him to bring rain and fertility, and to hinder

their enemies in battle. He was also the seed for the Thunderbird myth which eventually birthed a separate spirit of far greater power and versatility. Elder Thunder does not begrudge the Thunderbird the greater attention and subsequent Essence, though – he has his interests and nature, and that is enough for him.

Elder Thunder is very much the archetype of a storm spirit: blunt and in-your-face, deeply and intensely involved in those things that have his interest, and a bit of an overblown ego despite his laissez-faire attitude about many things. Not surprisingly for a storm spirit, when he does things, he does them in a big manner, and has never been one for stealth or secrecy. Despite his blunt manner, he is personable and friendly. It may be the result of thousands of years of interactions with humans, but he seems far more like a real “person” than most other primal spirits: more well-rounded and intellectually agile.

Still, Elder Thunder is a primal spirit, and that means that he is somewhat alien, compared to celestials and mortals. His motivations and intentions are sometimes obscure or even opaque. If he is not tightly controlled by a summoner, he will add extra effects and efforts to any task given to him. These seem like nothing more than artistic flourishes, but Elder Thunder stubbornly does them when allowed, and always at the same (sometimes roughly analogous) points in the process. Sufficient study may reveal a pattern in these actions . . . but then again, it may not.

It's been over a century since the last time he was summoned to the corporeal realm. Even given his shaky grasp on time and its measurement, Elder Thunder is beginning to wonder what's taking so long. The truth is, the summoning ritual which specifically calls him has been forgotten. Bits and pieces of it exist in the rites and songs of more than a dozen tribes, but no one tribe has enough of the ritual intact to actually summon the spirit, and no clue that they *have* shards of an incomplete ritual as part of their traditions. However, a dedicated researcher or sorcerer who knew what to look for could, with enough work, reassemble enough of the ritual to make it work.

If encountered in the Marches, Elder Thunder will usually be shepherding winds and rain in various Domains. Sometimes he plays a role in a dreamscape by providing an especially realistic storm. Whether in the corporeal world or the Marches, Elder Thunder appears as a miniature thunderhead, dark gray and black and ready to burst with rain; two tiny arcs of lightning, each surrounded by a glow of ionized air, act as his “eyes.” Wind is always blowing in his vicinity, from a gentle breeze when he is pleased and calm to hurricane-force expressions of anger and outrage.

THE GREYS

Ethereal Spirits

"Ayup. Thar I wuz in m'truck, out on the ol' loggin' road, when all of a sudden, th'engine jus' ups an' dies on me. Then there's this big light, like right over head, an' the nex' thing I knows, I'm a-floating up through th'air into this flyin' saucer!"

"Them little guys in th' saucer, they durn near took me apart, what with the pokin' an' proddin' an' needles an' knives an' stuff. I wuz scared t' death!"

"They wuz about three-foot-nothin', grey skin, big black eyes, no nose an' jus' this little slit fer a mouth. They never said a durn word, just went right to work on me."

"It felt like it lasted fer hours. I wuz so scared I damned near wet m'self. Nuthin' they did hurt bad, but it looked like it'd hurt lots worse, an' that scared me more'n anythin' else."

"When they wuz done, they put me back, but ever since then, I gots this little hard bump right behind m'ear, and cain't help but get the shakes wonderin' whut it might be fer."

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

Vessel: Humanoid/2, Charisma -2

Skills: Emote/6, Medicine/6

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/5), Draining (Celestial/5), Dreams (Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Light (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/2), Motion (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2)

The Greys, like the Benevolent Space Brothers (p. 86), use the guise of extraterrestrials to prey upon humans. These spirits haven't been at it as long, and unlike the Space Brothers, they are agents of Nightmares. The Greys delight in sadism, reaping Essence by inflicting the fear Beleth so prizes.

They usually work in large groups, through dreams. Up to a dozen Greys swarm into the chosen victim's dreamscape, altering it to provide him with a terrifying "close encounter." Each member of the team has a specified function – maintaining the dreamscape, paralyzing the dreamer, and so on. The human is subjected to a humiliating and terrifying dream about an extensive physical and medical examination, often including vivisection or torturous invasive surgery. They encourage the victim to spend his Essence, bleeding it away with their Draining Song (dreamscape variant). When they are done, they implant a suggestion that the nightmare *actually happened*, then leave the dreamscape behind.

They operate entirely on Beleth's side of the Vale, never entering the Border Marches. They rarely operate in the corporeal realm, although they can; it's easier to do it all in dreams – and safer. It's to their

advantage, though, to have a lot of people believing in them, or at least open to the possibility of their existence. Therefore, a Grey occasionally goes to Earth simply to generate images of flying saucers using the Ethereal Song of Light. They also spot targets this way; they look for people taking a short nap while driving or campers in secluded areas.

There's a standing feud between the Greys and the Benevolent Space Brothers. The latter appear to have come up with the idea of using the guise of aliens first, and consider the Greys to be poachers. The Greys, for their part, find the Space Brothers offensive on general principles. Any meeting of the two bands of spirits – whether on Earth or in the Marches – invariably ends up in violent conflict.

The Greys appear exactly as UFO lore describes them: short and gray-skinned, with large, solid-black eyes in an ovoid head. They do not speak when around humans or celestials, but clearly communicate to each other; they may be a hive-mind.

Just as they detest the Space Brothers, so do Greys have an immediate hostility towards Elohim – especially in celestial form. The pale, big-eyed Choir do not, of course, act upon any annoyance they might feel at the seeming parody of their appearance.



L'MELLNER EATER OF DREAMS

Ethereal Horror

It creeps about like a pillbox bug, an armored centipede – not something incomprehensible, not even particularly fast. There's no reason to be afraid.

It ripples like oil, sprouting spikes and tendrils, dripping slightly. But it's no worse than a Shedite.

It comes from out of the Far Marches, wandering about, searching for dreamscapes. But a lot of ethereal things do that.

The problem is what it eats, and what happens if you kill it.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 5 Intelligence 10 Precision 10
Celestial Forces - 5 Will 12 Perception 8
Skills: Dodge/3, Fighting/6, Move Silently/3, Running/4

Songs: Draining (Celestial/4; touch-variant), Dreams (Ethereal/5, Celestial/4), Form (Ethereal/4), Thunder/5

L'Mellner is a dark, mysterious entity. Its constantly-mutating, liquid-insectoid appearance is horrifying to mortals, and unpleasant even to demons. Mortals viewing L'Mellner (even in a dreamscape) react as if seeing a Kyriotate or Shedite (*In Nomine*, p. 103) – which usually sets a dreamscape on an arrow-course toward Beleth's crooked Tower.



No one knows what dark source spawned this creature, and if L'Mellner remembers its origins, it won't say. Indeed, it rarely speaks at all – one of its few known statements is the source of its name. It has no apparent interest in other realms, and avoids celestials and other ethereals. When forced into a combat, its tactics are to strike solidly, then flee while the opposition is recovering. This happens often, because L'Mellner's appearances are invariably greeted with hostility and aggression by all; L'Mellner is an eater of dreams.

Most ethereals milk dreams for Essence, when they can; celestials manipulate them for their own ends. L'Mellner *consumes* them. Finding a tasty one, it surrounds the dreamscape with its fluid, amorphous bulk and engulfs it completely – tearing it from its anchors in the mind of the human dreamer and swallowing the 'scape whole.

*Treat this as celestial combat between L'Mellner and the dreamer, who is at a disadvantage (-1 Power and Accuracy) unless he is dreaming Lucidly (**The Marches**, p. 84). Lucid dreamers not only suffer no penalties, they can use their Dreaming skill for combat. Any celestials present in the dream during the attack can help, either in celestial combat or using Songs of Dreams. Awakening can also save the dreamer – that night. The monster has been known to stalk prey.*

L'Mellner need only inflict soul damage equal to the dreamer's Ethereal Forces to successfully consume a dream, but frequently does far more; Forces lost from the creature's attack are *always* Ethereal. Any celestial within a consumed dreamscape must make a Will roll to escape before L'Mellner "swallows" it; otherwise, they take an equal number of soul hits before being expelled back into the Marches.

L'Mellner does not hunt often – one dream will sate it for a number of weeks equal to the dreamer's (original) Ethereal Forces. Its hunts are often brief; it rarely takes it long to select and eat a dream, and it uses its Song of Form to hide itself as it travels to and from its unknown lair. It has often come and gone before an alarm can be raised. A dream need only drift into the Far Marches once every few weeks to keep it satisfied, and periods as long as years have gone by without L'Mellner putting in an appearance.

The creature has even been killed a few times, though it is armored, with an effective Protection of 10 (both celestially and ethereally). The drawback to "killing" it, though, is that, hydra-like, the pieces become new L'Mellners. Even reducing it to a smear on the sands only results in many *tiny* monsters, who (if there is no other threat) devour each other until only one L'Mellner is left.

Or, at least, everyone *hopes* only one is left . . .



LUCKY

Dream Fragment

"Smokes, smokes, anybody gots smokes?"

"Hey, hey, hey, boss! Yeah, you, boss! Wanna smoke?"

*"Aw, c'mon, boss, don't go away! I gots smokes! I gots menthols, I gots filters, I gots 100s, I gots smokes! You **need** smokes, right, boss? Smokes is cool, smokes makes you sexy, smokes makes you a man among men! Smokes wins you babes and the respect of your colleagues! Smokes is good for you and your lifestyle! You **need** smokes, boss!"*

"Um, boss, why're you raising your foot like that?"

"Hey, no, boss! Don't! Please!"

(splat)

Corporeal Forces - 0 Strength 0 Agility 0
Ethereal Forces - 1 Intelligence 1 Precision 3
Celestial Forces - 1 Will 1 Perception 3
Skills: Fast Talk/1, Knowledge/6 (Tobacco Industry Propaganda)

A typical example of the more annoying denizens of the Marches, Lucky is an escaped background dream fragment. Born in a dreamscape belonging to a chain-smoker, Lucky takes the form of an animated pack of cigarettes. Spindly, stick-like legs and arms extend from a hardpack box, atop which are perched two large, cartoonish eyes and whose flip-top serves as Lucky's mouth. Inside, Lucky has a seemingly endless supply of ghostly cigarettes. (If smoked, these cigarettes have no perceptible taste or effect.)

Lucky's original role in his creator's dream was a representation of his intense addiction to tobacco, and as such, he is little more than a monomaniac. While capable of speech, Lucky's range of conversation is limited to information about the tobacco industry (some of it false or riddled with the inconsistencies found in dreams) and stereotypical advertising come-ons. Further, its incessant, mindless chattering – in a piping nasal voice – could drive even an angel of Flowers to violence.

The spirit will attempt to join up with any non-ethereal being or beings it encounters, and then will endlessly pester its companion(s) with its tobacco trivia and offers of "smokes." Anyone who actually accepts a cigarette from Lucky will find it impossible to escape its atten-

tions short of killing the spirit or finding it another "host." And, unfortunately for any mortals who might end up "adopting" him, Lucky does not sleep.

Like most escaped dream fragments, Lucky is not destined to have a long lifespan. If not killed by the "companions" it chooses, it will quickly be hunted down by more powerful ethereals and "eaten." Despite this, it works very hard to be noticed by someone – anyone. This is not a pro-survival trait for so weak a spirit.

Lucky is best used as expendable comic relief, lightening the mood of an otherwise dark ethereal adventure. One possibility would be for it to escape a dreamscape as the players pass and attach itself to them. A particularly sympathetic (or foolish) party may take it on as a mascot, protecting and "feeding" it. However, Lucky is not terribly smart, and cannot understand the concepts of stealth, subtlety, or enemies (nor anything else outside of tobacco and its consumption, for that matter). This makes the spirit a liability in any but the most open and obvious missions.

PUCK

Faerie Trickster

Actor playing Puck: *Thou speak'st aright, I am that merry wanderer of the night.*

Peaseblossom: *"I am that merry wanderer of the night"? I am that giggling-dangerous-totally-bloody-psychotic-menace-to-life-and-limb, more like it.*

– Neil Gaiman, *"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Sandman – Dream Country*

Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 7 Perception 5
Vessel: Humanoid/2

Skills: Detect Lies/4, Dodge/6, Emote/6, Fast-Talk/6, Fighting/4, Move Silently/5, Savoir-Faire/4 (Seelie Court)

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/2), Charm (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Draining (Celestial/3), Entropy (Celestial/1), Form (Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Light (Ethereal/4), Motion (Celestial/5), Tongues (Corporeal/2)

Also known as Robin Goodfellow, the Puck is ye originale faerie trickster. Although technically unallied to either Court, the Puck is most commonly found associating with the Seelie Fae, whose king he sometimes serves.

Despite (or perhaps because of) his reputation for being unpredictable and dangerous, he is always welcome among the Fae, although he appears to be a completely different class of being. The King frequently refers to him as "Hobgoblin," though he bears no resemblance to goblins and their kin.

His usual role at the Seelie Court is as a jester and bard. He entertains the jaded faerie with both japey and storytelling – the latter usually about his own exploits. He is a prankster of the first water, using Song and skill alike to humiliate and embarrass both mortal and fae. However, his tricks are rarely good-natured, and there is always a sadistic gleam in his eye as he plays them.

The Puck is proud of his many pranks and japes, but the ones for which he is most famous – those found in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* – are totally fictional (though he will claim otherwise). In truth, having his greatest fame come from these fabricated exploits grates upon his ego, which is (not surprisingly) huge. He is continually seeking a

way to outdo the fictional Puck, and to this end spends as much time as possible in both the corporeal world and the dreams of mortals, tormenting humans with increasingly elaborate and often dangerous pranks.

Despite this, he avoids becoming yet another of those beholden to Beleth and the servants of Nightmares. He is a trickster, bowing only to his king, far too arrogant to bend the knee to a mangy pack of leather-winged, humorless demons. He might appreciate – and be appreciated by – Kobal, but if so, neither Prince nor ethereal is talking. As for angels, he has little but scorn for the "feather-headed Halos," who interfere with his fun when they can.

Although he is boastful and occasionally vain, the Puck can override his impulsive nature to be cautious. He prefers to remain invisible when approaching or approached by strangers, especially celestials, no matter which realm he is in. And anyone who looks stupid or naive is a ripe target for his humor. In the corporeal world, his vessel is humanoid but clearly not human – he uses the Song of Form to alter it as needed to blend in.



SOPHRONIA

The Grecian Sphinx

*"Why, yes, I once haunted the road to Thebes. No, no, that's a base canard, that is. I **never** slew anyone! Whoever told you such lies? Well, I never.*

"But what brings you here? Ah, yes, of course. Yes, you have questions, mysteries to solve. Well, I have answers and solutions. And how will you pay? I will take information in trade, I will take riddles I have not heard before, and of course, I will take Essence.

"What do you mean you are not satisfied with my response? What mean you, 'it is too cryptic'? You paid for my information, and that is the form it takes. Do not dare to threaten me!"

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 8 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 3 Perception 5
Skills: Detect Lies/5, Dodge/4, Fighting/3, Knowledge (Celestial and Ethereal Goings-on/6, Riddles/6), Tracking/3
Songs: Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/4, Celestial/2), Tongues (Corporeal/2), Claws/6, Fangs/6, Wings/6

Sophronia is a sphinx in the classical Greek mold – body of a lion, head of a woman, wings of an eagle. She seems to have no fixed abode, instead flitting from Domain to Domain in an endless round of gossip-mongering and intelligence-gathering. To any who ask, she claims to be the very sphinx confronted by Oedipus, but also insists that the stories are wrong about her fate. Rather than dying at his hand (or her own) as the legends state, Sophronia claims she merely returned to the Marches. Still, she is not known to have a vessel, nor has she ever *expressed* an interest in building one.

Sophronia is an information broker who's primary purpose is survival. Not powerful enough to hold out against even a weak demon in celestial combat, she tries to make herself indispensable to both angels and demons by providing reliable, unbiased information on the Marches.

While neither side will admit that they make use of her services, both do, and an informal agreement protecting her exists between Beleth and Blandine's Servitors. Despite this, she has several enemies among the Fae and the pagan gods – enemies who would rather that certain activities and histories remain secrets, or wish revenge for secrets revealed.

She tends to be brash but sly, and has a reputation for scrupulous honesty and accuracy, if not always for detail. Use the check digit for her Knowledge roll to determine exactly how thorough her information on a topic is. (Or the GM can use her to funnel data directly to the PCs.) Unfortunately, her replies are often cryptic.



Payment for Sophronia's information is simple: a little Essence, other information, or a riddle. If either of the latter are offered to her, she will not accept anything that she already knows (d666 vs. appropriate Knowledge unless the GM decides otherwise). However, additional details or interesting variations on old riddles are acceptable. She never tries to cheat her customers by claiming to have already heard some new tidbit; her survival depends on her reputation. But she also understands the relative value of information and will let her customers know ahead of time how big a "payment" is needed for anything she has to offer.

The sphinx can be found almost anywhere in the Border Marches, staying out of the Vale proper unless there is interesting activity there; she prefers to witness events rather than hear about them later. Although able to defend herself ethereally, Sophronia stays out of the way, preferring to observe from a distance – but observe she must. She also has a highly-honed sense of personal danger that has often saved her from untoward "accidents."

THE SURGEON

Nightmare Fragment

"Of course I serve Hell. How else could I dole out the punishment deserved by the unrighteous? And how else will I get my revenge on those who stole my mortal life from me?"

*"Aye, I was mortal once. Sinned against, persecuted, I left my profession and turned upon my tormenters, then upon those like them. I hunted them in lovers' lanes and backwoods clearings everywhere from Pennsylvania to Arkansas. I left the corpses of sinners behind me to teach those who would see. But then **They** caught me. They didn't kill me, no. They did much worse.*

"They took my body from me.

"Now I am a ghost, forced to dwell in this half-world of mad spirits and impotent gods. I would have gone mad myself, but my Lady Beleth saved me. And now I hunt again, in the dreams of the unrighteous."



Corporeal Forces - 0 Strength 0 Agility 0
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 2 Precision 6
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 9 Perception 7

Skills: Escape/2, Fighting/4, Lying/4, Medicine/3, Move Silently/3, Small Weapon/6 (Scalpel)

Songs: Draining (Celestial/2; dreamscape variant), Dreams (Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Entropy (Ethereal/5, Celestial/5), Seals (Ethereal/5)

Artifact: Scalpel: Celestial Artifact/4, attuned to the Surgeon; Power 4, usable only in ethereal or celestial combat.

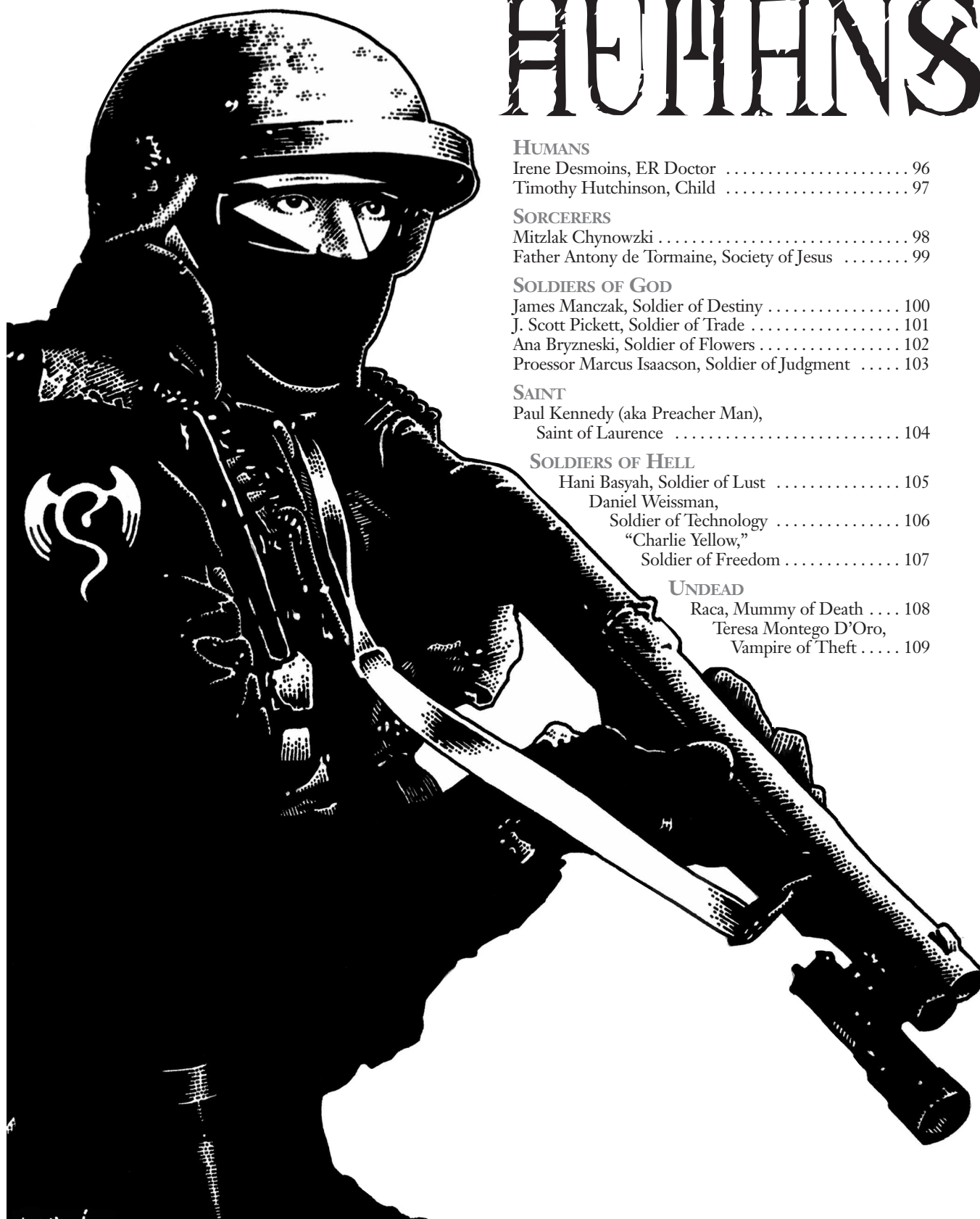
Haunting Beleth's side of the Marches, the Surgeon preys upon the minds of dreamers for his own pleasure, when not serving the will of the Princess of Nightmares. This depraved spirit revels in slowly destroying the morals and sanity of dreamers, using the ethereal edge of his scalpel and his Songs of Entropy to slowly slice away layer after layer of their minds as he drains away their Essence. He is always seeking new victims, and will frequently dare forays into Blandine's realm for the infinitely sweeter pleasure of turning a mortal's happy dream into a morass of horror and terror.

The Surgeon is an unappealing sight – wild-eyed, drooling, and soaked in blood. It has spattered across his skin and dried into rust-brown streaks and patches; his hair is spiked and matted with it. The old-style white surgical garb he wears is always soaked in fresh blood and never seems to dry. He moves with quick, jerky motions and mutters to himself constantly about his "mission." Habbalah of Beleth occasionally regard him with something like fellow-feeling.

If left to himself, the Surgeon seeks out the dreams of the young and innocent, and turns them into nightmares. Flaying their minds and souls night by night, he corrupts and destroys them for his pleasure even as he consumes their Essence. To protect his activities, he always surrounds his victim's dreamscape with a protective ward (the Ethereal Song of Seals, lasting for minutes equal to the check digit plus the Surgeon's Ethereal Forces) which prevents transfer into *or out of* the dreamscape.

He claims to be a "remnant" of a human, stripped of his Corporeal Forces by unspecified enemies and forced into a hellish half-life in the Marches. The Surgeon is, in fact, a dream fragment – an escaped Nightmare Element which has found indirect patronage from Beleth because of his single-minded devotion and "artistry." The Princess of Nightmares seems to take some satisfaction in the very existence of the Surgeon as an independent being, and any attack upon the spirit may result in Nightmares' Servitors being sent to defend – or avenge – him.

When encountered, the Surgeon is by turns crafty and crazy, slipping back and forth between glittering madness and focused sanity without warning. He despises the servants of Heaven, but is not foolish enough to attack any he might encounter. Instead, he will mislead and confuse them about himself and his purposes, and where possible, attempt to direct them into hidden danger, such as a band of Beleth's Servitors or a particularly nasty dreamscape.



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MORTALS

IRENE DESMOINES



ER Doctor

The woman leaned over the gasping teenage boy on the hospital gurney, tucking black hair back behind her cap absently. "Okay, someone get me the history on this one."

"Stomach wounds, handgun," said the ambulance paramedic on his way out through the door. "We've got two more, just coming through. Not your night, Irene."

"Stupid bloody idiot," the woman muttered as she checked the boy's pulse, then blinked and checked it again. "Idiot boys with their big guns and their big . . ."

The boy's eyes opened, and he said, hoarsely, "Not that stupid, chica. I ducked."

Irene snapped, "Hold still! You've been shot." She turned to hit the button for assistance.

The boy pushed himself up into a sitting position, and pulled up the hem of his bloody shirt, smirking. His stomach was unmarked. "Take a look, chica. Guess your guys aren't that good at telling when a patient's alive, huh?"

Irene threw up her hands. "Fine. You don't need help, I've got people who do. Go through to the recovery lounge, talk to someone there, get out of my hair."

The boy sidled out as the ambulance paramedics started carrying the others in, and Irene lost interest in him for the moment. She was quite busy enough as it was.

It was only later that she realized there had been bullet holes in the shirt.

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

Toughness: 1

Status: 3 (Doctor)

Charisma: +1

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/1, Driving/1, Knowledge/2 (Anatomy), Medicine/4

Irene Desmoines is a junior doctor in a large city hospital, currently doing a six-month shift in the Emergency Room as part of her training. She is enthusiastic about her job, but developing a strong streak of cynicism after handling a lot of victims of petty violence – as a female doctor, she often ends up having to listen to sob stories and being expected to be motherly. While she is not actually unsympathetic, she is getting better at telling which stories are genuine and which are false.

Irene is not in the least motherly – she's a short, thin woman whose grandparents were Haitian and who cheerfully discounts all that "supernatural rubbish." She's far more likely to view mysterious affairs as part of some government cover-up. Her manner is brisk, tempered with calmness when she's handling a patient. She is good at her job, has an *excellent* memory, and knows how to use the hospital computers. While she does not currently have a relationship, she has a couple of boyfriends in the past, and is open to new friendships. Her hair is braided tightly back to keep it off her face, and when off-duty, she tends to wear large, dangling earrings that clink loudly.

Irene may well notice patients coming into hospital whose wounds are far less than they should be, or whose injuries don't match the records from the ambulance paramedics. If she becomes curious about this, she's quite capable of checking up any names and addresses on the hospital records, and doing a bit of private investigation on her own.



TIMOTHY HUTCHINSON

Human Child

"Timothy darling, would you mind turning down the sound on that science program? I have the most dreadful headache, and I don't know what the butcher put in those sausages but I don't think it agrees with me."

The boy solemnly made a note. '16:23. Maternal unit experiencing initial effects as cramping and headaches. Note to self: perhaps replace As with extract next time?'



Tim has had an active interest in the world around him for as long as he can remember. He was always the quiet, polite child who quizzed his parents and teachers with incessant questions. It became obvious to him at an early age that neither parents nor teachers knew many of the answers.

Earnestly, he made up the shortfall with frequent library visits, and supplemented this with selected TV programs and private experiments in his room. His parents worried at first at his annoying habit of looking through the TV guide when it arrived and highlighting the programs which he demanded to watch for that week, but it all seemed so educational that they gave him a free rein.

His voice is cold and clipped. His eyes are pale blue and very steady. People remark on what a clever boy he is, how advanced for his age, and how well-behaved. This only makes him despise them, and most other adults, even more.

He discovered chemistry when he was given a chemistry set for his 7th birthday, and realized quickly that there was a new world of opportunities opening up before him. Before long, he had exhausted the initial reagents, demanded more supplies, and begun to supplement the materials with herbal supplies.

He remembers proudly the first time he poisoned his sister's pet rabbit. The digital- is hadn't been too difficult to distill and it wasn't a very subtle method of delivery but still, it was effective. He stayed up all night to record every twitch and agony of the test subject, for research purposes.

Since then, his practical work has improved in leaps and bounds, and he sometimes tries his new ideas on people. Sometimes the dosage is administered in food or drink, sometimes in bath-water, sometimes even blown over a sleeping face. Each method has its advantages and Tim carefully records the results of each test in one of his small blue logbooks. So far, no

one has actually died, but surely it is just a matter of time.

Meanwhile, he continues to get excellent school reports from teachers who have been led to believe that the boy has the makings of a brilliant doctor or chemist. (He does, really – but that may be small comfort to any Servitors of Destiny who come across him . . .)

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 6 Precision 2
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 4 Perception 4

Status: 1 (Child)

Charisma: +1

Skills: Chemistry/5, Climbing/1, Emote/4,
 Language/2 (Latin), Lying/2, Medicine/2, Move
 Silently/1, Tactics/1

SORCERERS

MITZLAK CHYNOWZKI

Sorcerer

Once he thought America would be the bright and shining hope for his family. Now he wishes only to see the country bleed.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 8 Perception 4

Status: 1 (Unemployed)

Skills: Banish/2, Command/3**, Focus/4**, Summon/2**, Engineering/3, Language (English/1, Latin/2, Serbo-Croatian/3*), Lying/2, Knowledge/5 (Occult)

Attunements: Sorcery

** Mitzlak knows all appropriate Sorcerous Rituals, as described in the *Corporeal Player's Guide*.

Mitzlak Chynowzki is a recent immigrant to the USA – he and his family came to escape the Bosnian war. Mitzlak had worked as a government engineer for most of his 70 years, and was able to call in favors – enough to save his family. Arriving in New York, he thought they would be safe, starting a new life.

It wasn't to be.

When they finally managed to bribe, yell, and plead their way through Customs and Immigration, he and his family were broke and dispirited. Mitzlak managed to find them a room in a Queens slum – just a place to stay for a few weeks.

A few weeks turned into a year. Mitzlak watched his family disintegrate. His cousin died, his nephew ran away, his eldest grandson joined a street gang. His son drank himself into an early grave, joined by his wife when she had a heart attack in the sweatshop where she worked. When his two infant grandchildren died of pneumonia, exacerbated by the cold of the slum, all that was human and whole inside Mitzlak bled out of him, leaving only anger and hate.

America had destroyed his family, had chewed them up and spat them out. Now Mitzlak would make America pay, using his secret weapon: the notes and journals of his grandfather, a 19th century doctor, occultist, and sorcerer.

He was not content to merely summon demonlings, though – such creatures were too strange, too impersonal. They were not *family*. Instead, he made a dreadful pact with the demonlings' mistress, Hatiphas, Balseraph Baroness of Fate, Demon of Sorcery (*The Marches*, p. 69). Mitzlak would supply the Essence to create suitable vessels for the summoned spirits (with a little extra to pay



for the privilege): vessels in the shape of his toddler grandchildren – a new family for him to care for. Though Hatiphas believed the human's efforts would rarely provide enough Essence to do more than defray the costs, she asked her Prince to back her on this deal . . . and Kronos nodded.

Now, with his "children" as agents and tools, Mitzlak wages war against his enemy: America. It started with the slum's landlord – pulled from his bed and ripped to pieces by inhumanly strong "children." Then the street gang that had taken his other grandson. Now he's targeted the sweatshop where his daughter-in-law worked, and anyone else he can blame. Mitzlak considers all America the enemy – there are no innocent bystanders.

Deep down, Mitzlak blames himself for his family's destruction, and hates what he's become. He further loathes what he must do to gather the Essence his "children" need: sacrifice the blood of others. At first he used cats, rats, and other animals, but they're too scarce in the city. Now he sends his children to capture real children, sacrificing American youth to make his own.

But America must pay for what it did to his family, and it will take an ocean of blood to drown Mitzlak's hatred.

To summon demonlings, Mitzlak must gather Essence to pay for their vessels. (The actual creation of the vessel is done by the Prince of Fate himself – implying that Mitzlak's darkest future must be spectacular indeed.) To do this, he sacrifices a living creature and stores its blood in spirit jars, then offers this to Hell. He requires a total of 50 Essence per summoning.

FATHER ANTONY DE TORMAINE SOCIETY OF JESUS

Sorcerer

The old Jesuit closed the ancient, dust-covered book and rubbed his head. Research into the true nature of demons was not an easy task, but it had become his life's work. Scattered around his desk were books of the craft: the texts by French witch trial judge Jean Bodin, Barrett's *The Magus*, and exorcist Father Sebastien Michaelis's *Admirable History*, which contained the most complete list of devils anywhere. A leather-bound copy of Guerrzo's *Compedium Maleficarum* sat on top of Collin de Plancy's *Dictionnaire Infernal*. The information was there, but he wanted the truth. Were there sixty-six princes in Hell? Seventy-two? Seventy-nine?

The rituals were open to scholarly perusal. A pentagram drawn with some chalk and a little of his own blood was on the floor. He knew all the names in Hebrew, Latin, and Babylonian tongues.

He needed the truth so he could expand the boundaries of his faith. If he could ask someone in real authority, he rationalized, he could contribute to this vast body of knowledge built by his predecessors. One day, there would be another who would be perusing his own dusty tome of knowledge, and there would be the plain reality about Hell. No more ambiguity. Demonology would be ripped out of the forgotten books of the Inquisition and thrust into the 20th century.

As the creature spoke and the old Jesuit wrote feverishly in his old, yellowed book of notes, he thought about the risk to his eternal soul. But the knowledge! It would pass down through the hands of generations, and he would be the one who cleared up all the misconceptions forever. The creature promised him so much in return for a few small favors, a few meaningless tasks. It was so little to ask.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 5 Precision 3
Celestial Forces - 3 Will 7 Perception 5
Skills: Summon/4**, Knowledge (Occult/4, Religion/4)
Status: 3 (Priest and Researcher)
Attunements: Sorcery
Disadvantage: Greedy/2

** Father Antony knows all the Sorcerous Rituals appropriate to his skill, as described in the *Corporeal Player's Guide*.

"Sorcier est celui qui par moyens Diaboliques sciemment s'efforce de parvenir a quel que chose." ("A sorcerer is one who by commerce with the Devil has full intention of attaining his own ends.")

— Jean Bodin, "De la Demonomanie des Sorciers"



The Society of Jesus is a Catholic Order dedicated to, among other things, fighting witchcraft and demonology wherever it may find it. In previous centuries, they performed the exorcisms, hunted heretics, and rooted out evil. But every so often, one of the Order is not as pious as he claims. The temptation of hundreds of years of accumulated knowledge is just too great to pass up, and sometimes one of the learned Fathers does a little too much experimenting.

Father Antony de Tormaine has been Roman Catholic all of his life. He attended parochial schools, and entered the seminary on graduating from high school, getting his degree in Theology. He entered the priesthood, and soon after, as his historical studies grew, he took vows and entered the Jesuits. Father Antony dedicated his life to the study of the Roman and Spanish Inquisition, including the witchcraft practices of the heretics. Over time, through frustration, he became greedy, and his lust for knowledge grew until he tried some of the practices himself, in the name of science.

He has now dedicated his entire life to the accumulation of information on demons and their orders. He's willing to do anything to reach his goals: steal documents, torture other people, and carry out the whims of those he conjures. He is an intelligent foe, and can be used as the pawn of the demons, or as a cunning human sorcerer who is willing to do anything he must, to complete his collection of knowledge.

SOLDIERS OF HEAVEN

JAMES MANCZAK



Soldier of Destiny

"Today, class," the teacher said as he picked up an empty chair, "we're going to learn a very special lesson. I want you all to come over here to the windows. Erin, Ashley, could you open this one for me?" He waited as the two girls pushed it wide, smiling and nodding and letting the children mutter among themselves. And then he walked over to hold the chair out, two stories above the ground . . . and let it drop.

In the stunned silence that followed, he made sure to meet Ashley's eyes. "That," he explained, "was gravity."

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

Status: 3 (Teacher)

Charisma: +1

Skills: Chemistry/2, Emote/3, Knowledge/3 (Physics)

Attunements: Divine Destiny

James Manczak, fondly known as "Mr. Maniac" to most of his students, is a junior-high science teacher, a loving husband and father, and to all appearances mildly insane. It isn't that he comes across as a raving lunatic or as a dangerous psychopath. He's merely a little eccentric. Really.

Still, the children in his classes adore him; there's an informal competition to get Mr. Maniac as a teacher rather than any of the dull ones. After all, where else can they see chairs dropped out of windows, model volcanoes exploded, eggs juggled (and frequently dropped), and similar oddball demonstrations of basic principles? Many of his students are so inspired that they go on to acquire doctorates in the sciences, working through post-doctoral years with a will, and settling down to long-term jobs in research or development. A small group, still fired by a two-week project in seventh grade, is pushing a program to create an international base on the Moon.

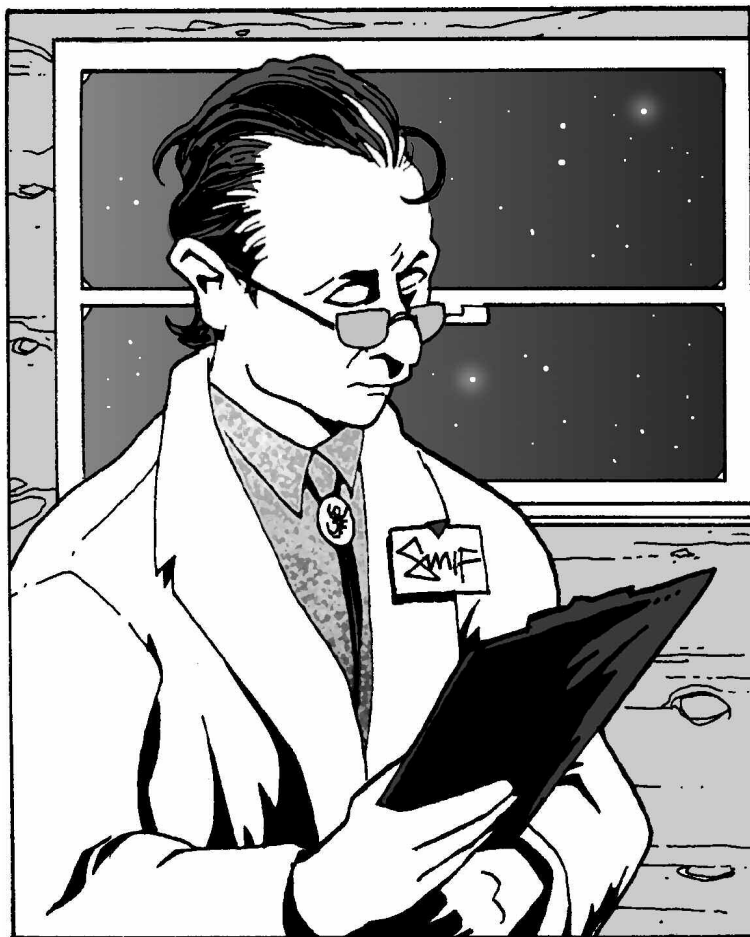
James Manczak thinks about this sometimes, and leans back and smiles at the ceiling of his tiny, unkempt office.

It's good to be a Soldier in the War.

A few years ago, it occurred to an Ofanite (as it has to many others in the service of Yves) that junior-high students were perfectly placed to shunt onto their destined career track. In sorting through teachers, looking for an appropriate helping hand, he ran across one who had an unusual potential. This was reported back; shortly thereafter, James was recruited into the service of God and Heaven. He earned the Divine Destiny attunement in remarkably little time, though that may be attributable more to the difficulty of keeping an Ofanite in one place to supervise than to his own merit.

Even so, he's proven himself since. Children whose destinies are placed in science, he maneuvers into his classes. For those whose brightest futures lie elsewhere, he slips in recommendations to his fellow teachers. It's not a perfect system, and he can't hope to reach every child – for that matter, it's a repeated, low-level disturbance just to reach the ones he does, liable to draw demonic attention to him if ever noticed – but it's worked as well as could be hoped thus far.

In fact, the only children James hasn't used his divine attunement upon are his own. Jason and Phyllis, aged thirteen and eight respectively, are unknown in potential to him. It lets him expect great things from them in a purely human way.



100

HUMANS

J. SCOTT PICKETT

Soldier of Trade



"So what do you think?" Pickett's slow Texas drawl was almost melodious in his richness. When he had been building up his fortune, he had talked like his business associates and bankers talked. Now that he was wealthy, however, he talked however he damn well pleased.

"It looks good, J.S., real good. And you say that you have the land rights all the way to the beach?" The Armani-suited investor shaded his eyes and looked toward the ocean.

"That's right, and there's top notch oil under here. And after the wells run dry, in twenty or thirty years, you can turn this area into a resort. In fact, we were about to break through with our drilling. Would you like to do the honors?" The millionaire handed the man a sturdy remote control box.

Without thinking, the man took the box and pressed the button. Just over the hill, the sounds of a large drilling machine started up, grinding its way through the earth.

Pickett felt, more than heard, the disturbance race through the Symphony. Well, he thought, It looks like I was right. He's the demon who's been messin' with my people.

The "investor" handed over the box with a shaky chuckle, "I hadn't realized it'd be that big and noisy!"

Scott gave a hearty laugh. "You want to know what else is big and noisy?" he asked as he put away the box in his car.

"What's that, J.S.?" the demon grinned, his composure regained.

"This," he stated simply as he pulled out his .45 and started blasting away at the demon.

A few minutes later, Pickett was cursing as he drove down the road, his formerly crisp suit stained beyond repair with the demon's blood and his own. Still, he had to laugh. "That'll teach 'em to mess with J.S. Pickett!"

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

Status: 6 (Wealthy Oilman)

Skills: Detect Lies/2, Engineering/1, Knowledge/6 (Business), Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/1

Songs: Form (Corporeal/3)

Artifacts: Holy Pistol/1, 2 Holy Bullets

Disadvantages: Damaged Vision/2 (one eye), Crippled/1 (mangled hand)

Jasper Scott Pickett is a flamboyant Houston oilman, with business interests spanning the globe. His money and connections to the rich and powerful make him an extremely valuable Soldier of God – and Trade in particular.

As a devout and rather straight-laced Baptist, Pickett readily helps the angels in the War. Though he is per-

sonally rather frail, he still wants to be in the "front lines," and often tries to get in on situations far too dangerous for him. He owns a holy pistol, but relies more often on a big .45 revolver.

Pickett's fortune amounts to nearly half a billion dollars, but that doesn't mean he can just write checks for megabucks. His wealth is tied up in investments, and it would take him several days to assemble any really large sums of cash. Pickett's wealth also means he is closely watched by the IRS.

Mr. Pickett is nearly 70 years old, a tall, distinguished-looking man with silver hair and a weathered face. An oilfield explosion in his youth has left him missing the fingers of his left hand and sporting a glass eye.



Pickett's enormous secular power makes him a powerful ally for angels, and an equally troublesome enemy for any infernal player-characters – if they care about subtlety. If they don't, they could cause trouble in return . . . at least until angels show up because of all the disturbance. For Pickett to take on a pack of demons without celestial help, the Game Master should equip him with some more Songs and a cadre of other Soldiers.

ANA BRYZNESKI

Human Soldier of Flowers Servant to Messica



"That's right," the little old woman spat in her accented English, glaring from her rocking chair at the two plainclothes policemen standing at her gate. "This is my property. You don't come in without warrant. Ever. Come back with warrant." She smiled maliciously as she added, "Or better, don't come at all."

"We'll be back later, ma'am." The elder cop nodded, and as the two of them walked back to their car, Ana breathed a sigh of relief. Not as bad as the Gestapo, to be sure, but then she had been a lot younger when she dealt with the Gestapo.

A cat rubbed against her legs as she walked into the living room. "Oh, no, you little troublemaker," she muttered, "you don't jump into my head just yet. All we've done is buy some time . . ." She glared at the only other humanoid occupant of the room, a young man with close-cropped blond hair, leather jacket, and sunglasses. Scowling, she growled, "And whoever you killed, boy, he better have been worth it! Now . . ." (and that bitter smile crept across her wrinkled face) ". . . let's see about getting you out of town."

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

Status: 1 (Crotchety Old Woman)

Skills: Detect Lies/3, Driving/1, Fast-Talk/3, Languages (Polish/3*, English/2, German/2), Knowledge/4 (Local Area), Ranged Weapon/3 (German army rifle), Tactics/2

In her day, Ana was a survivor. An educated woman, she joined the Polish Resistance during the Second World War, later emigrating to the United States. In her time, she's protested this, boycotted that, and written at least one Letter to the Editor every week since 1964.

Today, thanks to Messica (Kyriotate of Flowers, p. 33) and "those riff-raff who drop in unannounced," Ana is aware of the War and her role in it. Although she makes many complaints about her situation (and anything else) she is wholeheartedly on the side of the angels. Each time another unfortunate stumbles in, she wishes – loudly – she were twenty years younger so she could pick up a gun and get back into the trenches.

Occasionally, in fact, she does hit the front lines, but not as a warrior. Ana helps Messica provide information

and tactical support for other angels operating in the area, and helps them recover and disappear when things go sour. Although she has not (knowingly) killed a demon yet, she is in just as much danger – and she lets every one of her "uninvited guests" know it.

Though quite glad to be in the United States, Ana is still rather mistrustful of so-called authority figures. Now that she's older, and not so quick as in her prime, she's also a little afraid of such people. She's quick to push that to the back of her mind, but it manifests in little ways – such as the *very* thick accent she develops when talking to them, making sure her walking cane is nearby, or aggressively petting one of her cats. (Who, these days, is usually Messica.)

She also keeps an old rifle in her house, in good working order. It's technically illegal, but she believes in her right to bear arms. It's not particularly *peaceful*, but she and Messica have come to an understanding: if demons don't come calling, Ana won't shoot them.

Ana's neighbors, who see her as often as not possessed by Messica, have written her off as an eccentric old lady going senile. They smile and nod when she bends over her cane and talks sternly to her cat. Of course, they cannot hear the cat talking back.



PROFESSOR MARCUS ISAACSON

Soldier of Judgment

The angel rapped impatiently on the table near the scholar, continuing her demands. "And then I need the locations of the Tethers in the east side of the city."

Marcus took off his glasses and rubbed his forehead, grimacing. "Does your Superior know?"

"Know?" the Elohite replied abruptly, "Know what?"

"How very close you are to Falling."

She jumped up and almost shouted, "Falling? Me? That's impossible!"

He shook his head. "You've been a bundle of nerves since you've arrived. You've demanded, rather than asked for information. But, most of all, you are **reacting** rather than thinking."

The angel shook her head rapidly, but said nothing.

"Think! Use your God-given objectivity as one of the Powers. See yourself as you truly are." He paused, suddenly exhausted by his efforts to reach her. "It's not too late. Go to him, repent your pride, and ask for help."

For a moment, he thought he had reached her. Then she stood upright and stormed out. "I'm leaving!" The heavy door slammed behind her like a crack of thunder.

The old man sighed and tapped out a seemingly innocuous message on his computer.

The triad would find her soon enough.



Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 2 Agility 2
Ethereal Forces - 3 Intelligence 9* Precision 5
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 4 Perception 4
Status: 4 (Retired Professor)

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/5, Fast-Talk/1, Knowledge (Local Area/2, Celestials/2, Ethereals/2, Politics/3, Research/6), Languages (Greek/2, Latin/2), Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol)

Songs: Tongues (Corporeal/3), Harmony (Corporeal/4)

Disadvantage: Damaged Sense/2 (Vision: very far-sighted)

Artifacts: Cane (Reliquary/5, Projection (Corporeal/5), only usable by servants of Dominic). The cane is self-powered (treat the user as having five Corporeal Forces for performing the Song).

* Isaacson has raised his Intelligence 2 points over the years, as per *In Nomine*, p. 202.

Some Soldiers spend all their time on the front lines and many of them die there, serving Heaven or Hell. On the other hand, others work quietly in the background, doing what needs to be done.

Professor Isaacson is one of the latter.

For nearly 50 years, he has been laboring behind the scenes, gathering information for Heaven and passing it upward to those who needed it most. Moreover, he has focussed his brilliant mind into compiling and organizing those bits of data into a cohesive whole. It has not been an uncommon occurrence for him to sift through mountains of documents and deduce the presence of demonic activity . . . and what their plans were as well.

On occasion, he'll use his cane to look at things personally, but since this is limited to places he has already visited, he spends much more time with books and the computer. Never an athletic man, age has taken its toll. He was always in "desk job" positions, and now spends even less time on his feet. Those who wish to speak to him personally must travel to him. For security's sake, critical information is only given out in person.

His mind is still as sharp as ever, though. He has near-perfect recall of everything he has ever read and does his best to stay abreast of current events in the War. Most requests for knowledge, from legitimate querents, will be granted, but *everything* is reported back up to Dominic. Added to that, Marcus usually insists on some information in return. He's quite busy these days. Even though retired from active teaching,

he is still consulted on mundane matters as well as fantastic. Make a reservation . . .



PAUL KENNEDY (AKA PREACHER MAN)

Saint of Laurence

The announcer turned to the camera and spoke in that peculiar tone of voice that only pro-wrestling announcers use, "And tonight we have a special match-up, folks: Preacher Man and Beautiful Bob Galloway have accepted the challenge from the frightening duo, Death From Above." He turned toward the grinning man wearing a priest's collar and shirt along with a pair of skin-tight black trunks, "So why are you here tonight, after that bruising match against the Crusher and Terrible Tornado?"

"Let me tell you, Frank. There's evil out in the world. Evil that you can see and hear and smell and makes you sick to your very soul. When good people sense this, they have to jump up and DENOUNCE it and CAST it forth! How can I do any less than those worthy Christians watching tonight?" He waved to the crowd not shown by the camera and a huge roar rose up and overwhelmed the audio for several seconds.

"And you, Beautiful Bob?"

The blond man grabbed the microphone, "You think you're bad, Dorks From Above? Well, you haven't seen bad until you

SAINT

see what we're going to do to you tonight! You'll wish you had stayed in whatever cesspool you crawled out of because Beautiful Bob Galloway is gonna show you what pain really means! We're ripping off your masks tonight and showing everyone how ugly you really are!"

The announcer reclaimed his mike and faced the camera again, "There you have it folks, the classic struggle – Good versus Evil! Stay tuned until after these commercial breaks!"

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

Charisma: +3

Status: 2 (Pro-Wrestler)

Skills: Artistry/2 (Wrestling), Detect Lies/2, Dodge/3, Fighting/3, Emote/3, Knowledge/3 (Religion)

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/3, Celestial/1), Motion (Corporeal/2, Celestial/1)

Attunements: Hunt

In his first life, Paul was a devout Christian who honestly tried to help his fellow man, but was killed by a sudden illness when he was quite young. His greatest regret was that he didn't survive long enough to help more people during his time on Earth. In time, he petitioned Laurence to return to Earth and his request was granted.

In an effort to reach Christians beyond those in the Catholic church, several Saints are being sent to shepherd other pockets of faithful. Where Paul had been weak before, he vowed to show that God was strong, good was strong, and evil *could* be fought and defeated.

Though most people realize that pro wrestling is not exactly real, they love the drama plays acted out on the square set (and occasionally in the surrounding area). Good versus Evil, fighting on their television screens; heroes to cheer for and evildoers to vilify. When not in the ring, Paul actually *is* a preacher, reaching out to the people and doing good works.

While quite capable of physically confronting evil, the wrestler spends more of his time preaching, counseling the confused, and spending time in the community. He regularly invites people to call him if they need help and they are pleasantly surprised when he answers their pleas.

He might be encountered as a useful ally or a worthy opponent. If a member of his congregation is in trouble, he's likely to show up. Even a casual encounter between Heaven and Hell can be spiced up if Kennedy is nearby. One day a week, he's at the local jail counseling the inmates on turning their lives around. It's surprising how many he has reached.

SOLDIERS OF HELL



HANI BASYAH

Soldier of Lust

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

Status: 1 (Prostitute)

Sex Appeal: +2

Skills: Detect Lies/1, Emote/3, Fast-Talk/1, Knowledge (Erotic Arts/2, Southeast Asian Prostitution/2), Languages (English/2, Indonesian/3*, Japanese/1, Thai/3), Seduction/3, Swimming/1

Songs: Entropy (Corporeal/1), Healing (Corporeal/2)

Southeast Asia has long been notorious for its sex tourism industry. Although most prostitutes in countries like Thailand and the Philippines actually service locals, a large number cater to wealthy Japanese, American and European travelers. And many foreigners come for pleasures that are not safely had anywhere else . . . like 6 year-old girls.

Hani Basyah was born in Indonesia. She was sold by her impoverished parents to flesh merchants who smuggled the young girl to Thailand, where her virginity would be a high-priced commodity for Western

pedophiles. Crammed into a bungalow on Phuket with the rest of the chattel, she cried out at the sight of a bat-winged apparition. Marou, an Impudite of Lust, was intrigued by the six-year-old who was able to spot her in celestial form, and soon took a liking to the unusually perceptive and strong-willed child. Hani got to keep her virginity, at the cost of her soul.

Initially, the mortal was merely a pet. As she grew older, she helped her mistress by chaperoning girls entering the trade Hani had escaped. After a demon of Fate identified Hani as one of those rare mortals capable of gaining an extra Force, Marou began grooming her to become a Soldier. Hani lost her virginity – and the last of her innocence – just before her 16th birthday; a group of Lust demons initiated the new Hellsworn in an orgiastic ritual that also gave Hani her 6th Force.

Hani doesn't look or act like a Soldier of Hell. She usually appears to be a lithe, attractive Indonesian (she can easily pass for a Thai native as well) in her late teens or early 20s, with dark brown skin and a haunted, vulnerable air. Most men want to protect her or possess her – sometimes both. Outwardly, she is every bit the soft-spoken, docile stereotype of an Oriental sex doll. She's a lot tougher than she looks, though, and she's harder than most girls who work the sex trade. She has first-hand, intimate knowledge of *real* evil.

Now working in various houses of Lust (as a minion; p. 125), Hani is invaluable in setting up prime targets for blackmail or indebtedness, reporting back to her *real* mistress. Hani's employers do a lot of business with Lilim, who answer certain Needs by providing a willing girl who will do *anything* to please. Hani's Songs serve a very specific purpose; she can heal herself after having offered up her body to sadistic clients, and she can restore her own virginity. She can also use the Corporeal Song of Entropy to become older or younger, and often plays the part of a virginal young girl . . . she doesn't like to think about *how* young she's regressed herself to satisfy certain clients.

Hani isn't cruel or (in her own mind) even evil; she really feels very little at all, aside from mild contempt for most of humanity. Detached and impassive, she has no particular sympathy for others in the skin trade. She knows she could walk away if she were willing to suffer the consequences. She figures everyone else has the same choice. This servant of Lust might appear to be a good candidate for salvation, but she isn't the hapless victim she appears. She knows her fate, and she serves Lust of her own free will. Hani will not hesitate to take advantage of well-intentioned efforts to "save" her . . .

DANIEL WEISSMAN

Soldier of Technology



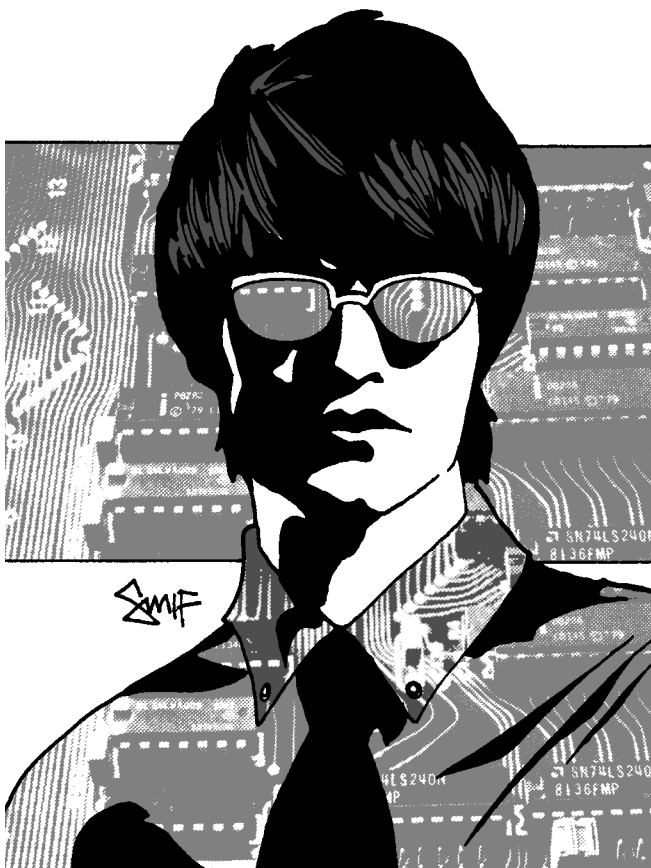
Corporeal Forces - 2 Strength 4 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 6 Precision 2
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 6 Perception 2

Status: 3 (Freelance Computer Programmer)

Skills: Computer Operation/4, Driving/1, Electronics/2, Fighting/1, Knowledge/2 (World Religions), Languages (English/3*, Japanese/1, Spanish/2), Lying/3, Ranged Weapons/1 (Rifle)

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/3)

Daniel Weissman is between infernal “masters” right now (the most recent one ran into a Seraph of War who outgunned him), but he doesn’t really mind. He has a couple of freelance programming jobs that pay very well, his stocks are up even when the market isn’t, and he has a few hundred thousand dollars in offshore accounts just in case. When he isn’t messing around with new programs to satisfy the suckers who sign his paychecks, Dan spends his time mucking about in forgotten seminary libraries and musty used book stores. He’s always on the lookout for more celestial business, however. When he feels like it, there are a couple of phone numbers he can call.



As a counterpoint to the heavy workload of an undergraduate computer sciences major, Dan used to take the most obscure humanities courses he could – often this meant some small class where Daniel kept company with the university’s five religion majors and an ancient professor. This turned out to fascinate Dan. At first, his bit of extracurricular theological reading just gave him some background for obscenely irreverent Doom levels and other flippancies. Eventually he stumbled onto some apocalyptic literature, which led him to further reading in the study of the world’s end. As a hobby during his senior year, he compared and cross-indexed all of his literature. It’s not the conclusion everyone would have reached, but Dan decided that Armageddon, or something, was coming, and he might as well come out on top.

With an admirable sense of the dramatic, a Balseraph of Fate introduced himself during Dan’s graduation ceremony and started him on a new career. As a professed independent genius, Dan took to his odd line of part time work with vigor. Like any well-informed college graduate, he knew networking was the key everywhere and Dan made a point of expanding his circle of demonic contacts beyond his patron Balseraph. This practice served him well more than once, as demons have a tendency to either get themselves killed or forget about their mortal “friends.” Dan has been unsteadily employed ever since.

He’s self-assured to the point of arrogance – the trick is he’s nearly good enough to warrant it. He projects equal portions of confidence and servility when dealing with demons, as this seems to produce the best results. He *thinks* his researches give him an edge in dealing with celestials, angelic *or* demonic. This isn’t close to true, but he was lucky enough to have an Impudite in the line of fire the one time he encountered angels . . . which is how he lost his last master.

As an enemy, Dan is as troublesome as a mortal can be. As an ally, he’s nearly as dangerous, though no more so than the average servant of Malphas. If one thinks of Hell’s selfishness as an ideal, Dan is living up to it perfectly.

Though currently associated more with Technology than Fate, Dan wouldn’t be adverse to being recruited by an agent of a different Demon Prince, or a Vapulan who’d like to get some dirt on Dan’s Traumatized previous master.

Dan’s still working on a few projects – such as breaking into a system which may belong to Servitors of Lightning. He’s trying to be careful, but the idea of being “The man who broke into JeanNet” has a certain appeal. Tripping some of the defenses, if it is angelically operated, could be his undoing.

"CHARLIE YELLOW"

Soldier of Freedom

The small man glanced at the briefcase. "I trust the entire amount is there?" he said without touching it.

"Yeah, it's all there, Charlie. Every Krugerrand and the uncut diamonds you asked for."

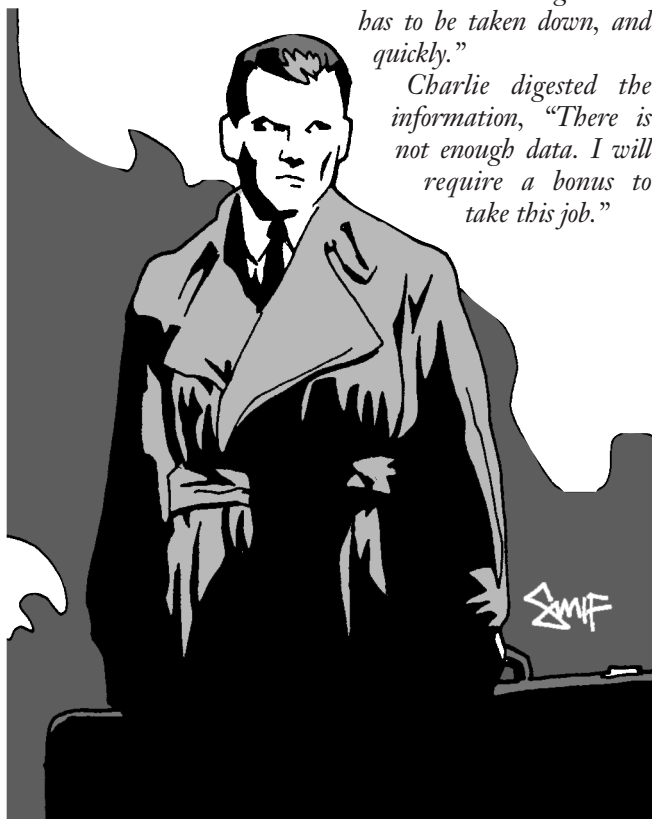
"And the bullets?"

"Those too, of course." The Impudite pushed a small felt bag across the table.

"Who do you wish me to kill?" he asked simply.

"Angel. Fairly tough, definitely not a Mercurian. Not the way he was bashing around some of the gangs lately." She scowled, "I've got eight punks with broken legs and heads who won't mess with him again. He has to be taken down, and quickly."

Charlie digested the information, "There is not enough data. I will require a bonus to take this job."



"Oh? And what would that be?" the Taker smirked, inhaling. "You will owe Lilith a small favor or two."

The demon blanched, then nodded shortly. "Agreed."

Charlie's Lilim co-worker came out of the shadows and looked into the other demon's eyes. "Do you freely accept this Geas?"

The Impudite swallowed and said, more subdued, "I do."

The Lilim concentrated, then nodded slightly. Silently, Charlie picked up the briefcase and bag, then turned away from the table.

The Taker had regained her composure and called to his back, "Aren't you going to count your money?"

He paused. "On occasion I work for free. Pray this is not one of those times."

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

Status: 2 (Seemingly Middle-Class)

Skills: Climbing/1, Electronics/1, Escape/1, Move Silently/3, Ranged Weapon/6 (Rifle), Throwing/1

Discord: 3 Geas/3, to Lilith

Artifacts: High-powered sniper rifle with a scope (Power +3, Accuracy +2, Range 150, Shots 1), enchanted to be an Unholy Weapon/5 and a Talisman/4 (Ranged Weapon (Rifle)). He has 6 Unholy Bullets and carries a dozen rounds of regular ammo.

Charlie Yellow (not his real name, but the only one people know) is an interesting paradox: an honest, amoral, trustworthy assassin for hire. He prides himself on his work and strives to complete each contract in full.

His first encounter with the supernatural was when he was hired to eliminate a demon. It took five rounds with a high-powered rifle to bring his victim down – his target wasn't exactly human. Careful investigation led him to a startling conclusion: Heaven and Hell existed, and he'd just killed one of their number.

For twenty years, he's eluded police and the forces of Heaven while working for the Damned. Though he prefers to be completely freelance, he realized there was little chance of survival if he didn't choose sides. He nominally serves Lilith and occasionally trades for things he needs. She doesn't consider him *bound* to her, of course – the relationship is one of mutual benefit, and if he chooses to call himself a Soldier of Freedom . . . she doesn't care.

By officially being one of her servants, he avoids most recruiting attempts from other demons. His thoroughly mercenary attitude delights Lilith, and ensures he can get a Lilim aide at need. His latest trade has gotten him more enhancements of his favorite weapon; he looks forward to repaying his debts and regaining his free agent status.

After this many years, for nearly the first time, Charlie is beginning to have doubts about his allegiances. He's seen too many Hellsworn and servants screwed over or used as pawns by those with power. He realized long ago that he wasn't meant to be successful when he was sent out against that first demon; he just happened to be skilled enough to survive. If someone proposed an alternative, he would carefully weigh his options. He won't jump blindly into anything, or go along with plans which aren't well thought out – but he'll always pick the path that leads to survival.



RACA

Mummy of Death in service to Labana

"I've been beaten. I've been mocked. I've been raped emotionally, over and over again, deep inside. I've been cut and I've bled. I was already dying, you see, a little every day. But now I'm dead. Very, very dead. No one can hurt me anymore. I've been freed by Death itself.

"Why do you start away? I just want to kiss you. Come back. I yearn for your touch. Is it this moldering flesh? The pallid turn of my throat? The breath filled with cold rot and decay? But I love you, my dear. I want you. I need you. Look, my hands are pale, but they are tempered with cold beauty. My lips bring only a taste of the grave, but it is friendly – we will all taste it some day. My dear, my most beloved, you must understand: I was Death's lover. I loved him more than life itself, for my life held nothing. He brought me my freedom.

"And now I bring it to you."

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 8 Agility 4
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 4 Precision 4
Celestial Forces - 1 Will 2 Perception 2

Sex Appeal: +2 (on top of her Ugliness . . .)

Status: 1 (Streetwalker)

Skills: Driving/2, Fast-talk/3, Knowledge (Prostitution/3, Torture/4), Seduction/6

UNDEAD

Songs: Numinous Corpus (Tongue/4, Claws/4, Wings/3), Harmony (Celestial/3), Entropy (Ethereal/3), Unlife/1

Discord: Ugly/6

Roxanne "Roxy" Stump was born to an alcoholic father and a mother who left before she was six months old. At the age of sixteen, after one too many beatings, she fled from home, school, and everyone else who didn't understand her. Arriving in the city, she quickly made the acquaintance of "the Wolf," local pimp extraordinaire, and became a woman of the night, whoring on the street, addicted to heroin. Anger, self-hatred, and silent rage built up over the years, while her addiction and lack of self-confidence kept her from freeing herself from the Wolf's control.

Finally, after six years, she received a visit from a strange woman who handed her some drugs and identified herself as "someone who can help." Roxy figured she had nothing left to lose.

A drive in her car took them outside of the city, into a old graveyard. Waiting for them were several others, demons all. At the climax of the ceremony, Roxy was swallowed by the earth, her soul bound into her flesh as her flesh was molded into a hideous mess by Saminga's minions. Digging herself out, she realized that her need to show that world how she viewed herself had been met. Now all would see her as she saw herself, ugly and abused.

Labana (p. 67), Roxy's demonic recruiter, was not pleased by the ugliness of her newest find, but Raca – as the Lilim re-named her – still has a certain repellant appeal.

Raca has since taken revenge, slaying the Wolf with her newfound undead strength and array of Songs. Raca is no longer just a prostitute, though she can be found in shadowed alleys. Now she brings mortals in need and potential Soldiers to her Lilim mistress. And, also, she brings horror and death to those who hurt her when she was yet alive.

Recently, she's taken an interest in "creative" death, using death as a form of art itself – a transient art, like a play. Lost in time, recorded only in the memory of those killing and those being killed. She's studied the art of seduction, and has just started studying the art of torture, but hasn't had much time to practice it yet.

Typically, Raca is wandering about the city, at night, looking for victims – either to kill or to give to her mistress. She's inhumanly strong, and can also provide muscled backup for demons. Often, she'll be using her Song of Harmony to negate her ugliness in public; in private, she likes to horrify viewers.

TERESA MONTEGO D'ORO

Vampire of Theft

Jason had poured his heart into the note. He had to laugh when he realized it was some of the best work he had ever done. "My creative fires, among others, are really stoked tonight, sweetheart," he said with a mock-leer to the naked woman next to him. They were sitting on a window ledge, feet dangling a dozen stories above the pavement. It was a habit of Teresa's that struck him as odd, but Jason had grown used to it and even enjoyed it now.

The raven-haired beauty smiled, though her expression was hidden by a shadow. "The suicide poem was lovely, I was truly touched."

"Whatever gave you the idea, though?" He continued without waiting for her reply, "I don't care, I could write a hundred poems tonight. A thousand! In fact, I have an idea for a new book, **Death and Life**. I'll put this at the beginning and have one that affirms life at the end. Sort of a hope thing, you know? Oh, I've gotta get some paper before I forget all of these!"

Teresa stopped him. "I'll do it, lover." She clambered into the room and started rubbing his shoulders, "But I really think that this last thing is the best you'll ever do."

"Hmm?" he said, distracted by the poems and imagery running through his head. "Why's that?"

She pushed him out and watched as he plummeted, screaming, to his death.

"It's just a feeling I have."



Teresa was a poet, an atheist, and a pacifist. Now she is none of these things.

When given proof that eternal life on Earth was possible, she jumped at the chance. To have eternity to compose her poems, to grow her soul to its greatest possible extent . . . what could be better than that?

In a single night, she discovered that Heaven and Hell existed and both were denied to her, that she was an undead *thing*, and that she had achieved her darkest fate.

She wasn't even a *successful* undead thing, but one of the sloppy failures.

The poems dried within her and left nothing but a hatred of the living. She controls her lust for death in order not to provoke her handlers, but otherwise searches out those with the brightest futures and steals their lives.

You can find Teresa hanging around with poets in death as she did in life. They commit suicide with uncommon regularity and she, grief-stricken, is forced to move on. She's always clever enough to have an alibi ready, or a quick way out of town. The methods of suicide (or "suicide") are varied: poison, hanging, and long falls are favorites of hers.

In between her "special" lovers, she continues to kill others to sate her Need. She targets people who are alone (travelers are an especially good choice since they tend to have hotel rooms and aren't known locally), gets them drunk (and sometimes doses them with a knock-out drug), then beats them to death and steals their money and possessions to make it look like a simple robbery.

She sadly underestimates police forensics – there are few "undetectable" knock-out drugs. But so far, she's been lucky . . .

Angelic encounters will probably revolve around investigating the deaths of poets. Servitors of both Kronos and Yves could become involved after one of her kills (e.g., the mortal failed to reach his fate or destiny and someone is displeased about that). Demons could enlist her aid as someone who is skilled at infiltrating human groups.

Corporeal Forces - 1 Strength 3 Agility 1
Ethereal Forces - 2 Intelligence 6 Precision 2
Celestial Forces - 2 Will 4 Perception 4

Toughness: 1

Status: 1 (Jobless Hanger-on)

Charisma: +2

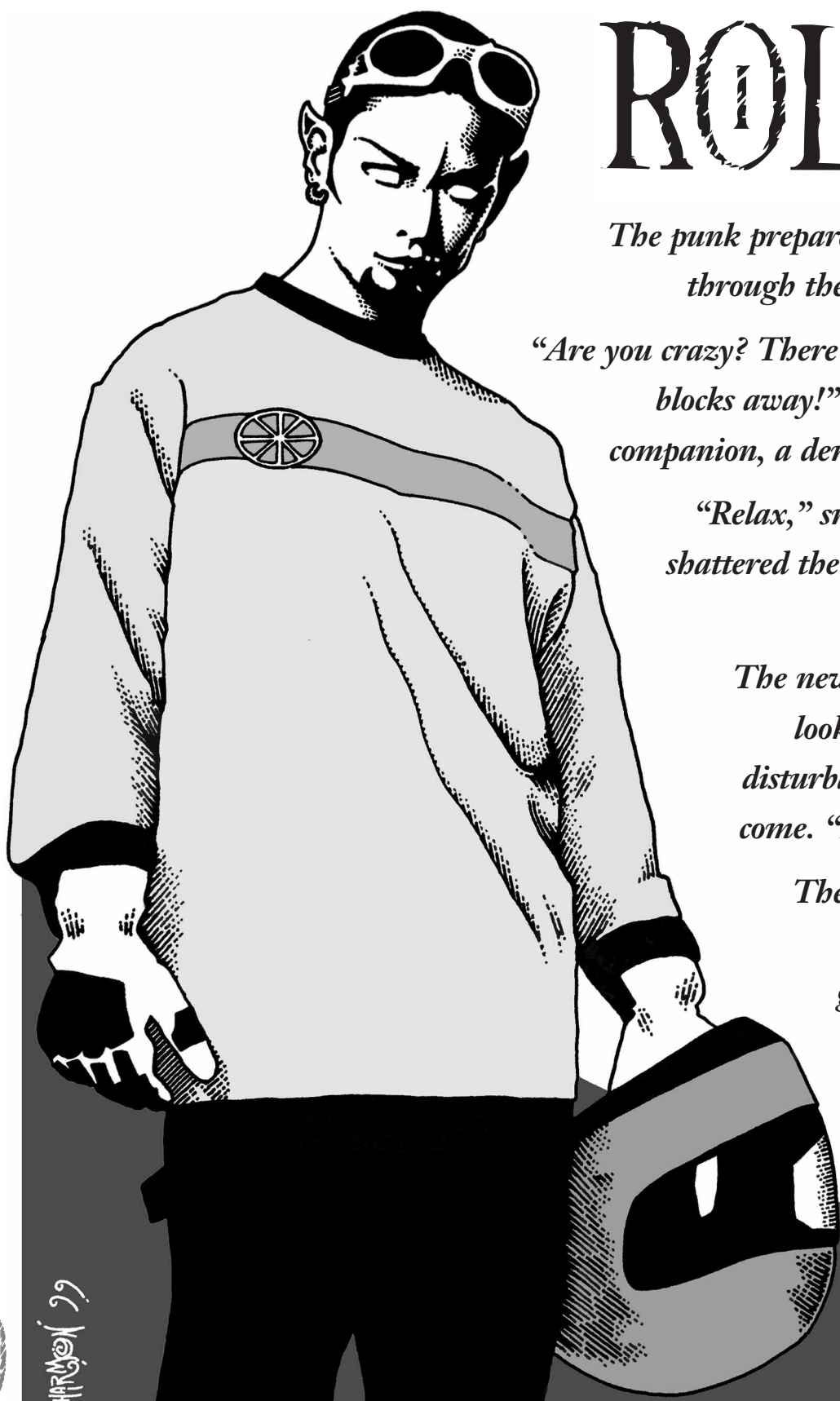
Skills: Artistry/3 (Poetry), Languages (Spanish/3*, English/3), Knowledge/1 (Poisons), Seduction/4, Savoir-Faire/2

Songs: Sleep (Ethereal/4), Charm (Celestial/4), Unlife/4

Attunements: Passage

Discord: Vulnerability/4 (Sunlight), Need/3 (Murder)

Rite: Steal \$200 worth of material goods



ROLES

The punk prepared to hurl his helmet through the plate-glass window.

“Are you crazy? There’s a Stone Tether two blocks away!” snapped his nervous companion, a demon fresh from Hell.

“Relax,” sneered the punk, and shattered the window with a blow from his helmet.

The newcomer cringed, then looked bewildered as the disturbance he feared didn’t come. “How’d you do that?”

The punk grinned as he stepped through the gaping hole. “It’s my Role, man. I break things all the time.”

ROLES AND THEIR PURPOSE

Inexperienced celestials often ask what the *point* of a Role is, feeling they can act more freely without some artificial identity hindering them. Their elders, more or less gently, point out the facts: a Role both provides a societal shield for private celestial activity, *and* (possibly more importantly) covers Symphonic disturbance for matters connected with the Role.

SHIELDING SYMPHONIC DISTURBANCE

The shielding of Symphonic disturbance only applies to damage caused to some part of the Symphony (humans, animals, buildings, etc) when done *as a natural part of the Role*. Thus, a private detective might fire a gun *while handling a suspect*, or a rally driver might crash his car *while on the track*. Such things as Songs, attunements, and assuming celestial form will not be shielded – it is not part of a policeman's normal duty to use the Song of Thunder on a criminal! Given the importance of secrecy in the War, it's often vital to avoid the disturbance that even the most careful celestial produces. A Role – especially a high-level one, well woven into the Symphony – can hide this.

However, no Role can hide everything Symphonically. Actions which aren't part of the Role (although "human" enough otherwise) may disturb the Symphony. An angel with a Role as a businessman might help set a bonfire, or a demon with a Role as a television anchorman might accidentally crash his car. Both of these would cause Symphonic disturbance. Unfortunately, no Role is strong enough to allow its possessor to live entirely as a *normal* human (though Asmodeus' *Humanity* attunement is a trick in itself). Such deep-cover identities are best left to Saints, Soldiers, or undead – though Renegades and Outcasts may try, desperate to keep their Role and not cause disturbance that might draw the attention of others . . .

THE ROLE AS SOCIETAL COVER

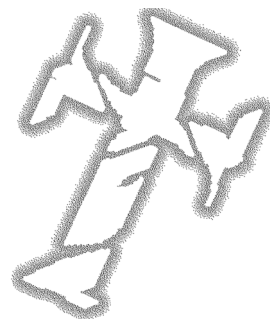
Ever since the first angel had to walk into a village disguised as a human, and explain that he was a hunter from over thataway, it has been important for celestials on Earth to maintain some sort of social identity. (Naturally, Seraphim dislike this necessity, while Balseraphs proudly state that they *are* the person in question.)

Just as a Role can provide cover from Symphonic disturbance, it also provides a shield from the inquiries of friends, neighbors, and policemen. A "public identity" can give reasons for a celestial to be in some area, taking some action, or holding that smoking gun. Even if it doesn't entirely shield him from detection, it may keep him out of the hands of police (or others) and preserve his freedom of action. Also, a Role allows celestials to interact with mortals in order to accomplish their tasks, without the mortals becoming aware of the existence of angels or demons. This is quite important, as Servitors of Dominic and Asmodeus will explain to those who transgress too publicly!

SERAPHIM AND ROLES

It is extremely difficult for a Seraph to sustain a Role which is a lie – and, on occasion, impossible. However, it is not *necessarily* a lie for a Seraph to tell people to call him by some name (particularly one close to his own), or show them a piece of laminated cardboard with a name printed on it. Furthermore, if a Seraph spends time and effort on some job – his Role – then it is entirely *true* that he works as a professor, lawyer, schoolteacher, or whatever. A Seraph can sustain a Role backed by documentation if he presents it carefully, and a Role backed by actual work if he does the work. Seraphim prefer high-level Roles precisely *because* they can live so much of the Role that there are very few lies involved.

A celestial's Role is an important tool which a celestial can use to deal with humans on equal terms, subtly influencing society and the Symphony for good or evil. Some are amused that they are using human society to adjust itself. Some – especially Impudites and Mercurians – appreciate humans more for it. Others are disgusted that they are forced to *sully* themselves with the petty appearance of humanity – but even they admit that it is useful, if they are to affect human behavior. The Status of a Role is also useful for applying societal or monetary pressure, or being "above suspicion" of criminal actions.



THE CREATION OF ROLES

Demon Princes and Archangels cannot simply wave their hands and manufacture a Role. To create a Role is to weave a concept into the Symphony, a fictional identity that becomes a part of the Symphony, and – to be blunt – not even a Superior has that sort of control. This means that it has to be done through physical creation and action (even if only inserting a record into a computer) – acting *with* the Symphony to create a Role within it.

Fortunately, Superiors have many Servitors, both human and celestial, who can be tasked with such duties. Every Archangel and Prince (even the less intelligent ones, such as Saminga, or the wilder ones, such as Jordi) has a group of Servitors who specialize in producing and updating Roles for their co-workers. These servants are based on Earth themselves (for obvious reasons: access to information and alteration of said information), though they're ultimately controlled from Heaven or Hell. In cases where Superiors cooperate their Role-producing teams may work together to produce fuller Roles – e.g., with Marc's agents providing financial records, Jean's altering computer data, Yves' supplying university degrees . . .



As times have changed, so have the types of proof needed for a Role. In medieval times or earlier, if a celestial wished a Role that would not be based in a particular location, he would need a culturally suitable excuse for *why* he was traveling. (A farmer had to have a farm and a history at the farm, after all, but a peddler would have a reason to be crossing the country, a stranger in the towns he passed through.) Otherwise, the Role would have to be established long-term in the neighborhood, as a regular inhabitant. In modern times, traveling has become common – but, at the same time, leaves a far more definite paper trail. A celestial can more easily use travel as an excuse for having no personal history somewhere, but will need the documentation to back up his story.

PAPER TRAILS

Modern civilization has required a number of changes in the proofs that back up a Role. In these records-minded days, a paper trail is vitally important in many countries. Without such things as birth certificate, bank account, driver's license, and dental records, a celestial can be badly hampered by official investigations. Fortunately, angels and demons are accustomed to dealing with this – and in many ways it is easier than the *labor* of giving actual history to a Role through interactions with others (see *The Life of the Part*, p. 113). Servitors of Jean and Vapula, in particular, are skilled at forcing official computers to insert false records and alter current ones. One useful method of providing personal data – also used by some human criminals – is to alter and reuse the records of dead people (referred to as “the resurrection trade” by the irreverent).

Given that Archangels and Demon Princes have needed documentation for their Servitors since paperwork was first invented (and even in classical days, such concepts as passports and written orders existed) most things that *can* be tried *have* been tried. It is unusual for anyone to devise some totally new, ingenious method of providing false records, but anybody who does so will be rewarded, and the method will be used as much as possible before the other side finds a way to detect it. Any leap in records technology throws Heaven and Hell into a frenzy of finding new ways to falsify records, and attempting to insert Roles with shaky documentation, justifying the holes as “due to the change in methods – you know what office procedures are like . . .”

Heavy paper documentation does not necessarily mean a high level of Role – a person can have all the certificates in the world to establish his existence, yet have nobody who remembers him in day-to-day life – but a high-level Role always has a definite paper trail, save in remote locations where *nobody* has such things as records.

THE LIFE OF THE PART

This aspect of the Role is generally harder to establish than the paper records. It is the existence of the Role in *living memory* – people who have known the Role as a person, even if they only encountered him briefly, and who are aware that such a person *exists*. Although this may seem less relevant in the modern age, where a “paper identity” can go a long way, the smallest check on such an identity (such as contacting old school friends, named teachers, or previous employers) can prove the Role to be utterly false. It is therefore necessary for the Role to be substantiated by humans who can swear to the reality of the person in question.

The most obvious way to do this is for the celestial in question to live the Role as an ordinary human, day by day, for the years needed to give the Role credibility. In such a way, a Role/1 can increase to a Role/4, or even (though this might take decades) a Role/6. However, this is not always feasible, as few Superiors will permit important Servitors to spend years establishing their Roles. (There are exceptions to this, of course, for extremely deep cover assignments, but these not the rule.) A Role can even be established from childhood – or from birth – using the Song of Corporeal Entropy to age the vessel at appropriate periods. Parents can be found among sympathetic Soldiers of Heaven or Hell, or simply via an adoption agency.

Since this takes a *lot* of time, there are other methods to establish the Role.

One common way is to give a junior celestial, such as a reliever or imp, the task of “living the Role” for a year, or for a decade, and creating it as a person. It will then pass the Role on to the celestial who is taking it over, briefing the angel or demon on all the people he is supposed to know, and all the events he has lived through. This can produce a very strong Role. The main danger of this method is that the celestial himself may not remember all his “life,” and may fail to recognize people or things he is supposed to know. Therefore, it is best used with a transition from one town to another.

Alternatively, the celestial may take over the identity of some human who has died. (Actually killing the human in order to assume his identity is more demonic than angelic – though there are cases when angels might want to investigate a demonically sponsored organization.) If the human’s death hasn’t been publicly reported, the celestial can take over where the human left off, and continue in an absolutely solid Role. This provides a very good paper trail, as the human will have left behind his records. If the human who died was a trusted servant of Heaven or Hell, then he may even provide details of his life from beyond death! Soldiers of Heaven, whose

MULTIPLE ROLES

It is possible for a celestial to hold multiple Roles at the same time. However, all the Roles will require upkeep in terms of time and attention! If they are not low value, they are likely to degrade to low value. One of the Roles will often be supported by documentation and little else, to save work on its upkeep. It may also be necessary to have multiple vessels, one for each Role, which will cause Symphonic disturbance while changing vessels. It is a very bad idea to be careless and confuse the Roles, or their documents . . .

deaths were unreported, often ask that their lives be used for some angel’s Role, and pass on relevant information. Needless to say, any use of this method requires a vessel made in the form of the dead person! Possible flaws involve, again, the celestial not knowing details of the life he is supposed to have lived, or having problems included in the Role such as human dependants or criminal records. (Kyriotates of Laurence automatically have a Role in this manner (see *In Nomine*, p.127).

Sometimes, a “serial identity” is established. This Role is passed on to any Servitor who needs it, rather than being used solely by one celestial. The previous occupant passes on the history to the latest user. Such a Role may have a *lot* of history, but little of it may be known to the current holder – and such a persona will also need a good explanation for the frequent changes in behavior and manner!

There is also the Role that is based solely on lies and fiction; it is possible for a group of people to be convinced *after the fact* that they knew some person, thus creating a Role. While this trick is usually practiced by Balseraphs, it is something that can be done by other celestials as well – Balseraphs are simply very good at it. Servitors of Dreams can also alter memories after the fact, using the *Healing Dream* attunement (*In Nomine*, pp. 110-111). This may not produce a very high-level Role, but it can give a solid medium-level one.

While it’s possible to pose as another living person temporarily, or take a false name for an afternoon (or a week), these are not *true* Roles, and lack the Symphonic depth which could mask disturbance. They are also flimsy, liable to be uncovered by the most cursory investigation. With time and play, a temporary imposture may be converted into a *genuine* Role (at the discretion of the GM) but the player shouldn’t rely on it as an effective cover.

ETHEREALS AND ROLES

Ethereal spirits may also have Roles, if they can document their existence and live in the world with an appropriate job. However, their resources are *far* less than those of celestials, both in terms of document-production and in spending time to create past histories. Therefore, while an ethereal planning to influence society will *want* a Role, he'll probably have a lower one than a celestial, unless he puts a great deal of effort into it.

THE MAINTENANCE OF ROLES

Once a celestial has a Role, especially a high-level Role, he needs to maintain it, or it will degrade and become ineffective. If a policeman doesn't do his daily work at the station, or a sales rep fails to make her sales quota, they run the risk of losing their mundane jobs, which will lower the level of their Roles. Similarly, if a person continuously fails to be where his Role means he *should* be, or does not mix with people who his Role dictates he should (such as a student who never attends classes) then his Role will no longer be *believed* in the same way. If someone doesn't act like what he claims to be, the GM may decide the level of the Role has degraded, and certainly should not allow the level to be increased.

Sadly, the only way to keep a Role current is by living in it. There is no quick-and-dirty solution; a celestial must spend his daily life behaving like a human and living as a human. (This is, to many celestials, extremely annoying.) Fortunately, celestials don't sleep, and therefore have spare time for their own divinely (or diabolically) assigned projects. Also, it is unusual for a celestial to be assigned a Role that is truly antithetical to his nature or work – unless he happened to annoy his Superior . . .

It is also necessary to keep the Role's documentation updated, which can be awkward if it is deficient in the first place. When you don't have a birth certificate – or when it says that you were born some 90 years ago – it's hard to get your driver's license renewed. Again, Superiors have ways of coping, with people in various departments (usually the ones responsible for setting up Roles in the first place) to help maintain paperwork.

Finally, there is the simple matter of acting like a human being. A celestial with a Role must *play the part* of

an ordinary human – a strange one, possibly, but still a human. Otherwise, he will draw public attention, be distrusted by the humans around him, and make himself obvious to the other side in the War. Neither angels nor demons will hesitate to expose, use, or destroy one of their enemies, once they have identified him.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ROLES

If local demons realize an angel's Role, or vice versa, such information will not go unused. Even if no direct action is taken, the foes can now watch their target, note his behavior and movements, and possibly feed him false information or manipulate him into dissonance-causing situations. However, far more often, they will simply want to destroy the Role or render it unusable to the celestial in question. This can sometimes be more effective than killing him – otherwise, another foe might just step into the same Role. Exposing the local teacher as a fake, for instance, can remove all confidence in her and permanently sour many of her pupils. When she “commits suicide” a few days afterwards, many will not be surprised . . .

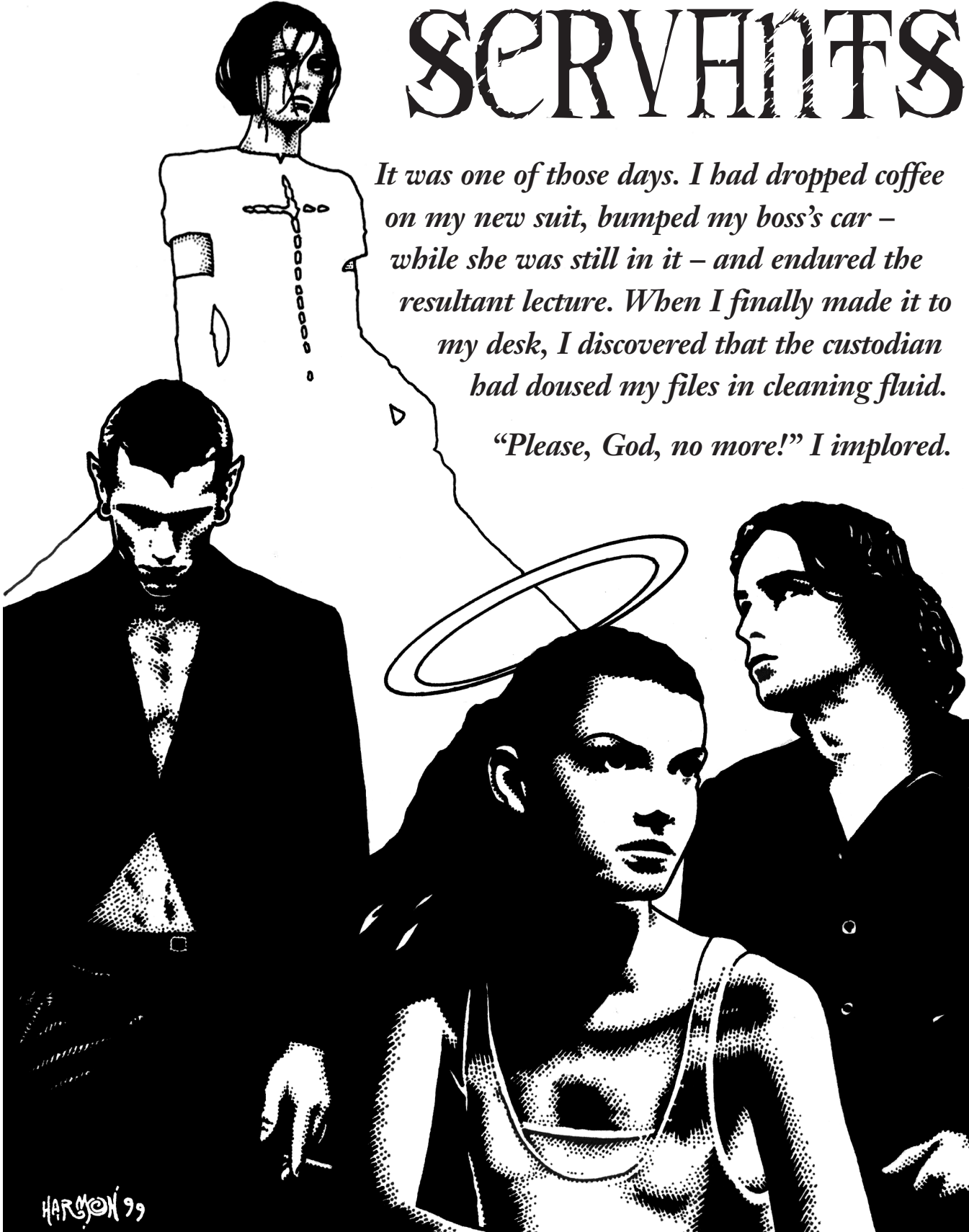
A Role can be destroyed (as it was created) through paper records, the personal life, or a combination of the two. Checking up on birth certificates, marriage licenses, professional qualifications, etc., can expose impossibilities. Equally, questioning “old school friends” can bring out flaws, if nobody remembers the individual in question. Similarly, if the “postman” keeps missing his rounds, the “scientist” fails to contribute any research, or the “comedian” never shows up at gigs which coincide with raids on Tethers – well, these are all possible indications of a Role, and holes that can be used to destroy it.

And it is possible for a Role to be destroyed accidentally! A celestial can be caught up in a casual crime and ensuing police check, a set of health tests at work might reference birth certificates or vaccination records, or a random advertising survey may cross-index unexpected records . . . (“Did you say *Elizabeth* Chary? Our records had you as male, forty-five, and owning a Mercedes-Benz!”)

In the end, a celestial without a Role will soon realize how important they *are*. When he can't afford any checks by the police, can't hold legitimate credit cards or a driver's license, and can't even shield the least bit of Symphonic disturbance . . . It's then that taking some minor part in human society begins to seem very reasonable.



SERVANTS



It was one of those days. I had dropped coffee on my new suit, bumped my boss's car – while she was still in it – and endured the resultant lecture. When I finally made it to my desk, I discovered that the custodian had doused my files in cleaning fluid.

“Please, God, no more!” I implored.

HARGON '99

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SERVANTS



The phone rang.

I sighed and picked up the receiver, jamming it into my ear to block out the noises from the other cubicles. "Good morning." I couldn't help the frustration in my voice. "Jenna Blackman here, R&D, InTelCom. What can I do to make your day a happy one?"

*There was a dry cough. I shut my eyes and ground the receiver further into my ear. I **knew** that cough. "Jane. This is Adelbel. I require some information."*

"Of course." The phrase came easily enough by now. "What information do you need, Most Holy?"

He dictated several phone numbers. I'd been expecting this, and noted them down on some scrap paper. "I require names and addresses for them, and any further information that you can obtain."



"I probably won't be able to get more than names and addresses, Most Holy," I warned him as I tucked the paper into a pocket. At least this time I should get the rest of my day to myself. I'd already had to claim five job interviews, three dental appointments, two flu episodes, and one grandmother's funeral, to cover my absences from work.

"That will do." There was a rustle of paper on the other end of the line. "Report the information to me as soon as you have it. Use the secure number."

*An e-mail box chimed up on my computer, and I eyed the message. **Status Report Meeting.** "Will do, Most Holy," I said.*

*He hung up. I sighed, put the phone down, and tried to decide if I could claim divine interference to avoid the meeting. This was **definitely** one of those days.*

Archangels and Princes need Servitors because they can't do everything themselves. Other celestials sometimes need servants for the same reason. A servant is a Resource, acquired to help a celestial do his job. Unlike other Resources, however, servants are free-willed individuals, and not completely under the owning character's control. The best servants are fully developed characters in their own right. A carefully chosen servant can be his master's most valuable Resource, but to make the most of servants, they need more consideration than just a line on a character sheet.

This chapter expands on the rules for servants in *In Nomine*, p. 45, and gives tips to the GM on how to use them (and prevent their abuse).

SERVANTS AS CHARACTERS

Random NPCs rarely need to be fully detailed. They are mere "extras," and even for a celestial minion (p. 125), it's usually sufficient to make a note of what powers the individual has, and improvise stats when they're needed.

Servants, however, should always have a complete character sheet. This brings up the question of whose characters they are. The answer is: the GM's. Servants are NPCs, completely under the GM's control. The GM *may* allow the player to make the servant's character sheet, or he may not. If the player is allowed to write up his servant, the GM is entitled to disallow anything he doesn't like and make any changes he sees fit. The GM might even make changes the player isn't aware of – there's no reason why a character should necessarily know everything about his servant! Some GMs may choose to write up all servants themselves (with input from the player), and not even share their character sheets.

ACQUIRING A SERVANT

In both celestial society and in game terms, "servant" has a specific meaning – someone who is connected in a subservient role to another being within the Symphony. This connection is less tangible than that to an artifact – celestials can't automatically sense the whereabouts of their servants, and Symphonic tracking methods (such as the Celestial Song of Affinity; *Liber Canticorum*, p. 29) won't lead from a servant to his master or vice versa. It is a real Symphonic connection, however; more than friendship, loyalty, domination, admiration, fear, or compulsion (any of which may also be present in the rela-

tionship). Even a mundane *knows* he has become a servant, though he may not consciously understand. Voluntarily or not, a servant's will is suborned. His master can *make* him do things, and he knows it.

Celestial can acquire servants naturally, or be given one by a Superior. The latter method is much easier, but Superiors don't award servants any more casually than other rewards. The character point cost of a servant is a measure of how much favor a Servitor must earn for his Lord to be willing to grant one. With enough experience points saved up, and the GM's approval, a celestial can simply ask his Superior for a servant (such as a familiar or an available Soldier).

The "natural" method is to build a relationship with the intended servant. This requires a lot of time and a lot of roleplaying. The character point cost of the servant should be an indicator of the difficulty involved. A celestial in search of a servant might encounter someone who becomes an instant follower, or he might spend years cultivating a specific individual without success. This is purely a function of the story – the GM decides whether or not a celestial can acquire a servant, especially when trying to recruit a specific individual.

One thing that's always true of mortal servants is that they must acquiesce, on some level, to becoming a servant. Mortals can be tricked, seduced, or extorted into serving, and sometimes such forced servitude will turn them into true servants, but there is always an element of free will, even if the mortal believes otherwise. A mortal who really, *truly* does not wish to serve can't be made into a servant, even by the direct intervention of a Superior. Superiors rarely grant requests for a *specific* mortal as a servant unless the mortal is willing, because it often won't work otherwise. (Archangels almost never attempt to bond an unwilling mortal as a servant.) This is important to celestials; some see it as evidence of mankind's free will, others believe that becoming a servant is just part of one's destiny or fate.

A non-celestial can only gain a servant through the intervention of a Superior. Princes will occasionally assign an infernal spirit or an undead as a sorcerer's servant. Soldiers (of either side) or Saints may be awarded a celestial spirit in recognition of exceptional service (and exceptional need). Some ethereals have made similar bargains. There are rumors of non-celestials developing a natural master-servant relationship – commonly involving a sorcerer and his ethereal or demonling captives – but this is generally considered impossible without celestial intervention. It is at least very rare.



Many Superiors require their Servitors to ask permission before acquiring a servant; most expect to be informed, at least. Demon Princes are more strict about this, not wanting their underlings to have any resources they don't know about, but some Archangels dislike it when their Servitors get too involved with mortals, or take too much initiative in interfering in their lives. Yves, in particular, will be most displeased if a mortal becomes a servant without regard for his destiny, while Laurence insists that only fully aware and capable mortals (Soldiers in almost all cases) should be enlisted as servants. On the infernal side, Kronos definitely frowns upon humans being potentially diverted from their true fates.

If a PC begins the game with a servant, the player should describe the history of their relationship, especially how the character acquired the servant. Servants aren't just hired or picked at random. The servant might have been recruited into the War and later volunteered to swear service, or he might have gotten involved with celestials by chance, and become a servant before he consciously realized it. For more details on servants' attitudes, see *Relations*, p. 123.

CREATING SERVANTS

Servants are created like any other characters – they are allocated a certain number of Forces (usually determined by their *Class*, below), and get character points equal to $4 \times$ their total Forces with which to buy Resources. (Some servants may get extra points, as described under *Extras*, p. 119.)

Servants can have any Resources appropriate to their character type (with the GM's approval, as always). Supernatural powers should be looked at closely; remember that such powers usually have to be granted by the celestial's Superior, and Superiors won't bestow Songs and attunements on a servant just because his master thinks it would be convenient.

There should be a very good reason why a servant has an artifact, and if he does, it's attuned to the *servant*. He *might* be willing to lend it to his master from time to time, but the GM should take away artifacts that a PC is regularly "borrowing" from a servant. The servant will *not* get back the points spent on the lost artifact, and will probably be very unhappy.

Servants don't have servants of their own. They may have minions, but this should be closely monitored by the GM. Your servant's minions aren't your minions – you might be able to have your servant get them to do things on your behalf, but all the limitations on using minions described on p. 125 apply, plus the fact that you are working through an intermediary. If your servant is a Catholic Bishop, he might be able to pull strings to get you some assistance from the Church, but that doesn't mean he can put every priest in the diocese at your disposal.

Servants should not start with any Discord, unless there is an *excellent* reason relating to their background. At the GM's option, servants may not get points for disadvantages or Discord.

GMs should be particularly wary of "combat-monster" servants with a low Will; these should either be prohibited or cruelly exploited by the GM. (Low Will means that it is easier to turn the servant *against* its master . . .)

GEASED SERVANTS

A popular form of Geas is one that compels the subject to serve the Geas-holder (or someone else). This effectively turns the subject into a temporary servant.

In order to do this, a Geas must be invoked normally (*In Nomine*, p. 149). Assuming the subject fails to resist (or doesn't try), he will become a servant of whomever the Geas-holder specified. The person who invoked the Geas must decide how much control he wants over the servant, and how long the service will be for, following a modified form of the Geas rules in *Fall of the Malakim*, p. 30.

Consult the chart below; the Geas level shows how long a Geas can hold someone in service. The subject is effectively a servant/0; he may make Will rolls to resist orders (see p. 119) without a penalty. If the Geas-holder wants to have more control for a shorter length of time, each reduction on the duration chart will add 1 to the servant's effective level (e.g., decrease his resistance rolls).

Duration of Service by Geas Level

1 1 hour	4 1 month
2 1 day	5 6 months
3 1 week	6 1 year

Example: A Lilim successfully invokes a Geas/5 on a Soldier of God; her request is "act as my servant." She can keep the Soldier as her servant, with an effective level of 0, for 6 months. If she only needs him for a day, she could make him a level 3 servant.

Geased Servants can resist orders normally, so the Soldier of God in the above example could try to resist every command the Lilim gives him with a Will roll (at -3 if she invoked the Geas to make him a servant for only a day). Each time a geased servant *unsuccessfully* tries to resist an order, he will take damage or dissonance as described in *In Nomine*, p. 88. However, each time the servant *successfully* resists a command, the level of the Geas decreases by 1! (This does not apply to a Geas to perform a single task – only to the compulsion to act as a *servant*, reducing either the level or duration of service.)

Lilim can also self-geas themselves into temporary service, or have their Geases bought from Lilith; their nature is such that while they can try resisting a *specific command*, the level of the Geas is not lowered on a success – they must serve out the duration of their pledge.

SERVANTS AS RESOURCES

Servants are noted on their master's character sheet as Resources. A servant's cost is based on how powerful it is (determined by its *Class*) and how readily it can be made to obey orders (determined by its *level*). Multiply a servant's *Class* by its *level*, and divide by 2. (Round fractions up.) This is the character point cost of the servant.

Class

A servant's *Class* is a measure of how useful and powerful it is. The following table is an expansion of the one in *In Nomine*, p. 45. Note that just because a certain type of creature is listed at a certain level doesn't mean that anyone can obtain such a servant – it would be very unlikely for an undead or ethereal spirit to serve an angel, for example, while Saints are usually independent operators and not servants.

Servant Classes

- 1 A demonling (*The Marches*, pp. 71-72) or minor ethereal spirit with 3 Forces or less, an ordinary animal with 4 Forces or less (whatever is normal for its kind; see *In Nomine*, p. 191), or a Zombi with 4 Forces. Animals will be loyal and follow orders to the best of their understanding, but being a servant doesn't necessarily make an animal smarter than any other member of its species.
- 2 An ethereal or celestial spirit (reliever, imp, or gremlin; *In Nomine*, p. 191) with 4 Forces.
- 3 A familiar (*In Nomine*, p. 191) or a weak human with 4 Forces.
- 4 A vampire or normal human with 5 Forces.
- 5 A Soldier, sorcerer, or mummy with 6 Forces.
- 6 A young demon or Saint with 7 Forces.

Extras

The examples above are a baseline for each type of servant; you can have a servant with extra Forces or Resources by adding to its Class.

For each additional Force, add 1 to the Class. Thus, you can have a 5-Force familiar or human or a 6-Force spirit as a Class 4 servant, or a (rare!) 7-Force Soldier or mummy as a Class 6 servant. No servant may exceed the number of Forces normally allowed for that character type. (With the GM's permission, an exceptional animal with 1 more Force than normal might be allowed as a Class 2 servant.)

A servant can also get 20 extra character points with which to buy Resources by adding 1 to its Class. This option cannot be taken multiple times, and should generally be permitted only in the case of humans (including Soldiers and sorcerers). The GM, as always, has final approval on anything purchased for the servant with those extra points.

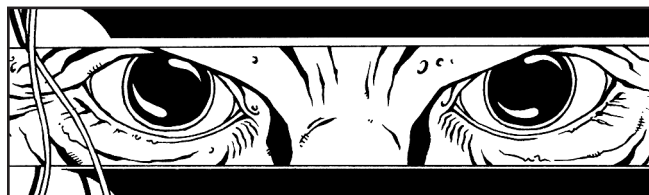
The GM may also permit servants to have unique or powerful abilities by increasing their Class. For example, an influential political figure or internationally-recognized celebrity should be *at least* 1 Class higher than normal, if the GM allows such a servant at all. Odd character concepts, such as prophets or Children of the Grigori, can also be handled this way – again, *if* the GM allows them.

Level

A servant's *level* as a Resource is a measure of how much control its master has over it. This is the Symphonic connection that makes a servant different from a mere minion – a minion is always a free agent, but a servant can literally be *forced* to act against its will.

A servant's level does not necessarily reflect its loyalty (see *Relations*, p. 123). A very loyal servant might nonetheless be easily capable of defying its master's wishes when it chooses, and a servant who despises its master may be so completely dominated that it's rarely able to express its discontent.

Whenever a servant is told by its master to do something it doesn't want to do, it may make a Will roll at a penalty equal to its level to disobey. Success allows it to act as it wishes, and its master cannot give it *any* commands for 10 minutes minus the servant's level. Failure means the servant *must* comply with the order, to the best of its ability. If the command is for a prolonged period (such as "watch this house"), the servant may make another resistance roll once per day – once it succeeds, it is no longer bound by that command (though its master can reissue the order). Standing orders (such as "Always spit on any priest you meet") may be resisted each time the situation arises. Once the command is successfully defied, it is no longer binding, and must be re-commanded.



Demands which the servant finds particularly onerous or distasteful may be resisted at a bonus. This only applies to actions that severely compromise the servant's morals, desires, or safety – obviously, any command the servant is attempting to resist is one it doesn't wish to obey, so only those that are *unusually* noxious qualify for a bonus. The GM should assign a bonus according to how strongly the servant feels about it – something completely contrary to the servant's character, but not truly harmful (such as ordering a happily married man to flirt with a strange woman) should receive a +1 or +2 bonus. The maximum bonus, for something life-threatening or totally repellent, is equal to the servant's Will. (This definitely includes any command that would cause dissonance for obeying it.)

Even without being given a command, a servant must make a Will roll, minus its level, to do anything it *knows* will be against its master's wishes or interests.

MORE POWERFUL SERVANTS

No servants above Class 6 are listed. While it's possible for a full-fledged celestial, a powerful ethereal spirit, or an experienced Saint to be a servant, it's very rare. In almost all such cases, the being became a servant before it evolved to its present state.

Servants who evolve during play don't require their masters to pay additional points for Class increases; this is a benefit of roleplaying (see *Improvement*, main text).

No player character should ever start with a servant above Class 6. Even if the PC is very experienced and powerful himself, full-fledged celestials, powerful ethereals, and veteran Saints and Soldiers simply don't enter into a servant relationship from scratch. And, of course, the GM need never account for the Class or character point cost of any servant listed on an NPC's sheet.

Example: Faragoth has acquired Kameko as a Class/4, Level/3 servant, with a Will of 5. He has her create a diversion in a store so he can shoplift. Kameko is basically law-abiding, but rationalizes that she's not really harming the store. Her target number is $(5 + 2 - 3) = 4$. Kameko rolls a 6; she winds up in the middle of a toppled cereal display while Faragoth walks out with a bottle of wine under his coat.

A day later (in another town), Faragoth wants Kameko to drive the getaway car for a jewelry store heist he has planned. Kameko is both terrified of getting going to jail, and (with no Driving skill!) sure she can't drive that well. This time, the GM doubles Kameko's Will, to 10, and she blows her current Essence as well, adding +4 to the roll. With a resistance roll of $(10 + 4 - 3) = 11$, she rolls a 5 and easily refuses. Cursing that he hadn't drained her of Essence earlier, Faragoth tries to Charm Kameko into this little task. After a quarter hour, he orders her again, sure that she'll give in by midnight.

Kameko rolls a 111 on her resistance roll, slaps Faragoth, and stalks out of his life.

Servants don't *have* to resist any orders, even those they don't really want to follow. A servant who has a good relationship with his master will usually obey willingly. One might conclude that there is no need for extra levels for a loyal servant, or one with a low Will. However, a servant's level also acts as a bonus to resist any persuasion attempts or supernatural powers that would force it to act against its master. This applies to any Songs, resonances, or attunements that affect the subject's free will – it does not apply to such things as possession by Kyriotates, Malphas' Shedim, or the Song of Possession, since those powers simply remove the subject's consciousness, thus obviating any choice it might have made.

Improvement

Like other NPCs, servants can improve over time, gaining skills and abilities, and possibly even acquiring additional Forces. Character points granted to servants should be based on how well the player roleplays a relationship with the servant. A session where the servant figures strongly in the storyline, or is part of a major subplot, should be worth 1 or 2 points. If the servant simply makes cameos to perform useful functions, or is ignored entirely, no points should be given. A servant should never receive as many points as the PC does for a given session – servants have minor parts and shouldn't advance as quickly as their masters.

All that applies to servant creation applies to improvement through experience. The GM *may* allow the player input as to how the servant's points will be spent, but he is entirely within his rights to simply assign points as he sees fit (and not necessarily even tell the player where they went!).

If a servant improves enough through experience to actually increase its effective Class (such as by acquiring another Force), its master does *not* have to pay more for the servant as a Resource. Conversely, a PC cannot give a servant new Forces or additional Resources simply by spending character points to increase its Class – once a servant is created, it should improve at a normal rate, *unless* the GM approves of a major story-related change in the servant's status. PCs *can* spend experience points to increase the level of a servant, however, signifying that the character is gaining greater control over his servant.

Replacements

Servants can be harmed or killed. Assuming a servant is approved by one's Superior, lost servants will usually be replaced at the beginning of the next *adventure* (not the next game session). If the servant died in valiant service to the Superior's Word, a favored Servitor *might* be able to petition for a faster replacement. On the other hand, if a servant was lost as a result of inappropriate or foolish actions, its master may have to go to great lengths to atone and prove he is worthy of being given another servant – or he might get no replacement at all. In that case, the points are simply lost. Take care of your servants.

If an opportunity arises during play to replace a lost servant – such as when a former servant turns traitor, but a likely new candidate appears – the GM *may* allow PCs to recruit a replacement in the middle of an adventure. This must be roleplayed, and is completely up to the GM.

Servants obtained without a Superior's approval are more difficult to replace. The character points spent on the servant are not lost (unless the GM wants to be punitive, if the servant was treated as expendable), but a new servant can only be acquired the "natural" way (*Acquiring Servants*, p. 116). This can take a long time.

PLAYING SERVANTS

A servant is not just a friend, ally, or employee who will do occasional favors for the character (that's a *minion*; see the box, p. 125). A servant is a Resource; the relationship between a celestial and his servant must be established in the Symphony. This relationship is more concrete than that between a celestial and any other being who is persuaded, compelled, or tricked into doing the celestial's bidding (though all of those techniques may be used on servants). A servant isn't simply hired or recruited from a local pool (usually) – a real bond must be forged. This section describes the roles a servant may play in the campaign, and things to consider when fleshing out a servant character.



SERVANT FUNCTIONS

The exact nature of a servant may determine his purpose, but most servants provide one or more of the functions below. The GM should consider how it will affect his campaign if PCs have servants to do these things for them – some tips on preventing servants from assuming too dominant a role are provided.

Connections

For celestials who lack a handy Role, the next best thing is a servant. Many celestials recruit servants specifically for their connections in mortal society. A mortal with political influence or law enforcement powers can open more doors than an angry Calabite, and with less disturbance. Servants with valuable connections aren't likely to accompany the character during adventures, but they may be frequently called upon to facilitate progress.

GM Tips

Servants with connections can get characters involved in human society, especially in areas where they don't have experience. A lawyer can drag his celestial superior right into a courtroom battle between minions of Asmodeus and Dominic; an interesting change for a character who's used to more direct confrontations with the enemy. If the GM simply wants to get the PCs into a scene without going to great roleplaying lengths to arrive there, a servant with the right connections can also accomplish this.

Be wary of allowing connections to substitute for roleplaying or legwork on the character's part, however. A business executive might get his master into the company's corporate offices and provide lots of information, but if the celestial needs to foil an R&D project, ferret out an enemy agent, or subvert the CEO, that's *his* job. His servant can't be expected to perform such tasks. If PC delegates too much to a mere servant, let the servant get in over his head and require intervention from his master to salvage the situation.



Useful Skills and Information

Celestials often lack important Earthly skills, or basic background knowledge. Some are new to the corporeal plane, others are just highly specialized creatures who don't care to learn how to handle humans and human devices. Many celestials recruit servants to do the things they can't. Such a servant may be responsible for acting as a guide whenever the celestial needs help getting around, or the servant might have been recruited for very specific skills (such as computer programming, financial expertise, or fluency in Mayan hieroglyphs) and be called upon only when those skills are needed.

GM Tips

Celestials aren't meant to be multi-functional in human society. It's perfectly natural that even the most competent of them will be deficient in obvious areas, such as driving or history. A servant can help fill these gaps so that celestials aren't hobbled by their otherworldly ignorance. A servant who possesses skills outside his master's domain can also enable progress when the character needs to accomplish something that's not vital to the story (for example, when a computer-illiterate Malakite needs to get an address out of a database so he can proceed to the next fight scene).

Servants should *not* be treated as an extension of the character's skill list, however. If you want a tool that's summonable whenever you need to make a skill roll, get a talisman. Servants have their own concerns and limitations. A Malakite who constantly needs to hack into computer systems should learn the Computer Operation skill himself. If he drags his techie servant around everywhere, the servant will be endangered – and will complain about using up vacation time from work!

Chores and Errands

Sometimes celestials need servants to perform simple chores, like keeping their apartment clean or fetching coffee. Servants can be used to deliver messages, buy equipment, watch a house, answer phones, or any other simple task. Celestials often can't be bothered with such mundane matters, and assign all the dull duties to a servant.

GM Tips

Using a servant to run errands is a perfectly legitimate way to handle boring legwork that requires little thought and would not be interesting to roleplay. Just remember that if it's boring to a PC (and a player), it's likely to be boring to the servant, too! Servants who get stuck doing menial work will resent it if they feel under-appreciated – especially if a college professor or police officer is being sent to fetch pizza.

REBELLION

Unwilling servants who truly don't wish to serve may be freed by an Intervention when making a Will roll to resist an order. An unfavorable Intervention for the servant's master means the NPC has rebelled against his servitude. This is treated as any other loss of a servant (see *Replacements*, p. 120), and some Superiors take a dim view of a Servitor who mistreats or ignores a servant so badly that the servant abandons him.

Don't let "errands" become important tasks that the PC should be handling himself, though. Sending a servant to browse through newspaper archives is one thing; sending him to ask around about a certain individual at bars and nightclubs is a good way to get your servant in trouble. Anything that requires a d666 roll shouldn't be assigned to a servant unless he is actually qualified for that particular task – and even then, remember the saying "If you want something done right, do it yourself." If a PC ignores this advice, the GM is advised to make him (or his servant) regret it.

Backup Muscle

Servants can be quite formidable individuals, especially non-mundanes. Some celestials recruit servants for their combat abilities, so they have someone trustworthy to watch their backs. A competent servant can provide much-needed firepower, and can also be dispatched to handle minor nuisances that don't even merit a direct response from a celestial.

GM Tips

A Soldier, spirit, or undead – or anyone else capable of dishing out some damage – can even the odds when the PCs are a little under-powered, but a servant shouldn't play a primary role in fight scenes. A servant that powerful should be a PC! Be very wary of combat-monsters; servants designed for conflict should be written up by the GM, rather than the player (see *Creating Servants*, p. 118).

Combat is dangerous; celestials shouldn't casually put their servants in the line of fire. Even a loyal, competent, and brave servant won't like being treated like cannon fodder. The GM should let servants who take part in the fighting occasionally be hurt or killed . . . and if a servant is killed because his master risked him needlessly or failed to protect him adequately, the celestial's Superior may not grant a replacement (see *Replacements*, p. 120).

RELATIONS

A master's relationship with his servant can be anything from warm and intimate to sadistic and controlling. Some celestials regard servants as close and trusted friends, while others view them as lackeys who exist to serve. Angels tend to treat their servants better than demons do, but there are certainly exceptions. In particular, Seraphim and Malakim tend to be brusque, if not downright domineering – to their way of thinking, serving Heaven is a reward in itself. Impudites, on the other hand, often treat their human servants very affectionately, even taking them as lovers . . . but hopelessly manipulated, subtly abused lovers, and Lilim make sure their mortals know how much they owe.

Although a servant always knows his master, he may not necessarily call him that, or even think of him as a "master." Some servants regard their masters more as patrons, appointed leaders, or even employers. A few regard them as comrades, though it is hard to completely overlook the fundamental inequity in their relationship.

OPTION: SHARING CHARACTER POINTS

Servants are awarded points individually from their masters. Unless the GM specifically wishes to allow it, a character cannot use *his* points to improve the *servant's* abilities (such as by petitioning a Superior to grant the servant an attunement or Song). If the GM does wish to permit a character to use up "good will" with his Lord on behalf of the servant, all concerned should remember that the servant might not *always* act in the character's best interests, by mistake or malice . . . and if the servant is lost or killed, any experience points invested in it are lost as well!

A servant's attitude toward his master does not affect his level (p. 119). However, a loyal servant is obviously more likely to obey orders willingly, and thus won't try to resist as often. A completely loyal servant might always obey orders without question, allowing it to be bought at a very low level. It's counterproductive to have a totally unwilling servant, since he'll attempt to balk you at every turn. If the master-servant relationship is not good, the master may have to resort to threats or bribes to ensure compliance. Killing one's servant out of hand for disobedience is *not* well-regarded by either Archangels or Princes; it's both wasteful and shows a lack of control.

SERVANTS IN OTHER REALMS

It is possible to have a servant on the ethereal or celestial planes. If your servant is an ethereal or celestial spirit, then it will generally accompany you when you visit those realms. Remember that if you have an ethereal spirit servant, it cannot *leave* the ethereal plane unless it has a corporeal vessel (*The Marches*, pp. 110-111).

Mortals and undead, of course, cannot leave the corporeal plane (except for those few who have the ability to walk the Marches, such as Dream Soldiers) and must be left behind.

An interesting option, albeit an unlikely one for PCs, is to have a blessed or damned soul as a servant. Angels *very* rarely have bodhisattvas as servants; most Archangels frown on it. Demons, on the other hand, often find it amusing to collect and trade damned lackeys to step'n'fetchit for them in Hell. Since these souls can't leave the celestial plane, and can't do much on it except run errands and offer advice, they are considered Class 1 servants, regardless of how many Forces they have. The GM may increase the effective Class of a *particularly* useful soul (e.g., Sun Tzu or Thomas Aquinas). If such a servant is given the ability to recorporealize on Earth (such as by becoming a Saint), then its master must either pay the appropriate cost for its new Class or replace it with another servant.

The circumstances under which someone becomes a servant greatly affect his attitude toward his master. A fully aware participant in the War often accepts his status willingly; he may have even volunteered to become a servant. Someone tricked or coerced into service may be less cooperative.

Some celestials like to formally swear in a new servant. Angels of the Sword, in particular, typically perform initiation ceremonies in which both master and servant exchange oaths of service. Baal's Servitors are the only demons who routinely engage in formal vows, but many other diabolicals have their own preferred initiation rituals, which can be anything from a traditional contract signed in blood to a violent orgy.

Unaware Servants

Not all servants are fully aware of the nature of their service. Animals certainly don't comprehend the full nature of the War. Humans are often recruited without knowing what they're getting into, and may be kept ignorant indefinitely. Angels may be more forthright with their servants, but even they don't tell mortal underlings everything. Demons rarely announce their true nature to a servant beforehand – it takes a little preparation before you want to announce to a mortal that he's sold his soul to the Devil. Demons who don't trust their servants (and most don't – not much anyway) may adopt the attitude that the less a servant knows, the less he can betray or be forced to reveal to an enemy. Keeping underlings in the dark does limit their usefulness, of course, but even angels have been known to hide the full truth from their servants, sometimes out of necessity, and sometimes to protect a mortal.

It is important to remember that human servants must be fundamentally *willing* to serve. This means that at some level, the human must be aware of *what* he's serving. There are certainly duped servants of diabolicals who might have second thoughts if they knew they were working for a demon from Hell, but it simply doesn't happen that virtuous, selfless people become servants of the dark side – the mortal's free will won't allow the Symphonic bond to form. The few times it *has* occurred, the servant has served a Balseraph or Habbalite in the belief that the being *was* an angel! Selfish, evil individuals *can* be conned into serving angels, but will probably rebel eventually. (See box, p. 123.) The fact that mortals have to be willing to serve keeps wise celestials from abusing them or taking them for granted *too* badly, and it also makes keeping a servant ignorant risky in the long run.



SERVANTS, SERVITORS, AND MINIONS

It is easy to confuse the roles played by *servants*, *Servitors*, and *minions*. All of them serve, but they do so in different ways. In celestial society, the terms *are* distinct, though not everyone is careful to distinguish between them.

A *Servitor* is bound to his Superior's Word. A Servitor is expected to obey his Superior in all things . . . but he has free will and can elect not to. Nothing compels automatic obedience, though disobedience may result in dissonance. Only Superiors have Servitors.

A *servant* is a subordinate to whom a being has a Symphonic bond (and, in game terms, has been paid for with character points). Servants work closely with their masters, and play a significant part in many adventures. Generally, only celestials or other beings with a Superior patron have servants.

Anyone else who does another's bidding is simply a *minion*. Minions may be useful and powerful individuals or expendable cannon fodder. They may be fully aware and loyal participants in the War, or they may be no more than employees of a celestial's Role. Anyone can have – or be – a minion.

No character points are required to gain a minion. Anyone whose services can be enlisted through roleplaying qualifies. Remember that minions are only affiliated by circumstance, and can *always* choose to act on their own. The GM should feel no compunction against making abused minions go away. Since a minion has no special bond to the character, nothing keeps him from leaving. Slain minions can only be replaced by finding new ones.

GMs should not allow minions to become cheap substitutes for servants. While having a Role as a military officer might give you a company of soldiers under your command, that doesn't mean you can use them as a personal fighting force. They are minions, but they'll only follow orders consistent with their duties, and abusing your authority is a good way to

lose the Status of your Role. If a celestial makes an ally or recruits someone into the War through roleplaying, that's fine – but the GM should treat such minions as extremely expendable. They are bit players in the campaign, and if they're taking on too much importance, they should either become servants or they should cause problems for the character equal to the amount of help they provide. Minions are easily turned . . .

CELESTIAL MINIONS

Celestials who are subordinate to a Word-bound angel or demon are a special category of minions. These minions are, in a sense, Servitors of a lesser superior (and to confuse the issue, are often referred to that way). For example, Morrigen, the Angel of Ravens, may be called a Servitor of Arael, the Angel of Birds, though both are in fact Servitors of Jordi. Morrigen is subordinate to Arael and may even hold special attunements granted by the more powerful Word-bound angel. However, while Morrigen is formally referred to as a Servitor of Birds (and indirectly, of Animals), in literal terms she is Arael's *minion*. Arael holds command authority over her, but only Jordi has the power to make, or right to unmake, her. As a minion, Morrigen may be very powerful and very useful, but she isn't available at her superior's beck and call. Nothing but her own free will compels her to obey Arael.

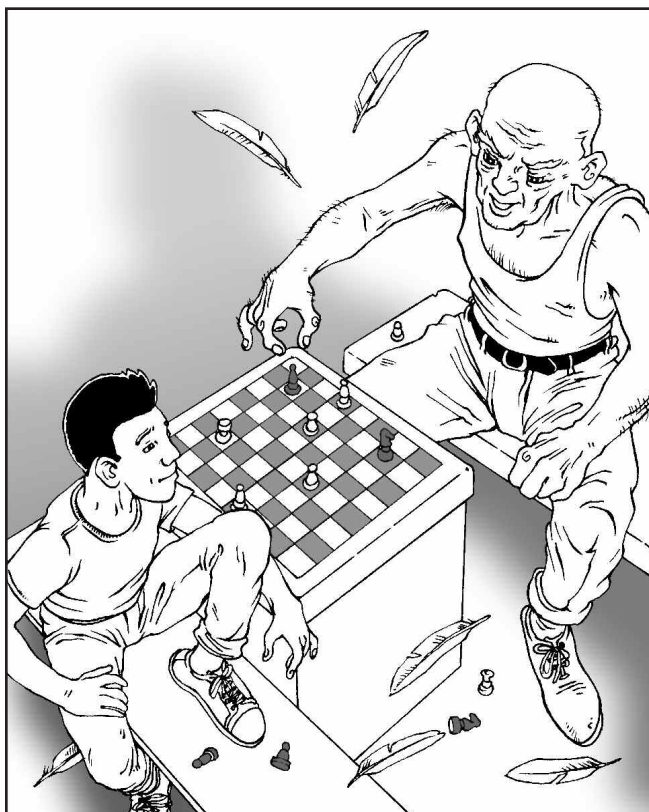
Celestials with distinctions may likewise be given authority over lesser Servitors; these are also minions of the high-ranking celestial. Seneschals typically have a number of minions who assist them in maintaining their Tethers.

If a player character is given authority over other celestials by virtue of a distinction or a Word, it is important to remember that minions *aren't* servants. The services they perform are generally routine and defined by their position, and they're quite capable of disobeying or acting independently. They should generally provide background help only. If a PC wants a minion to attend to him constantly, and makes regular use of the minion's abilities during the game, then he needs to acquire and pay for a servant. If he doesn't, the GM should start making it more difficult to use the minion.



APPENDIX

The characters in this book draw upon many sources, and not all the rules within them can be given in this book. Here are some tips and pointers.



DESTINIES, FATES, NEEDS, AND DEEDS

Celestials often use their abilities to gather information about humans. This list of examples is a starting point for GMs. Note that the Good Deeds and Bad Deeds are usually from the *target's* point of view (as per the Malakim resonance), that the actions which *achieved* fate or destiny will often be obvious to a Malakite's resonance, and that one person's fate might be someone else's destiny!

All of the following are grouped, roughly, from easiest to achieve or fulfill, to hardest to accomplish.

DESTINIES

Teach chess to local kids; smile for a dying person; make watches; blow the whistle on a company; rescue a child from drowning; speak the truth on TV; become a clown; become a science teacher; write brilliant plays; write an honest newspaper column; have a large, happy family; be a good cop; sacrifice self to save a loved one; commit suicide in public; invent a better glue; steal corporate secrets; drive injured people to safety in a war; kill a dozen people in their sleep; find a buried village; stay at a guard post during a fire; fix a communication satellite; land on Mars; save the world from a meteor; cure multiple sclerosis.

Destinies do not have to be one shining action – they can be a series of actions over a long time, such as the destiny to be a house-painter who teaches in old age.

FATES

Tear up unopened mail; stand idly by; reveal the secrets of another; kill a dream; write a program to help spam the Internet; testify falsely in a trial; suicide in front of a sensitive person; write a child-care book; become a science teacher; rape a child; shoot two cops; release a deadly virus; burn a large library; destroy a species of butterfly; torture one's spouse to death; kill one's entire family; ruin a corporation; buy a toy company; poison milk supply; eat the eyes of fifty humans; destroy the Mona Lisa; stab an old man to death; become president; nuke New York City; destroy the world; find and kill the last unicorn on Earth.

Like a destiny, a fate may be many, many actions over a lifetime – or one sharp, final step that defines the being for eternity.

GOOD DEEDS

Prayed for a sinner; put round pegs in round holes; called home; did not eat second helping; helped an elderly lady cross the street; did the dishes without being asked; gave to charity; rescued kittens; cheated on income taxes; bought flowers for a friend; gave a ride to a complete stranger; cheered up kids in hospital; killed someone without pain; helped a friend move to a new home; replanted two trees; tutored a child; saved two lives in surgery; bombed an abortion clinic; punished the wicked.

BAD DEEDS

Wore plaid with stripes; drank straight from the carton; took two newspapers; gossiped about friends; left dirty dishes out; took mother's medicine to get high; cut off three people in traffic; accepted bribe; sold defective merchandise; spent rent money on drugs; slapped a crying baby; shot a pregnant woman; shifted blame to co-worker; had an affair; stole a car from a family member and wrecked it; cheated on taxes; tampered with evidence; committed two rapes; robbed an apartment; burned a building; bombed an abortion clinic; juggled cats.

NEEDS

A bourbon; a waiter; to cross the street safely; a good laugh; a really good backrub; bus fare; 3 skeins of #22 floss; some chocolate – *good* chocolate; to have the dogs groomed; a whipping; to remember a forgotten phone number; death; a peaceful night's sleep; a lost doll; a missing library book; \$573 for rent; an abortion; a 50" picture-in-picture television; to get over an ex-lover; boss' death; for the next person met to die; rain; a Mercedes-Benz; tickets to the sold-out show; to get married; to fly; a trip to Hong Kong; to be on television; a better job; 500 barrels of gasoline; to evade police; a baseball card signed by Babe Ruth as a rookie; to become mayor; a blessing by a Saint; a map of Wonderland; 20 kilos of uncut heroin; \$500,000 worth of uncut diamonds; guitar owned by Jimi Hendrix; find missing daughter; to know what happened to Jimmy Hoffa; a Pulitzer prize; to be cured of cancer; the Holy Grail.



ETHEREALS

Ethereals frequently wish to steal Essence from other beings; for this, they use variants of the Celestial Song of Draining, below.

Draining

Celestial – The basic version of this Song turns a circle (maximum diameter: performer's Celestial Forces yards), into an Essence trap. Anyone who spends Essence in that area (including the performer!) must make a Will roll, or the Essence will be transferred to the performer instead! If the performer was trying to spend Essence, his action is simply aborted. The Song lasts for (check digit + Essence spent) hours. The performer cannot hold more Essence than normal – though ethereals may place Essence into their "Essence cache" (*The Marches*, p. 110). The performer must be *within* the circle to gain the Essence – otherwise, drained Essence bleeds off into the Symphony. All Essence drained disturbs the Symphony.

Common variants of this include one that encompasses an entire dreamscape and one that requires touching the target.


Essence Requirement: 2


Disturbance: check digit + performer's total Forces


HUMANS


Sorcerers and Saints have abilities which are covered in the *Corporeal Player's Guide*. Information on Soldiers and undead can be found in that book as well, and in *In Nomine*, pp. 31, 190, and 193. What is Discord in a celestial may be a *disadvantage* in a human – it causes the same outward effects, and has the same negative point cost, but is not necessarily a stain upon the soul. (Frequently, though, attunements which detect Discord also detect disadvantages – but do not distinguish between them!)

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