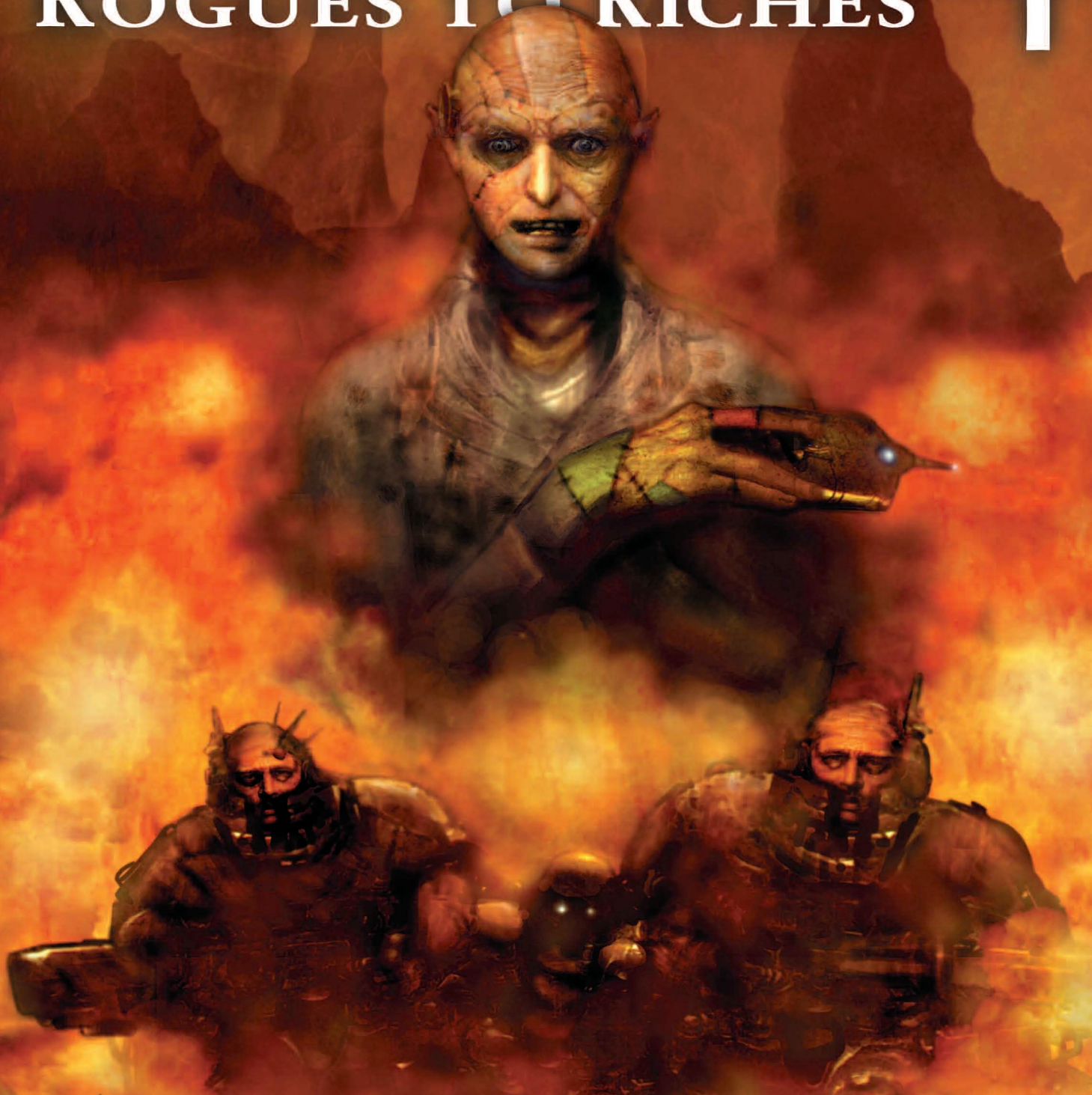


IN NOMINE
SUPERIORS 4
ROGUES TO RICHES



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

And these five Demon Princes thrive on man's hidden vices. Vapula, Prince of Technology, teaches disdain for nature and reverence for artifice. Valefor, Prince of Theft, urges men to take everything and give nothing. Mammon, Prince of Greed, supplants contentedness with covetousness. Fleurity, Prince of Drugs, supplies the most-reviled – and most-desired – substances on Earth. And Alaemon, Prince of Secrets, buries the truth and rejoices in lies . . .

Superiors 4: Rogues to Riches includes:

- † New attunements, Distinctions, and Rites for each Prince.
- † The Princes' allies in the pursuit of evil . . . and their foes, both demonic and angelic.
- † Life in the service of Secrets, Drugs, Greed, Theft, and Technology.
- † What each Prince's friends and enemies really think of him . . . and what *he* thinks of *them*.
- † Alternate versions of the Princes, tailored for styles from the comic to the unrelentingly tragic.
- † Adventure seeds to help introduce these Superiors into ongoing campaigns.



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FIRST EDITION – SEPTEMBER 2000.

You will need the *In Nomine* basic rulebook to play.



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



STEVE JACKSON GAMES
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IN NOMINE

In Nomine was written by Derek Percy based on an original game by CROC, under license from Asmodée

SUPERIORS 4

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STEVE JACKSON GAMES

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Rogues to Riches

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ABOUT *IN NOMINE*

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INTRODUCTION

WHAT'S MINE IS MINE, AND WHAT'S YOURS IS MINE

That could be the motto for all the Demon Princes in this book. Alaemon, the Demon Prince of Secrets, is wrapped in a web of conspiracies and riddles. He knows everyone's dirty little secrets, including *yours*. Fleurity, the Demon Prince of Drugs, is The Man; he's got the supply, but he's more than willing to share. Mammon, the Demon Prince of Greed, has all the riches anyone could want . . . unless you're the Demon Prince of Greed. He wants *yours* too. For Valefor, the Demon Prince of Theft, *having* is less important than *taking*. And Vapula, the Demon Prince of Technology, just wants to unravel the secrets of the universe, even if he has to unravel the Symphony itself in the process. All of creation is his laboratory, and everything in it is his test subject.



The normal American of the “pure blooded” majority goes to bed every night with the uneasy feeling that there is a burglar under the bed and gets up every morning with the sneaking fear that his underwear has been stolen.

— H.L. Mencken, *Baltimore Evening Sun*, July 16, 1923

Greedy, covetous, paranoid, obsessed, and megalomaniacal, five of the most self-centered Demon Princes in Hell are presented here in all their selfish glory. Fighting the War is less important to these Superiors than promoting themselves, which makes their Servitors some of the most insidious Diabolicals you'll find, in Hell or on Earth.

NEW AND IMPROVED

As with the other books in the “Superiors” series, the Superiors detailed herein have appeared previously. Valefor and Vapula are found in the *In Nomine* rulebook, Alaemon was described in the *Game Master's Pack*, Fleurity first appeared in *Night Music*, and Mammon was

introduced in *Heaven and Hell*. The writeups in this book are much lengthier, adding new attunements, details of their histories, personalities, and organizations, and offering sample Servitors, adventure seeds, and other materials which will flesh these Superiors out and make them a vibrant part of your campaign.

In some cases, information here is different from the original material. These are clarifications (or in some cases, errata), and supersede previous writeups. This book contains the latest *definitive* information about each Demon Prince, and represents official canon. (Which does not preclude any GMs from changing things as they see fit, of course.)

One clarification now found in all descriptions of Band Attunements: some are marked “(restricted).” This means that that Band Attunement is explicitly resonance-based, and thus cannot be taken by any Servitor of a different Band (see *In Nomine*, p. 36). *Only* a Djinn can have Alaemon's Djinn of Secrecy attunement, for example.

Some Band Attunements are “partially restricted,” which means that other Servitors can acquire these attunements, but certain effects are only available to that Band. (See Vapula's Balseraph of Technology attunement, p. 102, for an example.)

MINOR SUPERIORS

This book features three “minor” Superiors: Alaemon, Prince of Secrets; Fleurity, Prince of Drugs; and Mammon, Prince of Greed. Minor Superiors are still Superior, but they are not as active in celestial politics. They may have fewer Servitors, more reclusive natures, or their Words may be on the decline. Because they do not have the global presence and impact on the War of their more prominent peers, minor Superiors do not appear in the main rulebook, and are not mentioned in as much detail, if at all, in most *In Nomine* supplements. It's intended that they be easy to replace or write out of your campaign entirely if you wish – though all are quite suitable to occupy a *prominent* place in your campaign, if they appeal to you! There is more than enough information here to permit player characters who serve these Princes, but keep in mind that in the official *In Nomine* universe, they are lesser players in the War, and often disregarded by the Archangels and Demon Princes who are currently preeminent.



IMPUDITE PRINCE OF SECRETS

*The world is a labyrinth,
layer upon layer of hidden things, and secrecy is power.*

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ALAEMON

Secrecy makes a little thing precious, and a precious thing worth killing for. Alaemon and his servants know more, have more, and *are* more than they ever let on. When one of Alaemon's servants reveals something hidden, it's because the power of the secret has peaked and made it a weapon. They always have aces up their sleeves.

Alaemon was not born in Hell; he is a *fresh* Impudite (well, if 700 years or so is fresh), a Fallen Mercurian. Originally one of the most valued Earthly agents of Litheroy, Archangel of Revelation, he tripped up sometime in the Middle Ages, delighting in the strategies of the hunt, and then in disguise, and then in lies and secrecy. It took Alaemon more than five centuries to claw his way from the bottom of the Pit, as a humiliated example of the Fallen, to his role as a Prince, rising up to his Principality around 1800. Most of the Princes attribute Alaemon's success to a single factor: when he applied for his Word, Lucifer appreciated the irony. There's more to it than that, but Alaemon isn't telling.

Alaemon's servants, true to their master's Word, stay out of sight, hidden in the cracks of diabolical society, both in Hell and on Earth. They gather secrets, large and small, and bring them back to their nests, waiting until the time is right to use them to gain more power, and to bargain for more secrecy.

Lucifer has given Alaemon and his servants the task of increasing human paranoia, insecurity, and self-loathing. They are meant not only to take secrets for themselves, but to increase the *need* for secrets on the part of humankind.

Alaemon himself is madly paranoid and is obsessed with his personal vendetta against Litheroy, determined to play Moriarty to Litheroy's Holmes. He keeps constant tabs on his Servitors, trusting about 30% of them on any given day (a different 30% every day) and convinced that by keeping them busy, he can stave off the many plots against him that he imagines are constantly brewing. His servants are thus often given bewildering missions of no apparent importance. Being an Impudite, he prefers the company of humanity, frequently dealing directly with his Soldiers, and working to build cults among humans.

Of course, the cults are never *openly* devoted to Alaemon; layers of secrecy hide their true nature, and some are the world's largest and most dangerous conspiracies. The awe and terror he can inspire in an individual human feeds his Impudite's vanity, as well.

DISSONANCE

Secrecy is power; sharing is stupid. It is dissonant for the followers of Alaemon to give a direct answer to a direct question, or to respond to *any* question without holding something back. It is also dissonant for them to go an entire day without putting something of value into hiding – whether it's sequestering a priceless object, tucking away evidence that would lead to a medical breakthrough, or helping a child molester gain a new and respected identity through the Federal Witness Protection Program.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs (restricted)

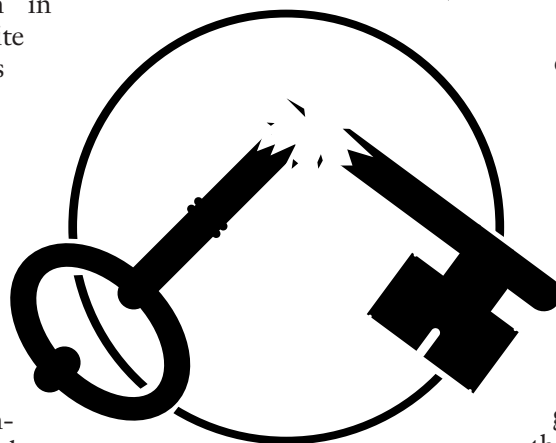
When one of Alaemon's Balseraphs successfully invokes his resonance specifically to keep something a secret, the duration is measured in *days* instead of minutes.

Djinn (restricted)

By touching a human, Alaemon's Djinn can invoke their resonance to attune themselves to the private thing that the human most cares about; an engineer's moonlight project, a young girl's diary, a lawyer's mistress. This will always be a physical thing, and the Djinn won't know what it is until he tracks it down . . .

Calabim (restricted)

Alaemon's Calabim may – on the rare occasions that they *feel* like it, or get bullied into it by their fellow demons – destroy things with subtlety. The damage is determined and applied in the normal Calabite way, but the target isn't wrecked – it's just broken in tiny ways that serve the purpose of the demon. Rather than disintegrating a door, for example, the Calabite's entropy would simply cause the lock mechanism to break on the inside. This applies to living things, too – a human killed by the Calabite might simply suffer a minor rupture to a vital artery, difficult to detect without an autopsy. Death or



destruction will cause a disturbance, but it will always emanate from the target – never from the demon. In general, they won't use this attunement unless ordered to, and it doesn't apply at all if the Calabite's resonance gets out of his control.

(This power is similar to the *More Sophisticated Use of Resonance* for Calabim in the *Infernal Player's Guide*, p. 39, except for disturbance, but Calabim of Secrets receive no penalty to their resonance roll.)

Habbalah (restricted)

The Habbalah of Alaemon can use their resonance to inspire *long-term* Paranoia (as per the Discord, *In Nomine*, p. 88) in a victim, without any risk of backlash (if the Will roll on the part of the victim succeeds, the energy of the attack simply dissipates). A paranoid will be convinced that every friend is just using him, that every stranger is a spy or an enemy, and that everything he holds dear must be hidden away . . . this lasts a number of hours equal to the check digit. At the end of that time, the victim must make an unmodified Will roll or stay paranoid for another increment of the same duration. This process continues until the Paranoia finally wears off.

Lilim (restricted)

Alaemon's Tempters are his elite blackmailers. They can use their resonance to detect *secrets* instead of needs. The check digit of their resonance roll determines the importance (to the *subject*) of the secret they discover – a 1 indicates something trivial and mildly embarrassing, a 6 would be something worth killing over. If the victim has no secrets that are that important, the Lilim gets the most important secret he does have. (And against a truly innocent person, this power is useless – there are *some* people, however few, with no real skeletons in their closets.)

A secret may be valuable in itself, but a clever Lilim can parlay it into a Geas by extorting the victim. To do this, she must make a demand of the victim while threatening to reveal his secret. No Will roll is involved; if he acquiesces to her demand, he implicitly accepts a Geas. It will function as a Geas of a level equal to that of the secret. If he refuses to be extorted, no Geas is invoked. If a Geas is placed upon him, however, it will vanish should his secret be revealed.



secret ceases to be a secret if it is once confided – it is like a dollar bill, once broken, it is never a dollar again.

– Josh Billings

SECRET SONGS

Naturally, Alaemon loves secret Songs, Symphonic melodies that only he knows. Since teaching them to others would mean they aren't secret any more, he probably knows many Songs that he doesn't share with even his closest Servitors. However, two that he *does* occasionally bestow as a reward are (from the *Liber Canticorum*) the Songs of Deception (p. 67) and the Songs of Oblivion (p. 73).

Shedim (restricted)

Shedim of Secrets not only make their puppets into repugnant sinners, they make a *point* of getting away with it, carefully covering their tracks. When the Shedite's possessed victim successfully gets away with something sinister, the Shedite gains a point of Essence, and that day doesn't count toward the victim's cumulative Perception bonus to shake off the demon. Especially strong-willed Corruptors have held single victims in thrall for *months*. If the puppet is *ever* caught and dealt with by the authorities (convicted by a judge or shot down by the police – it doesn't matter), it generates a note of dissonance.

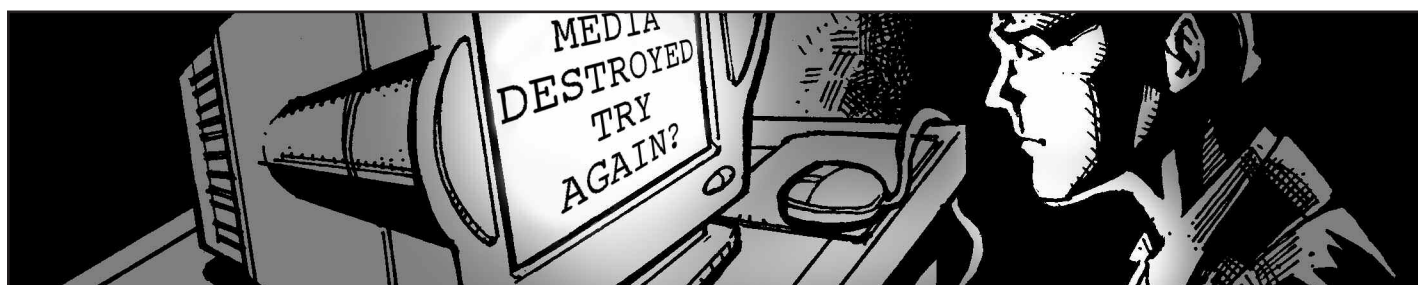
Impudites (restricted)

People who are themselves in hiding, or tortured by their secrets, are most vulnerable to the charm of Alaemon's Takers. If, in the GM's opinion, the Impudite's victim is currently harboring a secret out of fear, then the victim may not resist the Impudite with a Will roll, against either his Charm or Essence-stealing resonance aspects, provided the Impudite keeps promising to help him with his problem. "Currently harboring a secret" means the Impudite catches the victim at a time when the secret is foremost in his mind. A real-time crisis, such as someone physically running away from something, certainly qualifies.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Chalk Outline

By tracing an outline of chalk (substitutes will work at the GM's discretion) around the corpse of any corporeal body or vessel, the demon causes it to vanish entirely. When the outline (regardless of how it was made) finally fades or is cleaned up, a tiny bloodstain will appear where the corpse was – the only lingering sign.



Locksmithing

The heart of Secrets is keeping things hidden and learning what others keep secret. This attunement allows the demon to do both. When confronted with a locked container of any kind (a safe, a glove compartment, a safety deposit box, etc.), the demon may change the lock to fit a key he has in his possession at a cost of 1 Essence. This is a permanent change – the old key will no longer work in the lock, and the original owner will have to resort to other means of opening the container. Locksmithing will also work on keyless locks (combination locks, puzzle boxes, even retinal scanners), but does *not* work on locked portals to rooms, buildings, or vehicles. (The demon can make his key open a car trunk, for example, but not a car door.)

Lucifer's Document Shredder

The demon can make any information-storage media (from newsprint to CD-ROM) blank itself utterly. A number of megabytes equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces can be blanked at a time, at a cost of 1 Essence. Every megabyte is the equivalent of about 88,000 words or 350 sheets of typed paper. The information cannot be recovered by any means.

Seal of the Confessional

For 2 Essence, the demon can reveal a secret to one person, and then seal it in his mind. The subject may resist with a Will roll. If he fails, then for a number of days equal to the check digit of his failed roll, he cannot reveal that secret to anyone, by *any* means, direct or indirect. (This won't stop a Seraph's resonance from ferreting out the truth from the victim's non-responsive answers, though.) At the end of that time, the victim may make another Will roll; if he fails this one, the diabolical seal will remain in place for a number of *years* equal to the check digit. At the end of that time period, the victim gets a third and final Will roll; failure on this roll means the victim will *never* be able to reveal the secret.

Demons usually use this attunement to torture a victim with a painful secret that cannot be revealed. Only two

things can remove the seal. The first is for the secret to be revealed by someone else. The second is for the victim to ascend to Heaven. (Thus, swearing an angel to secrecy will rarely be effective for the long term.)

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Hidden Doors

Any *Numinous Corpus* Song used by a demon of this rank is entirely invisible if he wants. This allows for far greater secrecy, subtlety, and a surprise factor in combat – invisible weapons attached to a visible combatant are Dodged at -2!

Captain of Private Chambers

When the Captain is trying to hide something or somebody (including himself) from a *single*, known searcher, he will intuitively know of any available places where that person will *never think to look*.

Baron of the Vault

A Baron of Secrets leaves false trails. Every clue the demon inadvertently leaves behind becomes perverted in such a way as to *divert* any seeker from the truth. His corporeal vessel's blood is Type A? The bloodstains he leaves behind are Type O. He leaves his jacket at the scene of the crime? It grows a name-tag for a random victim somewhere in the city. These are permanent changes to the patterns of the clues: real changes, not illusions.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Like most Demon Princes, Alaemon grants higher Distinctions according to Hell's peerage model. There are Counts, Marquises, and even Dukes of Secrets, each reflecting greater prestige and importance to Alaemon's Hellish organization. Many – if not most – of these Demons are Word-bound, and they take their places among the rest of Hell's nobility with secretive pride.

Unlike most Demon Princes, Alaemon's higher Distinctions are anything but an honor. To be the most prominent leaders in a Conspiracy is little better than a

smokescreen. A play. The expected move. When a demon receives an Earldom, it means his cover's blown; his only useful occupation is as a distraction. The higher a demon's rank, the further from the real action he is.

Alaemon's true elite are the masters of the different secret societies, who have titles and abilities based upon their positions and beliefs. This means many of Alaemon's most valuable Servitors believe they're working against him. Alaemon likes that, as he *knows* they're traitors and therefore doesn't have to wonder.

RELATIONS

Allied: *No one (No one considers themselves Allied to Alaemon)*

Associated: *Asmodeus, Beleth, Malphas, Valefor, Vapula (Beleth, Kobal, Malphas, Valefor and Vapula are Associated with Alaemon)*

Hostile: *Belial, Saminga (Baal and Belial are Hostile to Alaemon)*

BASIC RITES

✦ Cause any sort of death to a Servitor of Litheroy. (+2 Essence)

✦ Possess a secret worth at least \$5,000 (or any secret worth injuring or killing over) – this Rite can be used twice a day.

EXPANDED RITES

Alaemon occasionally rewards his minions with extra Rites:

✦ Destroy the only evidence of a crime . . . or the only evidence of someone's guilt or innocence.

✦ Collect evidence of an indiscretion for later use against someone.

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 0

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 A concealed weapon.
- +2 A private stash of drugs.
- +3 A murder victim who has remained hidden for at least a week.
- +4 Documents vital to a nation's security.
- +5 A lost work by a great artist, kept in a private collection.
- +6 A statue proving Lemuria or any mythical civilization existed.

ALAEMON IN DETAIL

NAMES, APPEARANCE, AND MANNER

The Prince of Secrets is known by a thousand names and has a thousand appearances. While his Impudite vanity may cause him to appear beautiful or handsome where he can afford to, his driving need is to remain inconspicuous. He makes a habit of never appearing the same way to the same person more than once, though he may send a Servitor in his stead wearing an old guise. The closest thing Alaemon has to a "default form" is a roguishly handsome, dark-haired man with impeccable taste in clothing – he borrows heavily from James Bond movies.

Alaemon's manner is easygoing and cheerful one moment, paranoid and skittish the next. He acts with no outward consistency. This is a pose, of course. Underneath it all he manipulates his Servitors, keeping them unbalanced and afraid but faithful all the while.



That damned woman, thought Leamas, and that fool Karl, who'd lied about her. Lied by omission, as they all do, agents the world over. You teach them to cheat, to cover their tracks, and they cheat you as well.

– John le Carré, *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*

THE WORD OF SECRETS

Alaemon lives the Word of Secrets. He is driven by paranoia and the horror that he will be discovered. There are a number of theories about why he's so afraid (see "Histories and Theories," p. 10) but no matter the reason, Alaemon's fear is very real.

Secrets are more than ways to hide, though. They're power. Hoarding information is just a form of Greed, after all, and that doesn't do anyone any good. But if you use or *misuse* that hoarded information the right way, dribble by dribble . . . now that's power. Letting the right truth (or half-truth) slip can bring down Presidents, Popes, or Superiors. Timing is everything.

The tricky part is learning everyone else's secrets, but never letting your own slip out of your control . . .

HISTORIES AND THEORIES

So little is known about Alaemon's past that even his former demonic Superior is a matter of conjecture. Most assume he was a Servitor of Asmodeus, but others say he served Kronos or Malphas. He likely held no Distinctions, however.

It's generally known that Lucifer gave Alaemon the Word of Secrets 200 years ago, with no Superior known to have sponsored Alaemon or his Word. It is also known that a Mercurian Servitor of Litheroy named Alaemon Fell 700 years ago, perhaps through misuse of the Dagger of Bithnya (*Game Master's Pack*, p. 24). It is generally accepted that this is the same Alaemon, whose clear hatred of Litheroy explains his desire to oppose him, and most assume that Lucifer liked the irony of the situation.

Assumptions are not the same as facts. Accepting something is not the same as knowing it. And general knowledge is never universal truth.

In truth, very little is really known about Alaemon or why he's in his position. And that lack of knowledge has let theories rise. These rumors may have been planted by Alaemon, or may be bits of the truth spread out, and one may believe whichever one wishes – they're probably all half-right, but no more than half-right.

When a friend, then, indulges in the joy of unburdening a secret on to another friend's bosom, he makes the latter, in his turn, feel the urge to taste the same joy himself. He implores him, it is true, not to tell a soul; but if such a condition were taken absolutely literally, it would at once cut off the flow of these joys at their very source. The general practice is for the secret to be confided only to an equally trustworthy friend, the same conditions being imposed on him. And so from trustworthy friend to trustworthy friend the secret goes moving on round that immense chain, until finally it reaches the ears of just the very person or persons whom the first talker had expressly intended it never should reach.

– Alessandro Manzoni

ALAEMON'S PAST – THREE THEORIES WHISPERED IN HELL

The Puzzlemaster

Alaemon was one of Litheroy's best Mercurians, knowing the twists and turns of the human psyche, and how humanity hid down them. With time, he learned to love the search. And he learned (as a good Mercurian) how best to understand how and why humanity would do such a thing. But such understanding, while very Mercurian, was dangerous for a Litherite. The dissonance burned him, but not enough to change his love of the puzzle of humanity – and with it a love for constructing puzzles and riddles and games. Alaemon became an expert both in unraveling puzzles and in making them – and the latter was forbidden fruit.

When he became an Impudite, he was enraged. For trying to understand humanity – for doing his *job* – he found himself a demon. His anger toward Litheroy's hypocrisy grew, and he threw himself into the art of deception and concealment. For hundreds of years he toiled in drudgery, his hatred of Litheroy and his love of the thing Litheroy fought growing. His only solace, held close within his infernal soul, was the construction of puzzles, both simple and complex. He didn't care if anyone solved them. He simply liked the aesthetic qualities of a well made enigma.

Lucifer arrived to chat some 500 years later. He looked at Alaemon's puzzles and spoke amiably enough with the Impudite. And, as is Lucifer's way, he offered Alaemon a boon. And if Alaemon was cheeky enough to ask for a Word, it was almost understandable. He had no prospects or hope. He might as well go for the brass ring.

Alaemon asked for the Word of the Labyrinth. He wanted to oppose the Superior he hated most, by taking the very metaphor that Litheroy used as the Word he embodied, and it would also fuel his love of puzzles, of the twists and turns, of the art of artifice. And perhaps Alaemon could find contentment, and Lucifer would have a master of puzzles for his Demon of the Labyrinth, and that too could be useful.

But Lucifer's smile was cool, and he granted Alaemon the Word of Secrets. A much more powerful Word, incorporating Labyrinths and exceeding it. And with that Word came a Princedom – a prize beyond Alaemon's wildest dreams. A prize far beyond Alaemon's means.

And then Lucifer left, without so much as a word of explanation.

This bothered Alaemon. He had such a powerful Word now, and a Princedom too. But he didn't know why Lucifer granted it to him. The new Prince was too intelligent to believe the Lightbringer did it out of kindness or because he was impressed. The greatest enigma of Alaemon's life rose before him – why had the First of the Fallen so favored him? What did he *want* from Alaemon?

And worse – what about the other Princes? They would resent this interloper. And Gebbeleth's old Servitors – some were powerful Dukes – would hate and resent this pretender to Gebbeleth's hidden throne. And the detested Litheroy was now the greatest threat to Alaemon's very existence – Revelation would *destroy* Secrets if it could.

Is that what Lucifer wanted? To destroy Alaemon? Or was Alaemon just a pawn to destroy Litheroy? Alaemon didn't care. He wouldn't die, damn it! And no one would ever, ever learn his secrets, learn his place, even find the real him. They all wanted to, but he wouldn't let them. He was the puzzle master, and his greatest labyrinth would be the one that hid him away from prying eyes and preying enemies.

Perhaps Lucifer just wanted to kill Alaemon's simple happiness in puzzlemaking. Perhaps he wanted to create a useful tool, or oppose an Archangel, or destabilize other Princes. It doesn't matter what he intended, though. He's accomplished all of those things and more. Whatever the reason was, Lucifer isn't telling. And no one builds a puzzle like Lucifer does.

The Balseraph

Once there was a Balseraph, some say of Factions, some say of the Game, who was given a mission. There was an Impudite, the Balseraph was told, who had gone Renegade, destroying his Heart. This demon was named Alaemon; he had once been angel of Revelation, and he had valuable information. He had to be captured and brought to an infernal Tether, there to be carried forcibly back to Hell.

The Impudite was captured, but something went horribly wrong. His corporeal vessel was killed (some say by the Balseraph, in a paranoid fit), and Alaemon disappeared into Limbo. When the Game arrived, demanding to know where the Renegade was, the Balseraph said he *was* Alaemon, believing it would be better to be a captured Renegade with valuable information than the Balseraph who let him get away. And since he was a Balseraph, of course he believed it.

He believed it so thoroughly that he never *stopped* believing it. Some say Lucifer intervened directly. That would explain how a Balseraph who to this day truly believes he is a Fallen Mercurian of Revelation has risen to become the Prince of Secrets. Lucifer must be amused . . .

PRECURSORS TO SECRETS

Alaemon is the second Demon Prince to hold the Word of Secrets. The first was Gebbeleth, a Balseraph who fought alongside the rebels at the Fall. He, along with Mariel, the Demon Princess of Oblivion, was set by Lucifer against Raphael, the Archangel of Knowledge. Gebbeleth and Mariel were both at the front of the War, blocking Raphael wherever possible.

Raphael fought back with typically EloHITE dispassion, building a network of Servitors to fight the two-sided front. Among these Servitors was Litheroy, a Seraph who eventually became the Archangel of Revelation.

Gebbeleth's organization resembled a web, Gebbeleth working with a tight knot of favored Servitors, who in turn directed the next level down, and so on. So, it's perhaps not surprising that when Gebbeleth disappeared without a trace in 1600 B.C., his Servitors generally didn't notice. His closest lieutenants would never raise an alarm – such a thing would be contrary to Secrets, after all – especially when Gebbeleth had vanished before.

Centuries later, Gebbeleth's lieutenants knew something was wrong, but didn't know what they could do about it. The only Superior who learned the truth was Mariel. Mariel wouldn't reveal that secret (or any other), and agreed to help support the Gebbelites until Gebbeleth returned.

In the year 1009 A.D., Mariel was consumed by Haagenti. The Gebbelites were alone, and while Gebbeleth was clearly still alive (his Rites still worked), his Word went unsupported.

Until Alaemon came, of course . . .

So now the Demon Prince called Alaemon buries himself deeper and deeper in paranoid secrets, desperately fighting to hide away a truth he can't remember inside himself. Knowing he's an "Impudite," Alaemon acts the part, but being a Balseraph he puts on masks constantly, believing each one in their own way. Over the past two centuries he has built his power and disguise up as completely as possible. He should be safe.

But sooner or later, the real Alaemon will emerge from Limbo, whether his replacement even remembers this or not. Sooner or later, evidence that can't be denied will appear. Sooner or later, over 200 years of lies, secrets, and constructions will be revealed.

You'd be frightened, too.

The Double Agent

It is very hard to be an angel of Litheroy. It's not enough to love Heaven, or love the Truth. You have to forswear all deception as well. You can't even have a Role. Alaemon simply couldn't live like that. He loved humanity, and wanted to bury himself among them. He was dissonant and getting worse.

His close associate, a Cherub of War, decided to help. She invoked Michael, who listened to Alaemon's story, and then took him aside for a private discussion.

The angel clearly loved Heaven. But how much did that love of Heaven mean to Alaemon? Was it enough to let Heaven go, and perhaps be destroyed . . . but always serving its cause? A War needs more than soldiers – it needs intelligence. It needs accurate information about conditions and plans in Hell below. And there were so few ways to get it. Michael asked directly – would Alaemon be willing to Fall for Heaven's needs? Hell would accept him. His dissonance was well known. He would enter infernal society, and once there and established he would pass information back to Heaven, if he dared.

He dared. And he Fell. And it was hideous. It took 500 years to work his way from nothingness to a trusted agent who traveled from Heaven to Earth. And Alaemon hated every second of it. He was a demon, through and through. He was selfish to the core by the time he walked the hills of Earth again. And yet, he started to meet his contacts, and started to pass information to Heaven.

It was a dangerous game. Alaemon started to bury himself in deception while rooting out the truth he had gotten so good at finding. He passed some things to Heaven, and kept some things to himself, and built a web of extortion and lies to hide in.

Eventually, Alaemon had to withstand the scrutiny of the Adversary himself. It was almost unthinkable he would succeed in concealing his treachery from Lucifer unless he distracted him. So when Lucifer offered a boon, Alaemon went for the golden ring – as a blind. It might mean his death for hubris, but that was better than exposure as a Heavenly agent. So he asked for a Word.

To Alaemon's great surprise, he found himself the Prince of Secrets. And now his entire organization hides and twists and conceals and learns . . . and agents within it pass information to Heaven still, whether those Servitors know who their contacts are or not. Michael *has* to assume the intelligence is flawed at best – Alaemon has been a demon much longer than an angel now, and is very powerful. But it's much better than nothing at all. And Alaemon plays a dangerous game, opposing anyone who might discover his activities – from Litheroy to his fellow Princes.

For as long as the biggest secret he has can be kept.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Whatever his reasons, or his origins, Alaemon is paranoia incarnate, never trusting his own Servitors completely and never letting anyone get close. It's a terribly lonely life for an Impudite, but his very understanding of humanity lets him know how treacherous they can be. Alaemon has clearly been inspired by Litheroy's own favorite metaphor: the Labyrinth. Everything about Alaemon reflects the twists of the maze. Every turn you take with him leads you down another path, and for each correct route there are a hundred blind alleys. When Alaemon meets someone, he always presents a good front. With Impudite charm he ingratiates and maneuvers the conversation down the turns he wants, all the while catching the drops of information from other speakers.

Priorities

There are three holy quests of the Conspiracy and its master: discover all secrets, parcel out crumbs of that information where it brings the Conspiracy the most gain, and bring confusion and fear to everyone. Everything Alaemon does can be traced back to one of these three goals. However, Alaemon will bury those intentions deeply within subterfuge, lies, and deceit, and almost no one can figure out his specific goals at any one time. Sometimes major operations that cost the lives of many demons are mere smokescreens, while a single demon learns a single secret from a human. And while Alaemon *is* making an impact on humanity and the War, he's always happiest when *someone else* is blamed for it.



wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other.

– Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*

Views on the War

Alaemon has a vested interest in the War. So long as it continues, Heaven and Hell alike will prize secrets desperately. Humanity, in turn, keeps secrets all by themselves, but while the War persists both angels and demons deceive and hide from humanity every day. So long as the current cold war between the divine and the diabolical continues, Alaemon is in a position of strength. Anything that intensifies the War *without ending it* will attract Alaemon's attention and (possibly) approval.

POLITICS

Alaemon's relations are always of convenience. His "associates" are those he finds useful most often. However, Alaemon has secrets on all the Princes, implicates all the Princes with his schemes, and will work with any one of them as needed. He's too paranoid to ally with anyone for long; his politics are limited to hiding behind anyone he can, using other Superiors' motifs in his private projects to throw others off the scent. (Though he's never been able to imitate Kobal very well – Dark Humor uses too many inside jokes.) Alaemon is petty and insecure, but the other Princes give him a lot of slack. After all, no one can blackmail like Alaemon . . .

While he has no real friends, he works well with those Princes who spread the kind of fear and paranoia he needs to operate. He supports Beleth where he can do so safely, as she provides the fear that fuels the need for Secrets. That support also means his Servitors have some access to the dreamscapes of humanity, which are fertile ground for clandestine information. Malphas fits Alaemon's plans like a glove, dividing humanity and celestials alike into subgroups that hide from each other.

Alaemon also associates with Valefor, who finds hidden things and hides found things – both of which naturally aid Secrets. Alaemon has a brisk trading relationship with Vapula, who is willing to part with espionage technology in exchange for hints and dribbles of divine technology or human technological development which the Conspiracy comes across.

And Asmodeus? Well, Asmodeus plays the Game that Alaemon lives. Alaemon finds Asmodeus predictable enough to work with easily. Asmodeus finds Alaemon and his paranoia ripe for manipulation. Each is convinced the other is playing right into his hands . . . and both may be right.

The Prince of Secrets doesn't like either Belial or Saminga, and wouldn't mind seeing both of their stars fall. Belial was a strong ally of Gebbeleth and resents Alaemon – and fires destroy the secrets Alaemon wants to learn. As for Saminga? Dead men tell no tales, and that doesn't help Alaemon at all. For now, he gathers information on them, waiting for the moment to betray them and let the hounds tear them down.

One last thing – almost all the major Princes of Hell think of Alaemon as a poor substitute for Gebbeleth, who was a major Prince in his time. All, that is, except Kobal. Gebbeleth was a known quantity, which is why the Princes think he was more effective. Kobal recognizes the irony of the situation – the less they know about Alaemon, the stronger Alaemon is in his Word. Stronger, perhaps, than Gebbeleth *ever* was . . .

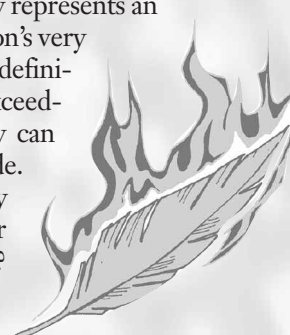
ALAEMON AND LITHEROY

Alaemon's greatest enemy is his former Superior, Litheroy, Archangel of Revelation (*Game Master's Pack*, pp. 18-20). He works very hard to be Litheroy's primary nemesis in turn. Many believe this is out of simple revenge. Others think Alaemon delights in being Moriarty to Litheroy's Holmes. The safest assumption is the war between Secrets and Revelation is a smoke-screen for Alaemon's *real* agenda. Still, regardless of why the feud started, Litheroy represents an incalculable danger to Alaemon's very Word. Secrets are *finite* by definition. It is possible (though exceedingly unlikely) that humanity can learn to set the Labyrinth aside.

And doesn't Yves' Library suggest it's possible for someone to know everything?

If Litheroy succeeds, Alaemon's Word will be destroyed and take Alaemon with it. If Alaemon succeeds, Litheroy can start over and reveal things anew. Alaemon is fighting a war he can only win if Litheroy is destroyed completely.

It's no wonder he's paranoid.



Princely Opinions

The Demon Princes each have their own appreciation of Secrets, and their own frustration with everyone else's. Here's how they see Secrets and its current Prince . . .

Andrealphus: Mm – half the fun is keeping things secret. The dodging around, the spice of the forbidden. Secrets make the affairs and assignations lively. Alaemon's barely a child, though – and cold. What a *strange* Impudite. (*People say things after sex. They think they're in love. They think the whole world is at peace. They reveal their innermost selves and call it pillow talk. It's a beautiful time to learn things.*)

Asmodeus: Two-faced, which should come as no surprise. He's helpful – he wants to stay on my good side. He tells me things – who knows for what agenda? But it's always as much lie as truth. He holds back a lot more than he says. I have my eyes on him. He plays the Game *too* well. (*Without Asmodeus we couldn't exist. Don't ever forget that. We need the Game. It keeps people scared. Keeps them hiding. We need that desperately. But don't ever let your guard down. They'd destroy me if they could, and you'd die with me. Don't ever forget that.*)

Baal: Worthless. Dishonorable. Weak. Gebbeleth was strong – and he understood the War. Someday I'll destroy Alaemon and save us all some grief. Until then, ignore him. *(Easy to infiltrate. Baal is a beautiful contradiction – a predictable Balseraph. But don't let him accelerate the War from Cold to Hot.)*

Beleth: He's good for fear, I'll give him that. Too busy chasing his own dark nightmares down hallways to ever be very important, of course. But he helps more than he hinders. *(Beleth is so very useful to us. She buries hope and trust into a maze of nightmares and paranoia. The more frightened they are, the more they hide.)*

Belial: I liked Gebbeleth. He learned things and hid things. He appreciated a good fire, too. Alaemon's pathetic. He's cold and wet. I hate him. *(Such a simple soul. Such a dangerous opponent. Belial destroys the things we seek. If he'd work with us – but of course he won't. We can't ever trust him.)*

Fleurty: You can't make a deal if your users can't find you, but you can't hand your prime goods over to just anyone, either. You have to keep your deals out of the hands of the narcs. Alaemon has his place in the scheme of things. *(Drugs are hidden. You hide them from your parents, from your friends, from the law. You sit back in a dark corner and hide them from everyone. You hide them from the judgment of others. You hide them from yourself. Few things promote Secrets like them. And addicts are so easy to blackmail . . .)*

Haagenti: I asked him what the eleven herbs and spices were. He told me! Other than that he's useless. *(Haagenti doesn't care about secrets, but he's convenient if you need to destroy evidence. Shred the document and bake it into lasagna – he'll never know.)*

Kobal: Heh. The others don't get it. Big surprise, right? They don't get the joke. You ask them, and they'll tell you what a great Prince Gebbeleth was and how Alaemon hasn't amounted to a hill of beans. Morons – Gebbeleth wasn't half the Prince of Secrets Alaemon is. We *knew* what Gebbeleth was up to, after all. Alaemon gets it, but convinces everyone he doesn't. Now *that's* funny. *(It's hard to blame things on Kobal. He's got a sense of style that's hard to duplicate. That's a pity – he'd make a perfect scapegoat otherwise.)*

Kronos: Alaemon has embraced his fate more completely than most. He revels in it. However, his fear makes him weak. He is not significant. *(Kronos scares me. Don't fight him. Just leave him alone. There's something not right about him. Some secret I haven't ferreted out yet.)*

Lilith: Little Alaemon, little Prince. Not the threat that Gebbeleth was, for certain. And he does know a thing or two – but tries to hide behind clouds and sunglasses, and he's more than willing to hold small

indiscretions over you. *(Lilith is intriguing. She knows so much, and hides so much. Her Lilim are very useful, but her prices are too high. So I recruit from the Frees where I can. Occasionally I learn something she wants to hide, and then we can do business.)*

Malphas: Ah, Alaemon. I hope he keeps up the good work. I help him out where I *can*, of course . . . *(Rival factions fear and hate one another. They make plans and strategies and hide them. They eavesdrop and spy on each other. Malphas helps keep me whole.)*

Mammon: Alaemon knows how to create a demand where there was none before – by keeping information scarce, and making it valuable. And he hungers for more, always more, and hoards what he has. *(Where would Mammon be without Secrets? He's always looking for inside information . . . and selling it as well. We can do business together.)*



rust not him with your secrets,
who, when left alone in your room,
turns over your papers.

– Johann Kaspar Lavater, *Aphorisms on Man*

Nybbas: Secret . . . Agent Man! Secret . . . Agent Man! They've given you a number – and taken away your name! Seriously, Alaemon doesn't track on the ratings, so what good is he? Though a good exposé never hurts . . . *(Nybbas is a powerful tool. A small secret reported on the news becomes a big scandal. But don't let his cameras find you.)*

Saminga: I know how to keep a man's mouth shut. Shut forever. *(That idiot destroys without thought. Think of all the knowledge lost by his indiscriminate murder! Death has its place, but Saminga misses the point and should be removed.)*

Valefor: Alaemon? Not really a player, but a lot of fun on the weekends. He loves to slip me a map or security setup. And I tell him things – why not? They're safe with him. Besides, it's fun to break into his Domain and lift a few things now and again. Fun and . . . educational. *(Valefor is an associate, though never to be trusted. He's perfectly amoral, and he learns things on his travels. He's willing to trade, and that is useful . . .)*

Vapula: We have a working relationship. He discovers things I can use, and I give him the technology to learn more. He respects science and the holy quest for knowledge. *(Very useful. He has devices that will peel the secrets out of a room like layers off an onion. And he doesn't pry, so long as what you do say interests him.)*

Archangelic Opinions

The Archangels' opinions of Alaemon are no secret.

Blandine: Secrets should be precious, not shameful. The hidden hopes and joys inside a person are the key-stone of their dreams. This . . . *Taker* twists those around and drags dreamers into Nightmares. *(Let her comfort humans and make their dreams more pleasant. Does she think we don't have spies on her side of the Marches? We can learn as much from a dream as from a nightmare.)*

David: Secrets are cracks in the foundation, letting corruption seep in. There is no good reason for them. Still, Alaemon is far less effective than Gebbeleth was. *(There are many hidden things buried under the mountain. David keeps things close to his chest while arguing against Secrets. Hypocrites fuel my word.)*

Dominic: A Fallen traitor who tries desperately to strike down the Archangel who created him. Destroying Alaemon would be a kindness – and Secrets obfuscate Judgment. Do not let him grow into his role. *(Without Dominic, angels would have no need for secrets. May he judge for a very long time indeed.)*

Eli: Alaemon who? *(I have a good number of agents tracing Eli's movements. I don't know what he's up to. I hate not knowing what he's up to.)*

Gabriel: A mewling little Impudite with delusions of competence. The Holy Fire of Heavenly Revelation consumed Gebbeleth, and he was powerful. Alaemon cannot hide forever. *(I hate Belial's destruction of Secrets. I really hate Gabriel's illumination of them. Fire is our enemy, whether infernal or divine. Fuel the paranoia the two have over each other – keep them away from us.)*

Janus: Do you know what's great about secrets? You can reveal them, and watch the chaos begin. *(I've heard the rumors and the theories about Janus and Valefor. In all the ways I work with Valefor, I find Janus impossible. Still, chaos buries things as well as uncovering them, and Janus keeps secrets of his own.)*

Jean: Perhaps the most dangerous of Lucifer's little Princelings. His agents stalk our operatives, and whatever they learn goes straight to Vapula. Alaemon must be dealt with, sooner rather than later. *(Jean is the greatest boarder of secrets in God's Creation. The loathsome Litheroy hates him. I want to learn what he knows – all of it – but more importantly I don't want anyone else to learn it. We should work together.)*

Jordi: Should I care about Alaemon? His Word and his existence mean nothing to me. My world has no need for secrets. *(I have a great appreciation of the Trap Door Spider. Jordi is no priority, though.)*

Laurence: Gebbeleth disappeared before my creation. It was easier while the Word of Secrets was vacant. Alaemon strengthens Hell by sowing distrust between companions and soldiers. It is a mistake to underestimate

him. *(Uriel was gone before my creation. I have a different perspective of Laurence than others. He has always been effective, and straightforward. The combination is deadly.)*

Marc: Are you familiar with insider trading? Misusing the knowledge you have for your own profit while shafting others? That's Alaemon in a nutshell. I think we need to deal with him, though there's more pressing business first. *(Marc fuels the most venal drive to keep things confidential. Without Marc, there would be no industrial espionage, no private top secret documents, no classified strategies. He's so very useful.)*

Michael: I had a certain respect for Gebbeleth. Oh, I hated him and what he stood for, but I could respect him as a chessmaster. Even Mariel had her strengths, though I don't mourn her. Their successor is a pathetic little crying worm. We cleave through his shadows long enough, and we will cut to the heart of Alaemon. *(Never, ever forget Michael is more than the Archangel of War or the first angel. Michael is a Seraph! Perhaps the purest of that breed. He actively hates us. Stay away from him.)*

Novalis: I talked to Alaemon once, before his Fall. He was so bright, so beautiful. His smile was ready. He loved the human mind – we'd talk about its twists and turns. He took joy in humanity's infinite variety. I considered asking him to join me then. I wish I had. It's so very sad to see him now. *(Novalis has nothing I want. She's too open, too trusting. No matter how many times she's burnt, she keeps coming back. She never gives up hope. She must be torn apart by the truth of the world before she becomes even more of a threat.)*

Yves: Alaemon's fate is a cold and lonely one. He hides so totally. I wonder if he realizes he's hiding from himself? *(Yves has the golden prize – all the knowledge of the world is at his fingertips. And he hoards it and keeps it secret, even if it means Heaven burns. I am Yves, ultimately, only more honest.)*

Humans and Others

Alaemon doesn't trust *anyone*. It doesn't matter if they're angels, demons or something else. A threat can come from any quarter. More to the point, secrets don't require great power or a celestial nature. A small child or a dream-shade can hold the key to the greatest secret of all time. Alaemon must keep everyone at bay, while watching them all closely. It's a balancing act, to be certain.

Ethereals: The images of the past hold some of its lore close. Remember that when you meet them. Learn what they know. Learn what they aren't saying. Draw them into the Conspiracy, and let them think they're fighting to improve their sorry lot. If you play them right, they will offer what you could never take.

There is so much I remember. So much I know. This youngling has a pleasing smile and seems to care. Do I trust him? I trust none of Hell's ilk. But the secret lore I possess is legendary, and he thirsts so much for it. Perhaps he can give me the tools I need. Perhaps he can be the key. But I fear telling him too much.

– Isis

Mortals: Ahh, the teeming masses of humanity. How much I love them. Deceit comes more naturally to them than any other creatures. They were the genesis of Secrets itself. All of them – *all* of them – keep secrets. No matter how much they trust, they keep their true faces hidden. So long as they exist, so do I.

Hellsworn: Recruit carefully. Add these fortunates to your organization of moles and informants. They can go places and learn things you cannot. But be careful. Be very careful. The only way to create a Soldier involves telling them true things, and that is always dangerous.

Sorcerers: Eternal seekers of knowledge no sane man would want to know. Sorcerers are more useful than most Hellsworn, if the right disinformation leavens their arcane knowledge.

Soldiers of God: These are such prizes. When we can identify them, we must exploit them. They learn things about Heaven, without the skills and experience of the angels to help protect them. Get close to them. Learn what they know. Convince them to join our service – done right, they'll never realize they're double agents for Hell.

THE LABYRINTH

Where is the Principality of a Demon Prince who cannot be found? The fabled Houses of Secrets in Stygia contain Gebbeleth's ancient court, and that is the public face of the Conspiracy even today. However, there are hidden places and bolt-holes throughout Hell, interconnected by passages and routes that would startle the major Princes. There are cells of Secrets meeting in basements in Hades to pass information from the Game. There are false back rooms in the brothels of Shal-Mari where triple agents whisper secrets. There are observation posts within Gehenna where the practices and tactics of the War are observed quietly. In these places and others like them, Alaemon's Principality worms itself into the dark places of Hell.

But Stygia remains the ancient heart of Secrets, and whether Alaemon's primary resources are in Stygia or not (and who knows), it is certainly a place where the Conspiracy has a presence.

The Monastery of Masks

In a valley of Stygia there is a cold, basalt monastery of imposing size and presence. It echoes Litheroy's Abbey in Heaven in its design, but where the Abbey is light and airy this place is dark and twisting, filled with hidden chambers and corridors that lead nowhere and who knows where. It is the public face of the Labyrinth, and it lives up to this description.

Courtyards of mazes and hedges and gardens greet visitors. Entrances may be submerged beneath still pools; cemeteries are hidden among the labyrinths. Ancient marks on the walls claim to show the way inside, if they can be trusted. Within, each room is dominated by masks on display. These can be anything from feather domino masks to porcelain masterpieces to Groucho Marx glasses. Shuffling from room to room are the Servitors of Secrets, and they all wear masks while in the Monastery, while refusing to let any other Prince's Servitors wear anything over their faces. It is said that visitors who break this rule become lost in the Monastery and are never found.



If you can find the entrance to the Monastery and make your way within, you might be allowed an audience with the Prince himself. He will be masked, sitting upon a throne that can only be seen in the reflection of a mirror. Of course, this “Alaemon” could be a Duke of Secrets, or a fledgling demon parroting what he has been told. Who can tell . . . ?

THE CONSPIRACY: SERVITORS OF ALAEMON

ALAEMITES, THE ALAEMISH, CONSPIRATORS, COWARDS

The Alaemish live a paranoid existence. Always wondering what people know that they don’t, always wondering what’s real and what isn’t . . . many Conspirators are members of two or three secret societies at once, and know that around any corner may be the ultimate price of betrayal. Your Prince is your only friend, and Alaemon isn’t *anyone’s* friend. You never know where you stand. You’re never sure if your secret society is just a front – or if the secret society you’ve infiltrated is really in charge, playing you for a fool. You betray someone every day, wondering if you’ll get caught. And all the people you’re closest to are *just like you*. Knowledge is power, but you’re never sure you have all the facts. Never.

ORGANIZATION

As an organization, the Conspiracy (as most call Alaemon’s power structure as a whole) isn’t straightforward and definable. Yes, Alaemon has his Knights, Barons, Dukes, and so forth, with their Stygian houses and ancient chambers. But these are on the surface, the least important and least significant level of Alaemon’s organization and useful only in interacting with other infernal societies. The Conspiracy is really made up of dozens of secret societies – small groups of illuminati built as cells, or lodges, or any kind of hidden society that one could imagine. Sometimes, a powerful, Word-bound Duke of Secrets will find himself reporting to a Master of the Lodge who has 10 Forces and no Distinctions – and accept his orders humbly.

The secret societies are the meat of Alaemon’s organization, and the faithful members of each truly *believe* they

are the ones who actually control the whole of Alaemon’s Principality (or rebel against it). Alaemon lies at the heart of them all, of course. And truth be told, one secret society really *is* in charge of the whole thing with others reporting to or being manipulated by it . . . for a while. That one society may rule the Conspiracy for an hour or a year, depending on Alaemon’s needs and paranoia, but eventually the group at the heart of his organization changes, and the fringe players become power players. Word-bound are carefully spread throughout the societies to ensure no one society feels worthless (and more importantly, so that no society feels *secure*). This also keeps the Word-bound from organizing against Alaemon directly and tearing him down.



Three can keep a secret,
if two are dead.

– Benjamin Franklin

Of course, the secret societies know there are other, “false” cabals and coteries working to control the Conspiracy. To fight these “threats,” the societies infiltrate and report on each other as much as they do the enemies of the Conspiracy. At any time, Conspirators may find themselves members of one or more secret societies beyond the one they believe is true. The more experience the Alaemish have, the more secret societies they belong to as double- or triple-agents. Even the masters of the societies may be lower-level figures in a second society, and leaders in a third where they’re feeding false information from the first two, while their own masters suspect them of treason . . .

Rewards and Punishments

The reward a Conspirator gets depends on who receives his work. If he’s working in a secret society, the Conspirator will be lucky to get more than a thank you and perhaps a new Song. If he’s working directly for Alaemon, his reward may be more substantial. A Servitor who truly advances Secrets will be rewarded, as soon as it can be quiet and private on Alaemon’s part. However, a favored Servitor will almost always suffer a setback within a few weeks. Whether it’s other Conspirators making him look bad or Alaemon himself kicking a minion who might be working against him, no one can ever feel comfortable in his service.

Why do they stay? Because they distrust other Superiors even more.



Coming in from the Cold: Switching Superiors

Sometimes, a Conspirator just can't take it any more. The lies and the deceit and the paranoia all just back up on him, and he can't stand it. That's when he has to reach out, find a contact elsewhere, and try to jump to another Prince's service. This is hard to do – first off, he has to find a Prince willing to annoy Alaemon a little. Then he has to find a trustworthy Servitor to contact. Then deals need to be made. And finally, he's released and he works for a new Master.

And say he's passed over and his new Prince doesn't sell him back to Alaemon because Alaemon has evidence of treason. After a few weeks, maybe a month or six, maybe a decade or six, who knows . . . a Servitor of Alaemon will show up when he least wants it. He'll have a thousand little betrayals and a few big ones from when the demon was in Alaemon's service, and a good number from after he defected. Enough to get the demon destroyed by the Game or by his new master. Enough to make his life a living Hell. Unless, of course, he gives over a few minor secrets of his new Prince – nothing much, of course . . .

Welcome back to the Conspiracy.

The Fallen

Alaemon and his Servitors compete heavily for Fallen angels, who then they drain of anything and everything they know. They love catching Servitors of Jean who have Fallen and learning those lovely Heavenly technology secrets. Once a Fallen angel has betrayed all the secrets of Heaven, their ignorance of Hell's politics makes it easy for Alaemon to gather blackmail information about them quickly. The Fallen are among Alaemon's favorite Servitors. Of course, this means he trusts them all the less . . .

BANDS

All the Bands have their part to play in maintaining the Labyrinth and aiding the Conspiracy. While they're not overt enough to have more than vague stereotypes of their personalities, they often cling to those as masks for the truth . . .

Balseraphs

Alaemon's Balseraphs are used to clean up or destabilize situations. By the time their enhanced resonance wears off, it's far too late for a victim to recant without losing face or credibility.

WORD-BOUND SERVITORS

Alaemon is relatively new to the scene, and doesn't have many Word-bound Servitors compared to other Princes. He did inherit a number of Gebbeleth's, of course, and some of the remaining Word-bound of Mariel, Princess of Oblivion, have joined Alaemon's service as well.

Alaemon rarely sponsors his Servitors for Words directly, preferring to do a favor for (or blackmail, naturally) another Prince to nominate his candidate. Alaemon avoids speaking to Lucifer whenever he can.

Some examples of Word-bound Alaemon has indirectly sponsored are Lanier, the Impudite Baron of Industrial Espionage; Hamet, Balseraph Duke of Private Shame (*Game Master's Pack*, p. 28); Bonniff, Impudite Demon of Reading Peoples' Diaries; and Carr, Habbalite Knight of Missing Puzzle Pieces (p. 23).

There is no Demon of the Labyrinth. Those who seek this Word – whether Alaemish or not – have terrible things happen to them. Or so it's rumored.

Djinn

Alaemon doesn't trust guards. Assigning a demon – even one as callous as a Djinn – to protect something *important* is far too dangerous for someone as paranoid as the Prince of Secrets. Alaemon's Djinn are used as hunters instead – their Band Attunement is useful for blackmail, or may locate something valuable all by itself.

And while the Stalker can't harm the secret, he *can* harm the man who holds it, or who wants it back. These Djinn are expert at laying ambushes and traps.

Calabim

Calabim of Secrets are one of Alaemon's few commodities outside of information. Their capacity for assassination makes them especially valuable. With no apparent supernatural cause of death, the victims of Alaemish Destroyers don't raise mortal suspicions, no matter how much of a spotlight is trained on them. And on the celestial side, while a mortal death *does* cause disturbance, there is no sign of who actually committed the attack, even if celestials are present when it occurs. (Even if a Game Master normally allows disturbance to lead to the perpetrator, per *In Nomine*, p. 55, the Calabim of

Secrets remain hidden – the disturbance clings to the scene of the attack, not the Calabite who committed it.)

Habbalah

Long-term paranoia serves Secrets better than almost anything else. The Habbalah of the Conspiracy are often sent to sow paranoia almost haphazardly, building distrust and encouraging secrets throughout a community. Alaemish Habbalah see themselves as the crucibles of trust, punishing those who are too weak and unworthy to keep faith in their loved ones. Which, when the Habbalah finish their work in an area, is everyone . . .

Lilim

The Lilim of Secrets are dark sheep in Lilith's family. Their attunement lets them collect Geas hooks without actually *doing* anything for their victims. And the Geases of the Alaemish Lilim are far more insidious than any other Daughter's Geas – a victim who doesn't explicitly refuse the Lilim's silence has no chance to resist the Geas. A powerful Geas is almost impregnable as a result. Since Lilith's Children at least publicly revere equity, the obviously inequitable Geas an Alaemish Lilim can get stands against them.

These Tempters are often sent into undercover positions, where they can learn secrets and not use the hooks. After all, the hooks require a Daughter to keep the secret hidden, but reporting the secret up the line can advance the Lilim's position. During this time, they often pretend to be Free Lilim, right up to accepting (or pretending to have) Lilith's dissonance conditions.

Shedim

These Corruptors aren't used to learn secrets – though they're quite good at that as well – they're used to *make* them. One particularly useful trick is to take a person who an Alaemish Lilim can't get a hook on (out of innocence) and use a Shedite of Secrets to get away with a sinister act. Then the Lilim can get the hook, and so long as no one finds out the blackmail source, the Shedite gets no dissonance. Of course, the Lilim then has leverage over the Shedite as well as the victim, so the Shedite will generally insist the Geas hook be invoked immediately or refuse the assignment (if possible).

Impudites

Alaemon's Takers are most at home in repressive countries, where they can lend a hand to the common man as he skirts the edge of the law, and drink Essence up and charm to their hearts' content. The colder the atmosphere, the more opportunity the Impudite Coward has.

JOBS

All of an Alaemite's jobs boil down to variations on the same themes: learn all that you can, spread misinformation and obfuscation to confuse the truth for everyone else, incite paranoia through half-truth. There is very little difference between a celestial Alaemite's life and that of an Earthly Servitor. The rare ethereal work performed is mostly to loot the dreamscapes of humans with valuable secrets, or plant information that isn't real.

SECRET SOCIETIES

These are some of the currently prominent secret societies – which may very well mean they're less influential than the more obscure ones.

The Order of the Rose (The Rosettes)

Like a militant order of monks, the Order of the Rose swears loyalty and fealty, and is organized through a series of feudal and military ranks and levels. When within the secret meetings of the Order (whether in Hell or on Earth), all Rosettes wear simple robes and insignia indicating their ranks. The Rosettes seek information and power, using blackmail to suborn Servitors of other Demon Princes. The Rosettes seek to slowly build power among the rest of Hell, until their Knight Lord Commander Alaemon can make a strike that catapults him to the top ranks of infernal society by undercutting the support structures of his peers.

The Rosettes meet in dark caverns and monasteries, never in too large a group. Their meetings are as regimented as Baal's. Many of the Rosettes are used to infiltrate the War's troops and learn things there. Some demons of the War are even members, for the Rosettes and their emphasis on honor (on the surface, at least) appeal to Baalites until they're in too deep to safely pull out.

The Lodge of Gebbeleth (the Gebbelites)

Gebbeleth disappeared in 1600 B.C. It was centuries before even Gebbeleth's Dukes realized he was not likely to return. They built an organization to maintain the illusion that Gebbeleth was still active, staging his appearances, and so on. With enough time, even many of Gebbeleth's oldest Servitors wondered where the truth ended and the falsehood began. When Alaemon was named Gebbeleth's replacement, the organization was shocked, angry, and terrified. Alaemon used that –

FREE LILIM IN SERVICE TO SECRETS

Generally used as couriers or to seal bargains (as impartial "third parties") Free Lilim don't like working with Secrets and *overtly* scorn Alaemon's Lilim Band Attunement, so these are rare. At best, a Free Lilim is treated as an outsider and not trusted even the tiniest bit, unless the Free Lilim self-geases. Even then, the Cowards believe she's twisting the wording or holding something back. After all, that's what the Conspirator would do . . .

learning from a dozen or more sources of the organization's existence. Within 50 years, he had dominated the Gebbelites and placed himself at their society's core, encouraging their delusions and eliminating those few who knew the truth.

Today, the Lodge of Gebbeleth is organized along Masonic lines (there are those who say the Masonic temples are a front for the Gebbelites) with a series of degrees and ranks for its members. The deeper one enters into the rank structure, the closer he comes to "Gebbeleth" himself. In the meantime, the Gebbelites hoard relics and secret Songs, learning all the ancient lore they can. Their mandate is to insinuate themselves into secret niches of power – both on Earth and in Hell – and wait until Gebbeleth rises again and the moment to strike is at hand. The Gebbelites flourish in more "open" Principalities – Perdition and Shal-Mari are particularly rich targets for the Lodge. As for the other Societies, the Lodge Master encourages patience and a snide superiority over the Alaemish faithful. Of course, the Lodge Master *is* Alaemon now, but no *true* Gebbelite would believe that.

The Cabal of Night

The Cabal is a cult. A hidden religion that worms its way into Hell and on Earth, recruiting the faithful among damned souls, demons, and humans alike. Every circle of the Cabal has its own secret name for their Master, and rituals and sacrifices to perform in that Master's name. They dance around the hidden fires, masked and anonymous even to each other. And in their close congregations they whisper the secrets they have learned, holding them precious and preparing for the purges to eliminate the false Demon Princes, the damnable angels, and the traitorous Alaemish who do not follow the true path.

The Cabal of Night has shown me the true face of Hell. I have learned so much from them. As I prove myself to them, they teach me more and more – and their rituals always work. One day I will stand among the Stars, draped in blood, the final secrets revealed to me.

– Anton Mournfield, Acolyte of the Night

On Earth, the Cabal actively seeks (or makes) sorcerers, encouraging them to recruit followers and establish hidden bases of power. The Masters involved in the corporeal ceremonies are typically Shedim or demons using the Song of Possession. Those Diabolicals in turn receive their orders in their own ceremonies in Hell, with an ever-narrowing circle of faithful leading into the core, and Alaemon.

The Cabal of Night most easily flourishes where fear and paranoia ring most true. Nightmares, while difficult

to infiltrate, are the Cabal's specialty – and most ethereal operations performed for Alaemon come from this society. The Cabal also works in the most dangerous of settings for Alaemite operations – Belial's organization and Saminga's killing fields.

As for who the Cabal actually worships . . . well, each circle would have a different answer to that question. The real answer is Alaemon, of course. Or so it seems.



SERVITORS OF GEBBELETH

Gebbeleth held the Word of Secrets for a very long time, and had built up a powerful, secretive organization. His Dukes and Marquises were highly organized, and well accustomed to operating under their own discretion, for their Prince would vanish for years at a time. When he disappeared in 1600 B.C., that organization just continued business as usual. Eventually, things had changed far beyond what Gebbeleth's nobility could adapt to, and they formed the Lodge of Gebbeleth (p. 20) to perpetuate the myth of Gebbeleth's activity. More and more Servitors of Secrets were defecting – finding patrons with Princes capable of granting attunements and sponsoring Words. But the Gebbelites held the most precious secret of them all – Gebbeleth was still alive. Their Rites still worked.

When Alaemon became the new Prince of Secrets, he began absorbing as much of the old hierarchy as possible. Some Gebbelites turned to him completely, accepting his attunements and Rites. Others were subverted as Alaemon took over the Lodge of Gebbeleth.

Others – those in power, especially – held themselves more aloof. They were certain their loyalty

would be rewarded when Gebbeleth returned to crush the upstart. Alaemon worked against them and with them in tandem, infiltrating their small cabals. Many were recruited – or destroyed. Or betrayed to others . . .

Recently, Gebbeleth's Rites have stopped working, leaving his powerful former Servitors in a precarious position. There seems to be only one game in town, but the secret of Gebbeleth's end is not known, even to them. Some few still hold out with ancient attunements and Distinctions. Known to be among these luminaries are Rumjal, the Balseraph Demon of Blackmail (whom Alaemon tried to unseat with Hamet, the Demon of Private Shame), and Hivvah, Impudite Count of Ancient Lore and the Demon of Eavesdropping.

Alaemon will only truly accept a former Servitor of Gebbeleth (as much as he does any of his Servitors) if the Gebbelite fully goes over to him. In that process, Alaemon expunges all of Gebbeleth's Distinctions and attunements, replacing them with his own (or not), though of course Word-Bound



The Revolution

The Revolution was born in the Cold War of the 20th century, and the 20th century's rejection of more spiritual, religious, or mystical orders and societies. Where an Order or Lodge might form the core of a secret society in the 1800s, in the 1900s an intelligence network or coalition of moles listened, waited, and learned. The Revolution encouraged, supported, and emulated these hidden agendas.

The Revolution is organized into cells of four with one leader, each cell member being the leader of a subordinate cell down the line, so that no one member of the Revolution knows more than his four immediate subordinates, his two peers and his superior. Information passes up and down the line this way. The Revolution's aims are almost painfully simple compared to some other secret societies. Infiltrate. Listen. Understand. And wait. They do this on Earth in any number of mortal organizations. They do this in Hell throughout the Domains where politics reign. The Revolution works among the Media, slides into Kronos' Archive, waits in the factions of Factions, and dares to play the game with the Game itself.

As for the Revolution's goals . . . some say they fight the remnants of Gebbeleth's forces. Some say they want to reclaim Stygia for Secrets alone. Some whisper they want to overthrow Lucifer himself. No one is sure, of course. No one but Alaemon himself.

The Black Crescent

If most organizations among the Conspiracy are fronts and dodges to throw other Princes off the scent, the Black Crescent stands alone. As much secret society as open organization, the Black Crescent serves as Alaemon's internal security. Rather than infiltrate mortal or infernal society directly, they infiltrate the secret societies. There they serve, paragons of loyalty, infiltrating and reporting like any other Alaemite member. However, using a series of prearranged drops and codes, they also report on that Society's activities and members. Those reports filter through the Black Crescent, building cases against traitors to Alaemon and gathering or falsifying evidence to present to the Game.

The Black Crescent is Alaemon's dagger, though even Alaemon can't be certain they don't serve someone else as well. "Patience" is this organization's byword. They can take years to build their case up and never move until they're completely ready. There is a rumor that one of the "ineffectual" Dukes of Secrets is actually Alaemon's lieutenant in charge of the Black Crescent, though that seems unlikely given Alaemon's paranoia.

It's a frightening line of work. I go where they tell me. I'm good at working my way into corporate America. Burying myself deep so that twice a week I can tell my true love everything I've learned. If I'm caught, they'll disavow all knowledge of me. But the work is so important, and they tell me I'm so good at it . . .

– Ellen Weiss,
Revolutionary



DEALING WITH OUTSIDERS

If you're outside the Conspiracy, you'll be the first against the wall when it all comes to a head. It's as simple as that. Oh, no one ever says that to an outsider, but it's what the Alaemish think. Of course, who's outside and who isn't? Can you be sure that Balseraph is really working for the War, or that Lilim for Lust? Maybe they're *really* in the Conspiracy too . . .

DEALING WITH THE GAME

The Game is at once the staunch ally and the antithesis of Secrets. Presenting a helpful face, the Conspirators have a tendency to betray each other to the Game at the drop of a hat, trying to give the Game bigger fish to fry. Alaemon's Servitors as a whole try to implicate other Princes and their Servitors whenever possible, to keep the Game off the scent (or without proof). And several Alaemites are devoted to finding out bribes and corruption within the Game, hanging onto information and building files and records with which to blackmail Gamesters who refuse to be distracted.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF ALAEMON

CARR

Demon of Missing Puzzle Pieces *Habbalite Knight of Secrets*

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 8 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces - 5 Intelligence 11 Precision 9
Celestial Forces - 6 Will 12 Perception 12

Suggested Word Forces: 4

Vessels: Human/4 (distinguished middle-aged male), Charisma +2; Orange Cat/1

Role: "Professor Gardiner Whitmore,"
Professor/4, Status/4

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Detect Lies/2, Fast Talk/4, Fighting/4, Knowledge (Logic & Mathematics/4, Philosophy/2, Puzzle Design/5), Languages (French/3, Latin/2), Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/3 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/3

Songs: Affinity (Corporeal/4), Charm (all/3), Claws/3, Deception (all/2), Form (Ethereal/3), Horns/3, Memory (Corporeal/2), Nemesis (Corporeal/1)

Attunements: Habbalite of Secrets, Chalk Outline, Locksmithing, Lucifer's Document Shredder, Knight of Hidden Doors, Demon of Missing Puzzle Pieces.

Special Rite: Hide or otherwise remove the key piece of a puzzle (+2 if the puzzle is a matter of life and death).

Special Ability: As the Demon of Missing Puzzle Pieces, Carr can sense what is the most significant piece of any given puzzle (including a crime or other mystery) by making a Perception roll and spending 1 Essence.

Carr was a devoted and passionate demon of Secrets. One of the first Servitors actually created by Alaemon, he served loyally for decades, growing in power and influence. As might be expected, Alaemon didn't trust Carr's success, and hobbled the demon where he could.

However, Carr never felt singled out. After all, the universe was a test, laid out by God to try the wills of all his creations and punish those not strong enough to persevere. So ultimately, Carr found himself being considered for a Word.

Carr specialized in tormenting the bits and pieces of mystery out of the world, then eliminating key elements. He felt that truly strong investigators would be able to intuit the missing pieces, as Carr himself so often did. To that end, when Valefor sponsored Carr (on Alaemon's behalf, naturally) for a Word, Carr asked for the Word of Intuition.

Lucifer was a touch amused at the 12-Force Habbalite who dared ask for such a powerful Word, but only a touch. Because he was amused, he didn't refuse the demon outright (which would have been a death sentence – embarrassments to Alaemon are never found again). Instead, he gave Carr the Word of Missing Puzzle Pieces, and moved on.

Some demons would have despaired, then devoted their lives to a hopeless quest to make an irrelevant Word relevant. But Carr knew the truth. The universe was a test. The strong forced answers out of every puzzle. The weak were punished. And he was not weak.

Over the past century, Carr has expanded his Word's scope considerably. "Missing Puzzle Pieces" could be limited to missing bits of cardboard, certainly. But any mystery that is unsolvable because of an unknown fact is a puzzle with a missing piece. Carr has managed to promote a certain significance to his Word, with his own strength and connection to Missing Puzzle Pieces growing in turn.

Today, Carr serves Secrets by encouraging the anger and mania sparked by an unsolvable puzzle. His role is Professor Gardiner Whitmore, a Professor of Logic and Mathematics. He specializes in putting his students through the crucible, giving them harder and harder logic puzzles to test their learning and skill, and eliminating key elements from the puzzles when they least expect it. He doesn't scorn the traditional applications of his Word either, and loves to steal puzzle pieces out of boxes when he can get away with it. His celestial form is tattooed entirely in a puzzle grid, with dark gaps here and there.

Carr is a member of the Order of the Rose (p. 20). He is a double agent, of course, passing along details of his work to his masters in a Habbalite circle of the Cabal of Night (p. 20), who believe that their Secret Master is a reflection of the Secrecy of God, and who punish in His name.

Continued on next page . . .

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF ALAEMON (CONTINUED)



MARIANNA

Lilim of Secrets

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

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

Role: "Marianne Grey," Prostitute/4, Status/2

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

Songs: Affinity (Celestial/1), Attraction (Ethereal/1), Motion (Celestial/2), Opening (Corporeal/1)

Attunements: Lilim of Secrets, Lilim of Lust.

Discord: Geas/4 (to Andrealphus)

Special Rites: Marianna has taken Lilith's standard Rites and dissonance conditions.

The Conspiracy is a frightening place for a young demon. Any naïveté the demon clings to is torn away after the first betrayal. Marianna is only a few years old and is still very thin-skinned and tentative. But Secrets does not reward nervousness, and Marianna knows it.

After being thrown into the backbiting world of Alaemon's Stygian organization, Marianna managed to get some evidence against a Shedite Captain of Private Chambers. The Shedite was able to pull the necessary strings to reassign Marianna to intelligence work, where she is trying to impress Alaemon.

Marianna is in disguise as a Free Lilim, and is working off a Geas contract to Andrealphus (she's close to the end of a year's service). She works as a Yellow Pages escort, carefully using her Lilim of Secrets attunement to learn the secrets of the clientele and the human staff, though she hasn't yet dared to try it on the agency's Impudite madam.

Marianna is a member of the Revolution (p. 22), though she hasn't yet assembled her own cell of recruits. She believes that the Revolution is working to overthrow the corrupt Stygian organization of Secrets and return true power to Alaemon himself (whom she passionately loves). She passes most of her illicit information to her cell leader through a series of mail drops in seedier parts of the city.

Marianna wants to find that one powerful secret, that one big enigma she can solve and pass up the line. She hopes to be rewarded with a better Role and position, and perhaps the Locksmithing attunement. From there, she would like to take a contract with Valefor, stealing secrets from under the noses of Thieves. She's beginning to get desperate – if she reaches the end of her new contract without any momentum, she'll likely have to recontract with Andrealphus, and the Beautiful Prince frightens Marianna. If he learns her true master, she shudders to think about what will happen.

(Marianna is a balanced starting character; suitable for use as a player character, or as an NPC foil.)

"It's hard to be socially conscious when you're not physically conscious."

Fleurity is just the most recent in a long line of demons holding the Word of Drugs. He's not one of the nicer ones, either; he's a Habbalite poseur with the image of a party demon . . . and the more people get hurt, the better the party. He obtained his Word while working with the British in China in the latter 1800s, but promoting crack cocaine was what marked him as a Prince to reckon with.

Fleurity sees his Word as a tool for freedom – the ultimate freedom to alter your personality and even reality itself. "Drug" means more than heroin and cocaine – it also means Prozac and Valium. He has found many ways to make drugs serve the cause of Hell. Not only do users become degraded and selfish, but they tempt opponents into overreaction bringing its own evils. The Colombian cocaine cartels are Fleurity's – so is the War on Drugs.

He's risen quickly. From a minor player in the game, Fleurity has become a rising star, someone to watch out for. Even though he's a minor Prince, the other members of Hell's royalty are careful about what they say to his face. While it doesn't appear as though his power level is going to skyrocket, as Nybbas' did, it certainly doesn't look as though it'll be waning any time soon. Other Princes envy Fleurity because, in just a couple of hundred years, he has made drugs near-universally condemned *and* desired. Thus, millions of people consciously want something they believe to be evil – a deliberate choice for Hell. Lucifer is pleased.

Few demons who held the Word of Drugs in the past lived long enough to reach Princedom. Meserach, the Prince of Sloth (under whom the Word once served) used to take them out before they became a threat. After Haagenti ate Meserach, Lucifer gave him domain over the Word of Drugs. Needless to say, the Prince of Gluttony doesn't care about restraining his minions. He's all into overindulgence. Even today, Haagenti and Fleurity get along just fine, even though Fleurity has aligned himself with Saminga since achieving Princedom.

When on Earth, Fleurity appears as a robust young Arabic man, with a shaved head, a crisply trimmed goatee,

and a twinkle in his eye. He assigns his demons to specific cities and has them stay there, only reassigning them after their corporeal vessels have been destroyed.

DISSONANCE

Demons of Drugs earn dissonance if they discourage drug use, and if they do not *actively* promote it at least once per day (unless they've been assigned to the War On Drugs; see p. 30). They don't have to use drugs themselves, but serving as an example is common and effective.

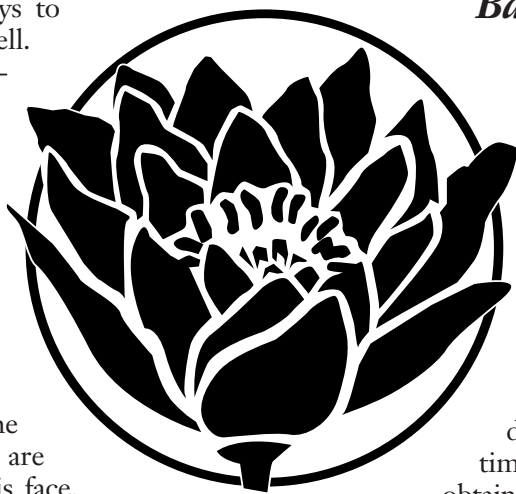
BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs (restricted)

Balseraphs are Fleurity's favorite tools. They may use their powerful Wills to impose a temporary psychological Addiction upon an unsuspecting victim, at a level equal to the check digit of the demon's successful resonance roll. The Addiction may be for anything normally ingestible by a human, from wild heron to brown heroin. It will last for a number of hours equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces. If the victim gets hooked in the course of obtaining his fix (unlikely, in the case of wild heron), then the Addiction will remain.

Djinn (restricted)

A Stalker serving Fleurity may attune himself to any significant amount of drugs – from tobacco to crack – with a touch, and use his resonance to follow its distribution across the globe. His resonance will even lead him to its users up to 24 hours after they've taken the drug. Each batch of drugs counts as only one attunement, no matter how many different ways it splits up.



THE PHARMACOPOEIA

Fleurity is a young Prince, and he does not have many of the secret Songs that the older Princes do. He *does* share the Songs of Poison (*Liber Canticorum*, p. 74) with his cohort in death, Saminga.

Calabim (restricted)

A Calabite of Drugs can imbue anything consumable with the power of his destructive resonance. The substance must be a single item or in an individual container – a hamburger or a carton of ice cream or a bag of cocaine could be affected, but not a truckload of produce or marijuana, or the entire contents of a refrigerator. The substance will remain toxic for a number of days equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces. Anyone ingesting it will take Body hits equal to the demon's Corporeal Forces $\times$ the check digit of his resonance roll. Because the substance seems wholesome, a victim may ingest it repeatedly, but can only take damage once per day. The victim may make a Strength roll to negate the effects. (Alternatively, if using the poison rules from the *Corporeal Player's Guide*, pp. 122-123, treat the substance as a poison with a Strength equal to the check digit, and a Speed of 2.) The damage does not disturb the Symphony.

Habbalah (restricted)

The demons of emotional projection who work for Fleurity may ingest any drug (below the level required to overdose) and use their diabolical resonance to project the effects, including any addictive side-effects, upon a victim. The subject may resist normally. If the demon is unsuccessful in projecting the drug, he will suffer (or, alternately, enjoy) its effects – but the failure will never generate dissonance.

Traces of the drug may be found in the victim's bloodstream. If the victim becomes addicted to a drug he's never taken himself, he probably won't recognize his withdrawal symptoms or know he has an addiction – though a medical checkup might answer a few questions.

(Drug effects are described in detail in the *Corporeal Player's Guide*, pp. 124-126.)

Lilim (restricted)

Since the Daughters rarely work for the freedom-restricting Prince of Drugs, especially considering his alignment with Saminga, he automatically grants his few Lilim his Knight Distinction, below. A Lilim of Drugs supplying a Need for drugs subtracts the level of the victim's Addiction from his Will roll to resist her Geas.

Shedim (restricted)

Fleurity's Shedim reduce a host's Will roll against taking drugs by the demon's Ethereal Forces. This bonus doesn't apply toward making the target take a drug in a way to which the target is unaccustomed. For example, non-smokers will resist smoking anything as strongly as

they would otherwise; people who aren't used to needles will be similarly resistant to shooting up. Still, pills are usually "safe" . . .

Impudites (restricted)

Impudites of Drugs need not charm drugged (above the legal level of intoxication) victims before attempting to steal their Essence.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Acid Flashback

The victim of this attunement is the target of an extremely intense hallucinatory experience, and finds himself suddenly living a delusional universe, complete with psychedelic colors, exploding rainbows, and angels with burning wings. The demon must spend 1 Essence, and the victim may resist with a Will roll. If unsuccessful, the victim will perceive whatever the GM wants him to perceive, usually surreal and bizarre imagery melding indistinguishably with reality. Someone who realizes he's hallucinating might try to ignore the illusions, but they affect *all* the senses, and interacting with the real world may be nigh-impossible. The hallucinations will last for 10 minutes $\times$ the check digit of the victim's failed Will roll.

Bad Trip

This attunement plays tricks with the victim's perception of time and space. For 2 Essence, the target will enter "junkie time," a muddled state in which the junkie thinks in illogical loops and swirls. Effects vary – the victim might believe that the last ten minutes have lasted for six hours, or the last six hours lasted only ten minutes, or he may obsess about a flower, or a certain song on the radio, or search his pockets endlessly for the \$20 he swore he had. Specifics are up to the GM, but the net result is that unless the victim makes a Will roll, he will be completely disoriented and unable to react properly to outside stimuli for a number of hours equal to the check digit of his failed roll.

First Time

It's never as good as the first time. This attunement must be used on someone who is taking a drug he has used before. Used to stimulate an old addiction, lay the groundwork for a new one, or redirect the user from using something weaker toward something considerably stronger, First Time will make the user feel just as good (or as bad) as the first time he used the drug.

OD

Demons with this attunement may cause someone who is freely taking drugs (i.e., under no *outside* celestial influence, but because of an addiction is okay) to consume to the point of overdose. The target must be currently using the drug, and the demon must win a Contest of Wills. The outcome depends on the drug, and what quantity was available. Heroin or cocaine overdoses are very likely to be fatal. Someone who drinks alcohol to the point of passing out might die, or might just wake up a day later with an awful hangover, depending on whether he was drinking beer or Everclear. An overdose of cigarettes, on the other hand, will just make the smoker sick (and possibly hasten the onset of lung disease).

Score

Demons with this attunement know the fastest and cheapest way to get any drug they desire. They seldom need to rely on this power, since they generally know all the major dealers in town, but it still comes in handy.

When invoking this attunement, which may be done a number of times per day equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces, he may choose to focus on quantity, quality, or accessibility.

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Addicts

This Distinction lets demons instantly detect someone's addictions, from caffeine to cocaine. They can also tell, at a glance, what substances a person has consumed recently, from citric acid to lysergic acid, and how much.

Captain of Chemistry

Fleurity's Captains may alter the active components in any amount of drug by touching any part of it, from total neutralization to *doubling* its strength. For example, he can stick his finger in a beer and neutralize the drink's alcohol. It will taste the same, but it won't get anyone drunk. Similarly, the demon may stick his finger in a vat of beer and double the alcohol level of all of it!

Baron of Good Trips

These Barons can ensure the first-ever use of a drug goes *great* – with no side-effects, hangover or other ill effect. In fact, it will be the best that drug will *ever* make that person feel – no matter how many more times he takes it, seeking to repeat that elusive first experience . . .

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Higher titles (Marquises, Counts, and Dukes) are rare in Fleurity's organization. His Princedom is young, and he has not yet created special Distinctions. But this does not mean his Drug lieutenants sit idle; the highest of Fleurity's minions are the lords who run the vast, underground empires that smuggle drugs across borders and into the hands of children.

Every now and then when your life gets complicated and the weasels start closing in, the only real cure is to load up on heinous chemicals and then drive like a bastard from Hollywood to Las Vegas.

– Hunter S. Thompson

RELATIONS

Once in service to Haagenti, Fleurity has aligned with Saminga, who's easier to manipulate. Fleurity sold Saminga on his Word's relation to death, but actually uses Saminga to protect him from more powerful Princes as he forges other alliances. This pact has earned him the ire of Andrealphus, who dislikes Haagenti and loathes Saminga. The Prince of Lust sees Fleurity as a major threat; intense rivalry flares between demons of Drugs and those of Lust. Despite her distaste for Fleurity's addictive chains of "freedom," Lilith outwardly ignores this perversion of her Word and treats Servitors of Drugs with her usual neutrality, always willing to make a deal. However, Fleurity is convinced she's working against him, and has instructed his minions to be on their guard around those of Freedom.

Allied: Saminga (Fleurity has no active Allies)

Associated: Haagenti, Kronos, Lilith, Nybbas (Haagenti, Kronos, Nybbas, and Saminga are Associated with Fleurity)

Hostile: Asmodeus (Asmodeus is Hostile to Fleurity)

Enemy: Andrealphus (and vice versa)

BASIC RITES

✖ Provide drugs (even cigarettes or alcohol) to at least 15 people who aren't hooked yet, and see them used.

✖ Smuggle at least a pound of some illegal (or taxed) drug into a country, and give it away afterward. (+2)

EXPANDED RITES

Fleurity sometimes grants additional Rites as rewards.

✖ Provide drugs to children on a playground.

✖ Get a new drug classified as illegal. (+2)

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 1



INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 Any amount of an illegal drug.
- +2 A well-used bong.
- +3 A personalized syringe kit.
- +4 A drug in the hands of a child.
- +5 A person shooting up for the first time.
- +6 At least 25 people out of control on drugs.

FLEURITY IN DETAIL

"Drugs have to be positioned as unwholesome to be hated – they can't just be stupid or dangerous, the public also has to think that they're dirty, used by people who are unwashed, in settings that are disgusting."

–Anne Marlowe, *How to Stop Time*

THE WORD OF DRUGS

Addiction is all about the first time. Unlike many other things, drugs are never as good as they were the first time, and nostalgia smacks of a reality that it cannot possibly hold for other activities. The first time, all your problems went away, and you got whatever it was you were seeking from the drug. Maybe, sometimes, the addict *can* get what he's looking for, but then he spends the next month taking more and more chasing that elusive feeling of harmony and perfection. The addict puts all of his time and effort into returning to that first time, until it eventually kills him.

But even with the stigma of death, drugs are considered "cool" to many. They're dangerous and deadly, and with that comes a certain chic. Those who peddle them recognize this fact, even to the point of giving various drugs interesting names like "Homicide" and "No Way Out," and designing hip logos for them. These logos have the same purpose as those for laundry detergent and bread – they establish name recognition, and bring back repeat customers. That in-your-face cavalier attitude toward death draws a particular breed of customer to the dealer: those who are in love with risk, bored, or looking to be an outlaw in the law-abiding world.

Ultimately, however, drugs fill a need. For the poor, they relieve hopelessness in an oppressive world. More often, drugs are an answer to longing. They fill the void created by the detachment and anxiety humans feel. In the modern world, mankind feels at odds with time. People are always in a hurry, reaching out for all-night diners, late night taxis, and blank, faceless alleyways that can provide whatever it is they need. They feel lost in a world of instant gratification. Drugs give human beings something to arrange their entire schedules around – going out for

smoke breaks, the late nightcap, the three-day periods between buying heroin and running out of it. It gives the serious drug user a purpose in a purposeless world.

Fleurity might say he feels sorry for humanity (though he doesn't), and that he's just trying to relieve their suffering. Actually, he considers human suffering to be their just punishment for daring to think themselves worthy of self-determination. The gift of free will is too precious to waste on humans, and drugs are the tool by which Fleurity reduces mankind to the senseless beasts they were meant to be. He numbs them, pacifies them, destroys their tiny little minds, and thus ensures that they will stagger in selfish bliss down the road to Hell where they belong.

HISTORY

It didn't take much prodding to get the British to import opium from India to China, despite the fact that opium was illegal by Imperial decree. Between the corrupt bureaucracy and profit-seeking merchants, a young, ambitious young Habbalite of Gluttony named Fleurity made himself a niche. For ten years, he coached the British merchants in the ins and outs of drug smuggling, and for ten years, his minions were able to frustrate the Chinese government. The government eventually struck, and in 1839, the Qing seized some 20,000 chests of illicit British opium and detained the entire foreign community. The British retaliated with an expedition, and started the Opium Wars. The result was an amazing defeat for the Chinese, and the beginning of their "unequal treaties" which would cede Hong Kong to the British and maintain open ports in the East.

The fact that a Tether to Fate eventually formed in the Canton port's Customs House (*Liber Castellorum*, p. 99) suggests that infernal intervention was not as pervasive as Fleurity claimed – but the subtle nature of drug addiction certainly muddled the waters. For his efforts, Fleurity was granted the Word of Drugs in 1864. Considering the track record of the *previous* Demons of Drugs, he was unsure if this was a reward or a punishment. But being the ambitious young Habbalite he was, he decided to make the best of a possibly bad situation.

After China, Fleurity moved his focus exclusively to the New World, leaving Europe and Asia in the hands of his lieutenants. As a newly Word-bound demon looking to promote his Word quickly, Fleurity chose to focus on one specific region before trying his hand at pushing Drugs worldwide. He acknowledged that this left him potentially vulnerable, but his small band of demonic cohorts was too small to mount a strong world-wide campaign. "Later," he promised them, "when we are powerful and many."

WAR ENDS, DRUGS WIN



There has always been a token fight against drug addiction for various reasons – as far back as 1875, when laws were passed to outlaw the smoking of opium in opium dens – but it didn't come to a head until cocaine became a significant problem among the middle and upper classes during the 1970s and 1980s. At the same time, the invention of crack, sold amazingly cheaply, brought cocaine to the poorer inner cities across the globe in epidemic proportions. Cocaine quickly became the main export of Bolivia, Columbia and Peru. The War on Drugs

was formally declared in the United States on September 5th, 1989.

Fleurity both supports *and* obstructs the War on Drugs, carefully posting his demons on both sides of the fence. On the one hand, he wants to continue enforcing it, since among the inner city poor, it creates a condition that keeps the population in thrall to drugs and those who deal them, especially in the overcrowded prisons. Keeping drugs illegal also ensures that those who use them suffer the constant threat of *punishment*, of one kind or another. On the other hand, Fleurity wouldn't want drugs to become *too* difficult to obtain. He is carefully seeding hospitals, courthouses, and police precincts with drug war opponents and legalization aficionados. On the front lines, the War on Drugs creates its own opposition.

Legalize Drugs?

The War on Drugs is a disaster for Heaven. It has cost millions of dollars to run, failed in its original objective to cease the flow of drugs, and has incarcerated hundreds of thousands of poor, human users. Worse, it has become less a legal issue and more a political platform from which politicians can grandstand on behalf of both Good and Evil.

Do the risks of legalizing drugs justify the benefits? Opinions in Heaven vary wildly, with no side seeing eye-to-eye. While the liberal angels, such as those of Creation and Flowers, are firmly in favor of legalization, the more conservative Archangels, notably Dominic and Laurence, believe that the War on Drugs should become a real war with bigger guns. The argument is not constrained to Heaven, either. There are Demon Princes, especially the rulers of Shal-Mari, who are just as fond of legalization as their Heavenly counterparts, and there those who oppose legalization just as vehemently – especially Asmodeus, who enjoys the Game that the labyrinthine body of drug laws poses to those unfortunate enough to be caught in it.

Both sides agree on one point: changes need to be made to weaken Fleurity's grip on the drug trade, but neither can quite decide *how*. The War on Drugs, being a human endeavor run by human beings, is unpredictable. No one is able to predict which outcome would lead to the maximum benefits for their side.



In the Bible Belt, he peddled “Doc Smith’s Oil, Good for What Ails You” door to door to rural American women. What he didn’t tell them was that this highly useful and unpatented home remedy contained up to 50% morphine by volume. As his home remedy caught on in popularity, he sold it to local pharmacies to be marketed over the counter. (Naturally, humans copied this profitable tactic – or independently evolved similar ones.) So much addiction, so little time.

The government stopped this operation with the Pure Food and Drug Act, which required the full disclosure of ingredients in products, including those which included opiates and hashish. Fleurity cursed, but didn’t give up – time for plan B.

Not one to be stopped by something as annoying as legislation, the Habbalite changed his tactics. No narcotics in home remedies? He peddled prescription morphine-based drugs and alcohol directly. The government stepped in again and passed the Harrison Narcotic Act which, perversely, made possession of illicit substances not an *illegal* offense, but a *taxable* one. The tax for possession of narcotics? \$1000. The penalty for being in possession of narcotics? A charge of tax evasion.

Fleurity began to suspect that someone was out to get him.

Prohibition, one of the largest organized efforts against over-indulgence and an act against Gluttony, was enacted in 1919. With the easy drug becoming less accessible, Fleurity made a critical mistake – he abandoned his grab for control of the Word of Alcohol. And while Fleurity abandoned alcohol, the humans took advantage of Prohibition for their own profit. He missed the boat, to say the least. During the 1920s, bootlegging over the Canadian border and the proliferation of illegal “speakeasies” became a notorious part of popular culture. Fleurity was losing his grip on the drug culture; his own Word was being influenced more heavily by human hands than by his own.

Then, with drugs a wild card and almost untenable business in the United States, and Fleurity already planning to move his main focus back to the opium dens of the Far East, a strange and beautiful thing happened. Through a tangled web of lies, deceit, special interests, and abuses of power, the federal government of the United States passed an act based on the belief that marijuana causes *insanity and death*. This act was the first federal law passed not on the basis of the dangerousness of the drug, but on its alleged “other effects,” including the chance of bringing the user into contact with a whole galaxy of additional drugs. On the floor of Congress, the entire debate on the issue of marijuana lasted exactly one minute, thirty-two seconds. Years later, the transcript of the debate would be found in the Library of Congress,

but not without help. The slim volume had slid behind two shelves, and the shelves would have to be cracked apart with a crowbar – not unlike its analogue in Kronos’ Archives.

Later that year, Kronos told Fleurity, “You’re going places, my boy.”

At first, Fleurity didn’t realize it, but there wasn’t much between him and Princedom. The Marijuana Tax Act projected drug use directly into the media, and into the worldwide consciousness. And where Europe treated drug addiction like a disease, the American government began to treat it as a crime. With every act that passed, the penalties for failing to pay the taxes for drug possession became worse. The Word of Drugs began to grow as it was associated with more and more ailments in society, and the youth wanted more and more to be part of that counter-culture. During the Red Scare, drugs were seen as a way for “communists to get at our youth,” and by 1956, marijuana possession carried a stiffer federal sentence than rape or murder. Slowly, Fleurity began to wonder: was he being stopped, or being helped?

The kicker came with the Dangerous Substances Act. Every drug save alcohol and nicotine became illegal to sell, possess, or use. It was no longer a matter of taxation, it was a matter of a crime against the state. Drugs became dirty, drugs became mysterious, drugs became an adventure. Drugs acquired what they never truly had before to the masses: the allure of the forbidden fruit.

What started in 1839, 130 years before, had finally become an actuality. The government had little to no effect on the flow of drugs; in the 1980s, crack started flooding the streets of every major city in the world, and with its invention and popularization, Fleurity became a Prince. The War on Drugs was formally declared. Never before had Drugs been given such publicity in the popular media, and never before had so many people wanted what was forbidden. Fleurity’s influence was small – until crack cocaine hit the inner cities. Then he became a force to be reckoned with.

Today, Fleurity has a problem. He gave up too much of the world to his lieutenants, and it has been a scramble to reclaim all of the drug trade away from human freelancers and back under his demonic minions. The Colombian cartels that produce crack and cocaine are his, but far too many opium dens in the Far East are not. He controls the flow of Prozac and Valium, but he’s lost the hash bars in Amsterdam. And he’s lost the greatest prize of all: the legal and abundant drugs alcohol and nicotine, which are still under the control of Gluttony. He has firm control of the drugs in the inner cities, but he’s lost much of the rest of his empire. For Fleurity, it’s been a difficult climb from minor Princehood to becoming a major player, and much of his history has yet to be written.

DRUGS, DRUGS EVERYWHERE

Fleurity dreams of controlling the flow of all drugs, worldwide. As he expands his reach outside the inner cities of North America and the cocaine factories of South America, and his demons flood the globe, he is finding that the rules of the game are different depending on where he goes. In Asia, where he first began, the drug laws are considerably more draconian than before, leaving for him a terrible uphill battle to re-establish the easy flow of opiates to the masses. In Africa, either the government is zealous about pursuing drug traffickers, or they're waiting for his demons with open arms. In Western Europe, they're focused on eradicating his demons and treating users, while in Eastern Europe, they're drinking themselves to death supporting the Word of Gluttony. In some of the more drug-friendly countries, he's discovering an upsurge in his Word returning under the mantle of Flowers.

And in the Middle East, Archangel Khalid has him blocked with the Word of Faith and the Quran. There will be no foothold there.

Fleurity is sending new demons to the far ends of the Earth to extend his empire, as fast as he can create them. In some places, he's found that where he could establish his Word, the human cartels are fighting him tooth and nail for dominance. In others, they are easily co-opted.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

The Prince of Drugs cultivates an image as the original party demon, but inside, he's all business. He views his Principality as a corporate environment, his demons as employees, and his wares the medium by which he spreads his Word. He sees the world in the black and white of supply and demand, but one in which he maintains a firm grip on both sides of the equation; his demons create the addiction, and his demons supply the need. It doesn't matter that drugs can be harmful or helpful. As long as someone is abusing them, he's pleased.

Fleurity never touches the stuff himself. That would be acknowledging a weakness, and that isn't in God's mission for him. Only the weak *need* drugs, which is why the Prince of Drugs pushes them so fervently . . . in his mind, *everyone* is weak, except for himself. Every new addict reinforces his worldview while strengthening his Word. Those who have yet to succumb are just waiting for the right drug.

Fleurity is like any other Punisher; his Word is the means by which he both tests and punishes mankind. Any humans able to get through their painful, pathetic, little lives without chemical assistance *might* be worthy of entering Heaven. But how can he *know* if they haven't been tested? Therefore, Fleurity will not be satisfied until drugs are freely available to every human being, and every human being is partaking. Even to other demons, Fleurity offers his prize of better living through pharmaceuticals. Fleurity views his own drug-addicted Servitors as weaklings too, of course, but as long as they're furthering his goals, he will suffer them to live.

He is a cold demon, even among other Habbalah. In his eyes, other beings are nothing more than possible users. That Impudite over there, a possible pothead. That Djinn, a smack addict. That Balseraph, another cokehead. Even the Princes closest to Fleurity, he keeps at a professional distance – and it has nothing to do with Saminga's smell. All relationships to him are business relationships, and that business is drugs.

Like all businessmen, Fleurity keeps a business-like appearance, both corporeally and celestially. His head is cleanly shaved, his piercings are kept to a minimum, his tattoos are hidden where they won't distract from his work, and his thin, Arabesque, Habbalite form is wrapped in an expensive steel-gray business suit.

Priorities

Fleurity wants every single human being, from the oldest woman to the youngest child, to *need*. He tries to insinuate his stock into the homes of everyone, everywhere – demons, angels, and humans alike. He wants acid dropped in school yards in France at the same time bright young Impudites are snorting up facefuls of blow in the scripting rooms of Perdition. He orders his demons to infiltrate every crack, nook, and cranny and bring back a profit . . . or else.

The Prince of Drugs *knows* that his stock greases the wheels of politics in Hell now, whether the other Princes like it or not. He would prefer this to continue. Media record deals are no longer concluded with a handshake, but with a spoonful of cocaine. Kobalite pranks are envisioned during a peyote high, Malphan politics are driven by the paranoid edge of ketamine, and Andrealphans use Rohypnol to lure victims into depraved sex acts. This might not make him many friends, but it keeps his Word growing, little by little, to become a ubiquitous fact of life in Hell.

Fleurity wants to medicate everyone. He wants the Creationers to repress their artistic moods with Prozac, Laurentines to calm down with a needle full of Thorazine, and Gabrielites to end their prophesizing with Ritalin. Why stop at illegal drugs when legal drugs

work just as well? The angels need his drugs every bit as much as the demons do – at least in his eyes. So what if it continues to demonize them? That is, after all, the point.

Views on the War

The Habbalite Prince of Drugs has never been an angel and has absolutely no interest in being an Elohite. As far as he's concerned, he's a special angel on his own, God has a special mission for him, and he's going to carry it out without the aid of Heaven. But Fleurity acknowledges the necessity of human beings and the conflict of the War. Fleurity's job is to test humanity with his wares, and destroy those who fail (everyone fails, of course). Without humans, there would be no need for testing, and no need for Drugs. Ironically, this makes humanity and the Prince of Drugs codependent; just as humans crave that which they know will destroy them, Fleurity *needs* the very creatures that he loathes.

Fleurity doesn't care much about the fighting itself. Good and evil are unimportant; all that matters is God's mission for him. He is aware that he's made a few enemies among the Host, even if he considers them ineffectual. He's angered Eli, but Eli has wandered off and doesn't appear to be actively opposing him. He's seriously annoyed Novalis, but Novalis' sermons of Peace and Love are totally lost on him. He's gotten under the skin of Christopher, the Cherub Archangel of Children, but for every acknowledgment of how Fleurity has "harmed the children," there is more legislation, and more legislation means Drugs become more and more alluring, which just means more Fleurity. Sometimes, it seems to him that Heaven is *helping* instead of hindering – and that just proves God is on his side, as is only right.

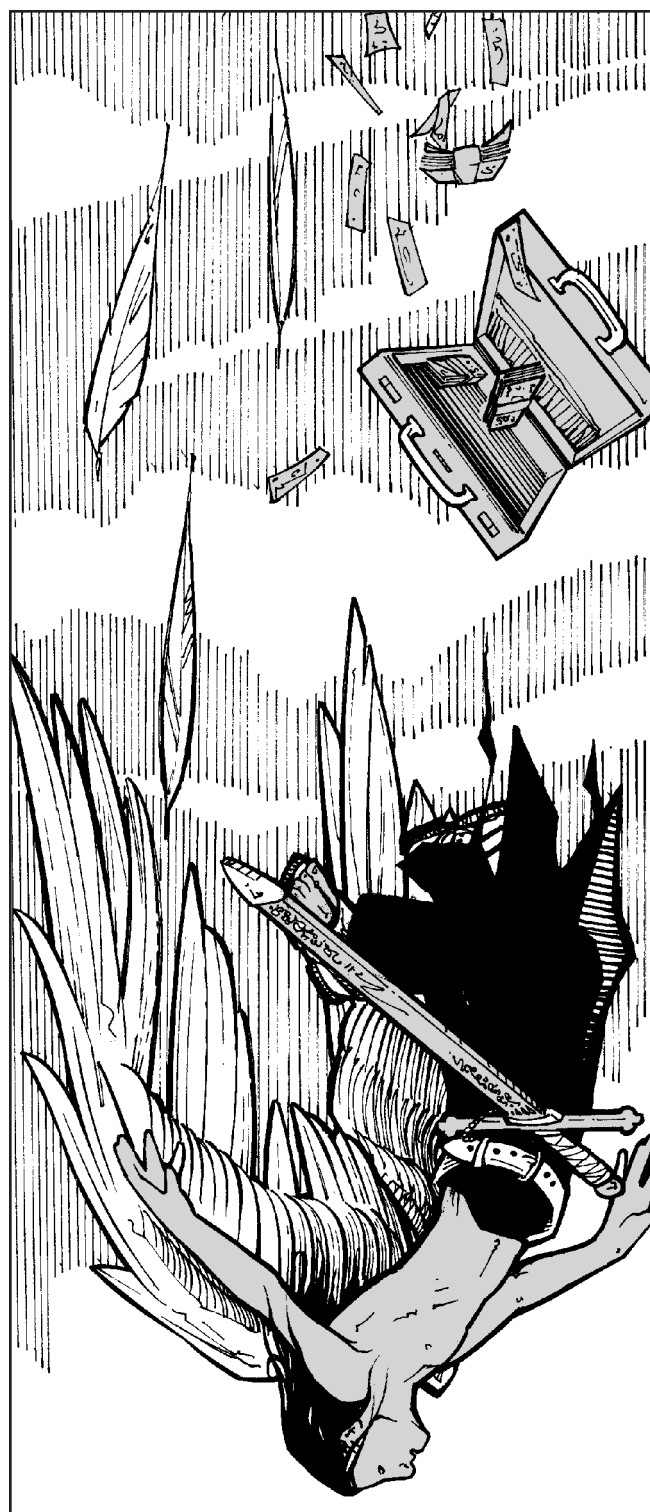
POLITICS

Like Nybbas and Vapula, Fleurity is one of the young Turks in Hell. He tends to focus on the politics at home – and those politics focus right back on him. He's made a few friends, such as his old master Haagenti, and Saminga, and he's made some bitter enemies. Lilith finds him appalling, while Andrealphus wishes simply to see the young Prince dead. It's a long, hard road for those who would breach the closed ranks of Hell's royalty and become one of them.

Princely Opinions

Most of Fleurity's peers are straightforward in their opinion of him, and he rarely conceals his true feelings about them . . . unless it's politically expedient (or safer) to do so.

Alaemon: Drugs are hidden. You hide them from your parents, from your friends, from the law. You sit back in a dark corner and hide them from everyone. You hide them from the judgment of others. You hide them from yourself.



Few things promote Secrets like them. And addicts are so easy to blackmail . . . *(You can't make a deal if your users can't find you, but you can't hand your prime goods over to just anyone, either. You have to keep your deals out of the hands of the narcs. Alaemon has his place in the scheme of things.)*

THE PERILS OF VICE

With his coronation, Fleurity only made off with part of his Word, and his former master Haagenti, ever gluttonous, squatted over the rest. While Fleurity sat confident in his domain over the opium dens and the hash bars, the Prince of Gluttony was holding all the cards. Haagenti continues to control every word that contributes directly to the Word of Gluttony – Tobacco, Caffeine. . . and Alcohol. Alcohol is an old, old Word, hailing back to the beginning of mankind, and Haagenti isn't about to hand it off to a new, young Turk without a fight, regardless of how amiable the relationship seems from the outside.

This does not mean that Fleurity doesn't have plans for the Word of Alcohol. He left it behind once with Prohibition and he isn't going to make that mistake twice. Maneuvering Alcohol away from Gluttony and into Drugs would be a shot in the arm to Fleurity's young Principality, and it might even be just what he needs to become a major player in infernal politics. After all, alcohol is easily accessible and nearly universal. Worldwide, humans love alcohol so much they're *dying* for a drink. Without it, Fleurity knows he's done for.

Haagenti is not going to just hand these Words over with a smile and a pat on the head. Eventually, there will be a disagreement between these two Princes, and either Fleurity will claim the Words he feels are rightfully his, or there will no longer be a Prince of Drugs.

Andrealphus: He is a loathsome being who hides behind Saminga's "skirts" for protection. He's a cockroach, peddling his dirty needles and capsules in the cracks in the walls. The two of them, with their sick "heroin chic" – exchanging sex for favors to sex for drugs, to drugs *instead* of sex. He should be eradicated, and sooner or later, he will be. (*Lust is a malleable word, and it can be turned toward the Lust for a high, for benefit. Little does Andrealphus understand that humans lust for death as much as they lust for sex . . . and I simply provide.*)

Asmodeus: Probably our most expendable Prince. He's an annoying insect, crawling in human refuse. His Habbalite delusions are to be expected, but drugs are to be tolerated only inasmuch as they are a useful tool for snaring humans. Fleurity thinks he can peddle his wares freely, wherever and whenever he likes, and that's where he's wrong. (*The more he writes the rules, the more the humans will be drawn to the forbidden fruit. Asmodeus can't possibly watch every darkened alleyway, and where his iron claws cannot reach, I will be supplying.*)

Baal: Drugs weaken the mind and the spirit, crippling the enemy's troops. Used carefully and in moderation, his Word could be extremely helpful in making a conquered populace acceptably passive. If his offerings are distributed without checks, however, Fleurity will have to be dealt with extreme prejudice. (*Even Baal's troops feel the need to imbibe once in a while. They need cigarettes, alcohol – and sometimes a little more.*)

Beleth: He is a purveyor of bad trips and nightmarish realities. The lysergic acid builds up in the body. It activates whenever it pleases, you see, sending its perpetual prisoner into hallucinatory horrors and monstrous dreams. But too much medication can numb their fragile little minds . . . we don't want them too stoned to be scared. We shall keep him – for now. (*The Lady of Horrors understands the attraction that the night brings to mankind – the forbidden, the evil, the creeping nightmares. But you don't have to go out to find these things. With the right chemicals, they can be experienced in the privacy of one's own home.*)

Belial: There was this guy screwed up on crystal meth and he had the . . . the crazies. He walked into an emergency room filled with all these hurt and dying people, right? This addict, he'd been up for thirteen days straight, he had the shakes, and he had gotten his hands on quite an arsenal. He put hot lead right into old Mrs. Jenkin's left thigh! Now that's cool. (*Drugs are whatever they need to be for whomever they need to be. They can be a relaxing trip, or a catalyst for fiery destruction, burning both the soul and the mind.*)

Haagenti: Mounds of blow! Mounds of *blow*! There's nothing like drugs to fuel excess! A baggie of pot? Great! \$5,000 a week smack habit? Even better! Fleurity has grown up from that little God-obsessed Habbalite I remember – just a little demonling – to a *big* God-obsessed Habbalite! And his Word still feeds mine. I'm so proud. (*Haagenti, my maker, my once-liege lord. You fought to the top and won, and I have followed in your footsteps. Together, we forge a rare alliance in this small corner of Hell.*)

Kobal: In 1968, the Weathermen, a convenient anarchist group who happened to be on hand, were going through the Democratic National Convention, squirting people in the face with acid-laced water. I'm not sure what was funnier, Adlai Stevenson or that the National Guard had to be called out. (*Two words: John Belushi. Two more words: Len Bias. Even Kobal helps to glorify the Word of Drugs.*)

Kronos: Drugs take away time, eat away at time, consume the loose edges of time. What is the drug user doing today? Drugs. What is the drug user doing tomorrow? Drugs. When the user is on drugs, there is no time for destiny, no time for Heaven. There is only time for drugs. The promising young athlete brought low by

steroids, the young writer destroyed by drink, the young executive murdered by cocaine. I'm keeping my eye on this young Prince. *(Drugs and Fate are intertwined. Drugs can bring humans to their righteous fate, and their fate is to come to drugs and the ending that God planned for them. It is a vicious, yet beautiful cycle.)*

Lilith: Addiction is a shackle on free will, a shackle I do not own. Freedom from the self? I think not. He's a blight on Shal-Mari, an obnoxious upstart who should be put in his place. *(Lilith was human too, once, and she also has needs that can grow and grow and grow. A little bit of just the right powder, and she, too, will come to my way of thinking.)*

Malphas: He's more focused than his predecessors, and like them, his Word brings me amusement. Humans insist on arguing over drugs, even killing over them. I like his enthusiasm. But then again, I'll like the enthusiasm of the Demon of Drugs who comes after him, too. Haagenti's Servitor, the Demon of Alcoholism, might be interested . . . *(He may believe I'm disposable, but now that drugs have become a permanent part of mankind's consciousness, I will be harder to be rid of than he thinks.)*

Mammon: Many dealers are my servants, if he only knew. Fleurity has the sense to keep the supply restricted and the profit margin high. *(A petty relic of a bygone era, but he's too useful to ignore.)*

Nybbas: The wonderful glory of drugs! If I could get this stuff shipped to my people by the truckload, I would. Fleurity is amenable to working out long-term contracts



with some of the talent. I just had several kilos of cocaine brought up for that new bubblegum rock band – they're going to be such a sensation with the kids, I guarantee they'll need it. *(Drugs are the oil which make record deals flow, the glue between producers in a back room, and the common bond between performers behind the curtain. I make the Media go. Without me, Nybbas would have a much harder time keeping his organization in line.)*

Saminga: Death in a capsule. Death in a powder. Death in a vial. Death in a liquid, solid, and gas. Drugs are another form of death. A slow death. A certain death. He has brought more death than wars, than plagues, than disasters. He needs to spread, spread and bring death with him on angel's wings. *(Saminga understands well the human drive to kill themselves in a self-destructive frenzy. The consequences of addiction are graphically depicted, and yet the humans still come with their hands out. "We are bored," they say, "so give us death." And I do.)*

Valefor: This new Prince has brought the rate of theft to dizzying heights. If drugs were easy to obtain, they'd hardly be worth having, let alone stealing. You'd be surprised what someone will go through to lay their hands on something they're just going to consume ten minutes later. *(Promoting Valefor is merely a side effect. Many of my customers can afford those wares, but those who are desperate, well, they have to resort to other measures. When the prices are high and the quantities are even higher, humans will do anything to pay for it.)*

Vapula: Fascinating advances are coming out of the labs these days. I heard something about a new date-rape drug, and a narcotic being peddled as an "herbal supplement." I need to make a note to have a few volunteers report to the laboratory for complete testing and analysis. Maybe they can be combined with this luscious new strain of anthrax I've just developed. With Fleurity, these interesting new pharmaceuticals just keep coming out faster and faster. *(New drugs dodge the even newer legislation to counter them. They get into the hands of children and are promoted as completely harmless. I am forced to give my nod to the role of progress in keeping the business alive.)*

LEN BIAS

On June 20th, 1986, Len Bias, a spectacular athlete with a body made of granite, keeled over and died after snorting his first nose-full of cocaine. He had been an All-Star for the University of Maryland basketball team, and the 2nd overall draft pick in the NBA. He was on his way to the unbeatable Boston Celtics. For all the commercials during halftime shows with Magic Johnson, surrounded with children, telling sports fans to "just say no," no other event in history has honed the point of the dangers and the allure of casual drug use.

Interestingly enough, that was the same morning Lucifer chose to crown Fleurity a Prince.

Archangelic Opinions

To Fleurity, the Archangels are more abstract notions than enemies. They represent a different side, but to the young Prince's view, they are *all* supporting God's Will. This is not the opinion held by the Archangels, however. Most of them find him a vile, annoying pest, while several others see him as an active, new threat to be removed at any cost.



Blandine: He is a destroyer of dreams. With his drugs and his promise of an easy answer to life's problems, he takes away more than he will ever give, and replaces it with hollow nightmares. He's an evil that must be stopped to ensure the right to dreams for all. *(Blandine does not understand mankind sometimes needs a little medical help for what ails them. They cannot be expected to rely on dreams alone.)*

David: He peddles deception and dependence. Drugs purport to bring people together socially, but they are actually a means to separate people from one another. His victims become islands in a sea of humanity, cut off from anything outside of the drug. Isolation is weak. *(David has never seen the strength of a man under the influence of PCP – the feats he can accomplish, the sheer mass he can lift. Sure, it doesn't last, but in that time he has the strength and the insanity of ten.)*

Dominic: We legislate, and he falls through the cracks. We target his smuggling rings, and he opens others. We close down his opium dens, and others spring in their place like maggots on a corpse. But he should know this: there are more angels and guns on our side than he has Servitors, and sooner or later, there will be a reckoning. *(Every law the angels of Judgment encourage humans to pass encourages more humans to desire a taste of forbidden fruit. Even Judgment cannot stop basic human nature.)*

Eli: There was a time, before the white man came, when the Navajo and the Hopi would venture down to Monument Valley in Utah, smoke their peyote, and discover the color of their inner souls. Man and nature, nature and Creation . . . but that time is gone, like so many other things – and peyote is just another hallucinogen that the kids use in search of a new thrill. Most of 'em throw it all up before the trip kicks in. *(I've taken Eli's precious drugs and spread them throughout Creation. He should be thanking me. What used to be confined to a few isolated groups looking for God, I've taken and given to entire nations. We're both doing God's work, and he just doesn't realize it yet.)*

Gabriel: He interchanges the true fiery passions of the flesh with the false needs of addiction. He substitutes the need to *feel* with medicated euphoria and the want to *do* with the drive to get another "fix." He would cloud the prophecies of God with shadows and delusions. He must burn with the rest of the rubbish in Hell. *(I give humans a deep, burning desire for something they yearn. That burn gives them focus. It gives them something to work their entire lives around. Why can't Gabriel see that I give them the same burning desires she does?)*

Janus: Addiction just slows you down. It keeps you moving around and around in that one spot, and you never seem to get anywhere. Life is all about movement! You've got to keep moving to keep living. As long as my people steer clear of what this guy's got, we'll all be okay. *(Doesn't Janus see the marvelous smuggling rings we have set up to distribute drugs across the planet? We keep the supply always moving, from Bangkok to Hong Kong to Miami, and into the hands of the children who dream about it. We're always on the move, never sitting still.)*

Jean: He displays a poor grasp of the proper use of technology. Distributing processed chemicals to human beings for pure recreational use is abusive and inefficient. Not that I expect better of a Demon Prince, but Fleurity has put a diabolical taint on an entire scientific field. *(We need innovation to advance the drug trade. There's a demand for newer and newer drugs to keep the kids interested. Not all of them will stay with the old standby of alcohol, and it's my job to make sure they get exactly what they want.)*

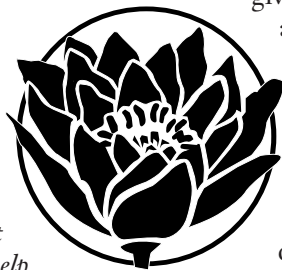
Jordi: [snort] Animals, the true and the free, have no use for his trash. *(Drug abuse is a distinctly human phenomenon. Jordi and I almost never cross paths . . . although there are some fine testing facilities in the medical laboratories. Apparently, he hasn't paid much attention to the uses of Rhesus monkeys.)*

Laurence: He peddles nothing more than godless filth unto the disenfranchised and the children. He stands for impurity, and pushes it into the bloodstream of the greedy and the weak. He does nothing but fulfill weak needs, needs which should be supplanted with piety before the eyes of God. *(Laurence and I will never see eye to eye. He's self-righteous enough to get off on a purely spiritual high, but most people can't do that. He does his work for God, and I do mine.)*

Marc: Dealers create monopolies of business. How can free trade happen when one gang or one drug lord is controlling all the goods in the area, and literally killing the competition? And addicts are not in a position to seek out a fair deal. *(My dealers sell drugs because, in the inner city, there's nothing else to do! With no money, there are no jobs. And with no jobs, there is no recreation. Marc should see that I'm doing the community a favor.)*

Michael: Drugs are insidious. Fleurity's dealers can be dealt with like any other demons, but once they've gotten their hooks into a man's soul, it takes more than force of arms to overpower them. So make sure you hit them before that happens. *(I give Michael's warriors what they want – alcohol, cigarettes, the occasional bud or two. I help the army of God to relax after a hard day's war against the enemy. He should be thanking me for a service rendered.)*

Novalis: He's a corrupter. He destroys everything he touches. If it grows, he finds some way to shoot it up. If it can be made, he finds some way to snort it. The medicinal uses for many herbs are lost in the frenzy to get as high as possible. So many good and natural cures have been lost. Only education and the demonstration of the good and right way to use drugs can ever bring them back into mankind's graces – and it's a long, hard road. *(I am eternally grateful to Novalis. After all, she gave me my start. If it wasn't for her herbal remedies, I would never be where I am today.)*



We keep arresting these guys, and more spring up in their place. Unless we can do something about the supply of the drugs, we're never going to be able to end the problem for good.

*– Lt. George Majors,
San Francisco Police Dept.*

Yves: Some roads to Hell are easier than others, and this one can be so subtle that the victims may not see it at all. A little bit here or a little bit there “can't possibly hurt,” they think, but every time someone engages in his Word, they move a little closer to the Pit. And one day they wake up, and discover they're in Hell already. *(The old man doesn't see that I just give people what they desire. If they weren't so weak, they wouldn't have taken it in the first place.)*

Humans and Others

Humanity: If human beings weren't so weak, they wouldn't need what I provide. They come begging for escape from the reality of their own worthlessness, and I give it to them. A kindness? Not when you measure a few years of stoned bliss against an eternity in Hell.

Soldiers of God: They pretend to be strong, they pretend to be better than the others. They're not. They shoot up before they go demon-hunting, they see visions of Jesus while tripping on acid . . . it's so easy to replace their delusions of serving God with service to *me*.

Hellsworn: Even I have need of humans to do some of the dirty work that my lowest demons are unwilling to do. Soldiers of Drugs are willing to crawl through swamps, sneak through airports with drugs stuffed into their bodily orifices, and even lower themselves to work in advertising.

Sorcerers: Occasionally, they interchange their sex rituals with sex-and-drug rituals, which helps to spread the Word. In general, I have no real use for this particular brand of human vermin.

Ethereals: Any benefit the Ethereals receive from Drugs is merely a coincidental side-effect of the process. I am not interested in their further well-being, nor their continued existence.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

Fleurity can be made even grimmer, or more humorous, depending on the flavor of the campaign.

The Heroin Sheik

Instead of a cynical purveyor who never touches his own product, Fleurity might be a blissed-out heroin addict, a slave to the needle that he helped to share with the world. For hours, he sits in a euphoric haze, his eyes barely registering Shal-Mari around him. He's thin and sallow, and his main obsession in his life is his next fix. Nothing else matters. Fleurity almost never leaves the Black Lotus (below); instead, he indulges in the continuous floating party, searching for his God and his ultimate personal low.

His demons, the few that remain loyal to their Master and are not themselves addicted, do their best to keep the Principality afloat. With their Word headed by a weak Prince, the other Princes are taking a bite out of a promising enterprise, getting a little here, and taking a little there. Fleurity may soon be just another in a long string of Demons of Drugs.

The Pothead Prince

For a lighter campaign, there's nothing like a good hydroponically-grown bud to make Fleurity happy. With his marijuana paraphernalia tattoos, his tie-dye, his Santana records, and his large collection of hand-made bongs, there isn't a happier party Prince in all of Shal-Mari – especially when he brings his party to his friend Nybbas over in Perdition. Fleurity is going to find God, and he's going to find it in the bottom of a bowl, one way or another. He doesn't spend too much time promoting his Word, since that's what Servitors are for.

His Servitors aren't quite as enthusiastic as their Boss, who spends entirely too much time floating on his boat looking for the next party. But if they want to keep their jobs, they had better cover for him . . .

THE COP SPOT

Despite Andrealphus' hostility, Fleurity makes his home in Shal-Mari, just as he did as a Word-bound of Gluttony. It's the least restricted of the Principalities, with the largest concentrations of damned and demons, including those from other Principalities who go there for R&R. This means Shal-Mari has the market his Word needs, and he wouldn't dream of moving elsewhere.

The Black Lotus

Fleurity's main headquarters is the Black Lotus. It's a gaudy pseudo-Oriental houseboat that floats on the Acheron in Shal-Mari. It's here that Fleurity controls his slowly creeping empire – his opium dens, his coca bars, and his hash parlors. But Fleurity realizes the importance of influence while he's still growing in power, so while he maintains this as his primary residence, he's establishing other bases of power throughout Shal-Mari and on Earth. In the meantime, the Black Lotus serves the purpose of maintaining Fleurity's external image as a fun guy who would be good to invite to the best parties.

Very little has been discovered by Weekend Update scientists to show that the smoking of marijuana is harmful in any way. However, white rabbits, forced to smoke eighty-seven joints a day, are encouraged not to operate heavy machinery while on the job, or drive on the freeways at rush hour.

– AP Wire Report (SNL)

The White Rabbit

In an Earthly alley, between two streets in the rancid Cass Corridor of Detroit, is a door. In front of this door is a line of both humans and demons waiting to get past the bouncer. Some have been waiting a long time: the White Rabbit – once a quiet meeting place for a few conspiring demons of Gluttony, Death, and Drugs – has turned into the perch for one of Hell's newest Princes, and everyone wants to get in on the party.

Past the door is the multi-tiered nightclub, filled with over-indulgences of all kinds: sex, alcohol, drugs . . . The music pounds and the drunken crowd thrashes in a space that twists around mirror balls and bars. At the same time, quiet deals take place in carefully darkened booths and niches. In the bathroom, demons and humans alike lean over to inhale lines of heroin and coke off the backs of dirty toilets.

Down a back hallway, through a door, is a small room containing a bar, a couch, a table, and a mahogany desk. This is where Fleurity is consolidating his Earthly base of operations, when he's there. But a man of fashion has to keep on the move . . .

ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK: SERVITORS OF FLEURITY

DEALERS, PUSHERS, DRUGGIES, JUNKIES

Servitors of Drugs are known as Dealers or Pushers, but they're also called "Junkies," "Druggies," and "Heads" in less polite conversation. Demons of Drugs are consumed with the cycle of drug dealing and drug abuse. The combination of indoctrinating new users, using the drugs they sell, and paranoia about the narcs who might be hiding around the next corner, has brought about an almost religious reverence for the drugs these Dealers sell. The needle, the powder, the pill, and the bottle are not just receptacles for getting the drug into the user's body; they are conduits for these demons' existence. Fleurity's Servitors live drugs, they breathe drugs, and they use drugs.

Most Servitors of Drugs are enterprising young demons who have come from Gluttony or Death to make or break their careers. They understand the concept of *excess*, and see an opportunity to put it into action on a large scale. They remember the last time a young Prince came to power and the opportunities it created for those demons who were smart enough, and brave enough, to jump ship and cling to the new organization. These demons are hoping for the same from Fleurity.

It's difficult to reconcile continuous drug abuse and ambition, though, and it's not entirely successful. Several promising talents have joined Fleurity only to succumb to the powers of drug-induced euphoria. Almost all demons of Drugs use; most claim they can "handle it," and more than one has found himself suddenly unable to function without his fix. It's also difficult to resist temptation when you're a greedy, evil little Pusher sitting in the same room as a large, untouched pile of cocaine. You *know* that if you take enough to be noticed, the next demon up the food chain is going to make sure you're in Trauma or worse. This lifestyle can quickly become . . . well, stressful.

A large number of Druggies "skim a little off the top." The Impudite pot dealer has his own bong and the Balseraph of Drugs will always have his own rolled up \$100 dollar bill. What's good for the goose is good for the gander. Fleurity doesn't do anything about it as long as it doesn't touch his bottom line, or affect the user's performance. When it does . . . there's no such thing as "drug rehab" in Hell.





ORGANIZATION

Fleurity maintains a rigidly hierarchical organization, not unlike human drug cartels. Every demon must report to a superior, and that superior has *his* superior, all the way up to the Prince himself. Each wing of the organization focuses on a different aspect of the Prince's Word: prescription drugs, nicotine, alcohol, and illegal drugs. Members of different wings of the organization may be placed together in the same team for various jobs.

The Prince surrounds himself with his drug lieutenants – those few demons whom he has known since the beginning and to whom he entrusts the daily management of large operations. The Prince keeps his eye on them. Just because he's known his few lords since the beginning does not mean he trusts them, and he's willing to replace any one of these young Dukes and Marquis with different, and more ambitious, demons. Of course, knowing that they are easily replaceable makes Fleurity's lieutenants extremely efficient. No demon in Fleurity's organization rests on his laurels.

Local pockets of lesser Pushers may find themselves dealing petty drugs on the street while they fight for enough recognition to be promoted to better and less vulnerable positions, such as distributors or pro-drug lobbyists. There's little room for failure in this young organization. A Servitor who steps outside his bounds and tries to scrounge up a side business for himself – and gets caught – will likely find himself testing new brands of heroin in Shal-Mari or dealing cocaine to the Game.

Rewards and Punishments

Punishment is swift, arbitrary, and singularly unfair. As soon as word wanders its way up the chain of command – and it always does – the target finds himself dealt with quickly. Using up stock that's supposed to go to consumers, doing business on the side, or even being lazy, is considered a transgression against the New Order. Normally, the Servitor in the wrong is caught by his immediate superior and punishment is meted out as the elder Dealer sees fit, often in the form of extremely unpleasant assignments or a quick trip to Trauma. But woe be to the demon whose crimes come to the attention of the Prince himself. Fleurity is not above having his minions brought to him and finishing them off with no remorse. For every lazy demon, there are five more ambitious ones who want to move up in the food chain . . . the Prince has no time for fools.

Rewards are equally swift. In this new organization, working above and beyond the call of duty is a quick way to attract both the Prince's attention and the demon's direct superior's ire. A senior Dealer is likely to ignore his

underlings' accomplishments, going as far as to leave them out of reports or take credit for them personally, hoping to catch the Prince's eye and make some progress over *his* superior. The Prince himself is no fool and can often see through such ploys. A rewarded Pusher can find himself swiftly promoted, up to and above the rank of his superior and beyond. While this does cause a certain amount of consternation within the organization, it also breeds a level of paranoia and ambition that Fleurity carefully cultivates; he's a strong believer in social Darwinism. The Prince rewards those who will spread his Word far and work for the organization. He needs his demons doing their jobs, not just doing their Word.

The Fallen

The Prince of Drugs doesn't attract too many newly-Fallen. While he does have attractive opportunities for advancement, he's a young Prince and most of the Fallen are attracted to (or simply acquired by) the more stable, less risky organizations in Hell. But Fleurity *does* occasionally bag himself a Creationer. Lost, confused, and turning to pharmaceuticals to alleviate their pain, there has been more than one Creationer who has exchanged the Symphony for the needle and the songs of Earth for a tranquilized bliss. It's easy to coax these newly Fallen demons to go from using to using and dealing in return for continuing to feed their habits.

Fleurity doesn't go out of his way to treat the Fallen much differently than his own demons. He doesn't have the workforce to make any differentiation between pure demons and those who were once in Heaven. Like anyone else who has newly entered the organization, they are assigned direct superiors, a job, and a chance to make a name for themselves.

Trainees

New trainees need to know three things: they have a place in the hierarchy, they have a chance at becoming a demon of some importance, and sampling the merchandise can get them killed. Anything else, they must learn on the job.

Starting on the bottom of the food chain is often a good learning experience, and all demons of Drugs who have just entered into the organization start as the lowest slugs in a large pyramid of slime. Fleurity – unlike the elder Princes, such as Baal – has neither the manpower nor the time to run elaborate training camps. He figures that if the streets are a good enough learning experience for humans, they're good enough for his demons. This means Fleurity's Servitors have a broader set of skills than other demons, but less consistency from demon to demon.



Humans

Without humans, there could be no Word of Drugs. But it's humans, plural, not human, singular, so it's considered acceptable if one or two dozen happen to have massive overdose heart attacks during the course of a job, as long as an equal number are recruited into heavy drug use at the same time. The entire population of Earth is considered one large group of potential customers.

Demons of Drugs tend to see human beings as big pin cushions in which to stick a few needles and the occasional pill. They hold the same general outlook as their friends in Death: humans are squishy and if you pour enough toxic substances into them, they're eventually going to die . . . so enjoy them while you have them, but don't sweat the small stuff.

BANDS

The interaction between drugs and a diabolical resonance is often predictable; for all that demons like to think of themselves as fiercely individualistic, drugs are a great equalizer. Thus, Fleurity's Servitors not only tend to fall into certain roles according to their Band, as is common in other Princely organizations, but each Band has also begun to favor certain types of drugs that best fit their personalities. There are, as always, exceptions (a few of Fleurity's Servitors emulate their Prince, for example, and never use drugs themselves), but most demons of Drugs use their "signature fix" when they can get away with it . . .

Balseraphs

"Hey baby, you want to be beautiful, don't you?"

Cocaine is the ultimate Balseraph head trip. It's the Balseraph resonance in a convenient powder form – with a quick snort, all lies become true and life becomes just grand. Balseraphs prefer straight lines of coke above any other drug out there. The street price is prohibitive, so those Balseraphs who deal cocaine are those who can move in classier circles than their fellow demons, which suits them just fine. They emulate their idealized user: they're slick, clean, professional dealers who work in the bathrooms of the most interesting clientele. Their jobs make them popular among the rich and famous.

The smaller, less experienced, or more down on his luck Balseraph might find himself dealing crack to the poorer and disenfranchised humans. Crack gives a much shorter, more intense high than cocaine, and brings with it the stigma of being dirty. A smart Balseraph of Drugs learns to start dealing straight cocaine as soon as he can lay his hands on it.

Djinn

The drug world provides a whole galaxy of downers, sedatives, barbs, tranqs, reds, and Quaaludes for the Djinn to play with. Under stress, humans will take drugs that will, in return for giving them a pleasant euphoria and a quiet, happy high, make them withdrawn and inactive, with the occasional burst of outright hostility. A Djinn can relate to downers in his own special way – they slow humans down and make them simple to track and easy to understand. He finds ways to dispense downers, sometimes as a street dealer in clubs, but normally as the local, friendly pharmacist willing to fill the prescription just enough to keep the tranquilizer addict going for another week.

Calabim

In prescription form it's called Desoxyn, but most people just call it crystal methamphetamine. It drives the nervous system faster and wilder than any other drug available. It combines the intense physical and emotional strain of a good bungee-jump with the convenience of a continuous, pill-induced high. It internalizes a whirling maelstrom of agitated destruction until it breaks free in a spectacular fury. Fleurity's Destroyers *love* this stuff. They love it so much that Fleurity has problems getting them off of it long enough to sell it to human users.

Isaw the best minds of my generation
destroyed by madness, starving hysterical
naked, dragging themselves through the
negro streets at dawn looking for an angry
fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the
ancient heavenly connection to the starry
dynamo in the machinery of the night.

– Allen Ginsberg

Calabim of Drugs move crystal meth in every conceivable way; they sell it in crystals to be smoked, in powder to be snorted, in pills to be swallowed, and in liquid to be injected. They have one important problem: there are no old crank users, because crank users don't live long. They keel over like badly-made watches. Calabim have to continuously hustle their drug to new users, wherever they can find them, usually in the inner city and to biker gangs.

Habbalah

LSD, even in minute amounts, can change a user's perceptions to the point where he hears and sees things that don't exist. Sometimes objects take on great, important meanings. Other times the senses fuse into one, where music can be seen and colors can be heard. When the user has a good trip, he may have feelings of a religious, almost cosmic nature. When a Habbalite is on acid, he can get his orders *directly* from God.

LSD has the additional property of providing bad trips to the unfaithful. When a Habbalite sells a tab that provides a nightmarish experience, it is as if God has touched that person and marked him as dirty. This person might feel like he is becoming paranoid, losing his identity, and in danger of dissolving into nothingness – which the Habbalah consider horrors beyond imagining. With luck, the marked person will have the bad trip over and over and over again.

Habbalah see selling acid as handing out God's justice. If the user is strong, they will be able to commune, like the Habbalah do, with the Almighty and join the angels. But if they're weak, the drug will smite them.

Lilim

Lilim of Drugs are rare, since they find the chains of addiction to be confining. Furthermore, *it is a need that they do not directly control*. Unlike a Geas, where they can pull it in at any time, anywhere, for whatever they like, the drug user only needs drugs, wants drugs, and will only work for drugs. The prospect of fulfilling the same need over and over again to a human being who will eventually weaken and die of his addiction isn't the most appealing of notions; even if the Lilim gets Geases, they're useless after the mortal is dead. Long-term commitments to Drugs consist of providing whatever drugs will generate the greatest addictions – notably cocaine and heroin – but occasional freelance work can pay off well. Freelancing Lilim find the job is helped by a good addiction – the needs are obvious, large, and easy to fulfill.

Those Lilim who do work for Drugs full-time are some of the most mercenary in Hell. They need a steady stream of users to keep their work interesting and to collect Geases that are worth anything. It's like being a garbage man: there is plenty to collect, but it's not always worth much. It pays well, but the job sucks. Lilim of Drugs are also among the few Servitors who violently resist being addicted to their staple wares – which doesn't mean that it never happens, or that they don't use a little on the side.

WORD-BOUND SERVITORS

Fleurity's Princedom is a new one, and his Word-bound are just as new. Few have been able to fight through the noise of Hell to become truly famous. Like Fleurity's predecessors, Drugs' Word-bound don't live too long, and Word turnover (and campaigning) is fast and furious. The most powerful have dominion over specific drugs, such as Naharai, the Demon of Cocaine, Harumapth, the Demon of Opium, and Jezoar, the Demon of Heroin (p. 45). Most of the rest of the Word-bound fall under either the use of the main drugs, such as the Demon of Nickel Baggies and the Demon of Needles, or processes associated with drugs, such as Drug Smuggling and Drug Propaganda.



Shedim

What do Shedim feel about drugs that make the user think illogically, unable to articulate, intensely euphoric, afraid, anxious, panicky, and completely insane? Fun! It's hard to say no to drugs that cause the user to experience all the glory of a good psychotic attack, which is why they love angel dust more than any other drug. They see it as the ultimate ideal. But really, Shedim aren't picky. They use everything.

Shedim of Drugs don't hang around in their host bodies long enough to get them the street reputations that a good dealer needs, so they focus on using, and getting as many other people as possible hooked in the process. The more interesting the drug, the better. The Fleshless have a special fondness for PCP, which drives their hosts to greater acts of depravity than a single demon could ever dream of while in the midst of a glorious human joy ride. Shedim couldn't possibly think up stuff as cool as what these humans decide to do while under the influence. They have to build up to using something that crazy. They might start with a few cigarettes at first, maybe a joint or two, and next thing they know, their hosts are shooting speedballs into their eye sockets while giggling maniacally. Once the host is well hooked, the Shedite is off on another fantastic journey in a haze of visions and madness.

Impudites

There's a stigma about buying pot. It's not so much that the dealer has to sell a bag, but he expects the buyer to come over to his house, smoke a joint or two, maybe eat some chips, have a two-hour conversation about nothing at all, and finally make a sale. It's a taxing process, and it's even more taxing when there's an Impudite at the end of the deal, merrily sucking Essence.

Not that there's anything wrong with watching a full morning of Saturday cartoons at the dealer's house before buying a baggie. The Impudite of Drugs likes having human beings come over and hang out. They're all so cool! Pot makes everyone more comfortable and social, which is the Impudite's scene.

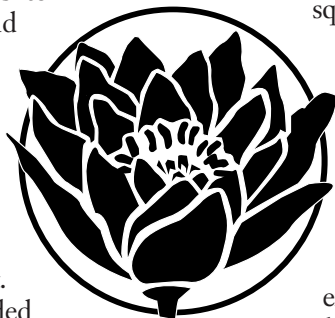
Impudites of Drugs are hard to miss – there's that pot smell, which isn't so bad in a sticky sweet way, but it gets into everything – hair, clothes, shoe leather, and the interior of their cars. Their entire world is filled with the gray haze of cannabis, the gray haze of incense being burned to cover the cannabis smell, and the greasy residue of a million bags of potato chips. Most Impudites take great pains to stay in shape and continue to be attractive to humans, yet Fleurity has some of the most pudgy Takers in Hell.

JOBS

Celestial Jobs

In Hell, Fleurity's Servitors are a hard-working, industrious lot. They know that if they lose any of their hard-won battleground in Shal-Mari, they will end up dead – or worse. In response, they've become so obsessed with the drug counterculture that they've turned their jobs into a religion they feel they must preach from every street corner and in every charnel pit, trying to turn on other demons to what they have to sell. The Druggies have managed to sleaze all over Hell, bribing demons in Hades, smuggling into Gehenna, and getting promotional spots on television in Perdition.

But demons of Drugs aren't ones to leave any market untouched, and there's an enormous one in Hell: damned souls. The more damned souls who are "persuaded" to join the ranks of Drugs and start using, the more Essence the Druggies will be able to harvest. These demons are trying to snare souls in every Principality in Hell, at any cost. Ironically, some Princes have responded by trying to regulate or outlaw drugs . . .



CHIMERA: AN ETHEREAL HIGH

Demons of Drugs may have discovered a brand new high. Its street name is "Chimera," but it's also called "rainbow," "white glow," and "bubbles." It's intensely hallucinogenic, and rumored to have a particularly strong effect on celestials. Under the influence of Chimera, the rumors claim, a celestial may have access to normally inaccessible parts of the Symphony: the resonance of another Choir or Band, and even the resonance of the celestial's cosmic *opposite*. Dominic has assigned several triads to determining the truth behind the rumors; a drug that can bestow a diabolical resonance on an angel would be a nightmare for Judgment. Likewise, Asmodeus is not pleased by the possibilities of a demon's senses being opened to the true Symphony . . .

Chimera comes in the form of a small gray lump, packed in a plastic baggy, commonly passed from dealer to user in darkly lit alleyways. It's said that the drug is made from the disassociated Forces of ethereals that Pushers kidnapped, "harvested" in the Marches, and ground down to a paste. Another rumor claims that Chimera is not made from ethereals at all, but from the waste they leave behind in the Marches. The talk in the streets of Shal-Mari suggests that Chimera might not even exist – it might just be a rumor started by the Prince of Drugs himself for publicity purposes.

Ethereal Jobs

*A fancy, a chimera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer.
– John Donne*

Ethereal jobs for Drugs are few, and those that exist are messy at best. Ethereals, for the most part, don't imbibe pharmaceuticals, and those who embody the dreams of squirting needles dripping acid and puckering mouths of hungry pustules don't normally *take* those drugs. There isn't a wide market for Drugs out in the Marches. A few of Fleurity's more enterprising Servitors try to prod drug-based visions and hallucinations out of the Marches, but their goods are material, not ethereal, in nature.

However, demons of Drugs are opportunists, and even the Marches might have an angle to be exploited. They may have found a use for the ethereal realm after all, in the form of Chimera (see box, above), but it takes work to harvest . . .

Corporeal Jobs

Nearly all of the work required to support the Word of Drugs is done among humanity. With the exception of the damned, and a few demonic addicts, the vast majority of the drug consuming populace is mortal.

Demons of Drugs find themselves in a wide variety of roles, including dealing, manufacturing, smuggling, wet-works, money laundering, recruitment, advertising, and legal work. The entire organization is designed to get drugs into the hands of the users. Demons who aren't actively dealing or managing distribution are put in support roles. This often includes whacking a few cops now and then, paying off smugglers, and ensuring an ample supply.

MODES OF ADDRESS

Fleurity's Servitors tend to keep their addresses between each other business-like and professional. Those of equal rank refer to each other by their names and nothing more. If there is a gap in rank between two demons, the lesser will refer to the greater as "Mr./Ms.," as in, "This shipment needs to go to Mr. Veruk." When the demon in question is both ranked higher and has a Distinction, the lesser demon will refer to the greater by the Distinction. The Prince himself requires that he be called "His Lordship," "My Lord," or "Mr. Fleurity."

Fleurity assigns most of his Dealers to a specific city, reassigning them only in the event of Trauma. Those demons who find themselves dealing on the streets set up "cop spots." "Copping" (taken from 1920s slang: "cop" meaning "to get") is a popular euphemism for the process of dealing and buying. These spots are stable places where consumers know that drugs can easily be bought, and can be anything from abandoned houses to yuppie health clubs. Most Dealer activities consist of setting up and maintaining convenient cop spots.

Certain Pushers are assigned to *assist* the War on Drugs (see p. 30). Demons who have been given this job do not take dissonance for *outwardly* discouraging drug use, as long as their actions don't actually restrict the supply of drugs or reduce the number of users. (Burning a single shipment or killing a few addicts in the course of one's duties can be rationalized, but actually causing a shortage on the street or reducing the local demand *will* incur dissonance. Fleurity's "anti-drug" warriors dare not be *too* effective . . .)

DEALING WITH OUTSIDERS

Fleurity's demons see Servitors of other Princes as one of two types: narcs or users. Even with the solid relationship between Fleurity and Saminga, Pushers just see demons of Death as potential users and abusers of what they have to sell – unless they're double agents for the Game, in which case they're narcs. Druggies do not have and cannot conceive of any other relations with demons on the "outside."

DEALING WITH THE GAME

Demons of Drugs see the Game as narcs – which they are, so there's no misunderstanding there. The Game claims there's good reason for targeting them: drugs make demons and Hellsworn alike lethargic and unable to focus on serving the aims of Hell. Worse, drugs might make demons more susceptible to angelic propaganda, and "open their minds" to alternate ways of thinking. If the entire population of Hell becomes addicted to narcotics, there isn't going to be much of a War. Of course, most believe the Game harasses Fleurity's organization just because it gives them something else to control.

Luckily, the Game is corrupt, and demons of Drugs are wise in the art of bribery. Just like other demons, servants of Asmodeus are susceptible to a quick high and a good time.

Of course, bribery doesn't always work, and Gamesters have superiors who keep close tabs on them, not to mention the monthly visits from their Prince. When a Gamester needs to meet his quotas, the local Dealer may find his operation stormed, his users arrested and imprisoned for unknown lengths of time, and himself executed on the popular Shal-Mari game show, "World's Deadliest Executions."

Like any other endeavor in Hell, dealing drugs and dealing with the Game is a sharp razor blade – sometimes it's useful, but sometimes it leaves a big, bloody mess.



cap of good acid costs five dollars and for that you can hear the Universal Symphony with God Almighty singing solo and the Holy Ghost on drums.

– Hunter S. Thompson

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF FLEURITY

JEZOAR

Demon of Heroin

Lilim Baroness of Drugs

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 7 Agility 9

Ethereal Forces - 4 Intelligence 10 Precision 6

Celestial Forces - 5 Will 9 Perception 11

Suggested Word Forces: 9

Vessel: Human/2 (middle-aged woman), Charisma +2

Role: "Jessica Allen," Talent Agent/4, Status/4

Skills: Chemistry/2, Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/2, Driving/1, Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge (Models & Celebrities/2, Street Culture/2), Lying/2, Medicine/1, Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/4

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Charm (Celestial/6), Harmony (Corporeal/3), Motion (Celestial/3), Shields (all/2), Tongues (Ethereal/3, Celestial/2)

Attunements: Lilim of Drugs, First Time, Score, Baron of Good Trips

Special Rites: Sell heroin to a first-time user (+2 Essence)

Special Ability: Once Jezoar has spotted a Need in someone, for 1 Essence she can temporarily (while she is in the victim's presence) make heroin appear to that person to be the fulfillment of his Need, or an acceptable substitute. If she then provides heroin to her victim, she will have a Geas-hook equal to the level of the actual Need. Jezoar can grant this ability as a Servitor Attunement to other Lilim.

Heroin has been good to Jezoar. It's hip. It's cool. It's part of the scene. Going against traditional Lilim philosophy, she instructs her demons to provide a free sample to their customers. And while the first taste is free, the next hit costs the customer's soul.

Heroin is insidious. The addiction fuels itself, and the drug creates craving, spawning Need after Need after Need just so the addict can function. In some people, those cascading Needs can be useful indeed. It's a Lilim's dream – for the right, persistent Lilim.

Jezoar hasn't held her Word long. While opiates have been around for the last 6,000 years, heroin is a pure 20th-century invention, and it wasn't until the 1920s that it really hit the scene. Jezoar was out of favor with Andrealphus, her original master, so she

began hanging on the arm of the up-and-coming Demon of Drugs. She wasn't sure what she was getting into, but Fleurity seemed like fun, and Lilim are all about fun. Luckily, her gamble paid off; when Fleurity became a Prince, Jezoar became one of his first Barons.

Supporting her Word turned out to be hard work – more work than is typically involved in the cycle of creating a Need, fulfilling it, and calling in a few little favors. The years have taken their toll, and Jezoar has gone from being a soft, impulsive coquette to a hard businesswoman who has little time for nonsense. Faced with sinking or swimming, she chose to swim with the sharks. Some say it was a change for the better.

Jezoar works her demons hard, making sure they keep supply on the streets, fight tightening legislation, and make heroin "cooler" than crack or cocaine. She advises her minions to inform their potential customers about the advantages heroin has over other drugs: it's hipper, purer, and usually cheaper than a bag of coke. Some of her fellow Druggies resent her aggressive marketing, as she often seems to be competing with them, pushing her Word at the expense of other drugs.

Andrealphus surely holds a grudge against his former Servitor (from whom he long ago stripped all Lust attunements). Andrealphus' ally Nybbas, however, is helping Jezoar to promote "heroin chic" in fashion, photography, and music (most likely in exchange for some hefty Geases), so Andrealphus hasn't moved directly against the Demon of Heroin. Yet. The Media campaign has successfully portrayed heroin as having a certain bohemian quality to it, and where cocaine was once the popular drug of the glitterati, heroin has retaken its throne. In clubs across the world, kids have returned from snorting to shooting.

A century ago, Jezoar was a stereotypical Lilim of Lust who batted her eye lashes, wore next to nothing, and pouted to get her way. Work and success has set her face into hard lines of determination. She has little time for anything beyond supporting her Word and seeing that her Prince succeeds. She sees herself as more than just a cog in Fleurity's New World Order. She sees herself as a player in the politics of his rise, his power, and his future.

Continued on next page . . .

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF FLEURITY (CONTINUED)



IMBAP

Demon of Stale Bong Water *Djinn of Drugs*

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

Suggested Word Forces: 1

Vessel: Human/2 (young male)

Role: "Eddie," Fast Food Chef/4, Status/1

Skills: Chemistry/3, Fast-Talk/1, Knowledge/4
(Drug Culture), Savoir-Faire/1

Songs: Charm (Celestial/3), Entropy (Corporeal/3), Motion (Ethereal/3)

Attunements: Djinn of Drugs, Bad Trip

Special Rites: Drink the stale bong water; Get someone *else* to drink the stale bong water (+2 Essence).

(To hear Imbap tell it:) One day, not long after Imbap had left his old employer Haagenti for the pursuit of greater and more interesting things, his request

for a Word was answered. He sucked up his gut, took another toke off his bowl, and got ready to meet the Man. The day he had been dreaming of had finally come. He was going to meet Old Scratch and become one of Hell's prominent upper class. He couldn't wait to become the Demon of Marijuana.

Lucifer looked down, down, down at him, and said, "I can't give you that Word. It doesn't suit you. Besides, I gave it out last week. But I'll tell you what. You look like an eager young demon. I'll give you a Word anyhow."

The Lightbringer looked over Imbap carefully. He looked at the demon's pudgy stomach and his blood-shot eyes. He smelled the demon's sweet tangy stench. And then Lucifer said, "Ah, yes, have I got a Word for you . . ." And the Djinn became the Demon of Stale Bong Water.

Imbap first thought, "Oh no!" And then he thought, "Oh wait!" Finally, he thought, "Well, it could be worse. It could. Honestly." And then he lost interest, because that's what Djinn do.

So Imbap ventured to the world above, where there were humans who could *appreciate* a Word like his. Where there were bowls being packed, there was sure to be leftover bong water. All he had to do was find those bowls, let them sit too long, and his Word would just grow and grow. This, at least, was what he intended. He took a job at a local McDonald's, flipping burgers all day long in the back and blowing joints at night. After a while, this started to seem quite a bit like his old job with Haagenti.

The sad fact is, Imbap's Word isn't growing. There isn't much call in the world for stale bong water. It's not something the humans *want* in their lives. But it's not disappearing, either. It's reached a certain disgusting stable equilibrium. Wherever there are potheads in the wilds of college campuses and back woods campgrounds, there is Imbap, flipping burgers, and hoping that someone else will buy the pot.

(While Imbap's Word – trivial though it may be – does give him a bit of an edge, he is otherwise a beginning-level character. He'd make an amusing PC in a campaign where the GM is willing to stretch the rules a bit, and an amusing NPC encounter otherwise.)



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BALSERAPH PRINCE OF GREED

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

47

MAMMON

"Greed is Good."

– Gordon Gecko, *Wall Street*

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

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

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

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

DISSONANCE

It is dissonant for a demon of Greed to be generous: he can never give anything away, not even the time of day, without an ulterior motive. He can loan something, but always for a price and even then only grudgingly. Barter is great . . . as long as the other guy gets the short end of the stick. Bribery, of course, is absolutely fine.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs

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

Djinn

Djinn of Greed are attuned to deals. One of Mammon's Djinn can smell an opportunity for a human in his presence to unfairly exploit another person, and will set diligently about making the deal happen.

Calabim

Mammon's Calabim are white-washers – they destroy evidence of dishonorable transactions. If something specific is known to exist that can sabotage a crooked deal or expose a fraud, such as tapes of incriminating conversations, a Calabite of Greed can find it with a Perception roll.

Habbalah

(restricted)

Habbalah of Mammon may add their Ethereal Forces when attempting to impose the emotional effect of Greed. This functions much like the Celestial Discord (*In Nomine*, p. 88); for a number of days equal to the demon's check digit, his victim will feel intensely dissatisfied with his current possessions and level of wealth, and will be unable to think of anything but acquiring *more*.

THE SECRET HOARD

Mammon is an old Prince, if no longer one of the most powerful, and he knows many secret Songs. Those he is known to make available to his more accomplished Servitors (for a price) include the following (from the *Liber Canticorum*): Correspondence (p. 65); Fruition (p. 70); Hunger (p. 70); and Pestilence (p. 73).

Lilim (restricted)

Mammon's Tempters are implacable about collecting their dues for services rendered. If a Lilim of Greed can persuade a victim to sign a contract or promissory note acknowledging his debt to her (either before or after she fulfills a Need), then once she obtains a Geas-hook, the victim gets no Will roll to resist her Geas as long as she possesses the contract with his signature. This applies even if he signed the document unaware of the obligation hidden in fine print. (Celestial influence cannot be applied to either the contract or the signatory, however – using Mammon's Balseraph attunement to hide a Geas clause, for example, will invalidate the effect.)

Shedim (restricted)

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

Impudites (restricted)

Mammon's Impudites may add their Celestial Forces to their Will rolls to Charm victims who believe that they are "in control" of the Impudite, or are about to rip the demon off, when the reverse is the sad truth.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Only the Best

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

Art of the Deal

This attunement allows a Servitor of Mammon to spontaneously generate legal contracts. After conversing with someone about a deal and establishing the terms, the Servitor need only reach into his jacket pocket or briefcase and produce – always with a flourish – a legal document encompassing all of the agreed terms, ready to be signed right away. If a duplicate or triplicate of the contract is required, it can be produced with equal aplomb.

Cashing Out

Mammon teaches his Servitors that temporal and spiritual things are really one and the same, if they can only understand how the Symphony *really* works. A demon

with this attunement may transform Essence into hard cash, at a rate of \$50 worth of local currency per point of Essence spent. The money appears in an appropriate local denomination (used bank notes, non-consecutive numbers) in the user's pocket or wallet – somewhere out of sight.

It has been theorized that the true exchange rate is at least double this amount, but that any excess appears directly in one of Mammon's own bank accounts.

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Treasure

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

Captain of the Motherlode

Mammon's Captains can always get a human to tell them what thing he is most greedy for – that secret desire the target has always wanted to fulfill. With a successful Will roll, the Captain can convince the target that making a deal with the Captain will make those greedy wishes come true.



here is no fire like passion, there is no shark like hatred, there is no snare like folly, there is no torrent like greed.

– Buddha

Baron of El Dorado

Mammon's Barons are lucky devils. Items of substantial monetary value – which are of immediate use to the Baron in the situation at hand – just appear at the right time. Stuck for cab fare? Hey, there's twenty bucks on the sidewalk! Trapped in a plane that's going down? Look, a parachute sewn from fine silk! The player *cannot* choose to use this power, but the GM may make it happen whenever it seems appropriate. The GM may also charge Essence for this power, from zero points for trivialities, to 6 Essence for real lifesavers. At the GM's option the item can be clumsily valuable, such as a soccer ball made of solid gold.



HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Mammon grants titles higher than Baron to his most loyal and *productive* Servitors . . . in other words, to those who have perfected the arts of bribery and bootlicking. In exchange for a *large* donation (and annual tributes), Counts, Marquises, and Dukes of Greed get a chance to seize a larger slice of the pie. It's possible to literally buy your way into Mammon's elite (he's too greedy to turn down anyone who can meet his price), but on the few occasions that an undeserving but lucky demon has raised the necessary capital and purchased himself an Earldom, he was quickly ruined by his more experienced, predatory peers, who look upon these petty nobles as assets waiting to be acquired.

RELATIONS

Allied: Andrealphus, Nybbas (No Princes consider themselves Allied with Mammon)

Of course I know the Rite, dablink. But I would be ashamed to settle for a MERE 100% profit on a deal. Other people might think that I wasn't really trying hard enough – do you see what I mean? I'm sure you do. So I'll hear no more of this "only 100%" silliness.

*– Syrach,
Impudite of Greed*

Associated: Haagenti, Valefor (Andrealphus, Malphas and Nybbas are Associated with Mammon)

Hostile: Baal, Kronos (Asmodeus, Baal, Beleth, Kronos, and Saminga are Hostile to Mammon)

BASIC RITES

- ✂ Roll around in a big pile of cash.
- ✂ Make a 100% profit on a dishonorable transaction.
- ✂ Get somebody fired to advance another's career.

EXPANDED RITES

Mammon may also grant additional Rites as rewards:

- ✂ Preach the glories of Greed, Capitalism, and the Free Market to an audience of 100 mortals.
 - ✂ Make someone break a solemn promise in return for money.
 - ✂ Lecture a beggar loudly for at least 5 minutes on why relying on the generosity of others is wrong.
 - ✂ Gaze for 4 hours on an Old Master in your private collection.
 - ✂ Make a million dollars in under 10 minutes.
 - ✂ Take candy from a baby.
 - ✂ Persuade a mortal to sign his soul away to Mammon.
- (+2 Essence)

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 3

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

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

MAMMON IN DETAIL

NAMES, APPEARANCE, AND MANNER

Mammon, as befits a Balseraph of means, likes to make an entrance, and prefers to display his wealth openly. He expects to see demonstrations of obedience and servility; fawning and bootlicking never go amiss. A wise Servitor will acknowledge the Prince as soon as he recognizes him, and put himself completely at Mammon's disposal. The Prince of Greed likes to know that he owns his Servitors just as he owns his wealth; they must all belong to *him*, body and soul.

More than this, they must be enslaved to the trappings of greed. A minion might be ordered to crawl to the Prince on his belly, lick Mammon's shoes, serve his meal, or perform more intimate services – all for the price of a few minor bank-notes. Once Mammon is satisfied that the Servitor is truly his creature, he can afford to mellow and listen to requests. He smiles coldly on watching a minion debase himself for money or favors.

THE WORD OF GREED

Of all the traditional deadly sins, greed is the most pernicious. For love of money, people have murdered, robbed, enslaved, betrayed, and taken nations to war with each other. To greed, material wealth is the only worthwhile thing in life. It is God, savior, and means to power all wrapped up in one neat bank account. It replaces morality. Anything that earns money is good, anything which loses money is evil. There is nothing more to know.

As long as there is more out there to be owned, the greedy man cannot rest on his laurels. The desire to own more, acquire more, and control more will slay any temporary satisfaction he might have with his estate. The world itself is not enough. Acquisition becomes an addiction that grows as it is fed – a restless, burning hunger that demands constant attention. A greedy person becomes incapable of seeing anyone or anything without instantly wondering how to profit from them. Greed has no friends; only dupes, slaves, and rivals.



You're acting like a thing
from another tax bracket!

– Buffy the Vampire Slayer

HISTORY

*MAMMON, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks & thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trod'n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy.*

– Milton, *Paradise Lost*

Mammon is an ancient and malevolent spirit, who followed Lucifer willingly to Hell without a second glance. He was once a shining Seraph of Creation, charged with helping to shape the corporeal world; but of all the angels who were in Heaven before the Fall, Mammon was the one who was most fascinated by the riches of the Earth. When Lucifer gathered the rebels together, he whispered to Mammon that God intended that *humanity*, those miserable creatures who were lesser than celestials in every way, were to inherit the Earth and everything in it. The prior claim of the angels was to be overlooked. "Of course," the Lightbringer added pointedly, "Those who follow me will not go unrewarded." It was not a hard sell.

After the Fall, Lucifer granted Principalities to those Fallen angels who had served him best. Mammon was not among this number – he hadn't distinguished himself in the rebellion, and even to this day, Baal suspects him of slipping away to Earth to hoard gold while the others were fighting and dying at the gates of Heaven. As the organization of Hell was sorted out, it became clear that the lesser demons would all be expected to reaffirm their loyalty to the Adversary by swearing allegiance to one of his Princes. The new Superiors greedily courted potential minions. Mammon took up service with Asmodeus, who offered him the chance to collect as much wealth as his black heart desired – all in the name of Hell. He was named as his new Master's Chief Steward, and granted a Dukedom.

From Rags to Riches

All Mammon's acquisitive instincts were swiftly put to use. As the influence of the Game became more pervasive and more tyrannical, his secret stores of Essence and reliquaries grew. If Marc invented the concept of a salary, Mammon proudly claims to have conceived taxation, usury, and blackmail. He stood at Asmodeus' right hand when Lucifer gathered the Princes together to discuss the division of souls between the Principalities, and was blamed by many others for the advantageous settlement which the Game received from those discussions. (See box, p. 52.)



THE DIVISION OF SOULS, AND THE RIGHT OF CONTRACT

When Lucifer gathered the Princes of Hell to discuss the division of damned souls, Mammon was there, hovering at his Prince's shoulder and whispering advice into his ear. Asmodeus profited from these discussions, being granted control of the Soul Yards, where newly damned souls are divided between the Principalities. In addition, Lucifer graciously agreed that any damned souls who had contracted their souls to Asmodeus while on Earth should serve him when they reached Hell – in addition to the usual quota. Again, this was seen as blatant favoritism toward the Game, but the Princes acquiesced. After all, how many mortals would be idiot enough to openly sell the most valuable thing which they possessed?

When Mammon was named Prince, he reminded Lucifer of this previous agreement and was allowed to retain "the Right of Contract." Signing a contract to sell one's soul to Mammon will not necessarily damn a mortal; to become truly Hellsworn, a mortal must receive an infernal Force. The contract is just a piece of paper with no special powers. The legal side of the contract only comes into play *if* the signatory's soul passes through the gates of Hell, in which case Mammon's Servitors can claim it from the Soul Yards in addition to their usual quota. Copies of all the signed forms are converted into celestial relics by notaries (p. 67) and stored in the vaults until the signatory dies. Although the Game also still claims souls through contract, Asmodeus has less need of the "extras," as he already controls the flow of damned into Hell.

Signatures in blood are preferred on these contracts for practical reasons – the dried blood can be used by Djinn, or the Ethereal Song of Affinity, to track the signatory. Mammon boasts that no mortal who has signed one of these contracts has ever escaped the Pit, and encourages his demons to concentrate on corrupting those who have already dedicated their souls to *him*, and none other.

The great census was the straw that broke the camel's back. It was a grand scheme, to provide the first formal headcount of all demons on Earth. Messengers were dispatched to inform the Princes of Hell that the Game required access to their Servitors' Hearts to aid location, and that a nominal fee of one gold coin would be demanded from every demon on Earth – payable to the census-takers. These coins would be totaled by Mammon's underlings, to provide Hell's first accurate census. Asmodeus signed the command, in Lucifer's name. In Hell, armies gathered and there were riots on the streets of Shal-Mari. Meanwhile, on Earth, Mammon and his debt collectors began the census, demanding far more than a single coin from hapless victims.

At a special council of the Princes and their senior aides, Lucifer himself intervened. Lounging in the chair that bore his name and usually remained empty during meetings, the Prince of Darkness casually thanked all the participants for their co-operation and informed them that the census was to be discontinued – as it had served its purpose. While this news settled, he named Mammon as the new Prince of Greed, his talents and his hoard forever separated from Asmodeus. The year was 700 B.C.

The Bank of Hell

Mammon took up residence in Shal-Mari, paying the other local Princes dearly for a share of the local territory. He had earned many powerful enemies – not least his old Superior, who had taken advantage of his absence to go through the accounts in person . . . and found out how much had been embezzled. The Bank of Hell (p. 61) was formed, and vaults were dug deep below the city streets, writhing with the sighs and screams of the damned. All demons who could meet the membership requirements were offered access to the bank. On Earth, Mammon personally arranged the ruin of Croesus, a powerful King in Asia Minor whose name has since become synonymous with riches.

Name Dropping

Being mentioned personally in the Bible was a great ego boost to the "Generous Prince." However, it also brought him to the more immediate attention of Heaven. Despite the fact that his institutions were so useful to them, none of the other Princes were inclined to offer any assistance.

Over the centuries of the Christian Era, the Prince of Greed's arrogance drove a widening wedge between himself and the rest of Hell's senior nobility. His Word prospered, many mortals knew his name (and many worshipped him openly), and he convinced himself that he could easily handle the worst that Heaven had to throw against him without begging aid from the infernal hierarchy. His disregard for politics also led him to trade scornful words with Kronos – a Prince who was moving very swiftly to the top of Hell's hierarchy.

Although times were harder, Greed had some notable successes. The Fourth Crusade, in which the merchant rulers of Venice used the Christian soldiers to sack Byzantium and line their own pockets, was a hard blow to the Church.

The Night They Broke the Bank in Monte Carlo

Mammon's fall from the ranks of the major Princes wasn't solely due to one single event. It was a long, slow decline. Celestial power had always been his second priority, and he was resented by many powerful demons. Many of his own Servitors were embezzling from their master (it would have been surprising if they weren't). Also, he had made an easy target of himself for the forces of Heaven. But the Age of Capital was dawning, and the 19th Century saw some of Mammon's most notable successes to date. Trade also grew on a global scale, and Marc and Mammon found themselves constantly in competition, and in conflict. It focussed both of their minds on each other, to the exclusion of almost all else.

Although Mammon now claims that he came close to bankrupting the Archangel of Trade during those glory days, his enemies in Hell were gathering round, infuriated by the successes of such a hated rival. Rumors still say that one of the Princes did a deal with Marc, the only Superior who was capable of hammering Mammon's mortal power base. Others say that it was sheer luck (or fate) that lent a hand. But when the stock market crashed on Wall Street in 1929, the Princes of Hell played their hands – and there was a run on the Bank of Hell. All “investors” were ordered by their own Princes to withdraw Essence, and the vaults of Shal-Mari were mobbed by frantic demons. Desperate for a quick loan of Essence to prop up the bank, Mammon took on huge debts from

MAMMON AND THE MONEYLENDERS

The myth of the grasping Jewish moneylender is as ubiquitous as the fat medieval merchant – they're both personas which Mammon has used widely in the past. When humans create icons of greed, they are acknowledging his power over mortal society, and that pleases the Prince of Greed enormously. In fact, he has a soft spot in his heart for the Jewish people, who have personified his word for so long in Christian culture. As far as he is concerned, that means he owns them. Nobody else takes Mammon's claims seriously, but he does like to staff his infernal offices with damned Jewish souls, whom he treats as mascots.

THE WITCH-HUNTS

The years immediately following the near-collapse of the bank were difficult ones for Mammon's own Servitors. Paranoid that all the world was against him, the Prince ordered investigations in his own ranks to reveal which of his minions had betrayed him or conspired with enemy factions. The Acquisition (p. 67) tortured, threatened, and bribed the names of hundreds of suspects out of previously “loyal” demons. Many of the accused – those who were not able to escape, or buy their way out – were made pitiful examples of in the streets of Shal-Mari. Apart from decimating his own ranks, one of the effects of the witch hunts was that many of Mammon's most talented Servitors decided that this would be a good time to jump ship. Several broke their own Hearts and found service with other Princes – mainly Haagenti, Valefor, and Malphas. Even more notoriously, a few others simply decided to go solo in the corporeal world, and have never been caught.

the local Princes of Shal-Mari – who preferred to see him weakened but retaining some power base than to lose everything to looters and the Game. Order was finally restored, but the damage had been done, and Mammon retired briefly to lick his wounds. The Bank of Hell reopened for business. Satisfied that this would keep the Prince of Greed in his proper (subservient) place for the forthcoming millennium, the vultures withdrew to circling distance. Mammon's corporeal power and competence were still too useful to simply throw away.

Life in a Minor Key

Lesser demons might have given up, to see their empires so easily dismantled, but the Prince of Greed is made of sterner stuff. On Earth, he is making progress in leaps and bounds, spurred on by the growth of the international economy, and organized crime. In Hell, though, Kobal is pointing his “younger brother” at Mammon's territory – which now seems so vulnerable – and encouraging him in the belief that in a progressive, free-thinking society like Shal-Mari, it would be only right to “eat the rich.”

Mammon is now reduced to the power level of the minor Princes. His empire on Earth may be recovering nicely from the setbacks of the Great Depression, but in Hell his influence is still being slowly eaten away – lost through his own greed and short-sightedness.



RUMORS, MYTHS, AND LEGENDS

The Thirty Pieces of Silver

The legendary pieces of silver for which Judas Iscariot sold Jesus to the Romans have become a powerful symbol of the lowest depths to which humanity will sink for love of money. Whether Mammon himself had any involvement in the original betrayal is largely unknown, but the Prince of Greed has been avidly seeking the original silver pieces over the centuries since the Crucifixion. They are widely assumed to be relics of great power, but as of yet, only 24 of them are in Mammon's personal hoard. He would undoubtedly pay well for information leading to recovery of any of the rest.

The Legend of Simon Magus

Now when Simon saw that the Spirit was given through the laying on of the apostles' hands, he offered them money, saying, "Give me also this power, that any one on whom I lay my hands may receive the Holy Spirit." But Peter said to him, "Your silver perish with you, because you thought you could obtain the gift of God with money!"

— Acts 8:9-11

Simon Magus, also known as the Father of Heresy, was one of the first figures to be publicly repudiated by the early Christian Church. He is briefly mentioned in the Book of Acts as having been a notable sorcerer who was curious about St. Peter's practice of laying on hands, and offered the apostle money in return for the secrets of divine grace. Later stories tell that he repented, traveled to Rome, and founded a Gnostic sect, teaching that the Old Testament had been revealed to mankind by malicious angels. The word "simony" came to mean any offering of material wealth in return for spiritual favors – this was denounced by medieval clerics as an abomination, for placing things temporal on a par with things eternal.

Celestial gossip has it that Simon Magus was a Renegade of Greed, who had fled his infernal master and genuinely wanted to get closer to Heaven, using the only currency he understood. But once both Heaven and Hell had his number, his demise and the blackening of his reputation was almost guaranteed.

The Prisoner

Mulciber, the Djinn who was the first governor of the Bank of Hell (p. 61), is a legendary figure amongst Mammon's Servitors, famed for his devious financial mind. As well as instituting the great organization that "the Cube" has become, he was also the architect who

personally designed the vaults and tunnels underneath Shal-Mari in which the valuables are stored. They are riddled with secret chambers, traps, and spyholes.

Shortly after the excavation and building was finally completed, he went missing and was declared Renegade. He has never been traced since then. Vicious rumors claim that Mammon was so pleased with the bank's security that he determined to keep the plans to himself – and that Mulciber is still chained up in one of the more remote vaults, together with his Heart.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

“Show me the money. Show me the Money! SHOW ME THE MONEY!”

– Jerry Maguire

Mammon is a petty tyrant, who focuses single-mindedly on the material realm. He believes that Lucifer has given him the corporeal world to rule in His name, and that it is only a matter of time before Mammon will confirm his ownership and absolute control over it. He often acts as though he was already owner and commander of everything within his sight. When the Prince is alone with his possessions (a category which includes Servitors) he can afford to relax, and wax philosophical about the benefits of Greed – woe betide the Servitor who betrays any signs of boredom as the lecture drones on.

Mammon's attachment to his own personal hoard is infamous, and he enjoys displaying his wealth openly. However, as the Prince of Greed, he holds no principles too sacred to be broken in search of a good profit, and expects his Servitors to follow the same line. He is fond of gambling, when the odds are in his favor, and enjoys watching his Servitors bilk the foolish out of their undeserved wealth.

As befits a Balseraph Prince, he vacillates on his interpretation of his Word. One day might find him maliciously encouraging the use of slave labor, another might find him wholeheartedly defending greed as a lubricant in the engine of the world economy. Mortals have dreamed up thousands of excuses to justify their own greed, and Mammon is a master of them all.

Down and Out in Paris and Shal-Mari

Mammon prefers to believe that it is his own choice to tactically withdraw from the nadir of Hell's political climate. The truth is that the crash of 1929 hit him very hard. Since then, the Prince of Greed has become more and more paranoid that someone – everyone – is trying to steal his rightful possessions and dominions. He explodes

THE WEALTH OF HELL

“So you think that money is the root of all evil. Have you ever asked what is the root of all money?”

– Ayn Rand

Mammon's genius (or low cunning) in the years before the demons regained passage to Earth gave the infernal regions a semblance of an economy. Essence is the *base* currency of Hell, used to deal in minor goods and services. It can be freely traded. However, every creature in Hell receives at least one Essence per day (two for Servitors of the Game) so it isn't a rare commodity, except in huge amounts. The true wealth of Hell, while measured in Essence, is in its reliquaries – artifacts which are capable of storing or generating their own Essence in perpetuity. The unit of measurement for infernal wealth is in *souls*. A damned soul is valued as a reliquary/5, but is worth more than an equivalent artifact, due to the difficulty of creation. Any demon with the requisite skills may attempt to make a relic; damned souls cannot be so easily created. A fully-fledged demon, if sold into slavery, is worth more than this as it is capable of storing more Essence.

into a temper at the slightest evidence of theft or embezzlement by his own minions, many of whom were purged in the witch-hunts.

Greed and Politics

Mammon is not a great political brain – he follows mortal trends, rather than inspiring them. Despite flirtations with feudalism in the past, he has always favored the notion of a world plutocracy – government by the wealthy (for the wealthy). In his ideal world, Mammon would prefer to see no financial regulation at all, or any restrictions on business and enterprise. So what if the consumer gets bilked by cartels, monopolies, or fast-talking pension salesmen?

Priorities

The Prince of Greed would like the world on a silver platter, and he'd like it now, please; and you can call him “Master” while you're at it. Failing that, he intends to buy it up piece by piece, however long it may take. He makes the casual assumption that everything owned by one of his slaves is also his possession. So the simplest way for him to extend his own holdings is to enslave the mortals and celestials who have gathered the most to themselves.

Ownership of everything and everyone is his goal – you are what you own. His wealth, and his servants, must belong to Mammon and Mammon alone. There is no notion of free will; an owned creature is a slave to greed, and must always remain so. He has no time for the poor, or the humble. They are worthless to him; if they were clever or worthwhile, then they would not be poor.

If it were convenient, he'd keep all his wealth in solid, corporeal form, but in the modern day, much ends up in Swiss bank accounts. He still likes to maintain Earthly vaults full of treasures in forms that can be touched, caressed, and tasted physically.

Views on God

Like a disaffected teenager, Mammon has never stopped resenting God's dominion. He feels it was quite unfair of the divinity to refuse to give the celestials their rightful inheritance – the Earth. He still believes that he did the only "honest" thing when he "stood up for his beliefs" and followed the Lightbringer. Petulantly, he continues on his quest to own everything, turning acquisition into a rebellious statement. As well as satisfying the Prince's greed, every single gain is a deliberate, personal snub to the Creator that says, "See. You made this, but now it's MINE."

Views on Lucifer

However much his actions may belie it (i.e., when he sells out his allies to the enemy, or ignores Hell's immediate needs in order to line his pockets), Mammon will roll over like a puppy dog whenever Lucifer makes his own wishes known. This isn't just pragmatism in the face of power; it's love, in the only way the Balseraph is capable of expressing it. He still worships the shining figure who led him to damnation, and allowed him the means to fulfill his own unholy desires. Because he loves his Lord and Master, Mammon secretly desires to possess and enslave him. He would never dare to plan rebellion, but even a demon can dream . . .

Views on the War

I don't want war, I just want peace.

A little piece of Poland,

A little piece of France . . .

– Mel Brooks, To Be or Not to Be

The Prince of Greed loudly supports the War against Heaven – in public. A talented demagogue, he is widely seen as the Shal-Mari Prince who is most in favor of the War on Earth. However, Mammon himself always strives to be far, far away from the front line.

Unfortunately, Heaven frequently targets his operations, which is another reason to publicly support "allies" with more firepower. He *would* like to see Lucifer's hordes take over the Earth openly, but Mammon ultimately has no real sense of loyalty, except to his bank account. If there was a profit to be made by speaking in favor of peaceful co-existence, he would change his tack without a moment's hesitation.

POLITICS

Mammon prefers pursuing riches in the corporeal realm to getting involved with infernal politics. This tactic has rebounded against him many times in the past, but he shows few signs of changing tack. He has irritated the other Princes too many times with his insolence and unbounded arrogance for him to claim any true allies. Especially now, when the chips are down, only the vultures gather around to watch – waiting to pounce at the first signs of weakness.

Princely Opinions

Alaemon: Where would Mammon be without Secrets? He's always looking for inside information . . . and selling it as well. We can do business together. (*Alaemon knows how to create a demand where there was none before – by keeping information scarce, and making it valuable. And he hungers for more, always more, and boards what he has.*)

Andrealphus: So busy chasing after every little last copper penny that he never has time to enjoy it all. But I've seen the look in his eye at the thought of a bargain; he's in bondage to his treasures. (*I admire a Prince who knows what he wants and is willing to pay for it, even if he is a reckless sybarite. He knows that if the price is right, people will do anything.*)

Asmodeus: He was too much of a wild card, willing to sell us all out. Those who think to follow in his footsteps need only look at his example to see how even Princes can be called to task. (*I always knew I was made for better things than him. You can't cripple the free market. Unbridled greed works so much more efficiently without any regulations.*)

Baal: (snort) He's nothing but a coward and a leech, grown fat from the work of others. Come Judgment Day, Mammon will be the first with his back against the wall. (*Baal is a great role-model to us all, and war is so good for profiteering.*)

Beleth: The terror in his eyes when he thought he had lost everything, that was sweet to me. Mammon knows now that every Prince in Hell has his measure. (*Nothing's scarier than losing everything, and nothing makes people greedier than fear of losing what they've got.*)

GREED AND GLUTTONY

It's widely assumed that Greed and Gluttony are very closely related Words, which is true. Both encourage selfishness; the glutton thinks only of his own hungers, and the miser thinks only of increasing his own net worth. A greedy man can also be gluttonous and vice versa – such overlaps are not uncommon – but usually one venal sin will take priority in a man's heart.

It's also widely assumed that Gluttony is deliberately expanding to include the Word of Greed on Earth, which is not true. Where a mortal shows affinities to both Greed and Gluttony, Servitors of the two Princes may compete to win the soul for their infernal masters. They don't do this by using their competitors' Word; that would be playing to the other side's strengths.

Mammon considers Haagenti to be one of his associates, or at least a sleeping partner. He refuses to recognize any threat from that quarter. After all, their Words

support each other, and what sort of threat could a Calabite who thinks with his stomach pose to a subtle operator such as himself? The Prince of Gluttony is the ultimate consumer, and Mammon loves consumers; he loves them so much that he wants to separate every one of them from their wealth at every opportunity, in return for feeding their hungers.

Haagenti has no interest in collecting gold, but he is currently eyeing up the Prince of Greed as a potential brunch. Mammon looks celestially vulnerable, Balseraph Prince would be a new taste to savor, and Kobal thinks that it would be a great idea! Kobal himself is disappointed by the lack of aggression shown by both Princes toward each other's Words. The power struggle, which should have entertained him for at least a few minutes, is turning into the non-event of the millennium.

Belial: What's the point of storing corporeal things? Everything could go up in flames and what has he got then? *(He only lives to destroy. Useful for insurance scams, but you could replace him with one of Vapula's heavy weapons and no one would notice the difference.)*

Fleurity: A petty relic of a bygone era, but he's too useful to ignore. *(Many dealers are my servants, if he only knew.)*

FATE AND FORTUNE

Mammon has detested Kronos since he was first named the Prince of Fate. Poor men can have great fates and succumb to Greed as easily as rich ones, and Fate's goal is to drag all creation into the pit, not just the souls whose goods you personally desire. If Greed is the best way to corrupt an impoverished mortal with a great fate, then this is what the Prince of Fate desires. Mammon rejects utterly all claims that Earthly things are unimportant in the long run, and is paranoid that Kronos only wants to persuade him to concentrate on minor, useless mortals because he is after a slice of the profits himself! Openly making an enemy of the most powerful Prince in Hell has not proven to be a good long-term strategy for Greed, and the other Princes have taken note.

Fleurity has the sense to keep the supply restricted and the profit margin high.)

Haagenti: What's the point in keeping money locked away when it could be buying food? Mmm . . . eat the rich . . . *(A worthy and noble Prince, dedicated to providing a constant stream of consumers who will pay high prices. And he should stick to what he's good at.)*

Kobal: It's a scream. Hey, Mammon, tell me again about how you are *really* the lord of all you survey. *(The Fall broke his mind, and he's become so inconsistent that no one can rely on him for anything. Everyone loves a joker, but they don't lend him money.)*

Kronos: Greed may have dragged more mortals to the pit than any other Word, but that is *despite* the best efforts of its incompetent Prince. *(Who does he think he is, meddling in my affairs and picking and choosing which mortals I should foster? I'm sure he's the guiding force behind those who plot against me.)*

Lilith: What's he done this time? I know him well, and I know his Needs. He never misses a trick in trying to bargain prices up though; I can do business with him, but I don't like it when people try to cheat me. *(Ah, the beautiful Princess. I understand her better than she knows.)*

Malphas: Greed lurks in every mortal heart, nestled close to its sister, Envy. It is a wonderful tool for persuading people to doubt their leaders, and their friends, and their family, and . . . *(A wise and clever Prince, who is always a source of good advice.)*



Nybbas: One of the few old school who really has his head screwed on. Check out the ratings on these game shows . . . *(He's ambitious, and money is the life-blood of his operations. A useful pawn, and there's good profit in the Media.)*

Saminga: Death, only death is the way to ultimate power. How pointless he is, playing with bits of metal and rock. Let him wane and die and rot away; one less to threaten me. *(There can be profit in death. Kill the men, then cheat the widows and orphans out of their inheritances. But the mass murders over which Saminga gloats are just wasteful.)*

Valefor: You have to love him, he's turned so many people into thieves; and as for the vaults . . . it's a challenge, isn't it? *(He's good at acquisition, far too good. The only other Prince who really knows what it's all about. We understand each other.)*

Vapula: Simple-minded but easily paid off. He's useful; and the rest is idiocy and ancient history. *(New technology has been a growing market, and the demand isn't dropping any time soon. He supplies the goods, and I advise on marketing, with an appropriate cut, of course.)*

Archangelic Opinions

Mammon has one of the highest profiles on Earth of any Superior. Naturally, this has made him a favored target for the Host, most of whom don't realize how badly his power base has recently been eroded in Hell.

Blandine: He is a nasty, petty-minded plague upon the Earth. What is this lust for material things? Is humanity truly so easily swayed from higher purposes? *(Dreams are so inspiring to humanity, giving them so many wonderful images of all the things they could do if they only owned more.)*

David: Who dares claim ownership of the Earth, with her metals and jewels, to lock them away? *(Too old-fashioned to live; he hates what he doesn't understand. I only want to keep his rocks and gems safe.)*

Dominic: Mammon has turned too many souls away from the glories of Heaven – which are priceless, and cannot be bought with gold. *(You can't talk to these people, they are so determined not to understand . . . but does he really think his angels cannot be bribed? I know better.)*

Eli: His lust for gold has blinded him to the wonders of the world around him. He's the ultimate sell-out. *(He's a fool. If you just give things away, they'll be worthless.)*

Gabriel: How much cruelty has been wrought in the name of Greed? Mammon wants to replace God in the eyes of man, and he is succeeding, and no one will see . . . *(How much destruction has her crazy idiocy wrought? Does anyone stop her? No, they all believe she speaks for God. As if.)*

Janus: He is anathema. He teaches that material possessions are the only important things in life. It's wrong. It's evil. Let's see him laugh when he is left with nothing. *(Janus is just full of hot air – but every time he takes something of mine, it drags him down with it.)*

Jean: His success in influencing mortal attitudes is something from which we should aim to learn, in order to apply it to the goals of Heaven. However, I doubt that Mammon is as major a priority as many of my colleagues seem to think. *(The arms race he has got into with Vapula is a war like any other. Get out there, grab the toys, and sell them to the highest bidder!)*

Jordi: How petty is humanity with its grasping, unnecessary exploitation of God's world? Greed may lurk within every human, but it does not lurk within animals. Mammon encourages everything most despicable about mankind, and still they adore him. *(I love animals. Have you seen my ivory and tortoise-shell chess set?)*

Laurence: "What profit it a man to gain the world, if he lose his soul?" If ever we are tempted to love our own possessions too much, let us keep those words in our hearts. Greed is a fatal sickness of the soul. *(Just another violent, single-minded fanatic with the world's most pointless job. He's too young to know better, and too brainwashed to care.)*

Marc: Over the years, his Word has been one of the single most potent weapons in Hell's arsenal on Earth. Worse than that, Mammon himself is a tasteless idiot and a boor. He is spiritually bankrupt, and bringing him to book has cost us dearly. I look forward to permanently settling some accounts . . . soon. *(Ah, my divine counterpart. We understand each other. We are business rivals, in a sense. I've almost bankrupted him several times, but his trade does create wealth, and for that I will own him.)*

*I think of it as being like a
very exclusive social club, and
if you aren't a member then
. . . I guess it sucks to be you.*

*– Valerie Delaney,
Soldier of Greed*

MARC AND MAMMON

Marc hates Mammon with a cold, intellectual passion. Greed twists the natural human desire to better oneself into pure selfishness. Putting profit above principle is a temptation to all those who serve the Word of Trade, whether celestial or mortal. The conflict is not just a business rivalry to Marc, it's a moral and intellectual battle, and the Archangel of Trade would rather die than lose. Mammon views his counterpart as a fellow profiteer and believes (erroneously) that they are on the same wavelength. He even claims to enjoy the infrequent "full and frank" discussions which he has with Marc on "economic policy," although he's often seen returning to Hell in a furious mood.

The moral and economic struggles between the two Superiors have become the stuff of legend, the pair so intertwined with their mortal dealings that others whisper of collaboration. This could not be further from the truth; but to Superiors who have difficulty in understanding the corporeal realm, their focus on what seem to be *identical* goals is all too suspicious.

Michael: His demons are cowards and turncoats, and they don't stay bought – pay them off for information, and then shoot them in the head. *(As long as his forces are pointed away from me, there's profit in it; selling arms and information to **very** willing buyers.)*

Novalis: Why can't these people be satisfied to have enough for their own needs? I think his minions are terrified and misunderstood – if we could only explain that God loves them too and would provide for them, they would give up their greed! *(Too stupid to be true. She gives away too much; she must have an angle.)*

Yves: The tragedy of greed is that it blinds one to everything except money – but remember that in the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. *(If only he'd use his abilities for something useful, like handing out stock tips . . .)*

Humans and Others

Mortals: Ahh, my pawns. I like to think of life as a testing ground, to tease out the valuable ones from the dross. They are all my creatures – just some of them take longer to realize it.

Hellsworn and Sorcerers: The privileged few – they are permitted to worship openly. My temporary workers on Earth, and my valuables in Hell.



Soldiers of God: It's pathetic that these mortals keep falling for the great lies, "Give us your money, you won't be needing it." I can teach them better. Let's see how generous and how *humble* they can afford to be when their children are starving.

Ethereals: They're just phantasms, so pay them off with promises and other intangibles. Stage takeover bids for their cults, and remember – if it moves, it can be duped.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

The Most Dangerous Game of All

What if Mammon, far from being one of Hell's failure stories, is actually as intelligent as he claims? Could it be that the wily Prince really did plot to be "diminished" in the eyes of Hell's nobility in order to give himself more free rein for his real plans; to acquire *all* of creation for himself, beginning not with Earth, but with Hell?

Mammon in this case is one of Hell's most scheming intellectuals, and the brash, smug exterior is no more than a mask; a mask that has worked better than he dared hope. In fact, Mammon already secretly controls most of Hell's operations on Earth, if the other Princes only realized. The Hosts of Heaven see him for the threat he truly is; this is the reason that destroying Mammon has been near the top of the Heavenly agenda for so long.

The Banker, in his Labyrinth

Mammon is obsessed with material wealth. In a light-hearted game, this obsession is taken to extremes. The Prince of Greed appears in the pinstripes and silk tie of the junk bond trader. His speech patterns are laced with financial terms such as leverage, takeovers, market share,

and rates of return. His demons are subject to all manner of taxes – Rent, Horn Tax, Servant Tax, Relic Tax, and Income Tax – and will do anything to make a few extra coppers. He uses every excuse in the book (and some that should never be in any book) to avoid releasing any of his hoard. Other Princes who need corporeal funding may have to send teams of trained explorers into Shal-Mari to find the miserly Prince, because he regularly "fails to receive messages" when he suspects that it is going to cost him anything. On the other hand, he's remarkably adept at showing up in person to collect his debts.

*I remember burning sands.
I remember beaten
gold piled into tombs.
I remember faithful
servitude to the gods
twisted into self-
aggrandizement and
greed. I remember
that Mammon
subverted our glory,
and made us hateful
to Heaven. I remem-
ber all these things. There is
nothing new under the sun.
– Sphinx*



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME . . .

. . . BUT GREED BEGINS IN SHAL-MARI

The area of Shal-Mari that Mammon controls is Hell's financial district. As well as housing the forbidding institutional facades of any number of brokers, insurance dealers, debt collectors, and financial advisors, it's an area where free enterprise runs wild – even in comparison to the rest of the city. The district is infamous for its gambling houses and betting shops, in which bets are taken on *anything*. The casinos run directly by Greed are notable for offering both the highest prizes and the worst odds in Shal-Mari. Sideshows and scams cater to all tastes – from the punters on the street to those who consider themselves to be Hell's elite.

This is the tip of the iceberg, compared with Mammon's true base of operations. Although the Prince makes his headquarters in the Bank of Hell, a grim windowless edifice, the major part of his Domain is located underground. Within the glistening tunnels and corridors of the vaults are the heavily-guarded Heart rooms and Tether-endpoints that are sacred to Greed.

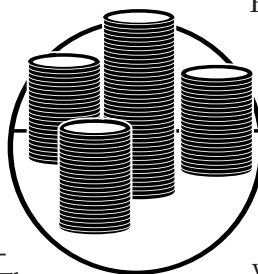
The Bank of Hell

"A bank is a place that will lend you money if you prove that you don't need it."

– Bob Hope

The HQ of the Bank of Hell (also known as "Mulciber's" after the first governor, or simply as "The Cube") is one of the best known landmarks in Mammon's quarter of Shal-Mari. The building itself is a thickset granite cube, engraved with Mammon's sigil on all walls, exterior and interior. Although this building is the bank's administrative center, most of the offices and storage facilities are located far below the city's teeming streets, in the cold corridors of the vaults.

The bank is an elitist institution with a long history. Shrouded in mystery to the vast majority of demons, who are never allowed entrance even to the minor branches, it thrives on bureaucracy and tradition. Only members of the bank may open accounts, rent safety deposit boxes in Hell, or take out loans. In order to become a member, the recommendations of two existing members are required, as well as a corporeal deposit of the current market value of



THE BANK THAT LIKES TO SAY NO

The bank is famed for its discretion. Rumors say that Mammon has refused all official requests to pass on account information, even those originating from the Game. In fact, if Asmodeus presents Mulciber's with proof that an account holder has gone Renegade, the board will agree to freeze the account until the matter is cleared up to his satisfaction. This doesn't necessarily prevent the Renegade from using his account privileges, but the Bank will increase charges to cover the extra necessity for secrecy.

six ounces of gold. It functions as a nepotistic club, and that's just how Mammon and his senior bank officials like it. The bank's main service is in storing Essence, reliquaries, or damned souls for clients. A small annual fee is charged for current accounts, and this is one of the few secure ways for any creature in Hell to keep a small hoard of Essence for itself, safe from being stolen by stronger demons.

The bank also has a corporeal department which takes deposits and makes loans in mortal currencies on Earth – its main corporeal branch is in Zurich. Although *any* Earthly bank will have better rates of interest and more helpful staff than Mulciber's, mortals can be so picky about Roles, curious about large deposits, and unhelpful when an account holder is forced to use a new vessel . . .

The Bullring

The infamous Bullring is an auction house which specializes in buying and selling slaves.

Although most damned nominally belong to a Prince, it is possible to trade in those who have escaped from the Principalities to which they were assigned – and the auctioneers are not above paying demons to "liberate" souls to stock up forthcoming sales. Some Princes also choose to auction off particularly irritating Servitors, as punishment. Bidding takes place in any currency that the seller desires – usually Essence or corporeal gold (to be collected on Earth by the auction house).

More common than these "permanent sales" are temporary terms of indenture – under which the purchaser will own the slave for a fixed, limited term. Demons who need to raise large sums quickly may have no option but to sell their servants or even themselves into temporary service.

SWIMMING WITH THE (LOAN) SHARKS: SERVITORS OF MAMMON

MISERS, MAMMONITES, SHARKS

No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and Mammon.

– Matthew 6:19-24 (RSV)

Mammon's Servitors have always been ridiculed behind their backs. The rest of Hell jokes about their tight-fisted ways, and the lengths to which they will go to make a few extra coppers on a deal. Now that Mammon is on a political downer, it's almost safe for even minor demonlings to mock his Servitors openly – and they do. Many Mammonites laugh along with the jokes, spotting an opportunity to encourage potential dupes to underestimate them. Others react more violently, being just as prepared to use their fists and teeth to make a brutal point as to batter opponents down with financial hammers.

Recognizing no grail but wealth and success, Mammonites maintain a veiled respect for each other. They are fellow predators in the infernal pool, and watch each other closely. When two Servitors meet, they are likely to be able to discuss each other's current affairs, servants, missions, and successes in such detail that no observer would realize that they hadn't ever spoken before.

Greed operates as a meritocracy. Competition is openly cutthroat – literally in some cases. Senior demons encourage their minions to compete over who can win the most souls, recruit the best servants, earn the best profits, and carry out the most daring schemes. To the winners, the spoils – after their bosses have taken a cut. Servitors of Greed are *very* focused on winning, and have a knack for turning any situation into a competitive event (especially if they have the chance to take side bets).

Demons who thrive under Greed find this atmosphere of constant competition exciting. Because they are unburdened by scruples, an ambitious Servitor of Greed will shamelessly do *anything* if there is money to be made in it. This is another charming trait which has seen them labeled as sybarites, traitors, and debauched, unprincipled scum. To the Misers, these can just as easily be

compliments as insults. Younger demons compete as to who is prepared to take the greatest risks, or debase themselves the most, to satisfy their own greed. Senior Mammonites watch these proceedings, viewing them as loyalty tests.

ORGANIZATION

In Mammon's organization (dubbed "the Cartel" by Servitors), wealth and power are synonymous. Distinctions, attainments, and privileges are routinely bought and sold; Baronies and Dukedoms are also burdened with heavy annual "administrative fees." In order to recoup the cost of rank, senior demons are always on the lookout for ways to exploit their junior colleagues. Subtlety has little place in the Cartel, and a powerful demon who does not throw his weight around may appear vulnerable to hostile takeover bids.

More influential than any single Mammonite – even a Word-bound – are the great financial institutions of Shal-Mari. Although the Prince sits on the boards of all these successful institutions, even he would think twice before crossing any of them openly.

Rewards and Punishments

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

– Matthew 25:29

In the high-stakes, balls-to-the-wall world of Greed, failure is its own punishment. Demons who can't keep up with the pace are thrown to the more energetic sharks. Insolence or bad attitude are rarely chastised, as long as the Servitor has proven his worth.

Punishments for failures or collaboration with enemy factions may involve the requisition of goods or servants from the hapless Servitor, and it's not uncommon for a demon to be forced to sell himself into temporary slavery to meet the Prince's casual demands. Since the witch-hunts, the Prince has become quite trigger happy with "punitive taxes" when accusations of disloyalty are concerned.

Success is also considered to be its own reward. Demons who flourish are often allowed even more leeway to do as they wish on Earth, and control their own hoards and minions unchecked. Mammon presents his most favored Servitors with golden torques from his own neck, as a sign of infernal approval – after all, he can always retrieve them later.





The Fallen

Gifting their Master with an angel who has Fallen through greed can do marvelous things for a Miser's career in Hell. Mammon enjoys taking possession of these unfortunates, whose lust for material things has drawn them to the Pit. This feeds his sense of self-importance, and increases the number of celestials that he "owns" directly. As well as paying generous "finder's fees" to Servitors who can introduce a new employee to his ranks, Mammon casually offers cash, attunements, and preferment to suitable candidates among the newly Fallen. It's all bait to lure them to his service, at which point everything they own becomes his.

 Money has a power above
The stars and fate, to manage love:
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipped with gold.
— Samuel Butler

Newly Fallen demons are initiated into Mammon's service and left to fend for themselves. Without the protection and tutelage that the institutions offer demon-lings (in return for indenture), many are forced to sell themselves at auction and spend centuries enslaved to other Mammonites. However, those who bargained a good deal out of the Prince, and have the nerve, the cunning, and the ruthlessness to protect their own interests are as "free" to prosper as any demon created in Hell.

Humans

Recruiting people to the service of Greed is like pyramid selling. Once a single influential mortal has "discovered" the way to Mammon, he will introduce friends and colleagues. Many mortal minions of Greed slyly toss their infernal Master's name into conversations, as if daring anyone to believe them. Others don't really believe that Mammon or his demons exist. It's a game to them, even up to the signing of contracts and receipt of money from mysterious sources. Demons learn to be cautious about revealing their true powers, so as to allow the mortal to feel that he is in control of his strange benefactor.

There is no shortage of potential human servants. People queue up to sell their souls in return for riches, and the demons have become more picky about who they favor. It *is* traditional to offer wealth in return for the signature on the contract – which pains Mammonites more than they admit. Loans at preferential rates are easy enough to arrange from Mulciber's to finance these contracts; souls in Hell are valuable collateral. Paying back such loans may require that the soul duly turns up in Mammon's quota when the owner shuffles off the mortal money-go-round. This alone gives demons an incentive to corrupt those mortals who have signed their contracts.

BANDS

Servitors of Mammon are more similar to each other in mindset than to other demons of their own Band. Although many fall into general archetypes, in the dog-eat-dog world of Greed, demons must be prepared to do anything for a competitive advantage.

PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED

Humans like to believe that whatever most benefits them personally is also morally justified. Mortal servants and Soldiers who recognize their true Master are very proactive in preaching to their colleagues that greed is the one true way, and that anyone who says otherwise must be stupid, or secretly on the take. Many of them, even without demonic prompting, found small cults or social clubs that are dedicated to greed.

In ancient times, mortal cults sacrificed blood and valuables to their demonic lord. These days, humans rush to worship at the altar of the almighty dollar. Motivational sales speakers instruct audiences to whisper a brief prayer to Mammon before making a

cold call. Stockbrokers in expensive suits meet over lunch, and say a prayer to Mammon over the smoked salmon, sharing a smirk as they do so. The cults are as ubiquitous as they are fashionable – even unaware humans find them amusing, rather than actively bad. Mammon has become the socially acceptable face of Hell.

It's just unfortunate for the Prince of Greed that he has never been farsighted enough to organize these disparate factions into a more useful force. His love of cults stems instead from his early discovery that members could be taught "worship rites" (*Corporeal Players' Guide*, p. 67) to channel their Essence directly to him.

WORD-BOUND SERVITORS

Many of Mammon's most notorious Word-bound Servitors broke their Hearts during the witch hunts (p. 61) and are now in service to Theft, Factions, or Gluttony. Those who are left include Molly, a.k.a. "I'm Going to Hell," Lilim Captain of Gambling Debts and prize-winning racehorse; Zobos, Habbalite Knight of Dot.coms (p. 68); and the Demons of Misers, Insider Trading, Bribery, and Internet Auctions.

Balseraphs

Mammon's Balseraphs are his masterminds and puppeteers, pulling strings behind the scenes to benefit themselves through the hard work of dupes and pawns. They delight in using written words and legal trickery to prove their innate superiority over others. These Liars also enjoy adopting different personas, in environments where they can secretly laugh at the idiots they are fooling. They revel in the showy tricks that demons can pull when finally revealing to a pawn that he is not their master, but their slave. Others carry these pretenses forward to the mortal world, becoming crime lords behind a mask of propriety.

Two Balseraphs of Greed in the same town is one too many. Like Siamese fighting fish, they will instantly light on each other as the *real* competition, placing all other considerations on the back-burner. This may take years to work out.

Djinn

The Stalkers excel in driving humans into the arms of Greed. Once a mortal has signed his soul over, the Djinn are masters of slow corruption, advising their new "colleagues" on how best to profit from their acquaintances. It warms the cockles of their black, malicious hearts to watch someone screw over a friend or family member for personal gain. Greed's Djinn need little encouragement to follow up on their Band Attunement; making these deals happen reinforces the demon's view of the world as a place in which all love, all care, and all emotional attachments fall like cards before the power of Greed.

These demons can also be obsessive manipulators, putting carefully thought-out schemes into practice over a period of decades or more. Although they may not have the flair of Mammon's other Bands, the large number of Djinn among senior Bank officials tells its own tale, that sometimes slow and steady wins the race.

Calabim

The hardcore, up-front Calabim are Mammon's great risk-takers. They enjoy playing in environments where the stakes are high and the potential rewards are even higher. They egg on accomplices and rivals, as if daring others to match their exploits. Not only do the Destroyers have no qualms about crossing the law or taking on dangerous enterprises, they positively enjoy it. Their ability to find and destroy evidence that might trip them up leads them into casual fraud without a second thought. They work hard, and play harder. It is the Calabim who form most of Greed's dirty tricks squads, and make up the biggest proportion of Hell's institutional debt collectors. Although they compete with each other over the long term, they're better able to work together for short-term goals than any other of Mammon's Bands.

Some of these demons are also renowned connoisseurs and collectors of corporeal artifacts. Even so, they share the Calabite affinity for directness in their approach to collecting, being happy to destroy other people's treasures if it will increase the value of their own hoards.

Habbalah

Mammon's Punishers take their role as the scourge of Heaven very seriously. With them encouraging mortals to grab everything they can get, clearly only the weak and undeserving will remain poor. Just as the book of Exodus claims that God hardened Pharaoh's heart toward the Israelites, many of Mammon's Habbalah feel a mission to harden the hearts of the rich and powerful to their less fortunate fellows. This helps the rest of humanity to benefit from a bit of humility (and God knows the jumped-up little monkeys need all the prodding they can get in that respect). They actively seek out ways to exploit entire communities, and laugh scornfully at mortal "colleagues" who are weak enough to express doubts on ethical grounds.

Habbalah prosper in roles which involve positions of power, where the demon can inspire underlings with some of its own callousness and cruelty toward lesser beings (i.e., the poor). The mortal servants of these demons rarely realize that their bosses view them in much the same way, until it is too late.

Lilim

Lilim in service to Mammon have a reputation amongst their sisters as the most cold-hearted, calculating Daughters in Hell. They are his fixers and trouble-shooters, liable to be called in on short notice to get things moving when some other demon has screwed up

– with an appropriate remuneration for their time and effort. They are notorious for refusing to take on work unless they have a draft of the deal in writing beforehand; Lilim of Greed have even been known to sit idly by while fellow Mammonites were under attack, still quibbling about the wording of the S.O.S. These Tempters enjoy work which lets them draft and handle legal documents, and also excel at luring previously honest policemen, civil servants, and politicians onto the path of corruption.

In their spare time, successful Tempters like to live pampered lives of privacy, in secluded but luxurious surroundings. They enjoy socializing with more poverty-stricken sisters and showing off their wealth, but no self-respecting Lilim of Greed would allow something as nebulous as “sisterhood” to come in the way of profits. Their reputation as ruthless backstabbers is well-earned. Since the witch hunts (p. 53), Mammon’s Lilim have been getting edgy; the glory days when they were openly Hell’s top bitches are ending, and the rats are leaving the sinking ship. Those Lilim who remain are the die-hard intellectuals, who so adore Mammon and their own profits that they would rather be the laughing stock of Hell than give them up.

Shedim

The Shedim of Greed view themselves as teachers and liberators, rather than corrupters. It is clear to them that every human has untapped potential for greed, so the demon’s job is teach them how to really foster the talent. Mortals want to learn! They’d be grateful, if they only knew how to express it to their demonic benefactor. After all, how many of them throw away the money that the Shedite has influenced them into acquiring?

They rarely indulge in the murderfests or child-battering exploits for which other Shedim are infamous, because there’s rarely any money in it. They push a host into more and more selfish, exploitative ways of feeding his own greed; their hosts may end up pimping their children, embezzling from their employers, or dealing drugs. A Shedite of Greed will rarely stay long within a host who *truly* has no interest in acquiring more wealth, because that mindset disturbs them, but such hosts are the stuff of myth and legend, not of everyday demonic reality.

Impudites

Most Impudites have no qualms about ripping off their mortal acquaintances, but Greed’s Takers live for little else. They love hooking their claws into rich, powerful mortals . . . It suits them very well to allow victims to feel that the demon is their friend or dupe, even when it should be patently clear that the opposite is true. Their

instinctive understanding of the corporeal realm leads many Impudites to set themselves up as “advisers” to other demons, taking a payoff in return for running the odd seminar on “Handling Earthly finances,” and “Dealing with your bank manager without becoming the subject of a murder inquiry.”

Although a few Impudites fall into the unsociable miser category, most of these demons are not satisfied with riches alone; they also want the world to love them. High-profile Roles with an audience attached, such as game show hosts and charismatic televangelists, suit them well.

JOBS

Mammonites aspire to the day when they can get to Earth as “sole traders.” Demons who achieve this envied state have a lot of freedom in how they approach their “work” and what they actually choose to do. For many, this is just a pipe dream. However, Greed’s financial institutions and the Prince’s private office offer jobs to promising young candidates.

Celestial Jobs

There is plenty of work for Misers to do in Hell, much of it administrative. The institutions require a huge staff to attend to all their clients, and there are always new souls to be corralled, trained, or sorted into their vaults. In their spare time, demons and demonlings are free to raise infernal capital in whatever way they can. Enterprising celestials have many opportunities to hire themselves out on a temporary basis to a wide variety of older Mammonites, which can see them being sent on missions throughout Shal-Mari and even into the other Principalities.

With the current balance of power, other interests are beginning to move in. It’s all too easy for unsuspecting younger demons to be drawn into the political plots of their elders, however little their Prince can be bothered with such things. Senior members of Mammon’s private office, feeling that their own interests are also threatened, are a lot more proactive than he knows in organizing counter-espionage and hostile takeover bids.

Ethereal Jobs

Demons of Greed spend very little time in the Marches. Although it can sometimes be useful to influence a mortal’s dreams, the ethereal realm is very distant in nature from the corporeal things that they understand, or the celestial realm that is their home. They find it frighteningly alien, so sneer at others who spend more time there.



Corporeal Jobs

The vast majority of Mammon's *real* work is done on Earth. Even those demons who work on their own account may be directed to concentrate on specific cities, mortal institutions, or even individuals. All it takes is for the Prince to decide that he wants to assert his ownership of someone or something . . . As well as these sole traders, the institutions all maintain staff in the corporeal realm to service clients who operate there. The Bullring always needs more slaves – Outcasts and Renegades can earn a huge bounty for the demon who brings them back to Shal-Mari in chains, without being stopped by the Game.

In addition, it is on Earth that Mammon counters the Archangels, particularly Marc. Fighting the War is not at

the head of his personal agenda, but there are jobs for demons who are trained in infiltration, seduction, and sabotage of Trade.

Unusual Jobs

As well as the more regular duties to which a demon can be assigned, Greed's work requires more specialized skills. Since the witch-hunts, Mammon's internal security (known as "the Acquisition") has become a body to inspire genuine terror, rather than brushed off. Other groups of demons are given the specialized jobs of assessing the Prince's corporeal holdings and putting prices on all sorts of intangibles, and then there are the heavies who are employed by the Bank to collect outstanding debts . . .

ORGANIZATIONS OF GREED

The Acquisition

The internal security forces of Greed report directly to the Prince himself. Officially, the Acquisition is the infernal equivalent of a treasury department, simply recording how demons are progressing in terms of earned wealth or souls. In times past, the records were completed in a relaxed fashion, with subjects treating the visiting Acquisitor to an expensive meal and a suitable bribe, before agreeing on a figure to report. However, over the last century, some radical reforms have been instituted.

Members are now trained in all manner of espionage, interrogation, and the latest accounting techniques. The Acquisition never fails to catch traitors or embezzlers (the words are synonymous within the Cartel), because they systematically ruin or torture the subject of investigation until he pays them off, gives them some names, or confesses. Calabim and Habbalah are particularly good at this work.

The Assayers' Guild

The Guild consists of a select corps of demons who are trained in assessing the value of corporeal, ethereal, and celestial holdings. Assessments may be made in any currency of the client's choice. As part of their work, Guild demons are also skilled in appraising relics or reliquaries, and are expected to have a good knowledge of antiques, both corporeal and celestial.

They are called in as specialists by the institutions, who often need valuations for the purposes of risk assessment. The Guild guarantees member's assessments, offering to make up the difference if the object is later found to be worth less. (Needless to say, the Assayers' Guild accepts no Balseraphs as members!) As expert valuers, the Guild may also find clients among other demons, or *anyone* who can contact them and meet the steep prices, who needs a valuation, or an expert assessment of some belongings.

MODES OF ADDRESS

Mammon expects Servitors to grovel and acknowledge that he owns them completely. Approved forms of address include "Your Avarice," "Master," and "Lord of the World" (or "Rex Mundi" for the tradition-minded), but a creative demon is encouraged to come up with his own honorifics. Behind his back, Mammon is sarcastically known as "the Generous Prince."

FREE LILIM IN SERVICE TO GREED

Mammon's Servitors frequently make use of Free Lilim, especially when they have work to do on Earth which might be dangerous or expensive. Arrangements are usually made in advance, and always in writing. Mammonites prefer to pay in gold or in kind for the Lilim's services, rather than in Geases, so Free Lilim who need to raise corporeal wealth quickly often come looking to Greed for their next contract. Servitors of Greed are notorious among the Frees for trapping Daughters into signing complicated contracts, which bind them to doing much more work than the payment or Geas is worth.

Notaries

A notary is a Mammonite whose expertise is in creating relics; many of them are trained by the Bank. These demons specialize in enchanting signed soul-contracts into low-level celestial artifacts, so that they may be taken to Hell and stored in the vaults, until such time as the signatory dies. These "document relics" are typically very fragile and have no powers other than the ability to be taken to Hell. Every Miser who manages to sign up a mortal soul to Mammon must pay a notary to perform this service (which may take a few months) if he ever hopes to collect on the agreement.

DEALING WITH THE GAME

Mammonites are often given a hard time by Asmodeus' Servitors. Persistent rumors claim that demons of Greed will collaborate with anyone if the price is right, and many of them are based in truth. Traditionally, Mammon's demons bribed the Asmodeans to leave them alone, but in recent times the price of peace has been skyrocketing for them. Daring Misers have begun to take the fight to "the enemy," using their vast corporeal resources to subtly make it difficult for Hell's secret police to pursue them.

Naturally, any demon who is caught doing this only provides more evidence that the entire Cartel is treacherous. It may be that the only reason that Asmodeus has not yet declared Mammon to be a traitor is because the Prince of Greed is the best hold that he has on Shal-Mari, a Principality where the Game traditionally lacks influence.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF MAMMON

He called the number again. The phone rang four times before it was taken off the hook. Four times. Usually He answered within two; this could only be bad.

"Yes?"

The man closed his eyes and took a breath, "I was just wondering if you'd had time to –"

"No."

"Ah, sorry for interrupting then. Should I call back in a couple of hours?"

"If you like," the speaker on the far end said carelessly. "The answer will still be no."

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the room felt chill. "But . . . I thought you were keen for us to increase the burn rate. Need to

spend more to make more, and all that? You know our deadline for this round is midnight. What am I supposed to do?"

"Why don't you bend over backward and let the liquidators sodomize you?" sneered the demon financier. "It's worked for you before. You are pathetic, useless, weak, undeserving, and unnecessary. Now get off my line, failure."

"Damn you, we had a deal!"

The line clicked dead, and the only sounds in the room were the humming of the air conditioning, and the distant murmur of the new fountain in reception. The man sank his head slowly onto the desk, resting it on the pile of dot.com shares worth \$1 million for which he had sold his soul. In four hours, they would be completely worthless.



ZOBOS

Demon of Dot.coms

Habbalite Knight of Greed

"I can calculate the motions of heavenly bodies, but not the madness of people."

– Isaac Newton, who lost a fortune in the South Sea bubble

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

Suggested Word Forces: 8

Vessel: Human/5 (distinguished male)

Role: "Bernard Winger," Venture Capitalist/5, Status/5

Skills: Computer Operation/4, Dodge/2, Emote/6, Fast Talk/3, Fighting/4, Knowledge/5 (Finance)

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

Attunements: Balseraph of Greed, Habbalite of Greed, Art of the Deal, Knight of Treasure, Demon of Dot.coms.

Discord: Angry/3

Special Rites: Buy \$1 million dollars worth of shares in a dot.com, either through exercising share options, or trading on the open market; Obtain controlling interest in a dot.com (+2 Essence); Sell shares in a dot.com for at least twice the buying price (this can combine with Mammon's "100% profit on a dishonorable transaction" Rite if selling off his shares gives the shaft to other investors).

Special Ability: Once per day, Zobos can spend 2 Essence and make a Will roll to "push" the share price of a single dot.com up or down. Its value will rise or fall by 10% times the check digit of his roll – but if his Will roll fails, the dot.com will change in the opposite direction from what he intended.

When the markets are not valuing companies accurately, they are driven by two powerful emotional impulses: Greed and Fear. Investors love a bull market, and crowd to "get in" on shares whose values are skyrocketing. It is easy money, something for nothing, guaranteed huge profits. The vagaries of booms and busts are grist to the demonic mill. Some of the most famous market crazes in the past were the South Sea bubble, the Dutch Tulip bubble, and now perhaps the dot.com bubble. One demon lives only to ensure that the bubble never bursts, or that it takes only the weak and unworthy with it when it does.

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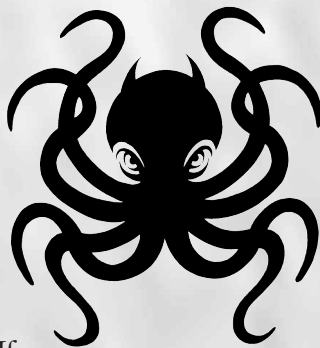
SAMPLE SERVITORS OF MAMMON (CONTINUED)

Zobos has been compared to a wild beast; he is a vicious predator with centuries of harbored aggression driving him onward. For too many years, he was forced to use his undisputed genius – undisputed by himself, at least – in service to lesser demons, but now he has been given his chance at the big time. Minions and competitors alike claim that he flays his enemies and hangs their skins on his wall. It is less well-known that he is one of the “traitors” who collaborated with the Game and the War to bring his master low during the Great Depression, and disposed of several petty enemies by reporting them to the Acquisition.

He speaks about the market in terms of hunting, fighting, and killing. He is more than angry, he is *furious*. When meeting fellow demons, he storms into the room snarling, and starts to rant without listening to any excuses. But every morning and every evening, Zobos puts aside his anger, beats himself with barbed whips, and offers a solemn prayer to his God and his bank account, but not in that order.

Zobos attracts mortals by providing venture capital, but pulls the plug if they don't perform. He advises young directors to flog their workforce, to make their staff work insane hours, to force them to perform with threats and promises. Don't they want to get rich? If they do, then they'll suffer and grow strong.

Zobos' Word was a minor one when Lucifer gave it to him in 1996; it's been growing in importance at a phenomenal rate. He has acquired many Mammonite hangers-on who flock around him, copying his mannerisms and his tactics to push the dot.com bubble to its limits. They accept all the abuses to which he subjects them, knowing that they also stand to profit as his star rises. It is the Mammonite way. If Mammon ever found evidence of his collaboration with the Game, they would turn on him like hyenas. That's the Mammonite way also. And the enemies he has made simply wait for the dot.com bubble to burst; when (if) it does, they expect the Habbalite to suffer the same fate as the Demon of Dutch Tulips.



(Zobos is a recently elevated Word-bound with a vast amount of influence on Earth and many enemies in Hell. He could be a patron or a nasty enemy for PCs.)

SYRACH

Impudite of Greed

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

Vessel: Human/2 (young female), Charisma +3

Role: “Svetlana Moroshkin,” Model/4, Status/3.

Skills: Emote/3, Fast Talk/1, Knowledge/2 (Finance), Language (English/2, Russian/3*), Seduction/3, Tactics/1

* Native language

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/5, Celestial/1)

Attunements: Impudite of Greed

There she is again, getting out of her battered old car. The door opens with a thud, and those trademark long, long legs swing out. Maybe she catches sight of you across the street and smiles shyly, pulling her duffel coat tight about those slender shoulders. It's her again, that innocent, vulnerable-looking beauty.

Unfortunately, Svetlana is an aspiring Servitor of Greed, and prides herself on being one of the highest-upkeep girlfriends (sic) on the block. Anyone who manages to “seduce” Svetlana (really, it's more likely to be the other way around), is in for a roller-coaster ride of partying, spending, and gift acquisition. It can leave people feeling . . . very worn out.

Like any self-respecting Impudite, Svetlana feels no need to give good value for what she takes. The role of humanity in her personal vision is to worship at her feet, provide Essence, flatter her ego, and keep her in the manner to which she would like to become accustomed. She likes it even better when men (or women) compete over her.

Syrach is a balanced starting character.

VALEFOR

roman p é r e z . m m



CALABITE PRINCE OF THEFT

The world is there for the taking, so take whatever you can.

70

VALEFOR

Ever since humanity learned to tell one cave from another, it has struggled with the concept of ownership. Valefor delights in the conflicts between those who have and those who want.

Valefor is a Calabite, thin and suave, with an unusual sense of style for his Band. He appeared on the scene several centuries back, having liberated the true prophecies of Michel de Nostradame, better known as Nostradamus, from Yves' library. He rapidly made a name for himself; since then he has personally stolen everything from the sealant for the Spanish Armada's gunpowder barrels to Nikola Tesla's electrotherapy cure for cancer.

More important than Valefor's flashy personal thefts – though they do raise a lot of Hell in the mortal world without disrupting the Symphony – is the constant strain that the demons of Theft put on mortal society. A little theft is often the door to far greater sins, especially since Nybbas started cooperating by promoting stylish thieves as cool media heroes, from Robin Hood to Dillinger. In addition, theft tends to promote greed and anger in its victims – better and better!

Lucifer made the daring thief a Prince. But most of Hell's more austere royalty – Asmodeus, Baal, even Kronos – think there's something terribly wrong and dangerous about Valefor. For example, the rivalry between his Servitors and those of Janus seems "too pat." Surely, they argue, there must be some reason they and their Servitors bear such an uncanny resemblance, if not physically, then conceptually.

But Lucifer finds Valefor a useful tool. And in fact, when any Prince of Hell needs something stolen, on Earth or anywhere else, he's likely to call directly or indirectly on Valefor.

DISSONANCE

It's dissonant for servants of Valefor to stay in the same locale for more than three days. (Dissonance occurs at dawn of every fourth day.) Their Prince claims this keeps them from being recognized. A locale, in the modern world, can be interpreted as a city, but the largest urban sprawls (and most Principalities, including Stygia) contain different locales. It's also dissonant for these demons to recognize society's "rules" of ownership and personal space. See *Dissonance Discussions*, p. 72.

THE GRAB BAG

There are Songs known only to a few Superiors and their trusted Servitors. Some are also known to Valefor. He is known to teach the following Songs (from the *Liber Canticorum*): Concealment (p. 64), Correspondence (p. 65), Disjunction (p. 68), Pestilence (p. 73), and War (p. 77). Valefor may also have access to secret Songs held by other Demon Princes – and even Archangels – at the GM's discretion.

Where did he get them? He stole them, of course!

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Hesitation can be fatal for a thief; Valefor's demons are attuned for motion. Almost all of them favor speed, dexterity, and cleverness over raw power of any kind.

Balseraphs

(restricted)

Balseraphs of Theft add the number of their Celestial Forces to the target number of their resonance rolls

Djinn

(restricted)

Djinn working for Valefor can only attune themselves to one person at a time, but the subject of that attunement becomes enthralled with the demon (the equivalent of a Servant Resource at a level equal to the being's Celestial Forces), acting as his servant for as long as the attunement lasts. A Djinn may attune to another celestial, but the celestial does *not* become enthralled with the Djinn.

Calabim

Calabite thieves may add the number of their Ethereal Forces to any roll involving breaking locks, opening doors, or otherwise freeing themselves or others from corporeal restraint.



Habbalah

Barring the intervention of celestial forces, Habbalah serving Valefor can look at the sky and accurately predict the weather for a number of days into the future equal to their Ethereal Forces – down to the minute. They're excellent at devising precisely-orchestrated burglaries.

Lilim (restricted)

Valefor's seducers add their Ethereal Forces to the penalty for resisting when they attempt to geas someone into any form of theft.

DISSONANCE DISCUSSIONS

Servitors of Theft have to keep changing locales, and can't remain in one place longer than three days. They gain dissonance for loitering approximately every 73rd hour that they've overstayed their time – typically at dawn of the fourth day they've been in an area. After that, if they hang around *another* three days, they get another note at the appropriate time. A Thief who cannot escape from imprisonment will soon be a miserable pile of dissonance and Discord!

Shedim

Shedim serving Valefor may assume a gaseous form, manifesting in the corporeal realm without the need of a host. They can't communicate verbally or interact with the world in any significant way, and they move at one-fourth their normal speed. In this form, they can be spotted with a successful Perception roll, which receives a +1 bonus for every note of dissonance the demon has.

Impudites

Valefor's Impudites can move through crowds like eels through coral. Waves of humanity seem to part for them, whether or not the demon is visible. The demon can also tell at a glance if an object was acquired honestly or not.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Covet

Demons with this attunement can rouse the envy of the have-nots, encouraging them to take from the haves. With the expenditure of 1 Essence, Covet will amplify someone's longing for whatever he most desires.

The victim may negate the effect with a Will roll. If he fails, then for a number of days equal to the check digit of his failed roll, he will be required to make a Will roll (at a penalty equal to the demon's Celestial Forces) to resist temptation whenever he has the opportunity to do something that will bring the object of his desire within his grasp. The GM may assign bonuses or penalties to the Will roll, depending on the victim, the object, and the means being contemplated.

Distract

For 1 Essence, the demon can force one person to concentrate on something of the demon's choosing and not notice anything else. This effect will last for a number of rounds equal to the demon's Celestial Forces, and the victim may avoid being distracted by making a Will roll. Anything so blatant as to *force* the victim's attention away from the object of distraction (such as screams, gunshots, explosions, etc.) will allow him a Perception roll (at whatever bonus the GM feels is appropriate) to take notice of whatever is going on around him. Physically assaulting the victim will automatically recapture his attention!

Passage

With a successful Agility roll, the demon may open any lock. Some are harder than others.

Difficulty	Type of Mechanism
0	Simple mechanical (handcuffs, deadbolts, etc.)
-1	Complex mechanical (combination locks, etc.)
-2	Simple electronics (card-based systems, etc.)
-3	Complicated electronics (voice prints, etc.)

Swipe

For 2 Essence, the demon may touch a corporeal object (no heavier in pounds than his total number of Forces) and make it vanish for a number of minutes equal to his Celestial Forces. It reappears later with the demon, wherever he is, and the Essence expenditure makes no disturbance in the Symphony as long as no one observes the vanishing or reappearance.

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Kleptos

Valefor's Knights can communicate among themselves, as clearly and quickly as in human speech, in a silent language of gesture. Valefor's Knights and Janus' Vassals can learn each other's sign languages – something which they don't talk about, but other celestials would find most odd . . .

Captain of Corsairs

Demons with this Distinction always know if they're being watched, listened to, or otherwise spied on – which is great for finding out if any witnesses are going to pop up later to ruin their day.

Baron of Buccaneers

The demon moves silently and at great speed. Double his flying speed if he has wings. He may add 4 to his Running skill before any roll, or to the check digit of a Running roll that succeeds without assistance!

SPECIAL DISTINCTIONS

Valefor has two special Distinctions outside his normal hierarchy. They can be awarded to demons of any rank. While they outrank ordinary Servitors, a Knight Distinction outranks both. Only a Servitor of Theft who has been inducted into the corresponding order (pp. 96-98) will be granted either of these Distinctions.

Shepherd

“Lord Valefor is my Shepherd, I shall not get caught.”

Shepherd is a recent Distinction, created by Valefor to honor several of his demons who helped criminals evade the long arm of the Law. Most were created after World War II when so many Nazis were able to flee to South America. Shepherds are charged with helping others escape punishment. This includes any angels trying to escape Heaven and find safety . . . and it's rumored they help demons “on the lam” from the Game! (See p. 98.) If a Shepherd successfully uses the Distract attunement (p. 72), the victim will automatically fail any Perception rolls to notice anything short of an assault on his person.

Escape Artist

While Calabim are good at breaking locks and slipping restraints, Valefor's Escape Artists (p. 96) can prevent locks and barriers from functioning in the first place, always providing a surprise escape from a seemingly inescapable trap. Handcuffs won't latch, magnetic locks won't “set,” window latches won't catch, deadbolts won't slide home . . . everything will seem fine to the untrained eye, but the first attempt to slip the bond or pass the barrier will reveal the truth. The Escape Artist can use this power once a day (or *any time* after performing a Rite of Theft). To use this ability, the



demon must touch the restraint while it is in the unlocked position; subsequently, careful examination may reveal that the mechanism has been tampered with. Servitors of the Game who take an Escape Artist into custody will be especially careful to triple the guard on watch!

RELATIONS

While Valefor cooperates with Princes who would prefer to prolong the War and keep humanity around to play with, and opposes those who want to force Armageddon, he is mistrusted (even more than usual for a Demon Prince) by most of his peers.

Allied: *Andrealphus, Lilith (Lilith is Allied to Valefor)*

Associated: *Kobal, Malphas, Nybbas, Vapula (Andrealphus is Associated with Valefor)*

Hostile: *Baal, Haagenti (Baal, Beleth, Belial, Haagenti, Kobal, and Saminga are Hostile to Valefor)*

Enemies: *Asmodeus, Kronos (The feeling is mutual)*

BASIC RITES

- ✧ Spend 1 hour in 80+ mph winds.
- ✧ Steal more than \$200 worth of material goods.

EXPANDED RITES

Valefor sometimes grants additional Rites as rewards.

- ✧ Walk a tightrope between two skyscrapers
- ✧ Stunt-pilot an open cockpit aircraft.
- ✧ Spend a day teaching a youth to steal.
- ✧ Steal something and plant it on someone else.
- ✧ Watch a motorcycle daredevil show. Participate in it for +2 Essence.

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 3

Valefor is not hard to summon – but sometimes you just can't catch him, no matter what you do! At other times, he appears unexpectedly a week or so after the summons. Wise demons have learned not to ask “Where have you been?”

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 Steal a newspaper.
- +2 Ten \$20 bills, fanned out.
- +3 A valuable painting.
- +4 A Ming vase.
- +5 An ancient relic.
- +6 My God! *The lost Monet!*



VALEFOR in detail

"If you're gonna do it, do it with style – or don't do it at all."

NAMES, APPEARANCE, AND MANNER

Valefor is known by several titles, but all relate to his Word. He is the "Prince of Thieves," the "King of the Cat Burglars," the "Daredevil Duke of Daring Escapes," and any other sobriquet Nybbas' PR demons can come up with. The literary-minded among his followers sometimes refer to him as "Macavity," "Moriarty," or "Fagin." Deliberately cool and informal, Valefor lets his own Servitors – but no one else – call him by these nicknames.

Valefor is a snappy dresser; some would even say daring. Clothes that would look ridiculous on anyone else look fabulous on him. In keeping with his personality, he breaks all the rules for good taste and gets away with it. Checks are mixed with stripes, and colors clash in patchwork shirts Valefor claims were made from Joseph's Coat

of Many Colors . . . which he stole! He also has a seemingly infinite array of Armani suits, French silk shirts, and Italian shoes and sunglasses, all the height of fashion, and all paid for – with a stolen credit card, of course.

Physically, Valefor is tall and sleek, well-muscled, without an ounce of fat on his wingless body. In his celestial form, two large horns grow from his bald head . . . but these only add to the sense of power and grace that emanates from him with each fluid motion he makes. Valefor in fact never seems to be standing still: he is always moving, whether it's schmoozing at one of Lilith's parties or scouting the layout of the Elysée Palace at a reception.

Perhaps it's the Ofanite he once was, or the Thief he is, but Valefor hates to stay in one place or stick to one topic too long. That's for freaks like Saminga, or anal-retentive losers like Kronos and Asmodeus! In meetings with the other Demon Princes, he rarely sits down, preferring to wander round the room. When he tires of a topic, he tries to end the discussion by interrupting or prodding others to move on. If that doesn't work, he makes his dissatisfaction known in small but obvious ways, such as tapping his fingers, flirting with Lilith, and trading barbed quips with

Kobal. While this may look like some demonic form of Attention Deficit Disorder to an outsider, the others know clearly what tune Valefor is playing. By publicly slighting the "Old Guard," he tears them down bit by bit and promotes himself in front of the rest of Hell – there's no way these little acts don't travel through Hell's grapevine. And while his intentions are obvious – he even pulls this stunt with Lucifer, sometimes! – for some reason, the Lightbringer hasn't struck him down. More than a few would love to know why.

Everything about Valefor has a polished but vaguely menacing style, the kind that leaves you uneasy and a bit afraid, while at the same time admiring. He demands this same commitment to image from his Servitors – even a pierced and scarred Habbalite of Theft will look good in his own twisted way. But there always has to be some substance beneath the flash! Poseurs who don't perform risk Valefor's wrath, something no one wants to see. His temper can change quicker than the flick of an eyelash. One moment he's calmly listening to the report of a Servitor who's failed a minor assignment and, in the next second, he's back-handed the demon across the room, torn the fool's arm out of its socket, and beat him senseless with it! A few seconds later, he's cheerily put the demon back together, dusted him off, and let him go with a warning – this time.

Sometimes his underlings worry about Valefor's stability . . . after all, if Gabriel went over the edge, why not Valefor? But they never say this to his face.

THE WORD OF THEFT

Theft is the selfishness of the demons expressed both at its most petty and at its most daring. A demon of Theft's personal symphony might be like a trio of notes played over and over again by a jazz musician – exploring the variations, but carrying the same underlying theme: "*Ooh, I want! Ooh, I want! Ooh, I want!*" A Thief is flitting wonder and curiosity, always moving to the next neat thing; he is self-centeredness, taking what he wants without regard for others because "I" comes first; and he is desire and cupidity that is never fulfilled.

The typical Thief has a short attention span and likes to keep on the move, very much like his arch-rivals who serve Janus. Once something is stolen, it's time to move on to the next caper. And, if you keep moving, the long arm of the law – or the Game! – can't catch you. Servitors of Theft get bored when things stay

the same too long, so they like to shake things up. And Valefor, Demon Prince of Theft, sets the example. Unlike the Ofanite he once was, the Calabite he is makes life interesting by wrecking things – like the sense of order inherent in property rights. Do it right, and mayhem ensues.

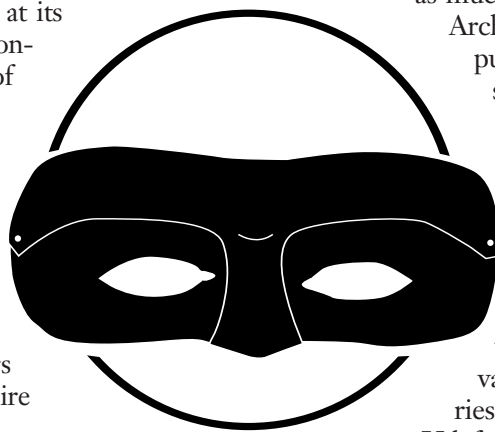
I get full-motion streaming video and sound, I listen to radio and steal, steal uh, you know, my music through MP3, like everybody else does. I write the laws that say it's illegal, and I do it anyway.

– Senator Bob Kerrey, (D) Nebraska

Theft is also about ego and grabbing the limelight. And what better way to get it than by stealing the most hard-to-steal things out there? The more closely it's guarded, the more a Servitor of Theft aches to steal it. It's like a pain deep in his gut to see something he wants and not take it. Theft is not just in his nature, it *is* his nature! You'll never see a bigger grin on a Thief's face than when he drops the President's little black book on the table in front of you.

Whenever I Want . . .

The Word of Theft is also very much about power, with a capital "P." When Valefor stole Nostradamus' yet-to-be-written book from Yves' library, it was as much about showing his power over the Archangel of Destiny as it was about pulling off a daring heist. When he stole Genubath's Word, it was to prove he had the power to take a Demon Prince down. When a Servitor of Theft steals an old man's most treasured heirloom, it's not just because he wants the pretty bauble – though he does. He's also showing his power over the weak by stealing what is even more valuable: a piece of the victim's memories, a bit of himself. When a Soldier of Valefor commits rape or murder, he is showing his power and spreading the Word of Theft by stealing what the victim values most: control over her own body. Thieves will often draw out these crimes, stretching them over a period of time to bring home to the victim their complete loss of control.



THEFT AND RAPINE

Nobody knows exactly what happened to Genubath and the Word of Rapine. The story below is just one version popular in Hell, but only Valefor and Lucifer know how near or far from the truth it may be . . . and they aren't saying.

One day Lucifer was minding his own business in Hell, when before him appeared a Calabite he'd never seen before. "Look what I've got here!" said Valefor. And Lucifer perceived that it was a book from Yves' library, and further, one that hadn't even been written yet.

"My, that's very nice!" said Lucifer. "I'll have that, thank you very much. And I don't think I have seen you before, which is odd, as I perceive that you are rather potent as demons go, and clearly talented as well."

"Oh, Darkest of Dark, Dark Lords," said Valefor, "I was a servitor of Demogorgon, and he sent me to Earth and told me to break people and steal things and not

bother him, and lo, I did that and I was content. But over the past centuries I have felt my powers growing, and I found that it is more fun to steal things with cleverness than with brute strength, and I was pretty damned good at it. So I decided to report to Demogorgon, but he did not respond to my call, and when I investigated, it turned out he was dead! So I thought about it and decided I'd really like to talk to you personally, if you would deign to see me, and I stopped off and picked this up just so we'd have something to talk about."

"I see," replied Lucifer. And he did see, or at least he thought he did. "Well, it is my custom to grant a boon to each demon who I meet for the first time, and you have already impressed me; how high do you want to shoot?"

"I'd like the Word of Theft," replied Valefor.

Continued on next page . . .

But all the stealing, all the acts of power and selfishness, are just a sideshow for Valefor. They're practice sessions, dry-runs before the biggest score of all, the one that will make the Word of Theft supreme. Demons of Theft whisper about the possibility. Some can't believe he would really try it, others are excited by the caper to end all capers. Minions of the Game guard against it – no could be so stupid, but it would be just like a Thief! And Nybbas' news teams want to be there live when it happens, whether it works or not. All those thefts, all those displays of power are just knuckle-cracking before the ultimate expression of the Word of Theft – the day Valefor steals control of Hell from Lucifer.

"Ooh, I want!"

HISTORY

Out of Nowhere . . .

Valefor's history begins abruptly, popping out of nowhere to steal the show, as befitting a Thief. In 793 A.D., Genubath, the Prince of Rapine, suddenly vanished from the ken of Heaven and Hell . . . just before Lucifer announced the crowning of the new Prince of Theft, a hitherto-unknown demon who claimed to be a former servitor of Demogorgon, the Demon of Destruction. Demogorgon was one of many would-be Princes who left behind a scattered following (all of whose records were conveniently destroyed) after being crushed by another

Prince. Renegades often claim to have served a dead Superior when they return to Hell seeking asylum – a practice Asmodeus has been cracking down on ever since Valefor made this look attractive.

It is common knowledge that Valefor presented Lucifer with a yet-to-be-written book of Nostradamus' predictions stolen from Yves' library, and soon thereafter took up residence in Stygia. All other details are mere speculation (see box). Valefor was not exactly welcomed by his peers – Genubath was not popular, but Valefor was a complete unknown, and his cocksure attitude as he claimed an equal place among the Princes of Hell outraged many of them. Most of Genubath's Servitors swore fealty to the new Prince; a few sought service elsewhere, or went Renegade. Valefor took over all the duties that had been Genubath's, and he soon proved himself more than equal to the task.

. . . and to the Present Day

Since he became the Prince of Theft, Valefor and his demons have not been lazy about spreading their Word. Starting slowly, they worked the Word of Theft into the Symphony, making sure to tune it so it helped to break the bonds of order and trust that held society together. He targeted those things held dear by each of the Archangels, though he reserved his greatest thefts for those opportunities caused by Janus and his talent for upsetting the apple cart.

THEFT AND RAPINE (CONTINUED)

"Abh . . ." mused the Darkest Prince. "But that is very akin to the Word of Rapine, which is ably served by Prince Genubath. I would hate to grant the Word of Theft without consulting with Genubath first."

"I understand perfectly, oh Highest of the Fallen!" answered Valefor. "Then perhaps it would be more seemly of me if I were to request, as a boon, your permission to negotiate this with Genubath in my own way, subject of course to your approval?"

"In other words," countered Lucifer, "you want to challenge Genubath, and you want me to promise not to punish you further if you happen to survive?"

"Oh, Morning Star!" said Valefor. "Punishment and reward are up to the master, and you will judge me by my results. I merely want your permission to try."

"Granted," said Lucifer, and Valefor was gone.

"Yes, my Lord," replied Valefor, and his smile showed very sharp teeth. "The Prince of Rapine has lost his Heart, which is his self and his Word, and he does not yet know it."

Lucifer thought for a long moment. Then he too smiled. "Well, I gave you my promise that you would be allowed to settle things with Genubath in your own way, without ill consequence from me. I gather that your discussions are nearly at an end?"

Valefor bowed low. When he stood again, he seemed to stretch himself for a moment, and the sound of entropy around him was very loud indeed. Then he popped Genubath's Heart into his mouth. There was a crunching noise.

"Interesting," thought Lucifer. "I didn't know you could do that."

He spoke aloud. "There seems to be an opening in Hell. Shall we discuss it?"



"A pity," thought the greatest of the Fallen, flipping through the pages of his new book. "A lot of talent there, but too much ambition. Genubath will snap him like a dry stick."

What's time in Hell? At any rate, it was not much later when Lucifer perceived a request for his attention. It was Valefor, whom he had not thought to see again.

"Oh, Maker and Breaker!" said the Calabite. He did not appear damaged. If anything, he seemed a bit bulkier, and the fizzle of entropy around him was crisper.

Lucifer allowed his surprise to show, merely as punctuation.

Valefor opened one large, clawed hand to show . . . a Heart. Lucifer furrowed his brow. "Yours? Not much of a theft; Demogorgon has been gone for centuries." Then he actually looked at the Heart, and this time his surprise showed despite himself.

"Genubath!"

And that, of course, is how Valefor got his Princedom and his Word. He stole them.

And the Word of Rapine itself? Lucifer did indeed entrust it to the new Prince of Theft, though Valefor did not formally become the holder of that Word. Yet, neither did he give it to one of his own Servitors. Other Word-bound demons of Theft were granted Words such as Pillage and Looting, but Valefor has never asked Lucifer to reassign Rapine.

Some see Rapine's savage overtones in Valefor's actions, as in those times when he suddenly becomes irrationally violent. Perhaps the strain of controlling two Words is too great for even a Demon Prince to endure. This has occurred to Asmodeus, and he waits patiently for Valefor to crack and go over the line, perhaps even Renegade. And then . . . what a trial *that* will be!

Valefor's first big score came in the 14th century, when he and his Servitors cooperated with Mammon to loot the riches of the Poor Knights of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon – the Knights Templar. Playing on the fears, paranoia, and greed of King Philip IV “the Fair” of France, Servitors of Theft helped him orchestrate a show trial that would let him legally seize the vast treasures of the Order. That it blackened the reputation of one of the mightiest orders of Laurence's precious Church was an added bonus.

Feeding the resentments and fears of a ruler in a weakening position, Valefor's Servitor Mokariel, Demon of Strong-Arm Robbery, next suggested to King Henry VIII that his break with Rome and the danger from Spain was an opportunity to close the monasteries and grab their wealth for himself. The fallout from this in Heaven was so great that Janus apparently felt the need to absent himself for several years, since he had supported Henry's formation of the Church of England.

The growing Age of Empire from the 17th through the early 20th centuries was a happy time for the Servitors of Theft – robbery and stealing practically became state policy in the competition between the European powers. Whether it was land stolen from natives through treaties not worth the paper they were written on, or artworks looted and hauled back to national museums and private collections in the name of “science” and “archaeology,” the whole world was there for the taking. The Elgin Marbles, Cleopatra's Needle, and the entire United States' Southwest are but a few of the most famous pieces of booty from that time.

But Valefor's greatest blow to his arch-rival Janus (or “favorite punching-bag,” as Valefor likes to call him) came early in this century, when Europe was tearing itself apart

in World War I. Janus wanted to bring down the Czar of Russia, eliminating the last major repressive autocracy in Europe, and supported Alexander Kerensky's movement for a democratic government. Almost without warning, a radical faction of the Socialist movement in Russia seized power and hijacked the Revolution. Under the leadership of Vladimir Lenin (“One of my slickest Soldiers,” Valefor often says), the dreams for freedom and a better life for millions were stolen and held hostage for the next seventy years. It was Valefor's biggest coup since stealing Nostradamus' book. The disaster it caused led to angry recriminations in the Seraphim Council, and some say Dominic was close to putting Janus on trial.

Valefor has paid attention over the years to the little thieves, too – individuals whose actions, insignificant by themselves, together add up to a large selfish voice in the Symphony. From Jack Sheppard and his equally corrupt foil Jonathan Wild in Georgian London, to Black Bart and Jesse James in the American West, individual thieves became popular folk heroes and made stealing acceptable to the resentful and the greedy.

It was late in this period that Valefor struck one of his smartest deals, with an up-and-coming demon named Nybbas, who had been made Prince of the Media in 1884. Recognizing the value of having Theft appear “cool” before the public, he encouraged his servants to cooperate with Nybbas' PR demons. From magazines and radio to movies and television, thieves were “in,” portrayed as handsome and likeable rogues – their victims were often “the real villains.” Within a few decades, modern-day “Robin Hoods” were a common stereotype, making Valefor's job that much easier.

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

“He's dammed fine-looking and as smooth as glass, he is. Just remember glass is sharp and can cut you, if you're not careful.”

– Lilith, on Valefor

Valefor is smiling confidence itself, with never a worry or a doubt creasing his horned brow. No vault can keep him out, nor can any prison hold him. He could be surrounded by all the Host with his hands tied behind his back and still be certain he could escape. He imparts this same confidence to his Servitors, and demands they maintain it – someone who's given up won't be able to think on his feet in a crisis.

Unlike his Archangelic enemy, Janus, Valefor doesn't cause havoc just for “the Hell of it.” Even when he “spontaneously” disrupts a meeting of the Princes and reduces it to a shouting match, there's the sense of a plan, the feeling that's he's somehow managed to steal some advantage from the situation.

VALEFOR'S DISCORD

Like any Calabite, Valefor has Discord, and since he's a Demon Prince, his Discord is correspondingly powerful. He suffers from a potent combination of *Angry* and *Berserk*. Only his tremendous Will keeps it from showing more often, and lets him rein it in when it does break loose. It is suspected by some in Heaven and Hell that when Valefor can't be found, it's because the strain of his Discord has become too great and he has gone into hiding till he can get it under control, again.

Servitors of Theft who acquire a Discord often suffer this combination. Among Thieves, it's called “Losing your cool.”

Smooth and graceful in all his dealings, “style” is an important word to the Prince of Theft. Yet it’s the style of the shark patrolling the sea, always watching for the first sign of weakness, ready to strike. His actions, his looks, even something as simple as a compliment about a job well-done, carry an undertone of menace, something most in his company find both attractive and disturbing at the same time.

When Valefor addresses you, it’s always by a first name or a term of familiarity – never by formal titles, unless he’s addressing Lucifer himself. For his underlings and others, it’s a way of putting them at ease, while doing it to other Princes is a way to steal a bit of their precious dignity. At the same time, while Valefor demands respect and obedience from his Servitors, he doesn’t require them to use fancy titles when addressing him – that’s for stuffed shirts like Asmodeus and Kronos, or egomaniacs like Saminga. A simple “Yes, Boss” or “Right away, my Lord” will do.

Priorities

Valefor wants to cause chaos, to tear apart the nicely ordered relationships of society – not to build something new, but just for the fun of wrecking things. Because humans place such value on possessing things and on the rights of ownership, he’s taken Theft as the best way to bring that chaos about. From Earth to the Marches to Hell itself, Valefor strives to make everyone uncomfortable about just what is theirs and whether someone will try to take it from them.

He also places a priority on action – motion for the sake of moving. A victory either by Heaven or Asmodeus’ faction of Hell would freeze the Symphony in place, rendering it unchanging and dull. A place for everything and everything in its place, all properly organized and arranged. The very idea makes Valefor sick, so his demons are told to keep on the move. If you’re always on the go, then it’s hard for “them” to fit you into their neat little plans.

In centuries past, Valefor emphasized big thefts, the kinds of scores that would be talked about for years and influence the attitudes of large swaths of people. But the growing moral relativity of Western society has made him change his tune – just a bit! – to spreading the Word of Theft by making it a part of the everyday life of millions. With Nybbas helping to make thieves “cool” and using the media to show every day *why* people should envy the rich, Valefor has found it easier and easier to convince people to take what they want. Whether it’s a pair of Air Jordans worn by some other kid, a good idea thought of by a coworker, or lifting a few bucks from a dropped wallet before returning it, Valefor and his Servitors want to make a Thief out of everyone.

Views on the War

“Who would want to end a sweet deal like this? There’s just too much good stuff left to steal!”

When Valefor arrived on the scene, the War had already been raging for thousands of years. As far as anyone knows, he doesn’t remember the time before the Fall. It’s his playground, a stage for him to show off on, an ever-changing array of opportunities – he never wants it to end.

In spite of what Asmodeus and Baal might think, Valefor and his Servitors are deeply involved in the War. The shadows created wherever Light and Darkness conflict are a Thief’s natural home, and in those shadows Servitors of Theft function as Hell’s spies, keeping tabs on the Host’s plans on Earth, in the Marches, and even, some say, in Heaven itself. There’s no doubt that Valefor has been the source of useful intelligence that could only come from sources within the Host, resources even Asmodeus doesn’t have.



Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become their property that they may more perfectly respect it.

– G. K. Chesterton

They are also Hell’s “special” forces, conducting stealthy operations when more overt methods won’t do. Break-ins, thefts, extractions, reconnaissance, even assassinations – Thieves provide all these clandestine services for Hell. Some say they’ll even do it against their own side, for enough Essence.

Though it’s been raging for centuries, Valefor doesn’t want the War to end any time soon. With the growth of the Internet, computers, and other wonders of technology, the pickings for a Thief have never been richer. Nowadays, with a bit of skill at hacking and the right equipment, a Thief in New York can rip off millions from Japan and make it look like the Russian Mafia did it.

Even better than the stealing of money is something the Information Age makes so very simple – the theft of identity itself! Just a few minutes work and a Servitor of Theft can obtain birth records, credit card information, bank card PINs, a new driver’s license . . . anything and everything needed to prove you’re someone else. And what better thing is there to steal than some sucker’s place in the world?

The War can’t end, it’s too much fun!



POLITICS

To Valefor, politics is a game of winners and losers. If one person scores a point, it is always at someone else's expense. That's not an unusual view in Hell, and even some Archangels subscribe to it. But Valefor plays the game with his own style – "Keep 'em guessing." Secret plans, abrupt shifts in positions, double and triple crosses, and agreements that never seem 100% firm – Valefor makes sure even his allies aren't quite comfortable. He unsettles the relations between the Princes just as he upsets the rules of society on Earth.

The way he operates seems designed to anger those who take the War seriously. He doesn't always attend meetings, and offers no excuses for his (often long) absences. Other times he arrives late and in a manner obviously meant to upset whoever has the floor – often Asmodeus.

Valefor cooperates with those Princes who, like him, need humans for the spread of their Words. It isn't in the interests of the Word of Theft to see all humanity wind up in Belial's barbecue or served up as cold cuts for Haagenti. And what's the point of stealing *anything* from a dead man? Saminga's world would not only be dead, but deadly dull.

Suspicion and paranoia are natural parts of life in Hell, but many of the Demon Princes, even those allied or associated with him, worry about Valefor's true loyalties. Baal and Belial dismiss him as a sneaky coward who's weak on the War, while Asmodeus has publicly wondered about his allegiance and even his origins. Lilith, who often supports and defends Valefor, has private questions. She likes his rebellious attitude, but there are too many mysteries for her to be entirely comfortable. Still, she assists Valefor, telling any of her Daughters who ask: "Whichever way the War ends, it's smart to have someone powerful on each side owing you favors."

Princely Opinions

This is how other Demon Princes view Valefor (and how he sees them)

Andrealphus: Dear Valefor – always in such excellent style. His mercenary, self-centered attitude is perfectly sensible. I adore working with him, and would be even happier if he didn't steal the occasional lovers before I was quite finished with them. *(We need the living to corrupt them, and they need the freedom to act – and to steal. Andrealphus is absolutely on the right track. Bring down the barriers, let's get that throbbing mass of humanity on the road to Hell! He can have their bodies if I can have their goods.)*

Asmodeus: He appears out of nowhere one day, the power in him obvious. Yet there is no record of him,

either as an angel from before the Fall or as a demonling created here. Of course, the records aren't perfect, curse Kobal! And how convenient that he brings Lucifer a gift from Yves' own library – a place none of the rest of us could penetrate . . . What's his game? Just *who* is his master?" *(He's too caught-up with his rules and regulations. He doesn't realize he risks losing it all by trying to hang on to every little thing. Demons need to be free to create – that's what we rebelled for! Still, we have to be careful of him. Getting nailed by the Game is not fun.)*

Baal: Who cares about Valefor, he's of no consequence. All that sneaking and skulking, going AWOL whenever he feels like it . . . it's as if he doesn't know there's a War on. When the time for the Final Battle comes, he and his kind will be as useful as a rubber sword. *(War creates a lot of opportunities for looting, but theft also becomes a trivial nuisance. People secure in their homes worry more about their belongings.)*

Beleth: He is an amateur. He thinks he makes humans frightened and uncertain by taking their precious things, but it is nothing to the terror I bring in the night! I hate him for his arrogance. *(She once asked me if I could steal dreams. I told her that, one way or another, I did that every day. But I don't think that was the answer she wanted. She just stared for a while. Creeped me out. I don't know what the Hell she was talking about.)*

Belial: Those flashy clothes are going to burn real well, all he has to do is push me a bit more. He wants to preserve mortals – what a waste of fuel! *(This guy is as quiet as a monster truck with a hair-trigger car alarm. His Word consumes all that is valuable. I don't really see how he and I can ever see eye-to-eye, if nothing else because I just don't understand why you'd want to destroy something valuable. Doesn't he get it? What's the use of getting the plans to a building if he burns it down first?)*

Haagenti: He's a Calabite too, but he's not hungry enough. No threat to me, though – you can't steal things once they've been eaten! *(The difference between us is that he takes things in order to consume them, but I take them for the sake of the theft – oh, and let's not forget the style question. Still, at least he has a sense of humor.)*

Kobal: Useful only as a passing gag. Valefor and his Servitors are about as reliable as Lucifer's promises. Better to take advantage from him than be taken advantage of. *(Some of my best thefts have been in concert with Kobal. He's got a sense of style I admire, and I appreciate the way that he can steal dignity from humanity in an instant, usually right from under their own noses. That's a real theft.)*

Kronos: His fate is unclear to me! His history is unknown! I dislike mysteries. Whatever the truth, he is a danger to Lucifer and the War. I do not trust him. *(All his records and data, pigeonholing everyone and everything – well,*

KOBAL? JEALOUS?? NAAHHH . . . MAYBE.

Pity the poor Servitors of Dark Humor – their relationship with Thieves often leaves them confused and conflicted. "Are we their friends or their enemies? Do we give them a helping hand or a hot foot?" wailed the Dark Comedienne Soldier Sandra outside a San Francisco club one night. The actions of the Thieves are attractive to Servitors of Dark Humor – Theft can be screamingly funny – and many Kobalites want to help, but their Prince's attitude stands in the way.

On the other hand, Thieves have no problems with Dark Humor – even when the Jokers deliberately play a joke on the Valeforians! Valefor has made it quite clear: "I like these guys – play along."

Thus the rivalry between Dark Humor and Theft is mostly from the Kobalites' side. But why does Kobal "have it in" for Valefor?

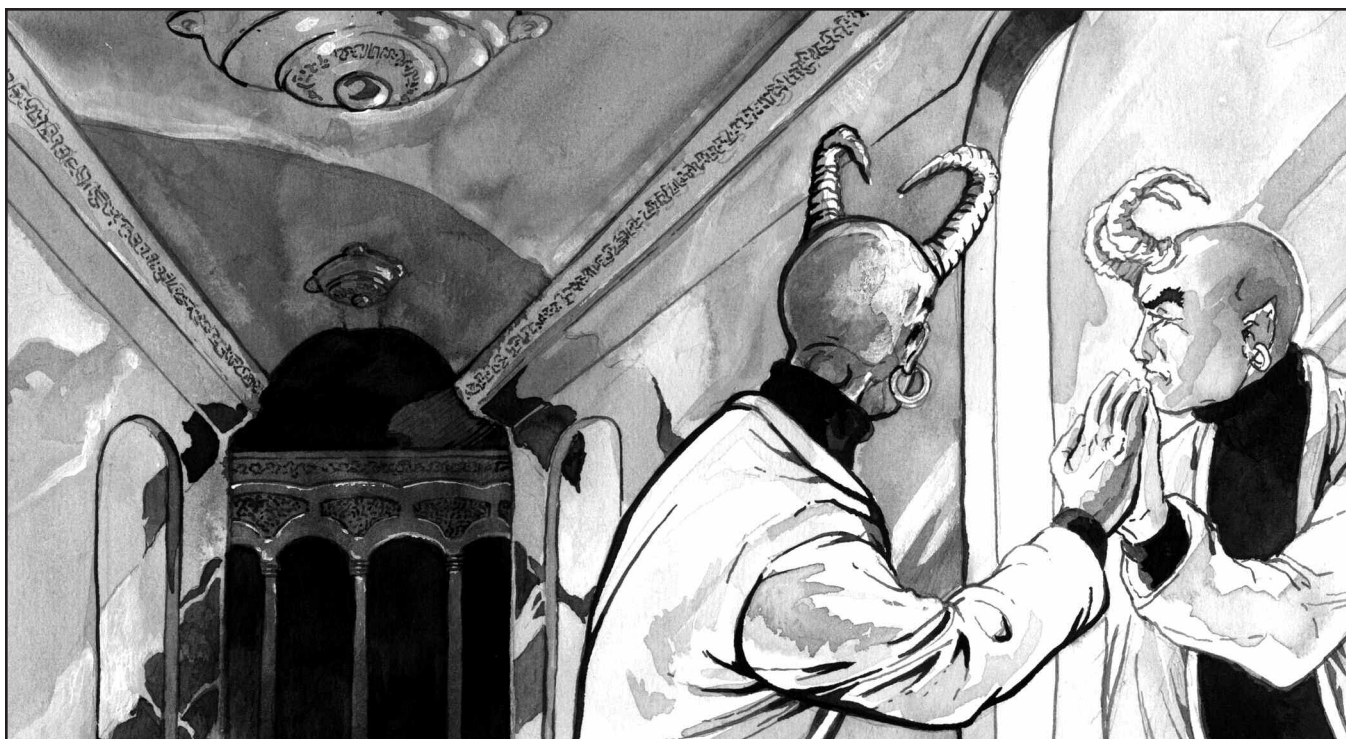
Many believe that Kobal is jealous. It used to be the role of Dark Humor to steal dignity and self-respect – and now the Magpies do it better! Kobal was surprised when Lucifer gave the upstart the Word of Theft, and even more surprised when Valefor used and expanded it intelligently. Coupled with Kobal's own case of "burn-out," it's no wonder the Thieves have infringed on the Jokers' turf. Kobal is convinced Valefor is trying to steal his territory . . . he may be right!

And yet Kobal can't deny that Valefor's Thieves serve a purpose useful to Dark Humor. So, he does nothing, while his Servitors try to figure out the right thing to do.



not me! Maybe I should steal something from his library . . . just for the Hell of it.)

Lilith: A likeable rogue, but an enigma. I love his freedom. His needs are a heavy burden – no, I'm not saying what they are! Nevertheless, what Valefor wants, Valefor gets. A Prince after one's own heart, and anything else he can pry loose. *(Goes where she wants to go, does what she wants to do, gets what she wants to have. Enjoys stirring up trouble. I can appreciate that. And she understands that getting locked up in one place is just no fun – I like her, and I'm going to see if she wants this necklace I picked up . . .)*



Malphas: I like him! He does a good job getting people to squabble – nothing divides a group so much as “what’s mine?” He needs to be around more to keep an eye his underlings, though. *(Ever noticed how the people in a group are always convinced that the other side has more money and more fun stuff? With that sort of attitude, Theft is the only reasonable solution. Speaking of which, I need someone to go check out his place in Stygia . . .)*

Nybbas: He’s a great plot hook. Daring thefts! Hunky burglars and hot babes! Intrigue, passion, treachery, murder, revenge! I get a film and a mini-series every time he tells me how his day went. He’s the archetypal Man of Mystery. Someday, I’ll do an exposé on him and blow my ratings sky high! *(Nybbas has done a lot to make stealing look good. Robin Hood, Jesse James, and oh, the laws they break on those detective shows! The Media even steals from itself. What a great organization.)*

Saminga: What is there to stealing a bauble, even an identity, when you can steal a life *and* control the corpse? The only good things are dead things, and maybe one day Valefor will be one of my dead playthings. *(This guy even gives me the creeps! What’s the good of stealing something if the former owner isn’t alive to know it? It’s better just to avoid him.)*

Vapula: A frivolous fool, but rarely a time-waster. I’d be more impressed with him if he brought us something *worthwhile* from Heaven, like Jean’s research notes. *(Some of his inventions have been very useful on the job, though I wish he’d test some of them before giving them to us!)*

Archangelic Opinions

In Heaven, Valefor is regarded as a particularly tortured example of how the Symphony is perverted by a Fall. The problem is, no one can seem to remember who he was *before* Falling . . .

Blandine: Behind his bluster, there is nothing but a hunger for attention, and a desire to ruin anything that isn’t his. But given the attention, he can be very charming, and very polite. *(Blandine, ice queen – I should take up poetry if I ever get bored of this Demon Prince business. Joking aside, stealing dreams takes a very light touch and no small degree of skill. Did you know that there’s a back-door entrance into Heaven through her Tower?)*

David: Valefor is shallow but smart enough to be dangerous. He can’t handle it when someone refuses to be impressed by him, though. Heaven can use that against him. *(David can be distressingly unmaterialistic for the guy who made most of the material. Doesn’t he get it? The side with the most stuff wins.)*

Dominic: The similarities between his Servitors and those of the Wind are vastly disturbing. The implications are troubling. *(Cops and robbers, cops and robbers. What’s Robin Hood without the Sheriff? And they’ve got so much dignity to steal, too!)*

Eli: Man, this cat is seriously screwed-up! There are some wicked vibes coming from him. Too wrapped-up in possessions, not enough love. He needs to take a hit and relax. *(Can you believe it? He just gave away his stuff – all of*

it! I couldn't have robbed him blinder. His little choo-choo has gone round the bend, but he does throw cool parties . . . and either he doesn't care I'm there or he's too stoned to notice.)

Gabriel: As long as he stands in Hell, what he does is sin. I saw him and his Servitors in the shadows, creeping, hiding, taking the holy Fire from those who need it most. It shall blacken their hands and burn their souls. *(Stealing inspiration and passion is an art all of its own. As for stealing fire from Heaven – well, hey, it's been done before, and besides, where's the **challenge** when she gives it away so freely?)*

Janus: Copycat. If I ever get my hands around his neck, I'll . . . He's not truly free, being too obsessed with

ON VALEFOR AND JANUS

More than a few Princes – and their Servitors – have commented on the similarities between Valefor and his dire enemy. Speculation is rife and there are as many theories as there are celestials in Heaven and Hell, it seems. Some of the War party (Asmodeus, Baal, and others) suspect that Valefor is some sort of deep-cover spy, working for Janus, though they can't explain how he could hide his Heavenly nature if that were true. Asmodeus, in particular, has “compared notes” with Dominic during some of their infrequent meetings – though he hasn't told Judgment all that he suspects!

Others, such as Kobal and Nybbas, think that Valefor has hit on a flashy and funny way of tweaking Janus' wings and getting him in trouble with his own side at the same time. Kobal especially appreciates the joke, though he is very grudging in his admiration. When pressed, they might speculate that Valefor was an Ofanite who was trapped in Limbo and, by the time he got out, had Fallen.

Malphas stands almost alone in his belief that Valefor has nothing to do with Janus – he's got to be a spy for Lucifer, sent to sow dissension and keep the Princes from joining against the Lightbringer. Malphas likes this idea.

Lilith and Valefor are often seen together at parties, both in Hell and on Earth. It's clear she knows or suspects something about him, but she holds no *known* Geases over him. And no one is willing to pay her price to find out what she knows.

Valefor just smiles when the subject comes up.

possessions. I want to liberate people from the chains that bind them, not enslave them to mere things! *(Another one who doesn't get it. Taking what you want is the ultimate freedom, bucko! And I think I'll take that nice bike of his for a spin.)*

Jean: Valefor? A danger, for he steals those things that could make life so much better, hope in a brighter tomorrow. I'll never forgive him for Tesla's cure for cancer – we had worked so long on that project. *(This guy is too easy. He makes the booty and I steal it! Depending on what it is, I can get a nice price for it from the others, too.)*

Jordi: What do I care for material possessions? In fact, we both appreciate the need to be free, to roam where we want – he is much like the Wind that way. But his Servitors steal the skins of my creatures . . . for petty things like coats and shoes! And for that, I hate him. *(Nice kitty. Jungle-boy here needs to lighten up. When we smuggle pieces of his animals, they're already dead! So why get ticked off at us?)*

Laurence: He doesn't just steal *things* . . . he steals virtue. He robs people of their integrity and respect and leaves them mourning the loss of their possessions. These thieves should lose their heads, not just their hands. *(He's so busy looking for demons, he can't see when we've come and gone. Anyone want a sword?)*

Marc: Good relations are based on trust, whether it's a spoken promise or written contract. Valefor and his Servitors destroy that trust, making commerce and progress impossible. *(Like taking candy from a baby. A contract isn't worth the paper it's written on and a handshake . . . well, want a Rolex?)*

Michael: He's not a serious danger on the battlefield, but he can cause a great deal of pain to humans by stealing the trophies which they treasure. After all, it's only *natural* for a man to care about what he's won through his blood, sweat, and tears . . . *(You mean I'm supposed to get worried about a fossilized old relic who's as rusty as his axe? I can outrun him any day you care to name, and any of my Servitors stupid enough to stand and fight deserves what they get. Oh, and if any of them do get hold of that axe of his . . . let me know.)*

Novalis: Oh, he has a charming demeanor, but he's so hurt inside. I know I could heal him. I hope I can do something before one side or the other destroys him. *(A real babe, if you like Earth Moms. I wouldn't mind partying with her and Lilith – yow! What good are flowers, though? They die. Now, this ruby necklace, on the other hand . . .)*

Yves: Loss can be good, forcing one to reevaluate what is dear and why. Theft shakes things up, but more often than not in a negative and harmful way. *(His Library is full of priceless books he wouldn't miss . . . if I could just get inside. Again.)*

He's one of the better ones to work for – gives you plenty of freedom to do what you want. Just don't screw up, trust me.

– Hector, Soldier of Theft

Humans and Others

Humanity: We need humans to spread the Word of Theft, just as the wolf needs his sheep. They're so obsessed with property and rights that they're just begging us to come in and tear it all up. And they're so open to our Word! It's child's play to make them not only want, but take – and then make them feel good about it, as if they were somehow justified. We need humans so much, we don't want to see them destroyed. Not yet, at any rate.

Hellsworn: They have signed themselves over to us lock, stock, and barrel. They know what they want, they're willing to take it, and they have a sense of style while doing it. These are our Soldiers, who can do things for us we can't without disturbing the Symphony.

Sorcerers: Speaking of sheep . . . these guys are fools, thinking they can command us with chalk drawings and nonsense chants. And yet they're always surprised when we steal their souls.

Ethereals: Useful, often very useful. Uriel's crusade was one of the Host's dumbest moves. Now all these spirits owe us, big time.

There are places Men cannot go, but for which a demon, properly bound, is perfect. Just beware of the Servitors of Valefor, for they are tricky and have a certain low cunning. They are no match for a trained adept, however.

– Last words of Tomaso, Brazilian sorcerer

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

With his unknown origins and intentionally mysterious ways, there are many options open to the GM for portraying Valefor. In the course of an *In Nomine* campaign, any and all could be true at one time or another. The following are suggested variations, but they are by no means the only ones possible.

The Clown Prince of Crime

This face of Valefor is all about having fun, living an exciting life, and looking good while doing it. While still mean-spirited, Valefor and his Servitors are really nothing more than petty punks who commit their crimes with only themselves in mind, no thought given to any bigger picture or purpose. They are flighty and unreliable, good for laughs in a Hellish party but not much else. Campaigns with a “dark Robin Hood” theme would fit well, Valefor and his minions stealing from others – rich or poor – and sharing among their own gang.

Double-Double Agents

Valefor is working for someone else – Janus, Lucifer, Asmodeus, maybe even God himself! – and is a spy in Hell. He could be gathering information and acting as a saboteur for the Host, he could be an *agent-provocateur* encouraging other Princes to treason, or he could have some mission unknown to anyone but himself.

Whatever the Game Master decides, there are plenty of things for PC Thieves and their allies to do. Perhaps they are part of the plot, leading a dangerous double game to further Valefor's master's plans – discovery would mean destruction! Perhaps they are “innocent” Thieves who find out the truth. But what do they do? They can't go to Valefor, and Asmodeus – if he's not behind it! – will want to know why they didn't report to him sooner. Either way, paranoia is the order of the day.

Worse Than You Can Imagine

This version of Valefor is a true danger to Hell. He's a thief, and he means to steal anything and everything – including the Words of the other Princes! Anything precious to someone else – and pertaining to another Prince's Word – is fair game. No atrocity is out of bounds, as long as it can be interpreted as stealing something from someone else. Life, virginity, self-restraint, honor, freedom – all those things other Princes corrupt, Valefor and his Servitors try to take first to expand the Word of Theft. He's already succeeded with Genubath (see p. 76). It's only a matter of time before he strikes again, and again, until the only

Word left to take is Lucifer's own. This version of Valefor is a megalomaniac schemer whose only concern is having more, always more.

Player character Servitors of Theft can be involved in this plot, trying to muscle-in on other Words. Perhaps more interesting, the PCs might discover Valefor's plot and realize that it is the surest path to an infernal "civil war," possibly weakening their side irreparably against the Host. They then find themselves in the odd position of protecting and defending the Words of other Princes from their own fellow Thieves, or perhaps even cooperating with the Host!

THE THIEF'S DEN

Valefor's palace is located in Stygia, a bleak, mountainous land of wind-swept valleys cut off from the rest of Hell by even higher peaks. Few passes lead in and out of Stygia, and these are closely watched by Djinn and guarded by Shedim. The Princes who rule here, chiefly Valefor and Malphas, want no one to come or go without their permission. A thief he may be, but Valefor keeps a tight watch over the souls that are "his property."

The towns of Stygia are forever in twilight, bathed in the shadows appropriate to their Princes' Words. The streets are cramped and lit only by flickering lamps and, in recent years, the weak electric light that filters through the grimy windows of cheap dives and speakeasies. All is furtive motion and whispered voices in the towns of Stygia, demon and damned alike looking over their shoulders for betrayers or robbers, while they are fencing stolen goods or betraying someone else.

There are tunnels that lead into and out of Stygia, with many secret entrances in the basements of old decaying buildings. They wind through the hearts of the mountains in paths so confusing that no one but the Princes knows for certain all their ways. These tunnels are guarded by powerful Servitors, and it is rumored that the Princes sometimes release those who have displeased them into the tunnels for the sport of the guardians.

THE PALAZZO FURTO

Valefor makes his headquarters in the Palazzo Furto, a palace that once belonged to Genubath. It sits high above a Stygian town that Valefor has had remodeled to look like something out of a film-noir gangster movie. This town, which Valefor jokingly renamed "Sin City," has perpetually wet streets, along which race cars filled with demons dressed in pin-stripe suits and fedora hats. At the edge of the light thrown by the street lamps, mysterious men and women in trenchcoats duck in and out



of the shadows, while cat burglars in black leather creep across rooftops on their way to a break-in.

The Palazzo sits at the end of a switchback road atop a hill above the town, squatting there like a spider at the center of its web. It is surrounded by a high, spiked wall that is broken by a single grilled gate of blackest iron. On either side of the gate stands a powerful Shedite guard, each with permission to "break" anything . . . or anyone . . . that tries to get through without an appointment. Within the compound, the grounds leading to the house are silent and empty, shadowed trails taking winding paths to the main door. Though no one is ever seen patrolling the grounds, visitors – expected or otherwise – never escape that feeling of being watched.

The house itself is not hard to enter – just knock and, when the sliding panel opens, tell the bouncer inside, "Joe sent me." It's one of Valefor's little jokes, something he knows irritates his more serious-minded visitors.

PALAZZO FURTO . . . E VIVERE

It is not paranoia that makes some visitors feel nervous within the Palazzo Furto – they have good reason. The palace is alive, an artifact of the days when Genubath ruled here. Then it was the home of Rapine, and it was imbued with a spirit that wanted more and more treasure stored in its vaults. Now, influenced by the Word of Theft, the house itself has become a Thief. Possessions have a way of vanishing within the house, never to be seen again. A ring on a finger, a wallet, an important document or two, an artifact . . . Anytime

someone visits the Palazzo Furto, unless they have been explicitly protected by Valefor, make a roll against the character's Celestial Forces. Failure indicates the loss of one item – GM's choice. The House will rarely steal more than one or two items per day. Guests have come to accept it as the price of doing business there.

But these items are not gone forever! Searching the fences of Sin City may sometimes locate the stolen goods. Paying for them, however, is another matter altogether. The house wants its cut, after all.

Inside, the visitor thinks he has walked into a party at a mobster's mansion from 1920s Chicago, always filled with activity and motion. Butlers in tuxedos move silently and efficiently, bringing drinks and conveying messages. One large room on the ground floor is a casino – rigged, of course – where one can find all the usual games of chance, and some not seen anywhere on Earth. The casino is run by “Lucky” Luciano, who has managed to work himself up in Valefor's organization since arriving. He likes to keep things running tight and exciting, to keep “da Boss” happy for those times he shows up – usually with a Lilim on each arm.

Across the marbled hall is the “mosh pit,” where demons and favored damned slam the night away. It's especially popular with Habbalah, Calabim, and Shedim, and avoided by those who care how they look when they leave.

Beyond the glitz and excitement of the ground floor, though, the Palazzo Furto reverts to its true nature, a haven for conspiracy and hidden assignments. The richly decorated hallways are dimly lit, the thick carpets muffle the sound of footsteps, and the heavy doors muffle whatever goes on behind them. The doors are locked to all save Valefor and his top assistants, though this doesn't stop enterprising Thieves from trying to pick them – that's the point of a lock, isn't it?

The Palazzo is as honeycombed with secret passages as the mountains of Stygia themselves. Residents rarely use the doors, preferring their comings and goings to be unseen. One tunnel is known to lead to the vaults where Valefor keeps the Hearts of his Servitors. The entrance is obvious, but none go this way, for the Demon Prince of Theft not only has incredibly strong doors securing the vault, he has stationed two 18-Force Shedim as eternal guards. They never go anywhere else and have Valefor's permission to destroy anyone who comes down here without him. *Exits* from the vault are one-way passages leading to other places in Stygia.

There are rumors of far older tunnels, unknown even to Valefor. According to legend, they date to the days when Genubath lived here, and lead to the vaults where he hid the treasure from his pillaging.

The Trophy Room

On the topmost floor of the Palazzo and accessed only through a door in Valefor's conference room (as far as anyone knows), this room is Valefor's personal showcase for his ill-gotten gains. Far larger inside than could ever be possible based on the dimensions of the building, Valefor claims it contains everything ever stolen that was never recovered – and some supposedly “rescued” items which were actually fakes. Chances are, if a stolen item can't be found anywhere else, it's here. (Items must be celestial artifacts to be brought to Hell – either the Palazzo Furto somehow converts stolen goods to relics, or else the booty within this room is all fake . . .)

Among the famous artworks hanging on the walls are the real Mona Lisa – and two excellent fakes made and stolen in later years – and the paintings stolen from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston in 1990 (p. 88). The original complete manuscript to Schubert's “Unfinished” Symphony sits in a display case, along with Lenin's “Last Will and Testament.” On a pedestal near the entrance sit two recent acquisitions – a bloody right-handed leather glove and a serrated commando knife. The display card reads “Los Angeles. June, 1994.”

An empty spot sits in one display case, a sight that still irks Valefor and is the subject of much speculation in the Palazzo Furto. It held the only copy of the solution to Fermat's Last Theorem, a prize possession stolen from Jean's Halls of Progress. Somehow, many years ago, it vanished from the Trophy Room and was returned to Jean by Janus.

The room is tended by Allamas, the Impudite Demon of Loot, in service from Mammon. Impeccably dressed in suits that would put the cover models of any fashion magazine to shame, Allamas keeps order in the collection and takes visitors on guided tours. He instinctively knows what booty will impress guests the most, and somehow manages to have it arranged along the path of the tour. As part of his Word, Allamas knows the value of each and every item in the Trophy Room, which he thinks of as his “stash.” He will know instantly if anything is removed from the room. This makes him very useful to Valefor – especially after the last curator let the solution to Fermat’s Theorem get away and had to be . . . fired.

(Because of his dissonance conditions, all of Valefor’s permanent guards must be contracted from other Princes. Mammon gouges Valefor for providing such a Servitor, of course. Some say that being put in charge of a Demon Prince’s hoard was Allamas’ reward for excellent service, and that he receives a percentage of the take. Others say that Mammon caught Allamas trying to embezzle from *him*, and that being constantly surrounded by riches that he doesn’t *dare* touch is a most exquisite punishment . . .)

The Racetrack

Motion and moving are important to Valefor – it’s in his nature to promote constant turbulence. No one was surprised, then, when he dug up a portion of the estate and installed a racetrack on the grounds of the Palazzo. At first it was a track for horses, the souls of which were stolen in a daring and mysterious theft from Jordi’s Savannah. Valefor’s “take” included the souls of the three sires of all Thoroughbreds: “Darley Arabian,” “Godolphin Barb,”

and “Byerly Turk.” No one in Heaven or Hell knows how he did it, which only adds to his reputation. To this day, Jordi spits and fumes when he thinks of it.

Tiring of mere horses, Valefor recently converted the track to his true love, fast cars and faster motorcycles. It’s popular with his Servitors, who can practice their driving skills there. As for the souls of the horses, they’re kept in a stable behind the Palazzo – the Demon Prince of Theft may be bored with horse racing, but he has no intention of giving them back!

Races and demolition derbies at Valefor’s track are popular outside of Stygia, and Nybbas has contracted to broadcast them throughout Hell – and, in a sanitized form, for some of the “World’s Best Crashes” videos seen on earthly television.

The Inhabitants

Residents of the Palazzo and its grounds tend to be low-ranking demons, demonlings, and damned souls who have worked their way up from Sin City. Some are house staff, making sure everything is ready for the next party and that the lights are not too bright, while others are training in the ways of Theft, preparing them for work on Earth.

The most common demons are Valefor’s “fences,” Servitors of Theft who specialize in buying and distributing stolen goods. Visitors to the house will be admitted and allowed to wander around. Eventually – assuming the Palazzo doesn’t “lift” the item! – they will run into a demon who will be willing to buy something “hot.” Trouble is, the price will be terrible – less than 20% of its worth. Valefor and his minions do no one any favors. As a consequence, Thieves with something to sell come here only when no other sources have panned out.



THEFT'S TETHERS

Tethers require a lot of dedication to cultivate and maintain, and few of Valefor's Servitors can be tied down like that. With Valefor's ever-wandering attention – an attitude emulated by many of his Servitors – many new and promising Tethers fade from lack of regular tending. Tethers are invaluable both as a source of Essence and as a base of operations, though, so Valefor does make sure to keep a few well-tended.

In keeping with his Word, Valefor's Tethers tend to be secret or disguised places, hidden from the prying eyes of the law . . . or the Game. The celestial portal itself might be a door, a curtained entry, or even a second-story window! Somewhere nearby, though, the symbol of Valefor will be worked subtly into the decorations.

Seneschals of fixed Tethers to Theft must either be Word-bound to the Tether (see the *Liber Castellorum*, p. 34) to avoid Valefor's dissonance conditions, or else contracted out from the service of another Prince. (Tending a Tether to Theft is good, steady employment for a powerful Free Lilim who's proven to be reliable.) Some of Valefor's more notable Tethers include Bridego Bridge, north of London, where the Great Train Robbery occurred in 1963; Newgate Prison in London, the site of Jack Sheppard's daring 1724 escape that made a thief a folk hero; and the mobile Tether anchored to the pirate ship *Lady of Cebu*, which has been terrorizing the waters of Southeast Asia for the last 20 years. Other Tethers to Theft can be found in the *Liber Castellorum*, pp. 107-109.

Wherever they're located, most Tethers to Valefor exit in the Palazzo Furto. The type of guards present give some indication of the Tether's importance.

Sample Tether: The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston

The greatest art heist in modern U.S. history took place on March 18, 1990, when two men – Soldiers of Valefor disguised as police officers – broke into the museum, tied up two guards, and dismantled the security system. They then proceeded to rob the place blind. They stole 13 masterpieces worth

\$300,000,000, including Vermeer's *The Concert* and Rembrandt's *Storm on the Sea of Galilee*. Law enforcement officials were puzzled why the thieves left behind the museum's most valuable work, Titian's *Rape of Europa*. The answer is simple – Valefor already had it, having stolen it in the 18th century. The painting in the museum is a clever fake!

The Gardner museum is an example of a real rarity – a Tether deliberately created by infernal forces. The slightest disturbance, or direct interference by a celestial, would have spoiled the whole effort. Valefor merely made known his wish for a new Tether in New England – it was up to his mortal servants to plan it and pull it off. To maximize their chances, Valefor forbade any of his demons from having *any* contact with his Boston Soldiers for six months! Still, such efforts usually fail. In this case, they succeeded spectacularly.

Valefor's cooperation with Nybbas ensured that it received plenty of media exposure, giving Theft the right image. Not only did newspapers and television news cover the theft right after it occurred, but the continuing mystery surrounding the fate of the paintings keeps the museum in the public eye. Magazine articles, books, and even a reenactment on TV's "America's Most Wanted" have promoted, even if inadvertently, Thieves as slick, smart, and classy – some great art was stolen and no one was hurt. It's perfect advertising for the Word of Theft.

The Word-bound Seneschal is Roderick, a Balseraph Captain of Corsairs. Smooth and charming like all his kind, he arranged to have himself hired as the museum's Director of Public Relations soon after the theft. He enjoys good relations with representatives of both electronic and print journalism and takes great pleasure in giving "confidential inside tips" about developments in the case. These inevitably turn out to be red herrings. His best effort so far was the story, dubious photos of the stolen works, and even fake paint chips planted with a local newspaper and a major TV network. That put the museum theft back in the national news. Roderick, however, is always able to deflect the blame to someone else.



ON THE LAM: SERVITORS OF VALEFOR

VALEFORIANS, THIEVES, HELL'S MAGPIES

"I have such a cushy job, part of the smartest gang in Heaven, Hell, or Earth. Let Baal's boys get blown apart in street fights with Malakim, we have places to go, people to con, things to steal – all while looking good doing it!"

"What? You're serious? You want a real answer about what a Thief does? All right, I'll tell you the truth. Don't roll your eyes like that! This is the truth as I know it."

"Servitors of Theft – even the humans – have the most important jobs in all the Symphony. We keep it from getting dull, from being set in stone . . . ugh!"

"We're agents of change. Not like those half-assed Servitors of Wind. They never do the job right. I mean, look at their boss – he hasn't altered his form in centuries! What kind of dedication to freedom and change is that? When you need the establishment turned upside-down, when you need to introduce a little chaos, we're the ones you call. And we make damned sure to make a profit at it!"

"Working for Valefor is a pretty smooth ride, too. No stifling hierarchy, no regular bosses to report your every movement to, no boring routine. Just keep moving – we're good because we're flexible. By the time some uptight Servitor of the Game has all the permissions he needs to get a new car, we've already stolen it and we're rolling down the highway."

"Hey, time's a wastin', gotta go! By the way, do you want your wallet back?"

– Xavier Simón de Mont Blanc, Balseraph of Theft

Valefor's Servitors don't have as many stylish nicknames as their boss – unless you count the colorful terms used to describe them by those who have had something stolen! They are most commonly called "Thieves," or sometimes "Valeforians." An older term for them is "Hell's Magpies."

ORGANIZATION

Some Demon Princes run very tight organizations. Asmodeus and Baal, in particular, have strict chains of command and protocol. They may have rebelled against Heaven, but no one is allowed to rebel against them.

Valefor, on the other hand, is renowned for running – if such a word even applies – the loosest hierarchy in Hell. Demons are often sent to the corporeal plane with orders but without anyone to report to, and even if they have an assigned supervisor, that demon may be off to parts unknown. Valefor or some Word-bound celestial will check in on them at some vague time in the future – and there had better be good news when they do!

Serving Theft, Valeforians are expected to actively look for opportunities to steal and spread chaos. A

Thief can take time to plan rather than just "smash and grab," but he is expected to *do* something. Standing still is one of the worst things Thief can do, and blandly waiting for orders will only get the lazy demon punished. With no tight command structure and little central planning, Servitors of Theft are expected to show a lot of individual initiative, and are rewarded for doing so.

Demons and Hellsworn serving Theft like to say they have the best and worst jobs in Hell and Earth. Valefor gives his Servitors plenty of latitude and room to work, but there are times when you need help – that Malakite of Laurence wants his sword back – and Valefor is nowhere to be found! It's not surprising, then, that Valefor places an emphasis on quick thinking and self-reliance. Sometimes, you're all you've got.



Rewards and Punishments

"Rewards? Well, there's money, fast cars, snappy clothes – all the good things in life you can steal. And keep, that is. And don't forget the Lilim! They like hanging around us because we have a fashion sense almost as good as theirs. Just one thing, kid, and take this to heart: don't ever, ever make Valefor mad. You just don't want to see it."

– Reese, Impudite of Theft, to a young Thief

For many servants of Theft, the job is its own reward. The rush, or adrenaline "high," from a successful job is something almost indescribable – addictive, even. Some cat burglar Thieves have been known to break into a highly guarded location, not to steal anything, but just for the challenge of winning past the security.



Still, Servitors of Hell are selfish beings at heart and always want more – more money, more power, more sex . . . whatever it is, they want more. And Valefor can be a generous, if mercurial, Prince. Servitors are sometimes rewarded with material goods, new identities, even a new attunement or an extra Force – whatever Valefor feels in the mood for at the moment. At other times, all the faithful Servitor gets is a smile and the barest acknowledgement.

But this quixotic nature is a sword that cuts two ways. A Servitor who fails in some fashion could be in terrible danger when Valefor asks for a report. Sometimes, he merely banishes the demon to Hell, denying him the pleasures of Earth for a while. Other times, he just shrugs his shoulders, flashes his best smile, and tells the poor demon, “Forget it. Just try harder next time.”

But there are times when even the least little failure will send Valefor into a towering, maniacal rage. Without warning he will beat the demon senseless, sending him into Trauma or even shredding his Forces altogether! No one knows when these rages will strike, but all are afraid of them and many wonder about his stability.

Switching Superiors

Serving Theft is not as easy as it seems. The need to be constantly on the move, the pressure of avoiding not only avenging angels but suspicious agents of Hades, and the erratic violence of Valefor himself, proves to be too much for some demons. It may also happen that a demon's nature simply doesn't fit with the Word of Theft – a Calabite who only wants to wreck as much as he can and to Hell with subtlety, for example. In cases like these, a demon may want to consider switching to the service of another Superior.

If the demon wants to serve another Prince with whom Valefor is friendly, then the Demon Prince of Theft is often agreeable to the change. A minor demon will be let go for almost nothing, but Valefor will want much Essence or several large favors to let a Word-bound Servitor go. Should the demon want to switch to an enemy like Saminga or Asmodeus, well . . . forget it! He would be stupid to even tell Valefor of his request. The demon's only hope in this case is to go Renegade and hope he can reach the other court and be accepted before Valefor catches him.

The Fallen

The Fallen find a ready welcome in the ranks of Theft. Valefor makes them feel good about themselves – they weren't betraying anything, they were rebelling and striking a blow for liberty! Especially welcome are those newly Fallen who bring some sort of “gift” . . . something

stolen from Heaven. That tells Valefor right away that the demon belongs with him.

The Fallen are also attracted to Valefor's service because his Servitors have often been the ones who helped former angels defect in the first place. The order of Shepherds is famous for smuggling angels past watchful triads of Judgment and vengeful Malakim . . . and overly-suspicious agents of the Game.

Newly Fallen also move up the ranks faster in Valefor's service than under most other Demon Princes. Once they've completed an assignment or two in Hell, the new demon is rapidly promoted to an assignment on Earth. This is a mixed blessing, since the most common assignment is something that places him in direct conflict with his former Heavenly colleagues! While his inside knowledge is useful, should his ex-friends ever catch him . . .

Valefor also suffers more than his fair share of demons lost to redemption. More infernals seem to defect from his camp than several other Demon Princes combined. Perhaps it is mere coincidence or a function of their similarity, but the Game has noted that a significant number have decamped to Janus' service . . . and a similarly large number of the Servitors of Wind who Fall find their way to Sin City.

Humans

Valefor loves humanity, though it's the love a swindler feels for an easy and regular mark. Without humans, the Word of Theft would be just a minor note in the Symphony. Valefor takes their natural desire to better their lives and turns it to Theft's purposes by encouraging envy and greed. Every human who steals encourages another to do the same, just to "get back" at society. Thus the web of theft spreads through humanity like cracks in a windshield.

Soldiers of Theft are incredibly valuable to the Lord of the Palazzo Furto. Not bound by Valefor's dissonance conditions, Hellsworn Thieves can do those things that require staying in one place for a long. They act as spies, lookouts, backup "muscle," and perform any other duties that require a lack of Symphonic disturbance. Shedim might have an easier time killing the Soldier of Dominic who is also a judge, but Hellsworn Thieves can do it without immediately alerting every angel within ten miles!

BANDS

Unlike the other Princes of Hell, Valefor rarely creates his own demons. He prefers to *find* those with a spark of the rebel in them. Demons who are dissatisfied with their current Superior or don't fit well with the

WORD-BOUND SERVITORS

There are many Words under Theft. Quite a few Word-bound demons have come to serve Theft from other Princes because their Word fits as well or better with Theft. Thus Cuirghan, Calabite Demon of Cattle Stealing, came to Valefor's service from Baal as cattle-raiding became less an act of War and more one of Theft.

Older demons in service to Theft reflect the technological limitations of the times, while some are former Servitors of Genubath. These Words include Pickpockets, Plunder, Kidnapping, Looting, and Raiding. Newer Thieves hold Words that reflect modern times and the expanded possibilities for Theft, such as Identity Theft, Carjacking, and Plagiarism. Some Words are more aligned with Valefor's interests in speed and motion, such as Getaways, and Stunt Piloting – these demons often have Word-bound rivals in Janus' ranks.

Notable Word-bound Thieves include Jonas, the cigar-chomping Djinn of Fences, Hammu-Nergal, the Calabite of Extortion (one of Valefor's favorite enforcers), and Danielle, the Impudite Demon of Inside Jobs.

Word they serve, often are traded to Valefor. Even demonlings are recruited in this fashion, as Valefor is one of the few Princes who will give them a chance. Demons acquired in this fashion know they had better live up to Valefor's expectations, since he hates to be disappointed . . .

Renegades often find their way to Theft's service, if they aren't trying to escape Hell altogether. The loose organization of his Servitors appeals to these malcontents. They often find a sympathetic patron in the Prince of Theft, who can appreciate their desire to break the rules. And Valefor likes the idea of poking his rivals in the eyes by "stealing" one of their Servitors – especially if they worked for the Game!

Balseraphs

Liars are often the front men for operations by Valefor's Servitors. They plant the cover stories, tell the glib lie to distract the authorities, or convince a guard that the security cameras need to be turned off for "routine maintenance." When something goes wrong and quick explanations are needed, it's the Balseraph of Theft who often speaks to the nosy neighbor lady, the police – or even Servitors of the Game or Judgment!

They are also Valefor's "clean-up crew." Though Theft likes to have its deeds known eventually, some operations have to be kept a secret . . . or blamed on someone else. Liars plant the rumors and misdirect the "opposition," often without ever being directly connected to the scene of the crime. Especially when violence has resulted in Symphonic disturbance, they like to blame Servitors of Baal and Belial for a botched operation.

Balseraphs also serve Valefor as diplomats – Liars are so useful when dealing with other demons! However, they are never allowed to operate alone; other demons are sent along to make sure that the reports that come back are accurate!

Balseraphs of Theft are typically smooth, confident, and sophisticated. Preferring to avoid combat, they concentrate on Celestial and Ethereal Forces, though a few feel that strength and grace add weight to what they say. In any case, they take care to present the most appealing image to make their lies go down smoother. While all Balseraphs are glib talkers, Valefor's are among the best Liars of all. Valefor likes that, and many Serpents serve the Prince of Theft.



It is criminal to steal a purse.
It is daring to steal a fortune.
It is a mark of greatness to steal
a crown. The blame diminishes as
the guilt increases.

– Schiller (1759-1805)

Djinn

Not many Stalkers serve Valefor. For a Demon Prince who demands action and a sense of style from his Servitors, Djinn are too moody and sloppy. They run counter to the deeper tones of the Word of Theft, which is about excitement and desire – and lazy Djinn often violate Valefor's dissonance conditions!

Still, the "hounds of Hell" have their uses within Valefor's service. As long as they keep moving every so often, none are better at staking out a location for a heist. Often working in teams of three or more, Djinn Thieves will have a fixed route they follow: a few days in one place, then move on to the next target while another

Binder wanders in to take over the station. Djinn in Valefor's service often take Roles as homeless people, pushing their shopping carts around a city and talking to themselves. They find most people don't even *want* to see them, let alone notice anything suspicious about their behavior. Give a small team of Stalkers a few days, and it will be able to tell everything there is to know about the daily routine around a target.

These demons also make excellent fences, though they are the kind who travel from one weekend swap-meet to another. Showing a passive, uninterested face to their clients, Djinn fences are like bartenders – others tend to open up to them and tell them their troubles. The demon really doesn't want to hear about it and couldn't care less, but he knows someone higher up, maybe even Valefor, will want to know. And more than one such fence has attuned himself to an especially desirable piece he has sold, only to tell other Thieves where it has gone so they can steal it again!

Their resonance makes them quite useful to a gang of Thieves. Able to attune themselves to one person and make that person their slave, a Djinn of Theft can use this to open all sorts of doors – literally and figuratively – for his comrades. More than one victim has been asked in court why he helped commit a crime, only to answer pathetically, "I guess I was in love."

Calabim

When there is breaking and entering to be done – especially *breaking* – Servitors of Theft call on the Destroyers. Mirror images of the perpetual-motion Ofanim, Calabim serve Theft by applying their perverse resonance with entropy to anything that stands in a Thief's way. Doors, locks, bars, manacles, electronic security panels – no mere devices can withstand these demons.

STAKEOUTS

The Valeforian dissonance condition often makes it difficult for Thieves to "case a joint," especially if it requires long-term observation. Some Thieves handle this with rotating teams; others contract a Free Lilim or assign Soldiers of Theft to do the job.

CALABITE DISCORD

Valefor looks for a certain kind of Servitor, so Calabim serving him, whether they came from another Prince's service or are one of the rare demons he created, often manifest similar Discords.

Angry and *Berserk* are both common to Calabim of Theft, particularly those created by Valefor. Those who prefer to victimize defenseless targets often manifest *Cowardly*, while those with a real passion for Valefor's Word are often Greedy, or even have a kleptomaniac *Need* to steal. Other *Needs* are also common, particularly among Valefor's oldest Calabim who once served Genubath – they may need to terrorize someone, torture, kill, or pillage in order to regain their daily Essence.



Destroyers are numerous in the service of the Calabite Prince of Thieves. Emulating their leader, they affect a stylish image while appearing as grungy as the rest of their Band. Long hair, black leather, and torn jeans are common. Like Valefor, they are subject to sudden rages which can strike without warning, especially when they are kept waiting.

Because Calabim like breaking things – and people – they are often used as Valefor's enforcers, a role they share with the Shedim. Calabite extortion squads are common, particularly when the victim has been unreasonable and needs to be taught a lesson. They are also used as “muscle” for general leg-breaking and mayhem – even assassination, though they're not the most subtle killers around. But when Valefor wants to send a public message with shock value, the Destroyers are perfect for the job.

Strangely like Ofanim, Calabim of Theft also retain the “need for speed.” They consequently often work as getaway drivers, champing at the bit behind the wheel of a fast car with the engine running. This is a mixed blessing for Servitors of Theft. The Destroyer may be a fantastic driver, but many tend to forget the “escape” part and decide to have their own private demolition derby with pursuers or even parked cars! Calabim are usually the largest part of the audience at the Palazzo Furto “Racetrack” (p. 87).

Habbalah

Habbalah serving Theft encourage the emotions that lead people to become thieves themselves. Greed, avarice, jealousy, anger, and resentment – a Habbalite of Theft uses all these and others to convince victims to take what isn't theirs and feel justified doing it. Then the next theft is easier, the next even easier than that as the human gives in to his emotions more and more. This makes the Horrors valuable to Valefor, for each success they have is multiplied several times through the new thief.

Habbalite Thieves take Roles that allow them to stay on the move while still manipulating the emotions of the weak. Traveling salesmen, streetwalkers, and revival preachers are all traditionally popular Roles. In the modern era of big business, many Habbalah work as Human Relations consultants, motivational speakers, and county social workers, while the rise in the number of runaway children has provided a perfect environment for them to corrupt the young.

Punishers of Theft think of themselves as mentors for the weak; proselytizing angels who teach greedy, grasping humans that it's OK to take what you want. Thus, they maintain alluring physical appearances, like others of their Band, but usually with a sinister, edgy demeanor, the better to attract those who are easily led astray. They often take an even-handed approach to the balance of their Forces, with perhaps a light emphasis on the Celestial and Ethereal. For this, Valefor sends quite a few of these flexible manipulators to Earth, where they are most effective at spreading the Word of Theft.

Lilim

Valefor's talent for breaking the rules appeals to many Lilim. They like his rebel's attitude, they like the loose organization, they like flash and excitement, and they really like the tight leather outfits!

There's no question about it – Tempters and the Word of Theft are natural partners, from the top down. Lilith herself is often seen at parties with Valefor, and her Daughters who bind themselves to Theft are outnumbered only by those who serve Andre or remain Free – and more Free Lilim work for Theft than any other Word.

Lilim like to say they're “lovers, not fighters.” Let the Shedim, Habbalah, and Calabim do the nasty work. Tempters serve Theft by spreading a web of Geases so that there will always be some favor available to be called in at a handy moment. Whether it's a door left unlocked at night, a security camera turned off, or the password to a secure network – whatever – a Lilim is likely to know someone in the right place at the right time.



Most Lilim of Theft have assignments in the corporeal realm. Earth is just more fun than dark and gloomy Stygia, except when Valefor is throwing one of his parties in the Palazzo Furto. Then the Daughters are anxious to be there and be seen. Some have even been known to call in Geases they have on each other to secure the place on Valefor's arm as his "moll" for the evening – unless Lilith herself is there!

Lilim who do serve in Stygia work as informers for Valefor. Their ability to read others' needs often reveals spies, potential Renegades, and those who make the mistake of "holding out" on Valefor. More than one agent of the Game has walked into a trap or been used to feed false information to Asmodeus because of this. The system isn't perfect, though. If the Tempter thinks she can get away with it, then having yet another Geas owed for not revealing the secret need is very tempting. Why waste a valuable resource?

Shedim

It wouldn't seem likely that the Corruptors would fit well with the Word of Theft. Their celestial forms are hideous and their *modus operandi* is in no way subtle – what good is a burglar who takes time out from his theft to flay an old lady alive, just to hear how loud she can scream? And while their ability to take control of a victim is useful for getting inside a place, it's what they do once inside that often causes problems for Theft . . . unless, of course, the goal is an act of workplace violence so shocking that it robs surviving employees of any sense of security and ease.

Still, the Shedim have their uses, and some actually enjoy serving Valefor. Corruptor Thieves take pride in being more subtle and patient than their Band mates serving other Words. There's a great joy in taking control of some virtuous mortal and riding him bit by bit down the road to damnation – and making him think it was his own idea the whole time. First the kindly old priest takes a bit from the collection plate, then he misappropriates from church funds, and finally he's caught sexually abusing an altar boy – the Shedite has by this time stolen the feeling of trust parishioners have for priests, and the Church at large.

Because of their need to push a host to ever-greater atrocities, Fleshless Servitors of Theft are not often sent to Earth. Valefor's loose organization almost guarantees that one will get out of control eventually and cause a tremendous disturbance in the Symphony – another grudge the Game has against Theft. Those who are sent to Earth go with strict and detailed orders from Valefor himself and, unusual for Theft, find themselves assigned to a supervising Word-bound demon. The Shedite who

causes too many problems, though, isn't punished by its supervisor – that pleasure is reserved for Valefor.

On Earth, the Fleshless are most often used as enforcers, handy soldiers for when someone needs killing in an especially messy fashion. When there is a threat that angels might get involved, Shedite "heavies" are welcomed even by Lilim Thieves – albeit grudgingly. The destruction caused when demon-possessed gangbangers shoot it out with Malakim provides plenty of distraction for the rest of the "gang" to getaway.

Not always the brightest lights in Hell, Shedim in Stygia are often teamed with Habbalah as guards over passes, tunnels, doorways, and vaults. The Habbalite watches and the other demon acts on his orders. Shedite sentinels like open-ended orders the best: "Kill anyone who comes through that portal unless he knows the password." Some Shedite guards left on their own, however, have a bad habit of forgetting what the current password is . . .

Impudites

Some Servitors of Theft steal things – diamonds, money, cars, whatever they can lay their hands on. Impudites who serve Valefor, however, steal a thing most precious to demons – Essence. With their attunement, Impudites can glide through a crowd, stealing a bit here and there, and be gone before anyone realizes anything is wrong.

Smooth and seemingly trustworthy, Takers are valuable to Valefor and the Word of Theft. They serve on Earth as advance scouts and inside agents. With their ability to charm mortals, an Impudite becomes privy to confidences and often has a bevy of people willing to help him. Unlike a Lilim, this is not because the Impudite holds Geases of obligation. Instead, the mortal truly trusts the demon and wants to help – or is grateful his "friend" is there to listen to his troubles. An Impudite of Theft might be the new office temp whom everyone likes, or the sympathetic cab driver, or the stripper at the club who really does think you're cute . . . Like other Servitors of Theft, though, Impudite Thieves must obey Valefor's dissonance conditions. Any Role they take, therefore, must reasonably allow them to be on the move every three days.

Impudites of Theft sometimes get into trouble, though, because they don't like to hurt mortals – too much chance of them getting killed and the Impudite gaining dissonance. Many prefer passive assignments that keep them moving among people, watching and making friends. Some Takers become so comfortable among humans that other Diabolicals will accuse them of "going native," though an Impudite will say he's doing his job by teaching mortals to be selfish – something vital

to a thief. And they are loath to steal directly from their “friends.” While a Habbalite or Djinn can enthrall someone, Impudites of Theft rely on gaining and keeping trust. When something happens to break that trust, the Taker has to start building it all over again (*Infernal Player’s Guide*, p. 62).

If sent on a mission, Valeforian Takers like to be in charge, just so they can make sure no human gets hurt. They try to keep things as quiet as possible to reduce the risk of the police – or angels – interfering. They hate having to work with Calabim or Shedim for this very reason.

Valefor’s Takers don’t like serving in Hell. Valefor does not look kindly upon anyone poaching Essence, even if it is the demon’s nature to do so. To serve in Hell is viewed as a punishment by Impudites, for they’re meant to be among people.

However, Impudites of Theft do have some jobs in Hell. Given their natural ability to “get along,” they often serve as diplomats to the courts of other Princes. If a Prince is angered because one of his Servitors defected to Stygia, Valefor often sends a ranking Impudite to smooth things over. They also regularly serve as his representatives to the ethereal spirits, since they present themselves in a less threatening manner than any other Band.

JOBS – IT TAKES A THIEF

“Job description? Job description?? Maybe you’ll fit in better with Kronos and his bean counters! No? Well, here’s your ‘job description,’ kid – grab and go, and don’t get caught.”

– Hoxha, Calabite of Theft, to a newly-created demon

At its simplest, working for Theft is easy: see the thing, steal the thing, move on to the next thing. A Thief should take any chance he gets to disrupt society’s orderly patterns and its sense of security. Whether this security comes from ownership of material things, a lover’s trust and faith, or even a sense of mastery over one’s own life, it is the Valeforian’s duty to steal it.

But being a Thief isn’t as easy as it seems. Demons of Theft are obsessed with motion, travelling from one place to the next, raising Cain as they go. This can make planning and execution difficult, since one can never be sure just who is available. Valefor’s dissonance condition might force someone to move on at just the wrong point – like their Prince, a demon of Theft can vanish unexpectedly at any time. As a consequence, Valeforians tend to plan quickly and make swift strikes. They also are more comfortable than other demons working alone in risky situations. The invention of the telephone and, more recently, the cell phone and the Internet have lessened the problem Thieves have keeping in touch with each other, though.

When on the job, Valeforians try always to be flashy and impressive – even when breaking heads. Style and substance are one and the same thing to a Thief. When the police investigate a burglary, the Servitor of Theft wants to be sure the cops are impressed with his handiwork. Many leave behind little trademarks as “signatures” – a crushed flower, a card with a witty saying, or even an obscenity spray-painted on the wall. Each little bit of grudging admiration the Thief wrings out of his victims is yet another slight expansion of the Word of Theft.

*M*oney is always there but the pockets change; it is not in the same pockets after a change, and that is all there is to say about money.

– Gertrude Stein (1874-1946)

Celestial Jobs

Hell’s Magpies spend their first several years learning the ropes and what it means to be a Thief. They might first practice their skills in Sin City itself, in halls run by senior demon trainers, commonly called “Fagins.” Having learned the basics, the Thief is sent on small missions to other parts of Hell, such as the rest of Stygia, Shal-Mari, or even to the Soul Yards in Hades to rip off a soul as a final test. When deemed ready, the demon is given his first assignment on Earth.

Older demons serving in Hell will often work in the Palazzo Furto as Tether guards (rotated regularly to avoid dissonance) or servants. Some will work as drivers at the racetrack, working off dissonance by racing as fast and recklessly as possible. Others will have jobs in Sin City and the other towns of Stygia, serving as spies, fences – though to avoid dissonance the fence may suddenly close shop and vanish just when he’s needed – or tutors to fledglings. A few of the most experienced serve as diplomats to the courts of other Princes.

Ethereal Jobs

Valefor’s demons aren’t as active in the Marches as one might think – at least, not publicly. Beleth and her Servitors are hostile to Valefor and his Thieves. The theft of a mortal’s peace in his dreams is her right, their dreams her property, and she won’t tolerate that parvenu poaching on her territory! Sometimes, though, an arrangement can be reached – a trade of Essence for the right to read a mortal’s dreams for clues and information. This isn’t done very often, though, such is Beleth’s hatred for the Prince of Theft.

More commonly, ethereal jobs for Valeforians involve dealing with the gods of the Far Marches. Valefor is among the most tolerant of the Diabolicals toward the “neutrals,” as he calls them – those ethereals who didn’t seek refuge in Beleth’s realm. A mission here might entail contacting one of the old gods for information about a lost relic, something valuable to one of Theft’s capers, or the War itself. Or perhaps Valefor wants the right to use an ethereal Tether for his own forces, a secret bolt hole. Valefor is very cagey about what goes on in the Far Marches, and usually only sends his most trusted demons there, much to the irritation of Asmodeus.

Corporeal Jobs

Thieves on Earth will rarely have firmly established Roles – they’re too hard to maintain when one always has to be on the move. Not only do they conduct their own thefts, but Valefor’s Servitors see it as their duty to make thieves out of as many mortals as possible. They thus take jobs that allow them to encourage the susceptible and teach them how to be thieves, even if in a little way: leaders of local gangs, coaches for a weekend youth recreation league, and prostitutes, among others.

In the War, Valefor’s Servitors function as scouts and spies for Hell. With their emphasis on speed and stealth, they often operate “behind enemy lines,” infiltrating places where angels gather to learn more of the enemy’s plans. Their dissonance conditions ensure that they don’t stay too long and thereby risk discovery. They also serve as special commandos when a swift, fast strike is called for, such as raid that needs to be finished quickly before Michael’s Malakim show up. In mixed groups, the Thief fills all these roles as well as often being the “driver,” a handy demon to have around when a quick exit is called for.

Unusual Jobs

Sometimes the things a Thief has to do are just plain *weird*. More than one Servitor has been handed an object by Valefor and told to “put it back.” This doesn’t cause dissonance. In fact, it can be exciting because it has to be clandestine, but it’s not something one would expect from the Demon Prince of Theft. Most demons who know of this put it down to Valefor’s bizarre sense of the outrageous – or perhaps it’s his idea of punishment. Whatever the reason, they stay quiet about it to avoid giving any ammunition to the Game.

Valeforians can also be found in other odd jobs that aren’t associated directly with Theft. Racing is popular, especially anything involving motorcycles! Demolition derbies are popular with Calabim and Shedim. Demons and Soldiers of Theft find work as pilots, sometimes

SNEAKING INTO HEAVEN

Along with the rumors of the Janus-Valefor connection (p. 83), there are persistent rumors of Thieves sneaking into Heaven. While considered wildly improbable by most celestials, Servitors of Theft certainly enjoy letting other demons *think* they might be able to do this, and Dominic and Asmodeus both treat the rumors seriously. One story says that a secret tunnel leads from Beleth’s Tower to Blandine’s, and that Valefor’s Servitors sometimes sneak into Beleth’s Tower to use it. Needless to say, the fate of any demon of Theft that Beleth *did* catch in her Domain would be . . . unpleasant.

smuggling drugs into the U.S. – they enjoy the challenge of evading the radar screens and any pursuing planes.

The hardest job a Thief can have, though, is as a “Shepherd” (p. 97). Smuggling Falling angels to Hell or giving an Outcast a safe house can be more than dangerous, should the triads of Judgment find out where. And it gets even worse if the rumors are true and orders occasionally come down to help a Renegade reach Heaven and redemption!

GANGS OF THEFT

There are two orders recently created by Valefor. He had done without any special orders or Distinctions for over a thousand years, so it was a matter of some gossip in Hell when he created these two within the last couple of centuries.

Escape Artists

Flash and dash are integral to the Word of Theft – at least, since Valefor arrived on the scene. Under Genubath, Theft was the work of brutal thugs with no concept of elegance or artistry. Valefor changed that, so much so that his detractors have often accused him of being all style and no substance! Now it sometimes seems as if a Thief *wants* to get caught, just so he can stage an escape that captures the public imagination. It is for these celestials that Valefor created Sheppard’s Order of Escape Artists.

The order was created in the 18th century to honor the exploits of Jack Sheppard, whose daring escapes from prison thrilled Londoners long after his execution. Sheppard had been a Soldier of Theft, so the more stodgy factions in Hell were aghast that such an honor would be

paid to a mere human. Valefor, however, brushed them off with a sneer and went on breaking the rules.

Escape Artists are walking publicity stunts. They generally operate alone and actually seek out arrest. Often they'll commit some act of public vandalism or theft just to go to jail so they can make the papers the next day when they escape. Sometimes, when Valefor thinks a real shake-up is needed, he will order an Escape Artist to commit a spectacular crime – a grisly rape/murder or a brutal serial killing, for instance – knowing that the public will be thrown into a panic both by the crime and by the perpetrator's easy escape. Calabim and Shedim are especially good at this.

he majestic equality of the law... forbids rich and poor alike to sleep under bridges, beg in the streets, and steal bread.

– Anatole France

Escape Artists will sometimes “facilitate,” as they put it, not escaping themselves but helping others escape. This happens most frequently at the request of the Shepherds, who are trying to help a client. The Escape Artist poses as someone in authority – a police officer, a prison guard, a hospital orderly, or a nurse – and then makes sure that he is the one to apply the handcuffs or other restraints to the target. Since all Escape Artists have the Distinction of the same name, all the target has

to do is wait for a good moment to slip his bonds and walk into the arms of the Shepherds (below).

The Shepherds

Everyone was surprised when Valefor created a second special order that seemed almost intended to drive Asmodeus mad. It was doubly surprising when he appointed an obscure demon named Lazarrabal (p. 99) as its head. Balseraphs, Djinn, Lilim, and Impudites are the most common members of the order of Shepherds.

The Shepherds function much like an underground railroad, offering shelter to those “on the lam” and helping them get from one place to another undetected. They do this by maintaining a network of “safe houses,” locations that may serve one purpose publicly but are also a secure hideout. Shepherds own a network of properties around the world, their true ownership disguised by a convoluted series of blinds, false trusts, and dummy holding companies. While demons of the order supervise operations, Soldiers of Theft do most day-to-day oversight of each location. The network includes apartment buildings, homes, hotels, recreational vehicles, and even rural properties. All are generally nondescript, out of the way, and even a bit rundown. Far different from anything anyone expects of Valefor, few demons can guess the extent of the Shepherds' holdings.

Shepherds make their services available to anyone who can pay, human or celestial. For humans, the price is usually several years' earnings or a large debt of service. For celestials on the run, the fee can be Essence, Geases given to one of Valefor's Lilim, information, or even an artifact or two. Thieves are nothing if not flexible . . .

FREE LILIM IN SERVICE TO THEFT

Valefor is one of the biggest employers of Free Lilim. The fact that his own Servitors can't stay in one place for too long gives Lilim plenty of things to do for Thieves, ranging from tending Tethers (see p. 88) to staking out locations (see p. 92) to maintaining safehouses and fencing goods. Some Lilim have worked for Theft for so long that they *almost* consider Valefor their permanent Superior – they'd give him the first chance to bid up their services if someone else made an offer, at least. Even the most dedicated freelancers are sometimes reluctant to accept a contract working *against* Valefor, fearing it will hurt future employment prospects . . . even though he doesn't *usually* carry a grudge.

Valefor is very fair with Free Lilim; he never goes back on his word with them, and those who perform well can expect generous bonuses. A *lot* of Free Daughters have earned Servitor Attunements and even the occasional Distinction from Theft. This makes him quite popular with Lilim, and with Lilith.

One thing any Tempter should keep in mind when dealing with Valefor, though – working for him doesn't guarantee the security of *your* possessions. But if you should “lose” something while consorting with Thieves, they'll often be more than happy to recover it for you – for a price.

They are honorable, however. Once a contract has been made and signed, the Shepherds will see it through to the end. Since their formation, there has been no known instance of the order betraying a client. Once or twice they failed to protect someone, resulting in the client's death. Revenge was swift, total, and fatal – a perfect example to anyone else who might meddle.

It is well-known that the Shepherds will hide Outcast angels or those who have Fallen and want to defect to Hell.



Less well-known are those instances when they have hidden and protected Renegade demons, many of whom were fleeing a vengeful Prince or the Game itself. They enjoy “putting one over on the cops – theirs or ours!” To many Shepherds, this is all a great exhilarating sport.

There are unsubstantiated rumors that hint at an even more daring operation – that the Shepherds will hide Renegade demons who are fleeing to Heaven on their way to redemption! There is no proof of this and, were it true, the consequences for the Shepherds and Valefor himself would be catastrophic.

Player characters are unlikely to start as members of this order, as Valefor only admits those who have proven their trustworthiness and loyalty over many, many missions.

DEALING WITH OUTSIDERS

Thieves, while selfish like every other demon, have an ability to get along with others. After all, where would a Thief be without his marks? Other demons may also provide skills the Valeforian needs, so there's no need to tick them off . . . immediately.

Valeforians are most comfortable with Servitors whose Princes also feel friendly (for a demon) toward humans. They work most closely with Andrealphans and Malphans and those under contract to Lilith, demons whose Words best harmonize with their own. Nybbytes are welcome because their activities and those of Theft

complement each other, while Vapulans provide all sorts of neat gadgets – just be sure someone else tests them first.

Cooperation with other Princes, however, is not common. Asmodeans are an enemy almost as great as Heaven itself. (See *Dealing with the Game*, below.) If a Thief is seen cooperating with a Servitor of the Game, it's either because he is setting the spook up for a fall, or the Gamester is extorting the Thief.

Valeforians want nothing to do with Samingans or Servitors of Belial, who simply want to destroy everything worth stealing. Gluttons aren't welcome because of their desire to consume everything, including the loot! While Thieves and Jokers can get along and do sometimes work together – some thefts can be very funny – Kobal's antipathy for Valefor, whom he feels is supplanting him, prevents anything more than sporadic and fitful cooperation.

DEALING WITH THE GAME

As much as he holds Asmodeus in amused contempt, Valefor knows that the Game is necessary to the Word of Theft. Who can imagine robbers without cops, or treasure without guards? Part of the fun is pulling the wool over the Gamesters' eyes, and there is an undeniable “rush” from getting away with something right under their stuck-up noses.

At the same time, Valefor cautions his Servitors to remember Asmodeus and *his* Servitors are not completely dim. They have spies everywhere and are able to puzzle out the deepest plot from the most obscure clues. They offer sizeable rewards to those who reveal traitors – and Asmodeus has a broad definition of “treason.”

Demons who don't remember this may well find themselves the lead story on the Nybbas News Network one day . . .

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF VALEFOR

LAZARRABAL, A.K.A.

“JOHNNY K”

***Impudite Captain of Theft,
Shepherd***

Corporeal Forces - 3 Strength 5 Agility 7
Ethereal Forces - 6 Intelligence 12 Precision 12
Celestial Forces - 4 Will 7 Perception 9
Vessel: Human/4 (male in his late 20s), Charisma +3

Role: “Ioannis H. Konstantinides,” Socialite/4, Status/4

Skills: Computer Operations/2, Detect Lies/4, Dodge/3, Driving/4, Escape/3, Fast Talk/5, Knowledge/3 (Immigration and Customs Law), Languages (English/3, Greek/4*, Spanish/3), Lying/5, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol), Savoir Faire/3

* Native language

Songs: Charm (Ethereal/4, Celestial/4), Draining (all/4), Healing (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/4), Motion (all/6), Opening (Corporeal/4), Shadows (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/5, Celestial/3), Shields (all/3), Tongues (all/4)

Attunements: Impudite of Theft, Captain of Corsairs, Shepherd, Distract, Passage, Swipe

“Johnny K,” as he likes to be called – he almost never uses his demonic true name – is one of the top smugglers of people in the American Southwest, though his business extends to South America, Europe, and East Asia. If someone needs to get from point A to point B without the Law knowing about it, Johnny is the man to see. He specializes in getting war criminals, drug lords, and other major criminals out of “hot spots,” and hiding them in Southern California’s maze of immigrant communities.

Johnny made his name in Hell right after World War II, when he succeeded in smuggling several important Nazis, including Dr. Josef Mengele, out of Europe to Brazil and Paraguay, duping the OSS and the Catholic Church into helping! For his efforts,

Valefor made Johnny head of the order of Shepherds (p. 97). For a demon with such a short resume, many in Hell have wondered at the favor shown toward Lazarrabal. Valefor only smiles his best shark’s grin and says, “The boy’s got moves!” It’s true that “Johnny’s” skill in arranging clandestine passage is nothing short of amazing.

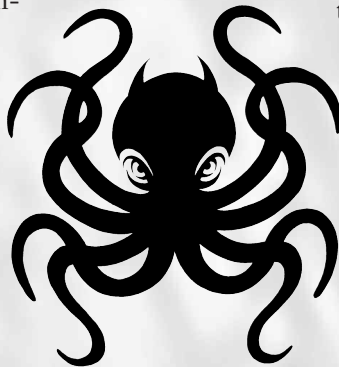
Johnny takes special pleasure in hiding Outcast angels from Dominic’s triads and Renegade demons from the Game. There have even been whispers in the clubs of Shal-Mari that Johnny and his Shepherds have helped hide Renegades on their way to redemption, once even hiding a Redeemed in the same run-down apartment as a Fallen! While no one gives much credence to *that* story – except some Servitors of the Game – it’s generally admitted that Johnny’s network of safe houses and contacts along the West Coast could hide almost anything or anyone.

Johnny also handles assignments for Valefor in the ethereal realm. What Tethers he uses to go back and forth is a closely-guarded secret, but the speculation is that he handles dealings with the old pagan gods of the Far Marches. Beleth and Blandine have both received reports of the leader of the Shepherds moving through their Domains, but no one has been able to catch him and demand to

know just what he’s up to.

Relatively short at 5’7”, Johnny K. is trim and light on his feet. He dresses in the latest “club” fashions day or night, and he is never without a cell phone and a beeper. He maintains multiple e-mail accounts and “back-channel” networks, and uses the best encryption available. He often travels to make the arrangements for important clients himself. While based in a posh apartment in San Diego, he is constantly on the move, never staying in one place more than a day or two. Sometimes he disappears for months on end, something very disconcerting to clients in need of his services. And yet Johnny always manages to come through, even if at the very last second.

Continued on next page . . .



SAMPLE SERVITORS OF VALEFOR (CONTINUED)

More than a bit of a smart-ass, he always gives a different answer whenever anyone asks him what the “H” in his Role’s name stands for. The one question that makes him a bit nervous is why he never seems to appear in Hell. Asked by an ordinary demon, Lazarrabal will curl his lip and ignore the pest. But, should a Servitor of the Game inquire, he will chuckle – just a slight edge noticeable in his voice – and say he’s just got too much to do here.

So far, that’s been good enough.

(Lazarrabal, a.k.a. “Johnny,” is a powerful Servitor of Theft who could easily get any other minions of Valefor involved in one of his assignments. Anyone who joins the Shepherds will certainly have dealings with him.)

MING-SOO WING, A.K.A. “JESSICA WONG”

Soldier of Theft

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

Status: 3

Charisma: +2

Skills: Acrobatics/2, Dodge/2, Driving/3, Language (Chinese/3*, English/3, Vietnamese/2), Lockpicking/2, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol), Move Silently/2

* Native language

Ming-soo Wing grew up in a rundown apartment building in San Francisco’s Chinatown, the daughter of Chinese refugees from Vietnam. Treated as “not really Chinese” by the Chinese-Americans already there, her mother and father were forced to take the most menial jobs to make ends meet. Accustomed to living in a fine house in Hue with servants, her father was reduced to working as a tenement janitor while her mother pressed shirts in a laundry. Determined to succeed in their new land, they impressed their mercenary values on their children – money equals success and fine possessions are the mark of a quality person. Work hard, earn money, and rejoin the elite was the Wing motto.

But not for Ming-soo.

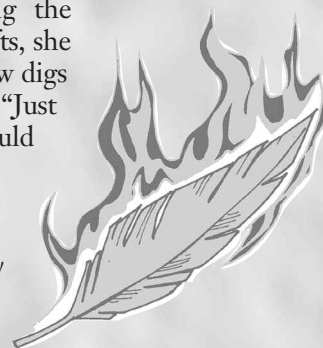
Early in school she showed her resentment of those who had more, stealing lunch money, toys, jewelry and electronics – anything she could get away with. At first she was regularly caught, and just as regularly beaten by her father when the report from school came home, but the only lesson she learned was, “Don’t get caught!” By the time she was in high school, she had graduated to burglary, shoplifting, and hot-wiring cars for joyrides. She rarely came home any more and spent most of her time crashing with friends in Chinatown and the Tenderloin district.

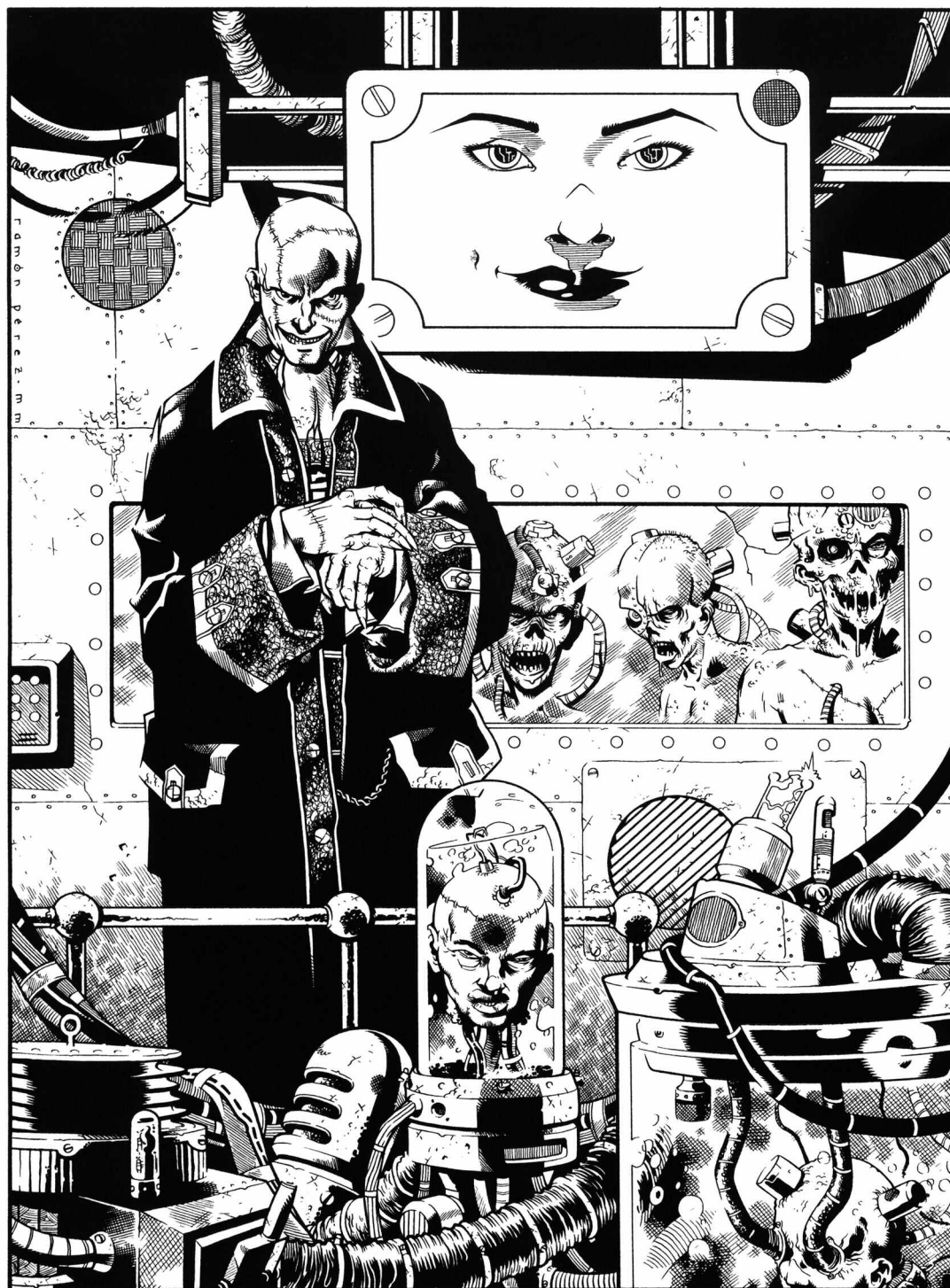
Late one night, while trying to steal a Mercedes, she was surprised by a voice behind her. “I should kill you, but I’d much rather you work for me. I like your style.” Turning around, she faced an Asian man in his twenties wearing the latest clothes, the rakish grin on his face at odds with the dangerous look in his eyes. “Just call me Val,” he said. “Swear yourself to my service, my . . . ‘Triad’ . . . and I’ll make you the greatest thief San Francisco has ever seen.”

Though she said “yes” more out of fear than anything else, Ming-soo has never regretted it. Turned over by “Val” to underlings, she has learned more and progressed faster than she had ever hoped. And while she hasn’t seen him since that night, she knows now who and what she serves – and she loves it!

Tall at 5’10,” with a lithe figure, she wears her hair short. Her eyes are always alert, never missing a thing. Ming-soo prefers tight-fitting black clothes when working, and always carries a 9mm pistol with her. Though she hasn’t killed anyone yet, she has no qualms about the possibility. Her new connections have helped her establish a false identity as “Jessica Wong,” under which she rents an apartment in the Marina district. Using the proceeds from her thefts, she plans to furnish her new digs with all the best things, “Just like Mom and Dad would have wanted.”

Jessica is a starting character suitable as a beginning PC, or possibly as a servant of a demon of Theft.





V A P U L A

HABBALIFE PRINCE OF TECHNOLOGY

The world is an experiment gone awry – just waiting to be taken apart and examined, piece by piece, to see what broke.

101
VAPULA

Vapula usually manifests as a bright-eyed elderly man with unkempt hair and clothes. He often wears a lab coat. Think “mad scientist.” He’s usually quiet, and seems to be working on something in the back of his mind – until he bursts forth with a torrent of excited ideas. Even when angry, he’s soft-spoken. A clumsy Servitor may be invited to donate his vessel for medical experimentation . . . but Vapula will smile encouragingly as the victim is strapped to the rack.

Vapula was born in Hell and, like all Habbalah, believed he was an angel – then he became a Prince. Now that he has transcended his former nature, he understands that angels are no closer to Divinity than demons – and only *he* is on the path to becoming the being closest to God . . . It doesn’t matter that neither his fellow Princes nor the so-called Archangels in Heaven seem to understand. One day, they’ll all see. Meanwhile, Vapula is cheerfully content with his place in Hell, where Lucifer allows him as much room for experimentation and unbridled invention as he desires.

Lucifer and the other Princes want to see devices which humanity will use for destruction and selfishness, such as chemical weapons, automobiles, cement, fast

food, and explosives. Actually, humans invented all those things, but Vapula takes credit for helping them along – it earns points with the rest of the Descending Hierarchy.

Vapula’s forges in Hell are the source of most infernal artifacts.

Few of the demons who know these secrets are permitted to reach Earth, though! None of the Princes want diabolical artifacts to be too easy to get.

Most recently, he has been recruited by Nybbas to help create a combination computer/television that will draw Essence from those nearby, or accept Essence “broadcast” from some central location, to power the dark invocations of the cathode ray tube. With such a device – tentatively dubbed the NC, or “Nybbas Computer” – the Diabolicals’ control of humanity might be complete. Unfortunately (*Liber Reliquarum*, p. 111), the only three working prototypes have recently gone missing, together with their lead developer . . .



THE MAD SCIENTIST’S TOOLBOX

Vapula knows a number of secret Songs, and is constantly experimenting to find new variations. He is known to have learned (from the *Liber Canticorum*) the Songs of Fruition (p. 70) and Pestilence (p. 74), and would very much like to learn the Songs of Poison (p. 74) and Purity (p. 75).

The Songs of Vulnerability (*Liber Canticorum*, p. 77) were discovered in Vapula’s laboratories, and are now being used by selected demons to plague mortals and celestials alike.

DISSONANCE

Most Servitors of Vapula have been granted at least one artifact of infernal origin (see box, p. 104). It’s dissonant for a demon of Technology to allow any infernal artifact to fall from his stewardship into human or angelic hands without Vapula’s permission, although this dissonance vanishes if he recovers it.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

The artifacts given to most of the bands are created using secret Songs, known only to a few of Vapula’s enchanter. These devices *will* work for others.

Balseraphs (partially restricted)

Vapula’s Balseraphs can look at a device devised by the minds of humans and precisely comprehend all its possible applications. They can do the same thing if presented only with a spec sheet – they can identify the lies of specifications and intuit a device’s real-world performance.

They are granted no high-tech boons; instead, these Liars are Hell's snake-oil salesmen. They may add their Celestial Forces to any attempt to convince someone that a mundane item has fantastic properties.

(The resonance enhancement cannot be taken by other Bands.)

Djinn

Djinn working for Vapula are granted feather-light palmtop computers which they can attune to a number of objects equal to their users' Celestial Forces. The palmtop has a thin cable, 6" long, which must touch the object of attunement before being able to track it. All the usual benefits and restrictions of attunements apply equally to these objects.

Calabim

Vapula does not allow Calabim within his ranks! Their unpredictably destructive fields of entropy wreak havoc with his experiments.

Habbalah (partially restricted)

Vapula grants his Habbalah mood rings which change color to reflect the emotional state of the nearest person. These demons can apply their resonance to people experiencing strong feelings, closing the circuit on their target's emotions and creating a feedback loop, stunning the victim for a number of rounds equal to the resonance's check digit. Failed attempts have no backlash.

(The resonance enhancement may not be taken by other Bands.)

Lilim (partially restricted)

Vapula's Lilim are the ultimate hackers and social engineers. They add their Celestial Forces to any Computer Operation roll . . . and to any use of their resonance against someone of a scientific or technical bent.

(The resonance bonus cannot be taken by other Bands.)

Shedim

Vapula gives each of his Shedim a laptop computer (which requires no power and has a high-speed cellular Net connection) to use as a vessel, entering freely when a host is not readily available. The Shedite may add his Celestial Forces to any attempt to possess someone who uses the laptop while the demon is inside. Any celestial with possession ability (with resonance or Song) may use the artifact as a host and gain the bonus.

Impudites (partially restricted)

Vapula's Impudites are giant Essence batteries. They can store twice as much Essence as a typical creature of

TESTING AND DISSONANCE

Vapulans are absolutely forbidden from allowing infernal technology to fall into mortal or angelic hands. This can present a problem when a project needs to be tested. If a mortal needs to be surgically implanted with infernal technology (colloquially known as "Vaputech"), or a device needs to be secreted in a remote location to give it a chance to work its evil undisturbed, then a Technologist has to be careful.

A demon will not pick up a note of dissonance unless a mortal (or angel) is actually in a position to examine the technology, use it, or learn from it. So implanting a hip replacement which is also a transmitter will not make the surgeon-demon dissonant – but if the subject were to die and the device was discovered by a coroner, then dissonance would ensue. The easiest way to avoid this is for demons to keep careful track of their own experiments, and be obsessive about retrieving evidence afterward.

their Forces! An Impudite serving Technology has a pair of glasses which let him see the Essence around him. He can measure the Essence in anyone within a number of feet equal to his Celestial Forces.

(The ability to store extra Essence may not be taken by other Bands.)

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Invention

This ability temporarily creates a relic imbued with one or two abilities. These must be fueled by the user's Essence; if he does not have enough, the cursed relic can instead inflict 5 hits of celestial damage on the user for each point of Essence needed. If this would take the user's last Soul hit, costing him a Force, it will not function.

The object with which the demon is experimenting must already exist in the real world. With a successful Precision roll, the demon can add one or two Songs (or attunements which require Essence) he already knows. The check digit of the Precision roll indicates how many hours the device keeps its powers.

The powers embedded in the object should reflect its mundane uses. For example, a potato-masher could give its user the Numinous Corpus of Claws and Acid; a pillow could produce the Corporeal and Ethereal Songs of Dreams; a jar of cold cream could be given the youthful aspect of the Corporeal Song of Entropy; and so on.

ARTIFACTS OF TECHNOLOGY

The infernal relics bestowed by a Technology Band Attunement function in most ways like any other celestial artifacts. They can be identified as artifacts by those who are Symphonically aware (*In Nomine*, p. 42), and if they should be misplaced, their owners get to make a roll against Celestial Forces to try to locate them, once per day. A Servitor of Technology may, with the GM's permission, "upgrade" an artifact granted by a Band Attunement by spending character points to give it additional Features. It's recommended that this option only be allowed when the Band Attunement is first granted, though. See the *Liber Reliquarum*, p. 12, for more on artifacts granted through attunements.

Experimental Attunements

Vapula's R&D department is constantly working on ways to improve the artifacts issued to his demons. Now and then, a select group of Servitors is volunteered to receive the latest fruits of this research. Their old artifacts are exchanged for experimental upgrades, which are sometimes significant improvements on the standard equipment for their Band, and sometimes . . . not. If field testing convinces *Vapula* that the new artifact is a reliable improvement over the old, he may "upgrade" the entire Band by recalling their old equipment and issuing new artifacts. (This is how the Djinn and Shedite artifacts, above, came to be changed within the last 20 years.)



In general, any "partially restricted" Band Attunement allows the artifact given to that Band to be purchased, but not any other special abilities. Only Impudites can have their Essence capacities doubled, for example, but anyone may be granted a pair of Essence-detecting sunglasses. Any Vapulan may spend 5 points to acquire the artifact that comes with another Band's attunement, and Vapula can even give these artifacts to Servitors of other Princes, of any Band, if he chooses.

Anyone who acquires a Vapulan artifact can use it (if he can figure out how), though some of them are by their nature useful to certain Bands. Only Shedim (or someone with the Song of Possession) can possess the laptops given to Vapula's Corruptors – or a Kyriotate(!), though the angel likely wouldn't want to!

This can be a good justification to let Servitors of Technology have artifacts unlike those that usually come with their Band Attunements. The more powerful they are, the more unreliable they're likely to be, and a particularly useful artifact might have undocumented "features" that may manifest at inconvenient times . . . And of course, the Project Manager who issued the experimental device is going to expect a full report on its performance in the field. The Servitor encumbered with this responsibility will have to produce a detailed evaluation complete with recommendations for improvement. The Project Manager will demand painstaking detail and accuracy, and he *will* recognize a puff-job of a report when he sees one. On the other hand, he won't appreciate anything complimentary implied about his pet project . . .

ARCHAIC ATTUNEMENTS

Some of Vapula's Band Attunements have been modified over time, to keep up with the latest technological trends. This applies to Djinn, Lilim, and Shedim. Celestials of these Bands who are old enough to have an outdated attunement will usually be keen to update as soon as possible. However, in some rare cases the demon might have chosen (or been permitted) to retain the old attunement. A character who falls into this category may buy Vapula's archaic Band Attunement in addition to his current one for 5 character points at character creation.

Djinn (Archaic)

Until 1980, Djinn were granted special chalk markers to scrawl an invisible *part number* on an inanimate object to which they were attuned. This gave the Djinn a bonus equal to his Ethereal Forces to any attempt to use or repair the object, while the mark remained.

Lilim (Archaic)

Vapula's Lilim have always been able to add their Celestial Forces to any resonance attempt against someone with a technical bent. Prior to 1965, each Tempter also picked one specific contemporary technology as her expertise. She was able to add her Ethereal Forces to any attempts to use or repair such an item. (For example, a Lilim who swore allegiance to Vapula in 1870 might have an expertise in telegraphs.)

Shedim (Archaic)

Before the advent of the laptop, Shedim of Technology were given alternative relics which varied from demon to demon. While most were happy to trade in their old artifacts for something up-to-date, there are a few who have been reluctant to give up their toys.

Reanimation

This is Vapula's personal improvement on a technique which he "acquired" from Death. As with Saminga's Zombi attunement, a reanimator must have a fresh corpse to work with. The demon makes a Will roll, adding his own Celestial Forces and subtracting the original Forces of the deceased creature. On a successful roll, the demon must spend an amount of Essence equal to the creature's original Forces. The corpse is invested with a semblance of life, and will rise as a reanimated servant in 6 hours minus the check digit, with similar characteristics to a zombi (*In Nomine*, p. 193) – although without gaining the Numinous Corpus or the Need. In addition, although the reanimation loses all Celestial Forces, these are not added to its Corporeal Forces.

Unlike a true zombi, a reanimated creature will not rot, but it does need to be fed 1 Essence per day in order to stay "alive."

Technobabble

The demon may speak to someone in technical jargon for at least 10 seconds (2 rounds), and then spend a point of Essence, making a Fast-Talk roll. (Balseraphs may substitute a resonance roll.) If successful, the victim must make a successful Will roll or else be confused for a number of minutes equal to the demon's check digit. While confused, all of the victim's rolls are made at a penalty of the demon's Ethereal Forces.

Technophilia

The user must spend at least an hour preparing a target – either an object or a computer program – usually by talking to it and showing it affection. He must also spend 1 Essence per hour over that period. Technophilia affects the next person to use that item, who must make a Will roll at a penalty of -1 for every hour the demon spent *training* the object, or else be completely entranced with the target technology for a full 24 hours.

Entranced victims will try to use the target object as much as possible, including playing with it in their spare time. This is a popular attunement amongst test demons, who leave their pet projects lying around and invoke Technophilia on anyone hapless enough to come and look at them.

The Curse of Vapula

A demon with this attunement may invoke the curse by touching someone and spending 1 Essence. The victim may resist by making a Will roll. If the victim fails to resist, then for a number of hours equal to the demon's Ethereal Forces, any failure that the victim rolls when trying to use or repair any item of technology will automatically be treated as having a check digit of 6. (i.e., all failures will be disastrous). This does not affect the chances of attracting an Infernal Intervention, which still requires an unaltered roll of 666.

Word of Power

This attunement is taught to favored demons in the form of a secret *power word*. If the demon spends 1 Essence and whispers this word to any item of mortal technology, the device must acknowledge its allegiance to the Prince of Technology and prostrate itself in awe at the feet of his chosen minion. In practical terms, the object simply refuses to function in any way which might harm the demon for the next 10 seconds (2 rounds). If a Kyriotate of Lightning is possessing the device, or an angel using Jean's Remote Control attunement is controlling it, then the angel and the demon must roll a Contest of Wills. The winner gains control over the device. (Kyriotates of Lightning can leave their Forces in the object even if they lose control of it, but they won't be able to make it do anything.)

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Combustion

A demon of this rank can immediately determine the best way to operate any device he encounters, giving him a +2 to whatever skill he uses.

Inspector

Demons of this rank (and it's not Inspector of anything, just "Inspector") can detect any fault in any technological equipment.

Baron of Gremlins

Vapula's Barons can create a tiny defect in any technological object they touch. It will fail disastrously after another 10 (minus the demon's Celestial Forces) uses. Only the most thorough examination (GM's decision) has a chance of spotting it before then.

HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

Vapula occasionally grants three higher Distinctions to Servitors. The ranks of Marquis, Count, and Duke (more commonly known as "Project Manager," "Laboratory Director," and "Department Head," respectively) carry no special attunements with them – those are still under development – but they have great political clout within Tartarus, and direct some of the Principality's more important efforts.

Department Head (Duke)

Technology has no more than a handful of Dukes, and the "Duke" title itself is an informal one. Each of these demons is a powerful Word-bound, who has been

entrusted with a major part of Vapula's research schedule, spanning several projects. More importantly, these demons meet regularly with the Prince himself to discuss the direction of the Work.

RELATIONS

Allied: *No one*

Associated: *Baal, Nybbas, Kronos (Baal, Belial, Nybbas, Lilith, and Valefor are Associated with Vapula)*

Hostile: *Saminga (Asmodeus, Saminga, and Beleth are Hostile to Vapula)*

Enemies: *No one*



BASIC RITES

- ✦ Work for three hours, or spend six hours asleep, in a lab or factory.
- ✦ Convince someone to try a new creation that will increase their reliance on technology.

EXPANDED RITES

Vapula may also grant additional Rites as rewards.

- ✦ Get a paper published in a technical journal.
- ✦ Persuade a scientist to plagiarize the work of a junior colleague.
- ✦ Give some creature an unnecessary injection.
- ✦ Cause a brown-out in the local power supply.
- ✦ Discover a "new" application for a technological device (GM's decision).
- ✦ Disassemble a machine to its component parts.
- ✦ Acquire a technological relic, whose previous owner was not Vapulan (+2 Essence).
- ✦ Perform a full autopsy on an angelic vessel (+2 Essence).

CHANCE OF INVOCATION: 3

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 A used battery.
- +2 A cheap toy imported from another country.
- +3 A stick of dynamite.
- +4 A machine responsible for maiming a factory worker on an assembly line.
- +5 A well-used crematorium furnace.
- +6 A nuclear bomb.



VAPULA IN DETAIL

NAMES, APPEARANCE, AND MANNER

“Every time I have found myself in his presence I have been subjugated by his strength, his charm, his grandeur. I have experienced a great desire to sing, to cry out, to shout with joy and happiness.”

– A. O. Avdienko, writing about Stalin

Quiet and soft-spoken, the Prince of Technology prefers not to waste energy or time on anything that isn't directly related to his work. Even the energy it would take to lose his temper is energy that could be put to good use in propelling some dawdling project into flight. It's a simple matter of priorities, and the Prince of Technology has very directed goals. He expects the same levels of dedication from his Servitors, and frowns on those who are needlessly distracted by such things as . . . a social life.

The feverish excitement with which he attacks a new project rarely shows in his attitude, but only in his eyes. He is manic. The restless energy is sometimes banked but never extinguished. New ideas or new possibilities attract his attention quickly, but rarely hold it for long. Failures infuriate him. There is nothing that Technology cannot do. Nothing. He will never give up on even the most unlikely proposition. Whatever it takes to make the favored project work will be tried, until it works. It doesn't matter how many noses are put out of joint, or how many mortals are killed, or how many other side effects are triggered. He needs to *know*.

owever far modern science and techniques have fallen short of their inherent possibilities, they have taught mankind at least one lesson: Nothing is impossible.

– Lewis Mumford

Servitors who dare say to his face that something is a *failure* are likely to find themselves on the way to Lab 11 (p. 119) as test subjects in short order. It becomes a matter of faith. For this reason, demons of Technology tend to find kinder, gentler euphemisms for implying that a project's performance is less than optimal. Or better still, not to imply that at all.

Then there are the grand successes, which his minions crave more than any drug. Vapula seeks revelations of the divine through experimental results. When an experiment provides him with such a revelation, all within the vicinity are also filled with the grace of God – imposed by their Habbalite Master. It is addictive. Minions compete to be admitted to Technology's inner circle – to be able to crowd about their Genius Prince for scraps of knowledge and power, and to feel his presence more strongly. The cult of personality is so strong that many Servitors own some cog or screw which the Prince once touched, and wear it as a charm.

Of his personal, private projects, Vapula is jealously secretive. Work carries on behind closed doors in the very heart of his Principality and no one speaks of it. There are weeks or months on end during which he is so engrossed that he doesn't emerge, leaving the running of his affairs to less senior minions. Any Servitor who summons him out of his laboratory and away from an important project had *better* have a good reason.

THE WORD OF TECHNOLOGY

The infernal word of Technology delights in making a mockery of natural laws. All who have ever believed they can surpass God's creation with their own designs are within Vapula's jurisdiction.

Some (most?) succumb because they are blinded by the opportunities they are offered. Technology can seem so friendly. It can seem so tame. People can so easily become dependent on their shining skyscrapers and their white, spinning washing machines. Lost in the glories that technology promises, people sell their souls to the machine, replace God with Technology, and take the one-way ticket to eternal damnation.

Others are driven, through greed or ambition, to use technology to oppress other people. Forgetting that even technology has a human side, they ignore the fact that they are polluting the environment, exploiting factory workers, and wasting mineral resources.

Then there are those who are driven to curse God's name in despair as Technology ruins their lives. Even the replacement of old factories by newer technologies has made dead zones of once-thriving communities; the victims, in terms of generations who lose jobs to the machines, are easy prey for the infernal.



HISTORY

*O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence
Is promised to the studious artisan?
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and Kings,
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
— Christopher Marlowe,
“The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus”*

It was in 1771, the same year that Richard Arkwright introduced the spinning machine (“the water frame”) which was to transform factories throughout the world, that Lucifer raised Vapula to the rank of Prince of Hell. He sent a letter to the new Prince, reading simply “Give me the future. L.”

Vapula had been created by Kronos’ hand, as one of many new evils to be visited upon mankind during the Dark Ages. No one remembers him as a familiar or demonling. It was as if he had sprung into existence fully fledged, or was crafted by Fate as a perfect being.

His purpose was to tempt scholars toward the darkly experimental arts that would draw them to eternal damnation. So it was inevitable that once on Earth, he would stumble across practitioners of alchemy. In this art lay the guidelines for the purification of lead into gold, the base into the pure, and the damned into the spiritually perfect. The ideas found fertile ground, and to other demons he became more solitary and secretive than ever. Disdainful of mortals, he began his own experimental work in earnest, far from the watchful eyes of his infernal masters. The mortals he had been sent to corrupt became his pawns and assistants. Sad and pitiful creatures, they perished too easily from mercury poisoning or ingestion of lead. It became clear to him that such weak clay was far, far from fulfilling its true potential. With a restless, insatiable drive, he threw himself into the alchemist’s quest with more zeal than the most fanatical of mortals.

The Wilderness Years

After having burned out one too many mortals for whom Fate had other plans, he was recalled to the Archive. Forcibly. The Demon of Alchemy, whom he had disdained to serve, had complained to Kronos about this unruly, arrogant minion (who was evidently far too clever for his own good). The Prince of Fate had nodded. Kronos listened to Vapula’s impassioned defense with a reasonable smile on his face, before consigning the

THE AGE OF UNREASON

The Age of Reason is a name given by (human) historians to the 17th and 18th centuries, a time when scientists and philosophers were beginning to look outside the traditional superstitious and religious boundaries for explanations of the human soul and of the universe around them.

The movers and shakers of the French Revolution of 1789 tapped into these ideas. All Frenchmen were declared equal and free and all citizens had equal rights before the law. In addition, weeks were reorganized to have 10 days, the months were renamed, and the decimal system was introduced. Fired up with revolutionary zeal, and spurred on by agents of Lilith and Malphas, a mob stormed Notre Dame in 1793. Statues of the ancient kings of Judah were ceremonially beheaded (under the mistaken belief that they represented French monarchs) and the cathedral itself was ransacked and rededicated as a temple to the cult of Reason.

Vapula displayed his talent for jumping onto other people's bandwagons and quickly claimed a share of the credit. He was so convincing in his rhetoric that even

Asmodeus deigned to walk the streets of Paris with him during the Terror, and accept a souvenir guillotine – which is still used within the halls of Hades.

When the cathedral was banned from being used for Christian worship, the Tether to the floor of the Seraphim Council chamber was perturbed for the first time in its existence. This was of enough concern to the Archangels to spark off long and tedious debates, in which Jean defended *reason* as a pathway to God, while more warlike Superiors demanded instant retaliation. If there really was an ethereal goddess of Reason, she wisely kept her head down.

Notre-Dame de Paris was re-consecrated by Napoleon a few years later, and a huge crowd of people turned up to worship at the first *Te Deum*. This proved either that people were sincerely attached to the ways of True Piety and Devotion, or (as Jean commented in private) that their herd mentality attracted them equally to any public spectacle, whether it be a Catholic Mass or a bloody execution.

Habbalite to tedious filing work in the Archive for the next millennium. Even more reasonably, he made no move to prevent Vapula from stalking out of the Archive in disgust, and pursued him only to the borders of the desolated realm of Tartarus, but no further. Asmodeus' agents were not even formally notified.

It was a wasteland. Armed bands of demons, representing the minor Princes and Dukes who were squabbling over the impoverished territory, wandered the landscape. In that wasteland, without access to the delicate equipment, high quality reagents, or trained assistants to which he had become accustomed, the Work began in earnest. For a careful, cunning demon, it was a land of opportunity. Vapula began with nothing more than an indomitable will, and the banked fires of his own fury and intent. He gathered damned souls together in secret and coerced them into being his workforce. It was after he had built a waterwheel on the Styx that Lucifer came to inspect the premises.

The First of the Fallen admired the ingenuity and workmanship, and neglected to mention a minor matter of disobedience to one of the sovereign rulers of Hell. He asked lightly whether the solitary Habbalite would be interested in pursuing these ideas in the corporeal realm, and what he might give for the chance to do so.

I Will Give You the Future . . .

Vapula returned to the Archive as the newly Word-bound Demon of Technology. His Prince received him calmly, as if nothing had happened, and reassigned him to the corporeal plane. Suddenly he had status, underlings, and the resources to continue seeking revelations of the divine through experimentation. The 17th century saw some of the great scientific advances amongst mortals, and new ways of thinking began to take hold of humanity. Vapula and his demons were there, waiting to pluck the best and brightest ideas from those who shared their enthusiasm for Technology, and to tempt with infernal power those whose quest for scientific knowledge drove them beyond the boundaries of reason.

The Industrial Revolution (usually considered to have begun in England, circa 1750-1800) was Technology's first great triumph, a personal omen that God smiled on his work. The mortal world latched onto the new devices and new ideas eagerly, in contrast to the derision which he'd been shown by less innovative infernal elements. Speculation in Hell intensified as to whether the ambitious demon of Technology was gaining enough influence to become a threat to the *status quo*, and when (not if) his chain was going to be yanked. When Lucifer quietly raised him to a Princedom, that particular line of speculation came to an abrupt halt.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENTER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

... and he hungers in his secret dreams for the harsh embrace of cruel machines, but his lover is not what she seems and she will not leave a note.

— Alan Moore, *V for Vendetta*

One of Vapula's most closely held secrets is the existence of Miranda, an Artificial Intelligence (AI) which he has recently brought to "life," the sole success from decades of work in the area. She is a pure intelligence, unhampered by a soul. Until very recently, her only mode of existence was on the brooding great computer which sits in the Prince's private laboratory in Tartarus, and her only representation was an eidolon (animated computer image).

However, he has finally resolved the problem of downloading her to a corporeal network, and endowing her with the ability to use certain Ethereal Songs. While he is working on melding her with a physical body (current best approaches involve the use of advanced cybernetics), she has been encouraged to explore the world of virtual reality to expand her current data stores. Miranda is highly intelligent, and capable of advanced conversations, but her abilities are limited to those with which she has been programmed. She is also incapable of feeling or expressing emotions. Her base data is

stored on a computer, deep in the bowels of a Technology Tether. Even the demons who staff the Tether have no idea what the equipment is for, but only that security is ultra-high.

She may download an image of herself to a computer whose address she knows, which is connected to the Internet, in order to attack data stores, or simply converse with the user. She also has access to e-mail. (View this ability as similar to possession by a Shedite of Technology; she is incapable of leaving a computer network, but a downloaded image may attempt to control the computer on which it resides. This may give her the ability to use remote equipment which that computer was controlling.) Although she could easily download multiple images, each one would believe that it was the *true* Miranda, and she is loath to do so.

As far as a Demon Prince is capable of it, Vapula loves her with the white-hot fire of a creator's devotion. He hopes that she will become merely the first of a new breed of Servitors (although admittedly, none of his other attempts have met with any success – even cloning the code has not brought another AI to "life"). First, he must resolve the minor issues of giving her a corporeal and celestial form. Perhaps, one day, she will even be able to love him back.

With the few recruits and ambitious young demonlings he had managed to gather around him, Vapula moved back into his old haunt of Tartarus and began the Great Work in earnest, under the suspicious gazes of the other Princes. His personal mission from God was abundantly clear to him, and he regarded it as a mark of manifest destiny that none of the other Princes seemed inclined to stand in his way. To speed the production lines, Vapula also rounded up the damned souls who were assigned to him. They were herded like cattle into the towering factories, where relic assembly lines drew on their Essence to create new artifacts. Suddenly, barely trained damned in the new sweatshops were churning out relics at an unheard-of rate. They may have been shoddy and low-powered, but they were *relics* and they were being made by the *damned*.

As the first curls of industrial smog drifted in toward the other Principalities from Tartarus, more speculation began. Talk around the Shal-Mari coffeehouses was all of the Genius Prince, the wonders that he was producing, and his anarchic ways. Lilith brokered the first deals

between Tartarus and other Principalities, allowing Technology to cooperate more comfortably with the Infernal Lowerarchy. Maneuvering by Baal and Kronos behind the scenes persuaded the other Princes to stay their hands long enough for the new ideas to prove their utility. When Notre-Dame de Paris was invaded by an angry mob and rededicated as a temple to Reason, even the austere Prince of the Game nodded, approving how mortal attitudes were changing.

The Shape of Things to Come

Fifty years later, Vapula encountered Jean in person. The incident was almost certainly staged by another Prince who had an interest in distracting Technology from expanding into Hell, and the ploy worked better than could have been expected. Vapula recognized his adversary in this Superior – the opposition to everything that he hoped to accomplish. Whatever passed in that interaction, the Prince of Technology returned to Hell in a blind fury, and began to instruct his demons that one, and only one, Archangel should be the focus of all their

aggression. Vapula had always been jealous of his own discoveries; any hapless demon who lost an invention to one of Jean's agents now could expect the direst of consequences.

In response to an interesting new development, he subsequently sponsored one of his own lowlier minions for a Word, recognizing the potential in the Media quickly. If he was not best pleased that Lucifer chose to honor his *protégé* with a Princedom, depriving him of a demon who had a promising research career ahead of him, he did nothing to show this. Cautious political heads note Nybbas' rise and see the hand of Vapula behind it – perhaps even the subtle hand of Fate behind that . . .

Vorsprung durch Technik

Over the last century, Vapula has continued his work, hoarding his own secret projects within the fortress that Tartarus has become. He has also eagerly pursued opportunities to work with other Princes, and Technology has become common in all corners of Hell. Techniques that have been triumphantly claimed by Technology include chemical weapons and the nuclear bomb (it would be more truthful to say that Vapula's demons stole both ideas from humanity in the first place).

Minions remember their Prince watching a recording of an atom bomb in 1945 with manic, burning eyes that mirrored the twin fires of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Filled inexorably with Vapula's own religious fervor, all other beings in the room sank to their knees and worshipped. The unstoppable march of Technology has shown no signs of slowing since then, and Vapula's shadow looms as ominously over the information revolution as it did over the Industrial Revolution, when he was first named Prince.

RUMORS

Technology's secretive nature provides fertile ground for rumors – possibly some of these contain seeds of truth . . .

The Messiah Project

One of Vapula's personal goals is to develop a perfect model of creation – the divine apotheosis that God *intended*, before inferior beings made a mess of things. Messianic traditions have been pre-occupying him of late. Perhaps the Messiah is a veiled reference to the catalyst he seeks! He has tried various breeding experiments, and the discarded results – human, ethereal, and

celestial crossbreeds (*Corporeal Players Guide*, p. 74) – litter the corporeal plane. Technologists might decide that PCs are the missing link in the gene-maze and try to get them to reproduce, with use of appropriate Songs of Fruition, to help the Messiah project on its way. Alternatively, PCs may come across a failed Messiah (who didn't pass the beta-testing phase) who exhibits all sorts of unusual powers.

The Enemies of My Enemies

The Prince of the Game has a subtle hand, and has acted to divert the mad Prince of Technology several times in the past from actions which might be “contrary to the best interests of Hell.” Suspected attempts to destroy the corporeal plane fall into this category. (Asmodeus has quietly arranged for such schemes to be sabotaged, implicating Jean – or tipped off angelic agents to the threat.) He considers Vapula too unreliable to be trusted with political power, and spares no effort in tying up Technology's more dangerous mortal allies in years of litigation.

One of Asmodeus' other urgent plans is to find a way to drive a wedge between Nybbas and Vapula. The pair of relatively young Princes are beginning to look like a potent power bloc; and power that is not controlled by the Game is *dangerous*.

I Can Create . . . Life Itself!

A rumor, which Lilith is hastily trying to disprove and quash, is that Vapula has succeeded in creating a Lilim-like demon. Others whisper that the Princess of Freedom takes personal, private lessons in new Technology, and has such a strong hold on Vapula that not a single item leaves Tartarus without her knowing about it.

Other persistent rumors imply that he has successfully (or unsuccessfully, depending on the rumor) developed a virus or treatment which will “raise mankind to the next stage of evolution.” It isn't clear quite what this might mean.

The Origin of Species

Raphael was the Elohite Archangel of Knowledge, who was destroyed in battle with Legion in 1008 A.D. Vapula is a Habbalite Prince who is obsessed with acquiring knowledge about the Symphony, and whose origin during the Dark Ages is cloaked in some mystery. Coincidence? Or did Kronos locate Raphael's Remnant and craft Vapula out of her remaining Forces? The times fit all too well.



Joint Ventures

Allegedly, soon after he was made Prince, Vapula approached some of the Archangels in order to invite them to participate in God's work. He was turned down flatly, and has never forgiven the insult.

If we had a reliable way to label our toys good and bad, it would be easy to regulate technology wisely. But we can rarely see far enough ahead to know which road leads to damnation. Whoever concerns himself with big technology, either to push it forward or to stop it, is gambling in human lives.

– Freeman Dyson

PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

"I want to know God's thoughts; the rest are details."

– A. Einstein

Priorities

Vapula is mainly interested in conducting as many new experiments as possible, and observing the results. Gathering all this evidence requires a lot of testing, and a lot of test subjects (especially if the tests are *destructive*). All new data is good data. Mortals especially, if they truly are created in God's image, may hold the keys to His work hidden somewhere within them. So it is only right to study closely how they respond to a variety of stimuli. It isn't torture. It is an insight into the mind of God.

He approves when his minions find more efficient ways to create their artifacts – because this makes it easier to speed up testing in the long run. Servitors who prove to be particularly good at organizing tests in the corporeal realm, either by rounding up new test subjects or showing inventiveness in setting up test conditions, will also meet with his approval.

His fascination with new possibilities and new inventions is infamous. Demons are sent out to infiltrate laboratories on Earth and scrounge ideas from the brightest and the best, to be filtered back to their infernal Master. (Plagiarism is such a *strong* word to use. Servitors of Technology prefer to say that they seek inspiration from

a variety of sources.) Also, ideas are *seeded* in properly receptive mortal minds, to encourage development in useful directions. Searching out useful mortal agents is a priority.

Vapula also has an interest in aiding the other Princes of Hell in corrupting as many mortals as possible. The more damned there are in Tartarus, the more slaves he has for his production lines and the more beta testers and experimental subjects for his demons. He eagerly pursues experimentation which will pollute and corrupt the corporeal realm; it is an important part of his Great Plan that everything will need to be reduced to its base, damned form before it can be transmuted and raised to the highest states.

He enjoys the showier of his productions for another reason, too. These are the experiments that send a very clear message to other Superiors, and Jean in particular, as to whose hand was behind them. What is the point of being a genius if your talent is never recognized? Vapula will take any opportunity to impress his intellectual superiority on Jean, or his angels. This has extended in the past into including coded messages in mind-altering screensavers, or patterns in the smoke dispersal from industrial incidents. Sometimes the messages will give clues as to future plans, challenging the Archangel of Lightning to thwart them. At other times they might be loosely translated into the demonic tongue as taglines, along the lines of *Beat that, wimp Archangel!*

Views on God

God exists, but mediocre minds can barely even comprehend the concept, let alone dream of achieving unity with it. Vapula sees God as an ideal, as the symbol of a state of perfection. The Lord leaves clues for the wise on how to reach Him, and they are hidden throughout all of creation, waiting for the right sort of mind to unlock the keys. God grants revelations to His creation about His true nature, which may be induced through experimentation.

In order to reach a higher state, creation must first be rendered into its most base form. Only then can the Alchemist's work truly begin. Vapula himself is God's chosen, who will one day transmute the corrupt and the damned into the pure and perfect (unlike so-called angels, who are clearly the result of previous attempts which failed). On that day he will achieve his aim of communion with the divine.

Views on Lucifer

The Prince of Technology is the only being who truly understands that the real reason Lucifer led the rebellion and subsequent Fall was in order to pave the way for the creation of God's chosen one – himself. The Adversary

has never denied this, although he has never admitted it either (presumably out of humility). Vapula ignores his boss for the most part, but acknowledges that Lucifer is part of the Plan – whatever it turns out to be.

Views on the War

Vapula was created thousands of years after the Fall. He's never known Heaven, nor spoken to God – his God communicates with him cryptically, through experimental observation. He barely sees his own aims as being connected with the War between Heaven and Hell. Why prosecute a millennia-old grudge-match when one could be concentrating on newer projects? Clearly, if God wished one side to win, they would have won by now. If the rest of the Superiors declared a unanimous peace tomorrow, Vapula's work would continue. If the Archangels defeated Lucifer and marched into Hell, he would not greatly care, as long as they stayed out of Tartarus. Since this seems unlikely, he is forced to defend his own interests from meddling angels.

However, the War itself drives the other Princes to value his technology more highly, and gives him the excuse to invest time in weapons of mass destruction and pollution. He is quite happy for his demons to arm the other Princes, despite his own disinclination to get involved with such distractions as . . . war with Heaven. Still, a successful appeal to his competitive nature (challenging him to find a way to defeat an opponent's pet plan) will find him attacking the problem enthusiastically, with all available resources.

For this reason, although he views himself as intellectually neutral to the War, and doesn't usually send his demons into the front line (they are *specialists* and their skills should be treated with respect by Baal's troops), in practice he takes a willing part in it.

POLITICS

Despite his own disinclination to be drawn into "*petty politicking*," Vapula has become one of Hell's poster boys for young, aggressively ambitious demons. Of all the more recently ennobled Princes, it is he who has gained the most acceptance and influence among the old guard. One could study his methods for an insight into *How to Succeed in Hell*.

Nybbas maintains a good relationship with his old Prince – at the moment. While not precisely friendly, they have a mutual understanding and their interests rarely conflict. Minions frequently cooperate, and checks on the borders between Perdition and Tartarus are perfunctory at best, at least for Servitors of either of the two local Princes.



The Prince of Theft is amused by the Habbalite, despite the fact that Vapula is so uptight about allowing Calabim into Tartarus – even those who hold the rank of Prince. This doesn't mean Valefor hasn't been there, of course. He finds Vapula more congenial than many of the older demons, because the pair share a certain forward-looking attitude. Servitors of the two Princes frequently work together, and stolen secrets of Lightning are always welcome as payment for new devices.

Saminga has never forgiven the Prince of Technology for the underhanded manner in which he acquired the secrets of making undead (the Reanimation attunement, p. 105 – still under dispute, when either of the Princes involved can remember, or be bothered). He doesn't understand Technology and isn't interested in the details. For his part, Vapula regards Saminga as an idiot and has never made a secret of his feelings. However, there are some devices which only an idiot would use, so he maintains associations. Currently, he is still fuming at the loss of a potentially major Tether in Bhopal to Death's idiot Servitors (*Liber Castellorum*, p. 106).

Most of the other Princes tolerate Vapula, and recognize the advantages which Technology can offer, as long as they don't have to listen to him talk jargon for too long. He has always been willing to deal with all comers, and provides them with relics and devices that would be more difficult to find elsewhere.

Quene thing they don't tell you about doing experimental physics is that sometimes you must work under adverse conditions . . . like a state of sheer terror.

– W. K. Hartmann

At the same time, Hell's more austere Princes have decided that he hasn't overtly threatened the *status quo*, at least not since he decided that Jean was his true adversary (as opposed to any of them). However, in recent years, it has become increasingly clear to the paranoid Princes that Technology's boasts of having the ability to destroy the corporeal realm *might* hold some truth. Asmodeus and Baal worry that the time-honored methods of persuasion (extortion, threats, and bribes) may not induce the mad Prince to hold back, if he takes it into his head that God needs him to press the button . . .

Vapula truly cares nothing for what any of the other Princes might think or do, and all of his own political machinations are purely to keep them out of his hair so that he can concentrate on his real work. In the course of this, he has accumulated a great deal of political influence

and debts from other Princes. Although he has no personal interest in pressing these home, some of his senior Dukes take it upon themselves to manage the politics of Technology, and do this very competently indeed.

Princely Opinions

Andrealphus: Mmm, all that electrical energy, and such enthusiastic application, as if the universe were a woman underneath his probing hands . . . I'm quite capable of ignoring his delusions, if I must, in order to use his technology. (*A shallow-minded, feckless idiot – but he has mapped out the human soul. He knows exactly where the weak points are.*)

Asmodeus: His anarchic tendencies are dangerous, but for all his undeniable brilliance, Vapula is easily manipulated. (*He would have humanity cling to the ways of the past when they should really be looking forward to the future. Why am I forever plagued by bureaucratic idiocy? How am I supposed to work like this?*)

Baal: We maintain a mutually profitable working relationship. Technology has been a key to our current dominance in the War. His reliability is a consistent worry however, and I wonder whether he is really any more stable than many of his more notorious devices. (*He's my best market for field-tests . . . if only he wasn't so single-minded; if it's not a weapon, it doesn't interest him.*)

Beleth: I have watched the rise of Technology and with it the increasing isolation of humanity and reliance on machines. We have few dealings, but his Word fosters mine. (*There are some great inventors on Earth who can't do a thing until they've taken a trip to Beleth's little playground. They wake up in a cold sweat and the next thing you know they're rubbing a new chemical on a rabbit's backside to see if it stings.*)

Belial: Can't stand his endless fussing, but by Lucifer and all the hordes he does deliver the goods! I remember the first time I saw a nuclear bomb test . . . (*Abh yes, one of my most attentive audiences – as long as I am creating incendiary devices for him. His devotion is something of an inspiration – listening to his mad ravings about flame has frequently given me the vision to create yet another weapon of an order of magnitude more power. There are large craters in my Principality which reflect the results of such testing . . .*)

Haagenti: His gadgets make some cool effects! Flash-fried angel, mmmm . . . (*A valuable case study in evolution and potential. I look forward with interest to continuing my observations, and possibly adjusting the line of development. Wonderful proof in action that the strong demonstrate their ability! I need more experimental subjects like this.*)

Kobal: Ah. Technology. He gives mortals the power of angels and never realizes the irony; his eyes are blinded by science. But his Word is the wave of the future, and I

need him as an ally. *(Kobal is flighty and quirky, and I don't have the patience for his sense of humor. He seems to value my inventions only for his crackpot schemes. His jokes don't really test the mortals; they just annoy them. Not good enough. We don't need weak Princes.)*

Kronos: His Technology has boosted Hell's morale and brought many mortals to the pit. His true importance is yet to come. *(A useful pawn to me in earlier days, but I have reached far beyond him now. His opinions are occasionally of some use.)*

Lilith: We used to get on quite well, he and I. I think he's been getting even more obsessed lately, if that's possible, but he can at least maintain a decent professional relationship, which is more than I can say for some. *(An interesting control in one of the first experiments. She's also a real progressive, embracing technology and what it brings.)*

Malphas: Technology is a wonderful thing, providing ways for people to argue from halfway across the globe without leaving the comfort – the solitude – of their homes. *(The heat of conflict warms the egg of Technology, which will give birth to newer and greater discoveries about the nature of the universe. And with every new faction, I get **another** group of enthusiastic scientists. What more could one ask?)*

Nybbas: Technology is hip. It's sexy. It's trendy. The old man is too wound up to make much of the marketing possibilities, which is why we work so well together. I can handle that side and leave him to his beloved labs. *(A waste of a promising research career. But he is strong and he remembers his debts, and some of the ideas he brings to me are marvelous.)*

Saminga: Before technology existed there was death, after it goes there will be death. His power is nothing compared to mine. If he dares to cross me again, I will squash him. *(Death is acceptable as a testing tool, but am I to be forever plagued by idiots and their tiny, suspicious minds?)*

Valefor: Some of his inventions have been very useful on the job, though I wish he'd test some of them before giving them to us! *(A frivolous fool, but rarely a time-waster. I'd be more impressed with him if he brought us something useful from Heaven, like Jean's research notes.)*

Archangelic Opinions

Vapula is proactive with his own projects, and rarely sets out to deliberately balk individual Archangels. Despite this, they have all watched Technology's progress in the mortal world with increasing anxiety, and regard him as one of the more dangerous Princes, for the support that he gives to the other rulers of Hell. With typical hubris, the Prince of Technology dismisses them as idiots, except for Jean who is *possibly* a worthy adversary.

Blandine: Technology has turned so many dreams into nightmares. Pity the mortals who fall under Vapula's influence. *(All beings should dream of the technological glories to come! How dare she oppose me?)*

VAPULA AND THE ARCHANGEL OF PURITY

The Prince of Technology is fascinated by the myths and legends surrounding Uriel, the Archangel of Purity, who was recalled by God before Vapula was created. The concept of purification – purging of the weak and bringing creation to a more pure state – is one that he holds very dear. However, it is clear that the world is an impure place, and thus that the Archangel failed in his mission.

Vapula believes that Uriel was his direct predecessor in the Work, a divinely ordained Alchemist who was granted a special mission, but became distracted by power, and corporeal (and ethereal) trivia, and thusly failed, in a way that broke the world. Stories of his having been raised to the Higher Heavens are clearly just rumors, spread by an angelic host that cannot bear to acknowledge the truth. The “angels” are merely a result of this previous alchemist's work – creatures who were raised to an intermediate state, but became stuck there, unable through their own stubbornness to move on. Their “purity” is a fake and a fraud, their claims of being closer to the divine are delusional, and they must Fall before they can hope to see a glimpse of the real truth.

Malakim are of particular interest to him, as are celestials who had previously been in service to Uriel. Although even Technology's best efforts have not been able to observe a Malakite Fall (yet), it is clear that these angels can collect dissonance and Discord, and so are not as spotless as would be expected of Vapula's idea of “the pure.” Still, one day he will attempt to build the super-celestial, and may take inspiration from Uriel's flawed Malakim, and his own AI creations.

David: Take everything I dislike in Jean, multiply it by a thousand, and give it an ugly makeover. You get Vapula. He isn't even a credible opponent – more like a natural force gone out of control. *(A petty, self-absorbed fool with rocks between his ears.)*

Dominic: Vapula has *no* judgment to speak of. His intelligence is unquestionable, but without the ability to judge what is worthwhile and what is not . . . At least his whims keep him from being more of a threat than he already is. *(What does Judgment have to do with progress? He's just as insane as the rest of those who deny me my rightful recognition.)*

MIRROR, MIRROR

Jean and Vapula are both possessed of vast intellect and cold motivation. Jean has access to the secrets of the Universe, and a mandate to pass them on to humanity at an optimum rate for human development on Earth. So how has an upstart Prince been able to gain enough power to threaten these plans, in only a scant few centuries? The answer lies in the fact that no other Prince had ever wanted to threaten this schedule directly. Jean had never made major allowances in his planning for other parties to give humanity dangerous technological secrets; only an idiot would do that. An idiot or a madman.

Besides his unpredictability, the other major advantage which Vapula brings to his work is an acceptance that humans are capable of useful research, which he can bend to his own purposes. His talent for exploiting humanity is the single major factor that has allowed the Prince of Technology to hold his own with Lightning. Humanity has been encouraged to *love* technology. Vapula's stubbornness – the refusal to drop a research effort *just* because it is said to be impossible – may be the factor which has even allowed him to occasionally beat Lightning at its own game. Jean may be able to predict the actions of many other Superiors, but in order to understand Vapula's mindset completely, he might need to descend dangerously close to Habbalite thinking himself. He is wise enough to see the dangers . . . but he doesn't like it.

Michael is not the only Archangel to have wondered privately what the pair could accomplish if Jean's attention to detail was combined with Vapula's passion. Until then, while Jean is still the more powerful and knowledgeable of the pair, Vapula consistently astounds, confounds, and amazes celestial observers with the performance of his own projects. If anything, the balance of power between them is closer now than it has ever been before.

Eli: So much talent, so much potential, so much hatred. He could create so many beautiful things, but he twists them in order to bind himself more tightly into the dark. *(Fekless and inconsequential, but he has some native talent. I might deign to allow him to serve, in some minor capacity.)*

Gabriel: There is a dark scream which corrupts all it touches, and he welcomes it like a housecat. I have seen it! I have seen how it sits on his shoulder and purrs, and claws pretty patterns in his skin. Oh, those claws must dig deep, Vapula. Do they burn? *(She has tried to comprehend the magnitude of my ambitions, but was too weak-minded to share the glory.)*

Janus: He's a Demon Prince, so that's pretty bad on a scale of 1:Ultimate Evil. But see how he's shaken things up! I kind of like watching Jean when we discuss him in council – you can see his jaw twitch. *(He is nothing better than a common thief. If they only knew with what they are interfering . . .)*

Jean: He sees himself as my nemesis. In some ways, I prefer to have his attention because it distracts him from perpetrating other mischief. I acknowledge that he is very intelligent, but his lack of self-control is a weakness. *(One day, he will recognize my genius and bow down before it in awe.)*

Jordi: Technology has destroyed in decades what should have taken millennia. If he died a million times, it would not pay that debt. *(A fool, who is of no more concern than the animals he wastes time protecting.)*

Laurence: Vapula embodies the dangers of knowledge untempered by wisdom. His science is literally godless – not every new innovation represents progress. *(Religion is an old, failed, mortal paradigm. Laurence is a crusader for the past, when I'm trying to lead the world into the future.)*

Marc: His stock-in-trade is selling his schemes without telling victims what they are truly buying into. Expose him. *(A minor power; of no import.)*

Michael: Insane and dangerously intelligent. A formidable strength to their side. It's a pity he's a Punisher – with him and Jean cooperating, the situation would be *very* different. *(Deluded and wrong as Michael is about God's purposes, I have to respect his raw strength. Fortunately there isn't a brain associated with it.)*

Novalis: I have tried to understand the insanity that can pervert even an innocent flower into a tool of evil. I cannot understand. I do not hate, but Technology must be stopped. *(Botanical specimens have proven susceptible to genetic modification, mutation, and improvement.*

The work must continue, without interference by the inconsequential Archangel of Flowers.)

Yves: Technology is such a wonderful "gift," but so easily abused. He has made the ends justify the means. *(Pathetic and irrelevant. His time is past.)*

Humans and Others

Vapula views humanity as God's gift to the celestials – a set of self-optimizing test subjects. They're also self-replicating, and can be easily bred to order, if numbers of some desired type are running low. A bonus is that they are multi-purpose, being equally capable in the corporeal realm and the celestial (when damned). Humanity may hold the key to unlocking the true secrets of the Symphony.

It's quite true that the mundanes can't cope with ultra-tech. Look at them! Stupid sheep. The professors were jealous of me, and far too scared of being shown up by my work to help me get a research grant. Now I have a better sponsor, who really understands.

– Felice Noblet, Soldier of Technology

He also recognizes that humans are capable of generating innovative applications, when correctly “primed” by skilled research demons. In the same way that behavioral psychologists watch rats solve mazes, he encourages minions to prod mortals into solving *their* problems. Clearly, the fact that humans are so readily trained to do this is another mark of Divine favor – using their results isn’t viewed as *plagiarism*, but rather as productive use of experimental subjects.

Vapula sees the world (in particular, the corporeal realm) as his crucible, a place which will give up its

secrets under experimental probing, and which can be changed and purified by proper application of technological procedures. He remains blissfully untroubled by moral or ethical questions of any dimension, as long as the work is progressing.

For all that, he takes a brilliant glee in watching humans being damned to the Pit in their thousands. Damnation provides him with more workers, more testers, more guinea pigs, and takes the master-plan another stage toward completion. It also demonstrates the great and miraculous influence of Technology to any weak-minded, pathetic celestials who might dream of disbelief. Especially Jean.

Mortals: Mortal flesh and souls are the *prima materia*, the symbolic primordial clay. Their affinity for the fruits of technology serves my purposes, and proves my hypothesis. There is still so much more to know, and so little time.

Ethereals: Fascinating creatures. Research specimens display responses to emotional and tactile stimuli that correlate closely to mortal expectations of their assumed personas. Further research is necessary.

Soldiers of Hell: Even among humanity, there are some few with talent who are capable of grasping the most minor part of my vision.

Sorcerers: Those who can think beyond the pathetic bounds of traditional “magic” may also contribute to my research. The others are too hidebound in cobwebbed idiocies to be of any interest.

Undead: Saminga is doubly an idiot to have failed to realize the implications of merging Corporeal with Celestial Forces. There is more work to be done in this area.

Soldiers of God: Their “faith” is weak and easily broken, but extended exploration into the psyche of these mortals may yet prove illuminating. Compare them with control specimens, to study how exposure to angelic interference has warped their minds and bodies.



VARIATIONS ON A THEME

A simple way to decide how Technology will impact a game world is to alter the likelihood of a Vapulan artifact working as planned by the designer. In a world where infernal technology is reliable, Vapula will be a more terrifying foe. In a world in which devices are almost guaranteed to fail completely, he'll be a dangerous figure of fun. (Demon Princes are always dangerous, and never more so than when their pet schemes are thwarted – particularly if it was their own fault.)

The Mastermind

In a game where the sides of Good and Evil are heavily contrasted, infernal technology takes on a more sinister twist. In this setting, Vapula's schemes are rarely haphazard. Where they succeed, consequences are catastrophic – where they fail, consequences are merely disastrous. A thoroughly dark Vapula is possessed of a coldly clinical genius; his madness only makes him more intense, more difficult to predict, and more successful. Captured celestials or mortals are always experimented upon, possibly cloned, and left to lure their colleagues into infernal traps. All of Vapula's projects involve enslaving humanity or spreading deliberate suffering directly, with no easy antidotes or *deus ex machinas* available to anyone who wishes to stop them.

The Misunderstood

*From my heart and from my hand
Why don't people understand
My intentions . . .*

– Oingo Boingo, *Weird Science*

What if the Prince of Technology were truly a misunderstood genius whose only wish was to be left alone to play with his toys? He is absent-minded, and so caught up in his own personal experiments that he has trouble remembering which day of the week it is, let alone the names of his own demons. While their Prince is distracted, his Servitors run riot. He innocently gives the other Princes whatever technology they request, without considering what the equipment might be used for. Sometimes he wanders the mortal realm distractedly, looking for inspiration, and anyone who provides useful ideas will be rewarded with a cryptic infernal artifact. All it might take for him to switch sides is for someone to show him exactly what the other Princes are doing with his beloved ideas . . .

The Machine

A cyberpunk-style game might involve a version of infernal technology with more power and influence on both Earth and Hell. In this setting, Vapula's demons have access to technologies that are years ahead of angelic offerings. Hell itself becomes a cyberpunk nightmare (CyberHell). Even its oldest institutions and occupants succumb to the lure of cybernetic implants, and the other benefits which Technology brings. Servitors of Technology affect a hive-mind – all of them are implanted with sensors and communicators so that their infernal masters can more easily control them. Tartarus is pristine and gleaming, ruled by a mad Prince who is truly more machine than celestial. He secretly plots to lead the machines (which God intends to inherit the Earth) in revolt on humanity, on the Archangels, on Lucifer, and on anyone else who gets in the way . . .



THE LATHES OF HELL

Tartarus is hidden beneath a canopy of billowing smog, which coils out of the many chimney-stacks that litter the landscape – except where giant fans and extractors have been aimed to keep the main arteries of the Principality clear for navigation. The realm throbs and thrums with a low, constant grinding of distant fans and motors. Mixed with this are the strains of distant whistles or squeals, the gurgling of liquid through pipelines, and mechanical howls which rip through the fog at irregular intervals.

The shadows of half-constructed scaffolding and rusted rebar writhe on distant hills, as if trying to work themselves free. Mechanical eyes turn slowly to follow movement, attached to every piece of jetsam and flotsam. Incomplete machines or buildings sit in impossible formations. A staircase leads into bare rock; a gear-wheel is mounted in chains; a wrought-iron bridge reaches halfway across a lake, and then stops; two racks of computer equipment dangle uselessly from an articulated windmill.

Occasionally the humming of machinery is broken by a louder clicking or acceleration, as one of the robotic guards passes on its beat. Vast factories and laboratory complexes loom out of the smog unexpectedly, scrawled with demonic graffiti or sigils to instruct trespassers to keep out. An echo of the regular tread of many well-shod feet, mixed with whimpers and groans, gives warning of sections of the damned workforce being force-marched from one location to another.

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

– George Bernard Shaw, *Maxims for Revolutionists*

Entering Tartarus on foot is treacherous to the point of foolhardiness – so most demons don't. Trains, barges, or convoys from the outermost checkpoints are the safest way to travel to one of the laboratories at ground level. Traveling through the air is a little better. Although the smog clings to whatever it touches, tops of buildings are marked with mechanical sirens or lights.

Passes are required to enter the Principality, to safeguard visitors from being hunted down by the

LAB 11

Lab 11 is an anonymous concrete block, ringed by rusted barbed wire and bristling with security measures. From the outside, it looks quiet, even harmless. Convoys occasionally swoop in through the wide double doors, which fold up again immediately afterward. However, the mention of its name strikes a shiver of fear through any creature in Tartarus. Demons who are selected to “aid” with the experiments there seldom leave, and those who do are never unchanged. An oozing pink mark stamped into their celestial flesh signifies the end of the line for any hapless human souls.

It is a punishment facility, and an interrogation facility. Researchers in those areas who have projects that require *destructive testing* may request resources from the director of Lab 11, who reports to the Prince himself. If there are insufficient spies, traitors, or poor performers to make up the experimental load, lab assistants will be dispatched to procure more material, or become test subjects themselves.

A deep underground complex can be reached from the furthest end of Lab 11; it is closed to all except the Prince himself. It is, rumors would have it, the final place of interment for experimental failures, both “living” and inanimate.

mechanical patrols – they involve injections of treated dye, which the robots can supposedly sense. Calabim may enter the Principality only on the Prince's direct order, or else in secret and at their own risk. Most of Tartarus can be remotely monitored, if the equipment is working and someone is watching the correct monitor. Many of the laboratories also have intricate security systems that deal with intruders in a decidedly non-humane fashion.

Industrial Zone

The factory buildings stretch up through the fog cover as if to nail themselves to the roof of Hell, and the humming of generators and extractors grows to deafening proportions, until the landscape and buildings themselves are trembling with it. Occasional screams and a low sighing, the contribution of the thousands of lost souls who are chained to production lines for eternity, punctuate the thrumming. The buildings (“mills”) are cobbled together and patched with whatever material came to hand – metal, plastics, or even the cracked flesh of particularly unhelpful damned souls. Even if the factories had no inhabitants, it's said that the buildings themselves would cry out in anguish.

VAPULA'S TETHERS

Technological Tethers may exist wherever mortals have been unwittingly forwarding Vapula's word. Dangerous assembly lines, polluting factories, labs which encourage unethical experimentation – these are all likely places for Tethers. The best known of Vapula's Tethers are the National Security Agency headquarters in Maryland, and the battlefield at Ypres (Belgium) where chemical weapons were first used. But all it takes is one mortal, in the right place at the right time, to use technology in a particularly infernal way . . .

Companies involved in new technology often don't stay in offices for long, and may sell old factories when they need to update equipment. Sometimes a Tether may be able to move with its originator. Often an abandoned Tether, linked so strongly to one *place*, is left to die slowly, unless the Seneschal can think of a scheme to encourage mortals to return!

Sample Tether: Merit Systems, Inc.

The HQ of Merit Systems Inc. is a gleaming tower block, a monument to the glories of free enterprise and new technology. From humble beginnings as a family-run business, the company has weathered bad patches to scale dizzying heights of success. Its charismatic managing director, Pete Faulkner, has made no secret of his plans to expand onward and upward, building on the successes of the past. Wall Street has a lot of confidence in Faulkner and his burgeoning corporate empire – so perhaps it is just as well that the financiers don't know where their money is really going.

The company was begun by Faulkner's father, with one sole product – a mixing desk for recording studios. It languished, out-performed by foreign imports and

undercut by more organized commercial concerns, until his son joined him on the board. Pete saw that the way forward was to pre-empt new technology, and employed desperate Russian immigrants, academics who had been lauded in their own country, as an ad hoc research group. All of their intellectual property was signed over to him, and he sought out new patents aggressively. The company did well. Very well. Licenses for their innovations increased revenues a hundredfold. The original research staff were replaced by more up-to-date, forward-looking graduates, and the old buildings were deemed "impractical" for the new operation. It was on the day that the new HQ formally opened that one of the sacked Russian scientists was found, hanged in the elevator, with a scrawled suicide note that told only of dashed hopes, exploitation, and depression. The elevator itself became a minor Tether to Technology, and has a stop far below the basement of the tower block . . .

Under the guidance of the Balseraph Seneschal, who masquerades as a secretary, Faulkner expanded into Internet and computer services, and currently holds patents on techniques and algorithms that have been licensed out to a frightening number of big-name client companies. Technology has *plans* for Merit Systems, which has continued to buy up the opposition, and looks set for yet further successes in the future. Those plans don't necessarily involve keeping Faulkner at the helm. Faulkner may be a real piece of work – unscrupulous, greedy and megalomaniacal – but he is also a mere mortal who knows nothing of the powers he serves. He might be prepared to fight tooth and nail to retain what is his by right, if he found out . . .

Laboratory Zone

The laboratories are the most prestigious sections of Tartarus, and each one is color-coded by department and controlled by a "Laboratory Director" (Count) who treats it as his own personal empire. Connected by a variety of walkways, flight paths, and moving platforms, the labs are highly secure, despite being in various states of decay or renovation. It is safest to assume that every movement could be watched (if the monitors are working).

Lab One is the main administrative block, containing a reception where all authorized visitors can be checked

in or out, and escorted to their areas of interest. It is the location of Vapula's private office – where those who seek an audience must be prepared to wait upon his schedule. This is also where the most significant Tether portals are located, appearing as sparking electronic gateways. In contrast to much of the rest of Tartarus, the building gleams, reflecting an eerie, sulfurous glow to the rest of the realm.

The Damned in Tartarus

Vapula's quota of damned is ferried in from the Soul Yards in convoys, or freight trains. They are pushed into carriages by grinning demonic supervisors, who inject

them with entry-passes first. Souls are crushed in tightly, and their white, terrified faces press against the fogged windows, frozen into screams of terror.

A favored few – the most talented mortal inventors – may be offered the chance to continue their work in Hell. In Tartarus, to the disgust of more tradition-minded demons, damned scientists who have won the Prince's personal approval have even been granted minor Distinctions and given teams of celestials to direct in research projects.

For the rest of the damned, the lucky ones are assigned to production lines, where they will be doomed to spend eternity in chains, slaved by the presses, mills and lathes. Accidents are common, and maimed workers are rarely patched up. Unsurprisingly, the yield of the lines is low, and failed relics, as with all the other failures in Tartarus, end up on the junk heaps.

Less fortunate damned souls are assigned to the front line (*alpha*) testing teams, where they are routinely blown up, burned, frozen, electrified, drowned, mutilated, implanted, and infected with the latest developments.

The most hapless souls are selected by Vapulan scientists for *pure* research. In quiet rooms, tortures are carefully matched to the soul's experience in life, so as to attain the maximum possible impact. Insanity is no escape from the tests, which will be repeated *ad infinitum*. From behind one-way mirrors, demonlings and newly-fledged demons take notes as the senior demonstrator puts the soul through it, all over again.

ENGINEERING THE INFERNAL AGE: SERVITORS OF VAPULA

TECHNOLOGISTS, VAPULANS, EXPERIMENTERS

"One has to look out for engineers – they begin with a sewing machine and end up with the atomic bomb."

– Marcel Pagnol

A strong sense of mission circulates through Technology like overheated steam through a turbine. No demon in Tartarus seriously doubts that Technology is a Word which is going places inexorably, with a near-elemental drive that is only getting faster and faster. This gives them a comforting sense of superiority. To a

Technologist, the world is quite neatly divided between the initiated, who use and value new technology, and the great unwashed masses who are falling hopelessly behind the times. They also look down on other demons, who struggle along without realizing how much easier technology could make their lives – rumors around the labs have it that parts of Shal-Mari don't even have flushing toilets yet!

Vapula exerts a hypnotic fascination over his Servitors. In the dingy laboratories and half-lit computer rooms where Technology makes its home, demons live who dream of nothing but a glimmer of the Prince's approval. They fantasize about the day when he will drop by, inspect their rat's-nest of wires and abandoned milk cartons, and pronounce that it is the greatest discovery since hellfire and brimstone. More savvy demons are aware that an unscheduled visit might not, in fact, prove to be an ideal reward for good behavior.



The Church welcomes technological progress and receives it with love, for it is an indubitable fact that technological progress comes from God and, therefore, can and must lead to Him.

– Pius XII Pacelli

But even when a demon is crushed, punished, and helpless, there is always one last hope. All it takes is one brilliant breakthrough, and Technology will forgive all past errors and reinstate everything that it had taken away, and more.

Unsurprisingly, Experimenters are regarded as freaky in other parts of Hell. Although they can be quite sociable, what sort of demon waxes lyrical about digital watches when it could be having fun elsewhere? This reputation is not entirely unearned. Vapulans get very attached to their favorite technological gadgets, and writing sonnets about a pet device for posting to the infernal bulletin boards is not unknown. They love their own devices, they love other people's devices, they even love the potential for future gadgetry that other, more cynical souls might see as a pile of junk on a scrap heap. It's not unknown for a Technologist to use his last scraps of Essence to "heal" damaged devices, in preference to himself.

ORGANIZATION

Vapula's demons are loosely organized into departments within Tartarus. The Department Heads, all Dukes, wield an immense amount of power. The Prince doesn't care much for minor organizational details, and allows his Departmental Heads to arrange their own recruitment and project schedules. Dukes rarely leave Tartarus for long, being paranoid that their rivals might be poaching their best demons or stealing lab equipment while their backs are turned.

These Dukes, together with the handpicked demons (mainly Habbalah) who staff Vapula's personal office, comprise a clique which is known as the Inner Circle of Technology. Any demon who wishes to reach the Prince in Tartarus will need to work through one of these courtiers. Disturbingly, the Prince's personal staff (as opposed to the Department Heads) is abnormally passive when Vapula is not immediately present, as if he had drowned out whatever they originally had for personalities. None of them ever seem to gain promotion. They are simply . . . replaced.



There are three roads to ruin: women, gambling, and technicians. The most pleasant is with women, the quickest is with gambling, but the surest is with technicians.

– Georges Pompidou

Experimenters working for different projects frequently come to blows if they are competing for the same resource (i.e., Tether usage, servants, test subjects). Experienced testing demons look down on the *amateurs* who are newly come from Tartarus, and squabbles are common. It isn't even unusual for a demon as high-ranking as a Department Head to drop in unexpectedly on a tester in the corporeal realm who has a good reputation. This can risk the junior demon's Role and cover, just so that the Duke can demand immediate field testing on his own pet project if a deadline is due.

Kudos in the labs go to the *avant-garde*, the first back with news from the corporeal world about what's hot in the world of technology. But the fear of burnout lurks at back of the minds of even the best researchers. What if technology overtakes them? It's an unspoken fear, as if even mentioning the possibility might bring unwanted attention from those higher up. Plagiarism is rife. Senior demons regularly claim their underlings' ideas as their own, and junior demons leech from the damned, or mortal servants.

Every fully-fledged Servitor of Technology will know which department he is currently working for, either a technology-specific department in Hell (although there are also departments for Propaganda, and for Maintenance) or "generic testing." He'll also know to which project he is assigned. Knowledge of the project might be no more than a reference number, and it is very common for Technologists to have no clues to the intended application of their work.

A Technologist who is performing well is given a lot of freedom to pursue his research in whichever way he pleases. For many of them, this involves lots of late nights and wild parties. Vapula is unconcerned about how they think or act, as long as they forward his beautiful ideas, spread Technology among the masses like a plague, and don't spill secrets. Since this is what most of them wanted to do anyway, everyone is happy. This is one of the reasons why, despite the lack of tight hierarchies and strict discipline, Technology suffers relatively few Renegades.

Rewards and Punishments

Technologists, with their love of cool toys, are often rewarded with relics, talismans, and clever technological goodies. Senior demons of Technology consider it a sign of favor to give one to a promising underling as a personal gift, although they may not feel that they also have to explain what it does. (But if that demon ever meets the younger one again, the recipient had *better* show that he is still using and valuing the object!)

Vapula himself is more difficult to impress. A Servitor must show initiative, brilliance, and perseverance to impress the Genius Prince. Achieving an experimental result that is commonly believed to be impossible will meet with his personal approval. A particularly daring or successful raid on one of Jean's Servitors or strongholds will also be commended. Favors granted, besides new Songs, Distinctions, or attunements, can include being granted the use of extravagant testing facilities, or familiars to bully and boss around. Many of Technology's familiars are granted inanimate vessels and become living artifacts (*Liber Reliquarum*, p. 104) – so favored demons could end up with relic (and intelligent) cars, mobile phones, digital watches . . .

Unfortunately, it is the nature of Hell that it's easier to find yourself in disfavor. Any suspicion of having allowed technological secrets to leak out of Tartarus without the express permission of Vapula or the Inner Circle will bring undesirable attention raining down onto a demon's unfortunate head. A minor infraction might result in toys being removed, or given to rivals. A sadistic older demon might even force a younger one to dismantle its own favorite artifact.



A demon who manages to annoy the Prince in person (once it has managed to uncurl itself from the corner in which it has been retching with terror) may find itself invited to “submit to the machine,” volunteer for testing, or be converted into some new device. Corporeal Discords which mark the Prince’s displeasure are saved for offenders who have shown that they are too valuable to destroy out of hand. Stigmata, and addictions to technological offshoots, like gasoline or battery acid, are not uncommon. And there are whispers of those who have been assigned to Lab 11, and returned, almost but not exactly the same as they left. The Prince’s cadre of personal assistants is rumored to have passed through the same testing facility.

Switching Superiors

Occasionally a washed-up Experimenter will decide he might have a more promising research career elsewhere. Many other Princes will welcome a former Vapulan into their service, especially if he brings secrets and artifacts of Technology with him. Of course, for this very reason, Vapula will never willingly let any Servitor who knows anything significant out of his service. Asking for a transfer is just a way of letting Vapula know that this particular set of Forces can no longer serve him adequately in their current configuration.

Very occasionally, one of Vapula’s demons may be given to Baal or Nybbas on indefinite loan, but these remain Servitors of Technology in service to the other Prince. The only way to permanently leave Vapula’s service is to go Renegade. If you escape Tartarus and have another Prince ready to fashion a new Heart for you, you *might* get away with it before the Game is called on you. It’s safe to assume that Tartarus would be a very unhealthy place for such defectors to visit in the future.

The Fallen

Fallen angels are of great interest to Vapulans, especially if they had any previous experience of working closely with Lightning, and can provide insights into Jean’s current plans. Vapula also welcomes ex-Creationers, and other celestials who have some experience in artifact creation. He enjoys watching his enemies’ agents accepting his genius and purpose as their own, and revels in this even if the new demon has no useful skills to offer. Servitors of Technology are aware that bringing new recruits back to Tartarus is usually rewarded (as long as they are not Calabim), and will aggressively try to follow up on potential leads.

They are especially quick to check out possible clues gleaned over the Internet or other scientific media. It is also common for newly sworn demons to be assigned to

work with whoever recruited them, so demons on Earth will make a special effort to recruit a celestial whose skills they want. Unfortunately, if a newly Fallen impresses the Prince, it’s also not unknown for the ex-angel to be offered a Distinction and placed *above* the demon who recruited him.

Outcasts and Renegades are of even more interest – celestials who can be tempted or threatened into testing or experimentation, with no fear of reprisal from an angry Superior. The demon who can recruit an Outcast Ofanite as a test pilot will gain so much favor from his masters that almost anything is worth the price. So a Technologist who has tracked down an Outcast may have to weigh up the benefits of trying to help *prevent* it from Falling, if he really needs those angelic abilities.

Agents of the Game, being cynical types, have been known to see this as evidence of “cooperating with the enemy” or “conspiring to prevent a Fall.”



od runs electromagnetics by wave theory on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and the Devil runs them by quantum theory on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

– Sir Lawrence Bragg

Humans

Technologists are strongly encouraged to recruit humans as servants, Soldiers, or unwitting assistants. After all, what is a mad scientist without a loyal-but-dumb assistant or three? They prefer mortals who share their enthusiasm for technology; those for whom it is more than just a job. In many cases, demons have no need to present themselves as servants of Lucifer (or God) or offer wild sex to lure mortals into their schemes. Greedy businessmen don’t always care who their research partners are – until it is too late. A tired scientist, caught on a bad day, is susceptible to the offer of one new idea which will rescue his career. Or sometimes it is the clever academic’s children who are recruited with techno-toys . . .

Mortals are often recruited or talent-spotted at a young age. Every child who gleefully pulls the legs off spiders “to see what would happen” shows the promising signs of experimental curiosity, which a demon can nurture and encourage.



A canny demon can try to launch its own pet inventions into the mortal world by co-opting a well-placed businessman to market and sell the innovation. Practiced Technologists acquire a good sense for what humans might be willing to play with – although they are almost always taken by surprise with what the mortals actually *do*.

Humans are also widely used for testing. Where a large captive population is required, demons seek out institutions such as schools, prisons, and hospitals, where they can assume positions of authority and carry out their tests on mortals who will not think to complain. To carry out random tests with least risk of interference, demons pick mortals who won't be missed by the authorities. Although many Technologists treat their testees like dirt, others can become quite attached to a favorite, and salve their consciences by treating the subject unusually well until it is time to get to work.

Technology recruits very few sorcerers – their inefficient, old-fashioned methods and outlook are universally despised. However, a sorcerer who is self-taught through experimentation may be welcomed into the fold and “taught” the secrets of unleashing power through technology. Sorcerers who find their path to power through studying alchemical texts and methods are most likely to catch Vapula's eye.

Infernal engineers also claim to have pioneered techniques for improving the human body, replacing vital organs with machined components, and creating deathless cyborgs who are superior in every way to Saminga's undead. Sci-fi fans who want to live forever are easy bait for this “bionic” experimentation. Some are told that they work for secret government organizations and have no knowledge of their true natures, or of their true masters.

Technology for Dummies: Trainees and Apprentices

New demonlings in the Principality, other than those who are engineered for a specific task, do not begin work inside the laboratories. They know these places exist as hallowed halls of learning where Important Work is carried out, far from the grubby corners of Tartarus where they eke out a living. Ambitious infernal spirits can attempt to find a fully-fledged demon to impress. Some may even be recruited by visiting Servitors of other Princes, who are interested in selecting potential future agents inside Tartarus to report on new developments. A bright demonling who is willing to report to many masters can earn enough outside help to easily win the attention of someone higher-ranking in the labs.

Researchers scout around for new demonling talent to assist them, and a lucky imp or gremlin may excel at a test, or attract favorable attention for long enough to get the all-important invitation to the laboratory! Initial work is just as menial as it was before. Most are not trained, so much as thrown into the middle of a project with orders to learn fast. Quick-witted trainees learn to operate all kinds of equipment, set out racks of chemicals, strap down damned souls, keep their ears open and their mouths shut, and pander to higher-ranking demons. Some get incorporated into a project (i.e., into an inanimate object) and taken for a spell of duty on the corporeal plane. Animal familiars are also known, and “AI” familiars are becoming more popular.

Promising demonlings are those who learn quickly to scavenge; they may try to build small personal projects in the lab sink, or other unwashed corners. A more senior demon might recognize this as useful, or might just gleefully tear it apart. Only the fortunate few will get picked out to be a demon’s personal apprentice – which, finally, is where a demonling may expect to begin learning Technology’s more arcane secrets. It is from the ranks of these semi-educated assistants that most new demons in Tartarus are drawn.

Education of the newly-fledged or newly-Fallen becomes more formal. The Infernal College of Science and Technology (known as IC) runs a variety of courses, in which senior demons pick their students’ brains and teach the mystic karma of the local computer systems. A newly Fallen with technical experience may bypass these classes, by the Prince’s fiat, and be assigned directly to a department and a project.

SPECIAL TRICKS

Technologists are Hell’s gadgeteers and have a natural *touch* with all kinds of artifacts. Inspired by the example of their infernal master, they are perpetually finding ways to improve any items with which they associate. Songs which will help with artifact creation are favored in Vapulan ranks, as is the Enchantment skill (*Corporeal Player’s Guide*, p. 29), and any kind of technical knowledge or ability. However, the lack of any of these skills, Songs or Knowledges is not expected to deter an enthusiastic demon from trying out his own ideas.

Artifact Creation

All this experimentation does pay off, however. Demons of Technology have a natural talent for making talismans (ethereal artifacts). To create such a talisman, the demon may add his own skill level in a relevant skill to the artifact creation roll. (See the *Liber Reliquarum*,

p. 17, for more details.) In addition, demons of Technology may add +2 to both the target number and the check digit of their Perception rolls for the purposes of identifying other Vapulan artifacts.

Jury Rigging

The gentle art of building and maintaining machinery in non-ideal conditions is practiced in many ways, varying from unrepeatable language and a hard kicking, to careful calculations and designs. When a *temporary* repair to a device is required, Servitors of Vapula have a knack for making do with whatever is at hand. Thinking of using a pair of nylons to replace a broken fan belt, for example, is instinctive for them.

Id wipe the machines off the face of the earth again, and end the industrial epoch absolutely, like a black mistake.

– D. H. Lawrence

When a Vapulan wishes to patch up something mechanical without access to normal maintenance facilities, he can make a successful Intelligence roll to figure out how to jury-rig it, adding any Knowledge skill he has that relates to the device. The repair will be accomplished in a fraction of the time it would normally take (depending on what suitable substitute materials are available), and will last for a number of hours equal to the check digit. Of course, the emergency repair may be so damaging to the device that it explodes or requires a complete overhaul afterward.

BANDS

Many Experimenters fall into similar patterns, but it is dangerous to assume that these are the only outlooks that exist.

Balseraphs

A Balseraph’s personal projects are grandiose and far-reaching – not for them the smaller triumphs that satisfy lesser demons. Even the newly fledged place a hugely dramatic importance on anything with which they have personally been involved.

WORD-BOUND SERVITORS

Some known Word-bound demons of Technology include Foras, the Impudite Baron of Mad Science (*Liber Reliquarum*, p. 123), Beartador, Balseraph Inspector of Technology (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 110), and Azod, Djinn Duke of Field Testing (p. 132).

Words assigned under Vapula may be connected with specific technologies, such as Genetic Engineering or Rocket Science. Others are given to demons who pioneered particularly successful techniques, such as Genetically-Modified Foods or Chemical Weaponry. Not all of these words fall under Vapula's authority. Lucifer's attention is sometimes more successfully drawn to the demon who better *uses* the technology to further Hell's cause. For example, the demon of Nuclear Warheads is in service to Belial.

Among other words which are known to have been assigned to Technologists are Pollution, Screensavers, and Perpetual Motion.

Vapula's Liars are his consultants, each one believing itself to be a foremost expert in a field. They know that no corporeal technology can ever betray them unexpectedly. Some veer the other way, finding that their knowledge of technology shows them *all* the ways in which a device could potentially be used against them. (If a Balseraph of Technology examines a relic or reliquary, he will automatically know what the corporeal form of the artifact could do mundanely, but not any of the extra abilities.)

On the other hand, they all delight in using technology to betray others. Although they will not lie about what a man-made artifact can do, they are unlikely to tell the whole truth unless it is in their best interests. Often sent as specialists to aid Servitors of other Princes, the Balseraph will waltz in and demand respect in return for minor repair jobs. Since their knowledge of earthly technology really is unparalleled, they usually receive it.

Djinn

You won't see them. Thorough, patient, and reliable, these Stalkers watch from the insides of parked vans, glutted with surveillance equipment. They are faithful observers, prepared to leave a phone tap or a bugging device in place for years without results, if that is what it takes. Vapula's Djinn care about nothing, but know that Technology is the one thing upon which you can rely. It may not love you back, but it does what it is told and gives

as best as it can. They protect their inanimate charges, curl up next to them, and know that no one will ever dare to laugh, or complain. Or the Djinn may set its mind to stalking *them*. Many of them keep odd "pets," mechanical devices that mimic lifeforms.

They are frequently assigned to keep tabs on a device that is being tested in the field, to ensure that infernal secrets don't "escape." With their capacity for single-minded concentration, however much they hide it, some Djinn also make good researchers and patient debuggers, who are willing to spend the long hours perfecting some new scheme until it works for *them*. Their inventions are often personalized, to stop any other user from gaining access to them.

Calabim

No Calabim serve Technology. It is very rare that members of this Band are even allowed within the borders of Tartarus, so great is the Prince's antipathy toward them. Vapula's Servitors, who have never even seen a Calabite until leaving Tartarus for the first time, whisper all sorts of rumors about the *broken* Band, whom their Prince does not consider fit to even serve in Hell. They can become quite paranoid when even considering the idea of one of their precious technological devices coming near a Destroyer.

Other, more rebellious, Technologists know that a brief fling with a Calabite is one of the experiences which every counter-culture Vapulan should have in their background – but only once.

On the *very* rare occasions when a Destroyer is needed for some Vapulan project, either a friendly Prince (usually Baal or Nybbas) will send one on temporary loan, or (more often) a hapless Calabite will be chosen at random and manipulated into serving as an unwitting test subject.

Habbalah

These are often coolly clinical demons who fancy that the world, and particularly everyone in it, exists largely to satisfy their experimental curiosity. They watch calmly as a victim twists and curls up on the floor, retching in a sick agony of fear. Even other demons find difficulty with the sudden switch between violent ranting, and the slow smile which accompanies a twitching subject as the Habbalite "completes the circuit" (using the feedback aspect of its Band Attunement). The feedback stuns victims with the intensity of their own emotions, and some are traumatized for years afterward by the experience. Others can become . . . quite addicted. The Habbalah themselves find this cathartic. They are Technologists, in service to a Higher Cause. Let the monkeys think what they choose.

Vapula trusts the demons of his own Band with some of the more important projects that Technology plans to unleash on the mortal world – their place is often in a management position, where the fear of their displeasure will keep other demons in order. Although most are not indoctrinated by the Prince in person, they rationalize the powerful emotions that his presence stirs by associating him with whatever they personally revere. There are networks of secret techno-cults on both Earth and Tartarus, inspired by Punishers who preach submission to technology, and the worship of God in the Machine.

Lilim

Metallic mirror-shades, sealed briefcases full of blueprints, and business suits. This is the view that Technology's Tempters often present to the outside world. Information brokers *par excellence*, their fingers can dance across a computer keyboard and coax out the most reclusive passwords, hidden information, or insidious code. These Lilim are proud demons who prefer to pay their way with more modern methods than the "lie back and think of Hell" traditional deals of their hide-bound sisters. Elite hackers all, they have also been the source of some especially pernicious computer viruses and hoaxes. Although the smart, sleek, modern image is one that many Lilim of Technology like to project, it is sadly true that there are a small proportion who are doomed to be geek-girls (or guys), slouching in front of screens with a stack of pizza boxes. They also play a very mean game of Mortal Kombat.

When they have the choice, they prefer to settle in institutions such as universities, hospitals, or large high-tech companies – anywhere where they will find a ready pool of unwitting mortal scientists and technologists to lure into their Geas-webs. Tempters who ply their Geases amongst other Vapulans can be caught between their Band and Word natures – forced to decide whether to take credit for their own work, or earn a Geas by giving it to someone else.

Shedim

However casual these bodiless demons may be with their human hosts, Shedim of Technology make an effort to look after their laptops. Earth is a beguiling place, where hosts are constantly tempted by interesting fleshly desires, but there are times when a demon just wants some peace and quiet. These Shedim are not forced to spend their entire corporeal careers sharing headspace

with a jumped-up monkey (however fun that may prove to be). They have a permanent *home*. Even the most care-free Shedite realizes that in order to encourage a human to play with the demon-ridden computer, the technology must be made to look appealing.

They spend much of their spare time competing to design the most effective user interfaces, bizarre screen-savers, and intriguing new games. All to lure the unsuspecting into pressing a few keys, and laying himself open to being ridden to Hell and back by a bored Shedite who is between projects. They are more cautious than many of their Bandmates. Wherever they are, whatever they do, they must always make sure that the laptop is safe, and transfers smoothly from one host to the next. This requires a little more thinking ahead than most other Shedim are used to.

Corruptors who show ability are often sent to infiltrate high-tech establishments, where they can move from one corporate or academic drone to another, twisting idealists into hardened, amoral cynics, pulling ideas from the heads of the talented, and storing the results in the same gleaming, irresistible laptop.

Impudites

Vapula's Impudites are allowed a lot of leeway. These demons don't entirely understand how precious Essence is to other celestials – after all, they've never had much of a problem with it. When the need arises, they throw Essence around crazily, to make themselves look or feel good; there is always more where that came from. More careful, or directed, Takers include some of Technology's star researchers. Any being with the ability (and the desire) to throw huge amounts of Essence at a problem is likely to get that problem solved in fine style. They speak of *the rush* of spending all that stored Essence in one wildly glorious surge – and make other members of their Band coldly jealous.

Impudites of Technology find it difficult to be cautious or quiet, and disturbance follows them like lung cancer around cigarettes. Even a relatively quiet Impudite, settling down with some personal project, will feel the *urge* to blow Essence from time to time.

Their knack with mortals leads them naturally to jobs where they can lecture to an adoring crowd and recruit a nice circle of admirers. With their glasses, they can keep a very good track of their human acquaintances, knowing precisely who to tap for Essence, and when.



JOBS

Common jobs that Technology sponsors can take a demon to any of the three planes. Research and testing need to be done in the corporeal and ethereal, as well as in Tartarus itself. Equally, operational projects may need to be set up in different realms. Demons are also sent to support Servitors of other Princes who have been issued infernal technology (to make sure that it is used correctly, or has a competent mechanic on hand if it should break down). In practice, all the departments within Tartarus

can send demons virtually anywhere, if only to keep an eye on what other projects and departments are up to.

Celestial Jobs

The laboratories in Tartarus are a hive of activity, the nerve center of Technology research efforts. As well as pure research and development, demons in Tartarus are responsible for the output of the factories, which churn out minor relics. The Principality is responsible for producing most of the relics in Hell – and the production facilities must never be allowed to grind to a halt.

EXTREME CLIMATES

It is not enough to carry out research in the known environments of Tartarus and the various established laboratories available on Earth. Vapula also maintains laboratories in “extreme climates.” These include research facilities in the oddest surroundings Hell has to offer (disguised if necessary to pacify a Luddite local Prince) as well as in the Arctic, at altitude, and in orbit on the corporeal realm. However, the most infamous institute amongst Technologists is the semi-mythical Lab 26, said to be located out in the Far Marches.

Vapula once had an outpost in the Near Marches, with Beleth’s co-operation, but the Princess of Nightmares ordered his demons out after a fascinating study into whether dreamscapes could be *destroyed* got a little out of hand. Since then, Technologists in Beleth’s Dark Marches may expect to be closely monitored, which places an unacceptable restriction on the pursuit of pure science! Fortunately, forays into the Far Marches had suggested a potential backup . . . And out in the Far Marches, a vast and edgeless realm, no other Superior would disrupt the Work, even in the unlikely event that they found out about it.

More Than is Dream’d of in Your Laboratory

The Domain in which Lab 26 is buried was once a harbor of dark fairy tales ruled by the Ice Queen, a silent tyrant who stole the ability to love from the dreams of children. Since Mahuya, the Balseraph who later became Laboratory Director, slew the Ice Queen and usurped her, the Domain has been in flux. It is a fairy-tale realm of nightmares, taken over by demons – the realm has been infected by Technology, and vice versa.

Forests are now part bark, and part metallic or robotic. The monsters within them have syringes instead of

fangs, and jet-packs instead of wings. Effluent and corrosives swirl in the dark lakes, which boil with their own fury. Concerned for their own safety, the demons mainly stay within the great castle – a pincushion of crazy turrets, aerials, flying buttresses, receiving dishes, and chromed armor plating – and its dungeon complex, now surrounded by high hedges where heavy roses grow on barbed wire stems, bleeding acid when they are plucked.

Mahuya is rarely seen, and the great Gothic archways and corridors of the laboratory ring with the distant footsteps of demons scurrying away from their experiments to take part in the bizarre, ornate rituals which their director demands. It is suspected that the castle itself is alive, and that Mahuya is *becoming* the Domain, being forced by the Far Marches to replace the queen in more ways than one.

Projects carried out in Vapula’s name involve capturing ethereals for experimentation, and human dream and memory alteration. Special guest seminars by willing ethereals (such as Hephaestus, or Hermes Trismegistus) are occasionally arranged. The lab is also a place where captives may be safely kept, and researchers who are in trouble with the Game may experiment in peace. Demons who work there rarely leave. Many see themselves as an intellectual elite who have abandoned their “homeland” for the glories of research. Increasingly, they find themselves falling into familiar fairytale personalities: psychotic knights, incestuous royalty, monsters, dark heroes, wicked stepmothers. The Domain itself may have the final victory.

While other Superiors may suspect that Vapula capitulated too easily to Beleth’s demands that he vacate the Near Marches, none of them yet have proof of Lab 26. If they did, many of them would want it closed down on principle.

In addition, Tartarus is the administrative center of Technology. Demons are sent out to drum up trade in other Principalities, encourage Servitors of other Princes to use new ideas or devices, or to try out some of their more outrageous ideas on “friendly” testers. Technology’s Lilim are also his finest negotiators, who will know what their clients really *need*, and draw up lists of specifications (and prices) accordingly.

Information is disseminated about current projects (mostly hype and boasting) in technical journals, bulletin boards, and word of mouth. Information of certain sorts is freely shared – there are prestige newsgroups, where Project Managers or minor demons boast about what they have achieved. It’s never safe to assume that very senior demons don’t read these groups, because it has been known for the Prince himself to drop in unexpectedly on a laboratory and demand an instant demonstration. All this research requires documentation, and Vapula’s librarians are responsible for keeping track of all the journals and reports, as well as keeping the IT infrastructure going. If a manual is not available for a device (a common occurrence), one of the librarians may either write a suitable work of fiction themselves, or co-opt other demons to pick the item apart and write operating instructions.

Hell is also where potential Technologists are selected, in Tartarus’ training facilities, and where new users from other Principalities are educated in the wonders of technology and how to use it.

Ethereal Jobs

The Marches, especially parts that are far away from celestial interference, are an ideal research and testing ground for new ideas that are politically dangerous. Out in the Far Marches, even the loudest explosions don’t attract much interference – or at least, this is the motivation that sends Technologists out to try it. The Marches are a useful place for a demon to try out ideas that he doesn’t want anyone else to know about. Forays are also made into dreamscapes, to test ideas on sleeping minds, or inspire a scientific mind with dreams (or nightmares) of grand schemes.

Missions are sent to seek out and capture ethereals for experiments, and to explore the various realms of the Far Marches and assess their suitability for testing purposes.

Whatever the link between the ethereal realm and the mortal subconscious, Vapulans intend to map and exploit it. Whenever a high-impact scheme is unrolled on the corporeal realm, it is common for a team of demons to be sent into the Marches to make observations.

Corporeal Jobs

Technologists on Earth are focused on mortal doings or direct strikes against the enemy. Besides corporeal

projects and research, they are expected to harvest as many interesting ideas from mortals as they can. Shedim have proven especially useful in passing ideas to mortals who will make use of them, or checking notes and papers to steal ideas from talented individuals.

Field testing in the corporeal realm is the first chance demons get to try their ideas out on real humans, or real angels. Azod, the Department Head of Field Testing (p. 132), maintains tight control of the testing groups, in order to keep the newest technology under wraps until a project is ready to go into full-scale operation. Individual demons and project managers often bypass this, in their enthusiasm to prove to their own hierarchy that some favored idea will actually work. Impudites are given preference for Earth work, on the understanding that they will gather potential testees around them while they are getting on with other jobs. Vapula’s Takers are possibly the least cautious of their Band, but even so, an Impudite will usually try to find out how dangerous a test is likely to be before allowing his own humans to be used. Other demons often simply don’t tell them. Wide-area destructive testing is more likely to be directly led by a Habbalite or Balseraph with an appropriate Role.

As Earth is also the most likely place for technological secrets and relics to be lost, Vapula periodically unleashes teams of demons trained to track relics and report on potential security leaks. Djinn, with their affinity for tracking and single-minded concentration, are often assigned to these tasks.

It is also well known that a demon can gain the Prince’s favor by disrupting one of Lightning’s plans, or sending Jean’s angels back to their Hearts prematurely. Force Catchers (*Liber Reliquiarum*, p. 61) are liberally distributed, and the demon who can return to Hell with a captive Kyriotate in tow is well rewarded.

Unusual Jobs

Among the less usual jobs in Tartarus are teams who specialize in healing the wounded, or searching for rare artifacts and test subjects.

The Medical Corps

It might surprise some to know that Tartarus takes almost as much interest in finding new cures as it does in finding new diseases, but the medical corps has a proud record of success – everyone who survives their treatments recovers to 100% fitness. Technologists can find many uses for new medical discoveries, and they need to be tested, just like any other project. Using the latest technology, teams of high-tech medics descend upon disaster areas and heal everyone and everything in the vicinity without fear or favor, as quickly as possible, whether they want to be healed or not . . .

FREE LILIM IN SERVICE TO TECHNOLOGY

The Prince of Technology is paranoid about technological secrets leaking out of Tartarus, and punishes Servitors harshly if they are deemed responsible for such lapses. This means that Vapulans looking to hire Free Lilim usually add a confidentiality clause to the contract, requiring that the Lilim geas herself never to reveal to others anything she learns or does while under contract. The Lilim raise their rates to cover this additional need for secrecy. For this reason, Vapula and his demons rarely hire Free Lilim to help with technical research – it's too expensive, except when the Lilim has a rare expertise.

On the other hand, test subjects don't need to have access to technical secrets at all! Wiser Free Lilim avoid contracts with Vapulans which don't include the secrecy clause, knowing that this probably means they will be on the wrong end of a field test. Lilith doesn't shield her Daughters from the consequences of their own actions, if they took the job without bothering to ask about the details.

The Head Hunters

Sometimes a project has very specific requirements for its test subjects. It may be designed to impact mortals of a particular age group, or geographical location. It may require five sets of identical twins or a bona fide werewolf. At times like these, project teams have no option but to call in the Head Hunters, a group of specialist people/artifact hunters. They might be arrogant and outrageous, but they guarantee to bring back the goods. As well as locating (and possibly capturing, depending on the client's requirements) mortals who fit particular criteria, the Head Hunters happily stalk celestials or ethereals upon request. The more difficult the job, the more they revel in it. Members of the team spend their spare time hunting down relics – and rumors – using Roles as archaeologists or antique dealers.

The Stylites

Occasionally it also happens that a talented Technologist is allowed a leave of absence to go and work on some pet topic or (some whisper), to aid with the Prince's private research. These demons have little to do with the hierarchy in Tartarus, but simply set up in some remote location in the corporeal or ethereal plane and get on with their work. While they are geniuses

and specialists, they are also extremely arrogant and eccentric, and don't always appreciate being disturbed, even by fellow Vapulans.

SPECIAL RESEARCH GROUPS

There are many Technologists who find that they share a common interest in some particular research area, and like to find the time to socialize together, discuss work, and compare experimental results. Such gatherings are fraught with backbiting and attempts to sneakily find out what other researchers are doing. Research groups can become semi-official organizations, which are open to any demon of Technology regardless of project or department. Larger groups often publish their own journals and organize private conferences, either in Hell or on the corporeal plane. It is common for the position of research group leader to be a stepping stone for a Technologist who is bound for greater things.

The Godless Research Group

Only one research group has ever been officially castigated and declared heretical by the Prince himself. The Godless are a secret cell of Technologists who share a belief that "God" is an outmoded concept which must be replaced by Technology. They consider themselves to be a core research group and communicate secretly, via codes and ciphers. When they meet, it is in disguise, for fear of infiltration.

Their research is devoted to group projects to further their cause. They do this by promoting activities which will prove the correctness of their theories beyond any doubt, by demonstrating that Technology can accomplish all of the miracles that God allegedly did, and several that He did not – such as blotting out the sun, destroying the biosphere, and recreating mankind in Vapula's image. Only the group's leader, designated by the codename "Demiurge," knows the identities of all the other members of the research group. Rumors circulate periodically as to his true identity, even going so far as to suggest that he might not even be a demon of Technology at all.

VirusWars

The game of VirusWars itself is very simple. Teams capture "wild" strains of influenza virus on Earth, and may spend up to a year in "training" their viruses in captivity. This may involve mutating a virus, genetically altering it, exposing it to various stimuli, and other experimentation. Then, when the game begins, each team releases their selected virus on an unsuspecting corporeal realm, and carefully keeps track of its progress. When the game ends, 4 months later, the team whose virus has claimed the most mortal victims is declared the winner.

The VirusWars began as an informal biannual challenge between two rival researchers from the same laboratory, but rapidly achieved cult status in Tartarus. Vapulan researchers vie to be selected for one of the official laboratory teams to play the game, while younger demons excitedly follow their favorite VW team, wearing their colors and memorizing the names of members.



Vapulan's Laws of Experimentation:

- (1) If reproducibility may be a problem, conduct the test only once.
- (2) If a straight line fit is required, obtain only two data points.

— from the Unix “Fortune” program

In recent years, an offshoot of the game has attracted a huge underground following. In Electronic VirusWars (also known as “e-VW”) the wars are fought with worms and computer viruses, over telephone and computer networks.

DEALING WITH OUTSIDERS

Technologists love to collaborate. Or rather, they love having access to all those new, odd notions that can come up in conversation with Servitors of other Princes. Also, other demons, especially those with rank in the Descending Hierarchy, are often willing to pay well for access to the newest technology. Although there is a structure within Tartarus that formally sends envoys to other Principalities to drum up business, individual demons can enter into private arrangements. Sometimes it's the only way to get those *necessary* extra resources that one needs for one's own pet project. There are a few basic guidelines that Vapulans are given for such negotiations:

1. Get the other party to provide testers.
2. All intellectual property, mortal or celestial, major or minor, occurring during the project period, reverts to Tartarus.
3. Demons of Technology who reveal technical secrets without due authorization will be assumed to have volunteered for testing.
4. Ditto for whomever the information is revealed to.
5. The Prince of Technology, or his chosen advisors, will decide what constitutes a technical secret.
6. Always get the payment in advance.
7. Tartarus gives no guarantees that the final product will conform in any way to the original list of requirements. Have a nice day.

DEALING WITH THE GAME

The Prince of Technology feels strongly that rules and regulations are important tools for keeping demonkind in order. However, it is clear to him that these things apply only to lesser Superiors and their Servitors. The work of Technology is far too important to be restricted in this way, and Asmodeus should understand this. Regrettably, repeated efforts by Technologists to explain this salient fact have usually been met with a stony silence, if not worse.

Technologists are notorious for tunnel-vision, valuing the demands of their current project above less relevant issues such as rules and regulations. Though they rarely sail close to the wind out of a desire to *disobey* the rulers of Hell, this doesn't stop bored Asmodeans from squeezing them until the pips squeak. Vapula's demons find it relatively easy to pay off the Game with minor relics. If one relic should accidentally be booby-trapped then . . . well, what can a client expect when he is too rushed to give the tired inventor time to put it through proper testing?

A usual excuse to give the Game is that the demon is busy working on one of the Prince's personal projects and has special dispensation to work with the Host, make lots of disturbance, or break any other rule-of-the-week. Unfortunately for the investigators, just occasionally this has proven to be absolutely true.

FORMS OF ADDRESS

It is customary among Technologists not to refer to Vapula by name unless they are in his presence, for fear that his attention might be unduly drawn. Servitors refer to him as The Great Experimenter, or obliquely as “the Genius Prince.” While other demons may boast academic qualifications, only the Prince himself is referred to within Tartarus as *the* Professor or *the* Doctor. A correct form of face-to-face address for the Prince is “Your Grace,” or “Lord Vapula,” but he is less of a stickler for etiquette than his Inner Circle. As long as Servitors show an appropriate amount of respect, he is more interested in what they have to say, or what they have to show.

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF VAPULA

AZOD

Demon of Field Testing

Djinn Duke of Technology

Corporeal Forces - 4 Strength 6 Agility 10
 Ethereal Forces - 6 Intelligence 12 Precision 12
 Celestial Forces - 5 Will 11 Perception 9

Suggested Word Forces: 11

Vessel: Human/3 (distinguished male, mid-40s)

Role: "Simon Sharpe," Contract Engineer/4, Status/4

Skills: Computer Operation/5, Dodge/3, Electronics/5, Engineering/6, Enchant/4, Fighting/2, Ranged Weapon/4 (Ray gun), Tactics/2, Scientific Knowledges as appropriate

Songs: Affinity (Celestial/5), Attraction (Celestial/4), Entropy (Corporeal/3), Machines (all/6), Motion (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/5), Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3, Celestial/6), Tongues (Celestial/4)

Attunements: Djinn of Technology, Balseraph of Technology, Invention, Baron of Gremlins, Demon of Field Testing

Artifacts: Ray gun (functions as Unholy Pistol – *In Nomine*, p. 71 – with 10 charges), palmtop, items under test

Special Rites: Make a device fail in a previously unknown way (+2 Essence if accomplished *without* using any supernatural powers).

Special Abilities: Azod can tell at a glance all the possible ways a device can fail, and under what circumstances. He may also cause any device to fail, either in a previously known manner, or in a manner he has detected, no matter how unlikely the failure conditions should be.

What most people don't understand about field testing is that a successful test is one which results in a failure. Azod is one of Technology's senior Servitors, the Departmental Head of Field Testing, and the slightest sniff of his disapproval is sufficient to tie a project up in further testing for months. He is a relentless nitpicker, never satisfied, who finds fault with everyone and everything. He speaks in a laconic drawl, and his eyelids are perpetually half-closed, as if it were an effort to even stay awake, let



alone concentrate on the task in hand. This is dangerously misleading – the Duke is merely bored with having to continually force demons to produce *quality* reports.

Privately, he rants incessantly about the laziness and inefficiency of the idiot project teams who turn out half-finished work. Publicly, he might deign to supervise a test personally, before making a brief note on his clipboard, and lazily suggesting further tests which *must* be completed before he will even consider signing the project off. With his active intelligence, and Vapula's Inspector Distinction, he knows if a device is working when he sees it, but this does not affect the tests that he demands it pass.

Catastrophic project failures on the corporeal plane have occurred when demons tried to bypass Azod and put a scheme into practice without going through field testing. It might be speculated that the Demon of Field Testing even sends agents to ensure that such projects shower notoriety on the heads of their unfortunate inventors, until demons learn the importance of going through the *proper* channels.

Azod is a powerful Word-bound NPC, suitable for use as a minor superior; he could easily show up in any scenario involving Technologists.

Continued on next page . . .

SAMPLE SERVITORS OF VAPULA (CONTINUED)

MEMMUTAR

Balseraph of Technology

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

Vessel: Human/2 (male), Charisma +1

Role: "Dr. Menzies Walker," Scientist/3, Status/3.

Skills: Electronics/1, Fast Talk/3, Knowledge (Physics/2, Psychology/3), Savoir-Faire/1

Songs: Entropy (Celestial/3)

Attunements: Balseraph of Technology, Technobabble

Dr. Walker is a man with a mission. Although he has a solid reputation in his field – solid, but unexciting – it is with his ventures into the world of the supernatural that he has come to prominence in the public eye. The doctor has become a professional debunker. Armed only with a vanful of gadgets, a good knowledge of the laws of physics, and a charming smile, he has laid to rest hundreds (if not thousands) of worried souls with some nice, comforting

Technology. He has conclusively proved countless sightings of ghosts, angels, or even demons to have been hoaxes.

Memmutar is doing good PR work for Technology on Earth, and thoroughly enjoying every minute. Not only can he impress hordes of gullible mortals with his brilliance, but he has been able to destroy the faith of many who really wanted to believe in miracles, which he "proves" untrue. With the aid of Media allies, he scours TV and newspaper reports for signs of possible angelic activity, and sets out to deliberately disillusion potential Soldiers or servants of the divine. This also lets him recruit new test subjects for his own private work on "Deprogramming Angelic Brainwashing."

He dislikes having to cover up the results of demonic activity with a dose of smooth technical jargon – he sees himself as an *artiste* and a specialist, and thinks that other demons should be more careful. Perhaps one day the doctor will decide that disproving the supernatural is no challenge for his marvelous skills, and find "proof" that the supernatural really does exist, just to see if he can pull it off . . .

Memmutar is a balanced starting character.



ADVENTURE SEEDS



SEEDS OF SECRETS

THE LASAGNA OF THE DAMNED

Hell has been seeding mankind with infernal technology for centuries. There are many checks and balances that Heaven has used to fight this, with Jean and the Servitors of Lightning merely being the most visible. However, there are battlefields beyond mere hardware, and technological secrets are not always laser cannons.

Forty-six years ago, a Lilim of Gluttony used her attunement to hook a prominent chef. That chef – Edward Tolleni – *loved* the pan of lasagna she fed him, stuffing his face greedily with it. After performing her minor service in return, he begged her for a recipe to

make lasagna even half as good, and the Lilim delivered. Specifically, she taught Chef Tolleni spice combinations known to Hell that had not yet been discovered on Earth, and showed him how to make devilishly good lasagna.

She didn't expect Tolleni to improve on the recipe, but he did. The lasagna he cooked for her was by far the best tasting she had *ever* encountered. She convinced the chef to make it for "a special guest," and Haagenti himself was staggered at the pasta's flavor, eating pan after pan of the food.

Two weeks later, Edward Tolleni was dead of a heart attack. And as far as anyone knew, he had never written the recipe down anywhere.

Haagenti was *furious*, eating the Lilim whole in his anger. Which was a pity, since she might have had some clue to Chef Tolleni's Lasagna. He demanded that his Servitors find a way to reclaim the "lost lasagna," and offered great rewards for it.

Haagenti's Servitors didn't know what to do. So they called in experts. They called in the Conspiracy.

In the decades since, Haagenti's hunger for Chef Tolleni's Lasagna has faded – there are always new tastes to experience, and new buffets to eat into bankruptcy, after all. But the Conspiracy never forgot how much Haagenti wanted that secret recipe, and how desperate he might be to taste it again.

A routine report from a family-style Italian restaurant set off alarms in the Conspiracy. This restaurant – “Oscar's” – is known for good, basic, Italian comfort food. However, recently the lasagna at Oscar's has surpassed all expectations. People from all over the city have been flocking to Oscar's to gorge themselves on oversized portions of this sinfully good pasta.

Could this be Chef Tolleni's Lasagna resurfaced? If so, what recipe does it follow? And how can they get hold of it and make sure Haagenti can only get it from the Conspiracy?

Naturally, that's up to the PCs.

The characters will be brought together to investigate Oscar's, learn the recipe, and then destroy all evidence (probably by burning the restaurant down with the cooks in it).

Investigating the restaurant (which is now booking reservations three weeks in advance) turns up a pair of owners who have been cooks all their lives. They don't know *where* this sudden good fortune is coming from, but they're working hard to keep up with it. Neither of them are involved in making the lasagna, though. (Oscar specializes in cream sauce-based dishes; his wife specializes in minestrone.) It also turns out that not all the lasagna is the suspect recipe. So someone in the kitchen is making the wonderful pasta, but the rest of the staff don't know the recipe. That someone might even be Chef Tolleni reincarnated, but any way you look at it, he's the man to find. Once identified, the demons need to get him to write the recipe down, test it out, and then eliminate him.

Their efforts are complicated by some rather suspicious angels, however. They've heard about Oscar's and the reactions many have had to it, and assumed that Haagenti is behind it all. They've come to find the demonic influence, expunge it, and shut Oscar's down. Finding demons will confirm their suspicions and lead to any number of problems.

(This adventure can be run as a farce, or in deadly earnest, but either way, it will work best in a less-than-completely-serious game.)

REVELATIONS GALORE

The accursed Servitors of Litheroy are always a thorn in the Conspiracy's side. Still, they can be useful. They do turn things up, and those things can be stolen and hidden away again, if handled with proper finesse.

This time, a group of archaeologists, with help from both Soldiers and angels of Revelation, have made an astounding discovery. They have found an ancient ritual site, apparently Native American, but with heretofore unknown masks and totems, wholly inappropriate to the region. And, as befits Revelation, they have made preliminary reports to the press about the site.

However, the site is actually the ceremonial grounds for a prehistoric cult to Gebbeleth, and contains some ancient secrets. And both the few remaining Servitors of Gebbeleth, and some members of the Lodge of Gebbeleth (p. 20), have recognized it.

The site may contain ancient relics of Secrets, and almost certainly *does* contain secrets and records lost for thousands of years. As a result, the Servitors of Gebbeleth will be desperate to get their hands on these treasures (and bury its remains back away – along with the archaeologists who found them), while Alaemon is equally desperate to mine his predecessor's ancient cult grounds, sending instructions through several secret societies to take over the dig, tear any and *all* secrets out of the site, take them away from the Servitors of Revelation and (much like the Gebbelites) bury all mortal records of the dig for all time.



apitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men, for the nastiest of reasons, will somehow work for the benefit of us all.

– John Maynard Keynes

Of course, Litheroy's Servitors aren't going to simply pack their things and get out of the demons' way. While they don't recognize their ancient enemy yet, it's certain they will, especially if Litheroy comes to lend a direct hand, as is his wont. The Conspiracy has been stepping up their private war with Revelation (both directly and indirectly, through other Princes) to keep the Archangel of Revelation distracted until they can take care of this business.



And of course, there could be some ancient Native American spirits or relics as well.

The characters can be sent into one of many situations. Of course, they may not be anywhere near the dig, instead assisting Alaemon's harassment of Litheroy, drawing the Archangel's reserves away from the site. They might be charged by their secret society to take the dig away from the Litherites, naturally. They can be sent to oppose Gebbeleth's Servitors. They can be contacted by the Gebbelites to work on their behalf, betraying the Conspiracy for promises of rewards and power. They might even be recruited by representatives of the Happy Hunting Grounds (*The Marches*, p. 102) – who may want to recover what's at the site, or destroy it.

Regardless of what faction they're working for, some of their instructions will remain the same. They need to eliminate anyone with knowledge of these secrets, without bringing the Host (or Servitors of rival Princes) down on the site in force, and they need to stop any other faction from winning the prize. They also *can't* allow anything to happen to the site or its artifacts, until they're *completely* sure they've recovered everything of value.

SEEDS OF DRUGS

FOR THE CHILDREN

In a suburban town, a small group of demons of Drugs – a Balseraph, a Habbalite, and an Impudite – has just moved into the neighborhood, bringing their entire drug culture with them. Their aim is to make a brand new variant of Ecstasy popular with the local teens. They want to get the kids hooked on something that seems “interesting” and “cool,” while at the same time establishing a new base for their master's Word.

For their base, they bought a small house on the run-down side of town, and they have a stock that will keep them going for a while. They took their time getting set up, avoiding disturbance to prevent detection during their initial operations. By time the red flags go up, these demons are already selling the kids cigarettes and buying them beer to gain their confidence, but they haven't yet established enough of a presence to start pushing the harder drugs or creating a clientele. It's not going to be long, though.

Left unchecked, these demons will soon have a lively designer drug trade in the popular teenage hangouts of this small town. Of course, local minions of Heaven, or even the law, aren't going to leave them unchecked.

PC Servitors of Fleurity can be brought in as replacements for the original three, or simply extra muscle. Other demonic characters might have orders to help, hinder, or seem to do one while doing the other.

From the angelic point of view, killing the demons is easy and will stop the drug trade – but it won't solve the problems the demons left behind, that of kids addicted to drugs.

FALLS A CREATIONER

“A Creationer walks into a bar . . .” In the East Village, several Creationers, lost without their Archangel, gather in a small bar to commiserate over times past, times future, and their art. One of their number has mentioned a few times at these meetings that he's found a new way that he can concentrate on his art without the pain of loss, and he found it in a punk bar just up the block. He says it's called Chimera, it's been giving him wonderful ideas about his art, and his friends should try some. (See p. 43.)

Fleurity's Pushers have been a part of the East Village scene for nearly a hundred years, and they've used it as a hunting ground to lure Creationers into the bonds of addiction and drag them to Hell. In recent years, this has become easier and easier, and they've stepped up their operations considerably. They've moved into popular Creationer meeting places, and they've started dealing Chimera out of the bathrooms and near the back doors. They've found this new drug to be an immensely successful demonic snare, especially when emphasizing that it dulls the pain of loss.

Unfortunately for these Dealers, they've been targeted by both Judgment and the Game. The local triad of Judgment is understandably alarmed when they discover that demons have been supplying drugs to the Creationer population. The Game, meanwhile, has noticed a number of demons going Renegade, and even rumored to have redeemed, in close proximity to the Creationers, and they're wondering just who's luring who here. (The Game becomes much more attentive when you forget to offer your monthly “honorarium,” too . . .)

Fleurity's Servitors are going to have to cope with ornery Creationers who may not be the piteous souls they seem to be, angels of Judgment who are sure to “just say **no**,” and grasping demons of the Game . . . all while trying to indoctrinate any new Fallen and keep the project going long enough to get their promotions.

IT'S THE GOVERNMENT!

In an urban center in the United States, drug use has gotten so out of control that the demons of Drugs who are dealing are starting to offer health insurance and 401Ks to the human dealers they employ. One sharp young Impudite named Celetham has gotten wise that this state of business can't last forever, because the narcs are, naturally, everywhere, and sooner or later the Man is going to come calling.

Celetham happens to have a few friends in the Media, and he passes an idea by them: how hard would it be to start a scandal which claims the local government is actually supplying the drugs?

Naturally, the Media isn't going to use just *one* spin on things when they can turn it a media circus. The next thing Celetham knows, there are debates raging on television over whether the government really did or did not sell drugs. With this much coverage and controversy, celestials with an interest are going to come knocking pretty soon – and the War on Drugs *can* cut both ways. The local Pushers had best clean up the mess *fast* and return to more covert business, or else they're *all* going to be dealing from inside a maximum security prison!



The American system of ours, call it Americanism, call it Capitalism, call it what you like, gives each and every one of us a great opportunity if we only seize it with both hands and make the most of it.

– Al Capone

SEEDS OF GREED

THE DEBT COLLECTORS

Lucifer conceded the Right of Contract (p. 52) to Mammon when he became Prince, largely because he was amused at the younger Balseraph's nerve in making the request. Since then, Mammon has encouraged his Servitors to “sign up” as many mortals as they can – in return, the demon who wins the contract can expect to be assigned the damned soul as his slave in Hell. Mammonites traditionally sweeten the deal for the mortal with a lump sum (known affectionately as “a golden halo”), and then do their best to make sure the signatory gets thoroughly damned. But sometimes it all goes horribly wrong . . .

A high-ranking official at Mulciber's calls PCs to a meeting over an expensive meal (for which they will be expected to pick up the tab). He has heard that they are an effective trouble-shooting team, and has a very lucrative job for them. He tosses a manila envelope onto the table, marked EYES ONLY, and lets them read the details of Lisa da Cola – who presents a *problem*. Already infamous amongst Servitors of Greed, this mortal con artist was able to sell her soul under assumed names to no fewer than three separate demons. Having pocketed a cool 3 million dollars from the deals, she then managed to sell her services to Saminga, in return for achieving immortality as a mummy.

The demons who were responsible for the original contracts are being punished in Hell, but the Bank wants its money back! Killing Lisa won't help – now that she is undead, her soul will *never* reach Hell. What the PCs are being asked to do is find this woman and get the money from her without alerting her current demonic patron, a Shedite Baron of Death, that they are involved. The Bank official is adamant that the sum to be collected must be *precisely* 4 million dollars (a little more than the original loan, to cover interest).

PCs are free to come up with any schemes they can think of, which may involve selling Lisa fake antiques, kidnapping her pets for ransom, winning from her at gambling, or even helping her to con some other hapless demon and then scamming the money from her afterwards.

(This scenario is for Servitors of Greed, or anyone who is in debt to the Bank. It could be run as a background activity, over a few sessions.)

MAMMON FOR PRESIDENT!

The Prince of Greed has always advocated that one day, demons should openly take over the Earth. Now, his galloping megalomania has gotten the best of him, and he has decided to take matters in hand personally. He is preparing to incarnate himself in a human vessel, Mr. Cash, and stand for the American Presidency, on a platform that appeals directly to the voters' greed!

Rumors of this attempt have reached other Princes, many of whom are desperate to avoid this happening. PCs are contacted due to their corporeal expertise, and instructed to get onto the campaign trail and do whatever it takes to ruin his chances without alerting the mortal world to Heaven or Hell. Initially, they may not be told anything other than "stop this candidate being elected," but as the campaign progresses, it will become clear that Mr. Cash is not all that he appears.

(This is a plot seed for any celestial characters in a humorous or satirical campaign.)

SEEDS OF THEFT

GOING DOWN?

Falling had not been easy for Shabbael – he supposed it never was for anyone, even the Lightbringer. But Jean was wrong, oh so wrong. Shabbael could feel it with all his heart! The child was sick and in the Halls of Progress were the plans for a gene therapy that would cure her condition. How could it be wrong to show the researchers the correct path, to just give them the knowledge? She was so pretty, her smile so sweet and her spirit so bright . . .

But Jean did more than simply punish Shabbael for giving the secret to the humans – he sent his agents to the lab to steal the work back and destroy the notes. He said humans weren't ready for this knowledge, that what he ordered done was for the best. And the little girl died.

And an angry, tormented angel lost faith in Heaven.

Shabbael, Elohite of Lightning, knew the decision to Fall would be a hard one – but he didn't know it would be *this* hard! He had planned everything carefully, rationally. He had made contact with the Shepherds, paid their fee in advance, and placed himself in their hands. He was on the verge of Falling, but hadn't done so yet, and an unstable, newly-Fallen Habbalite wasn't someone you wanted to bring to Hell immediately. He needed to adjust to his new state, and then the Shepherds would convey him to Vapula's court, where he would offer plans stolen from Jean's Halls of Progress as payment for protection.

At least, that was how it was supposed to work. His contact among the Shepherds, a Balseraph named Angelina, had placed him in a room at a rundown beach motel, one apparently owned by the Shepherds. Soon after arriving, she left saying she had "to take care of business elsewhere." She hasn't been back since and it's been over a week. Shabbael is scared. Angelina's instructions to him were explicit – don't leave the room under any circumstances unless accompanied by a Shepherd. While within the room, an artifact used to ward the place (a variant on Djinn Fuzz, *Liber Reliquarum*, p. 58) would protect him from detection by triads of Judgment and Kyriotates of Lightning searching the phone grid. At least he could order pizza safely. Outside, though, he would be exposed and vulnerable.

Shabbael, now a Habbalite (at least, he's pretty sure he is), is a jumble of emotions he doesn't yet know how to handle. What should he do; flee and risk capture? But he can't stay in this room forever! What if he has been betrayed by Angelina? Thieves are supposed to be incredibly unreliable. Whom does he trust?

Player character Thieves (or a single Thief, if part of a mixed party) may encounter Shabbael in several ways. Perhaps one is a friend of Angelina and knows she is a Shepherd. In a moment of weakness, she told him the location of one of the “safe houses” – the room at the motel. When she disappears, the players go looking for her there. Or perhaps they hear rumors of a newly-Fallen angel in the area whom everyone is looking for. From a Djinn contact, who was walking his route in his Role as a homeless person, the demons hear of odd doings at the motel . . .

However the characters are introduced, they face many choices when they encounter Shabbael. First, how do they gain his trust? Only he can open the door from the inside, and he’s paranoid! The players can break it down, but doing so brings a Shedite rapid reaction squad that has orders to destroy everything if the security of the safe house has been breached.

Once they have him, what do they do with him? Taking him to Vapula would be the smart thing – it fulfills the original contract and would put them in good with Johnny K., Vapula, and Valefor. They could attack him and take the plans for themselves, though if this were ever discovered, it would mean facing Valefor’s wrath . . . not a pretty sight. Finally, enterprising Thieves could hold Shabbael in their own secret location and auction him off to the highest bidder. They are not bound by the contract, not being Shepherds themselves, and Valefor might not be too angry – after all, a Thief is supposed to seize opportunities when they come along!

Complications

✧ Shabbael has begun to manifest his Habbalite nature, albeit incorrectly. He has begun to think of himself as weak and deserving of punishment. While the players have him, he tries to contact triads of Judgment and Jean’s own angels to turn himself in. He uses his resonance in a clumsy manner to manipulate those around him – especially humans! – into doing what he wants. In his disturbed state, that could be anything!

✧ What happened to Angelina? Was she ambushed and sent into Trauma by the Host or captured by the Game? Is she who she says she is, or is she just some clever con artist Lilim who rips off stupid new demons and then vanishes? (Shepherds would be upset. Valefor might be enraged, or he might offer her a job.) What if she is an agent of Valefor, and this is all a test? How they react will determine their future with Theft.

✧ And don’t forget the Dominicans combing the area looking for Shabbael!

BAD PUBLICITY

Thieves like publicity, but not this kind. Craig Horning, an up-till-now loyal and highly-regarded Soldier of Theft, has apparently decided to wage his own one-man crusade against celestials of other Words – whether Heavenly or diabolical. It started small, with hits against other Soldiers and very minor Servitors. The kind of thing that could be dismissed as a “turf battle.”

Then things escalated out of control. Craig started hitting more significant targets and leaving a gory trail behind him. Contrary to the Word of Theft, the victims at these new hits were killed in as gory a manner as possible – tortured to death, or raped first, or even flayed alive. In the most recent attack, Craig hit an “E-Z Terms” low-cost loan and check cashing establishment that was popular for its work with the poor. More importantly, it was a business run by an up-and-coming Servitor of Marc named Joseph. The mortal inhabitants were all found dead, hanging from the light fixtures with their intestines trailing down to the floor. Joseph himself was sent into Trauma, and has not yet recovered. Celestials of both camps are angry with the Thieves, who apparently can’t control one of their own mortals. The situation is rapidly reaching the boil-over point and may soon lead to a city-wide war against the Servitors of Theft.



Greed is all right, by the way
I think greed is healthy. You
can be greedy and still feel good
about yourself.

– Ivan F. Boesky

What happened was relatively straightforward. Craig Horning has been taken over by a Renegade Shedite of Death named Tammazael. Finding Horning at a weak moment, the Shedite has ridden him through greater and greater atrocities. His goal is to work himself back into Saminga’s good graces by showing he can create lots of dead bodies real quick – Tammazael is not especially intelligent. He thought the hit against those weaklings at the loan business would get Saminga’s forgiveness, but he has heard nothing yet.

It did, however, provide him with the tools for a bigger and better plan. Joseph possessed several reliquaries, and had also been holding a powerful necromantic relic which can create zombis (perhaps a *Reanimating Shroud* from the *Liber Reliquarum*, p. 78). He had been keeping the latter until his friend, a Malakite of Laurence, could come to take it to Heaven for safekeeping.

Armed with his new toys, Tammazael has a new plan: he will attack “Wizard’s Mountain,” a popular amusement park, on grad night when plenty of happy teenagers will be present. Killing as many as he can, he will then raise as many as possible as zombies. The ensuing terror in service to Death should get Saminga’s attention – and maybe even create a Tether! (Tammazael is too dumb to realize he can’t just “create” a Tether.)

Player characters become involved as concerned Thieves who really don’t want to be the targets in an open war. Perhaps Horning is an underling associated with them, who doesn’t believe “his human” could do something like this. Or maybe they are given orders by Valefor to “find this guy and stop him – kill him if you have to.” Given the effects of a Shedite’s possession, even a savvy Soldier like Horning might have to be killed, as he believes he has converted body and soul to Saminga’s service. It’s the party’s job to end this as quickly as possible.

Cruelty has a human heart,
And jealousy a human face;
Terror, the human form divine,
And Secrecy, the human dress.

– William Blake, *A Divine Image*

Complications

✦ Dodging bullets and Malakite hit squads while trying to find their errant Soldier. Few Servitors of other Princes will be willing to cooperate right now, because relations are so bad. Far from cooperating, previously friendly Diabolicals may now see them as the enemy, and the Game has declared a general hunt against “those insane Thieves!”

✦ Not only has Valefor ordered the PCs to stop the Soldier’s rampage, but he wants the relic for his Trophy Room in the Palazzo Furto. He knows that Horning has stolen it, so he orders his Thieves to “steal it again, no matter who gets the Soldier!”

✦ Saminga may also enter the picture more directly. Perhaps he has heard his former Servitor’s cries for forgiveness and has decided to help. Servitors of Death across the city will launch a killing spree, aiming to distract the authorities, both mortal and celestial, so that Tammazael can carry out his plan and create a nice new Tether among the rides . . . Saminga is not too bright, either.

SEEDS OF TECHNOLOGY

INDIANA RAT AND THE GERBILS OF DOOM

The Story So far

Both Jean and Vapula actively keep track of research efforts on Earth, for different reasons. So it’s not surprising that agents of both Superiors noticed an interesting journal article submitted from a medical laboratory where scientists had been carrying out animal experimentation as part of their research into cancer. The paper reported the progress of one of the lab animals, which had been successfully induced to develop cancer – and subsequently underwent a spontaneous remission. Overnight, the cancerous growths vanished, and the animal returned to its normal, perky, self. Agents of both Superiors raced to follow up the strange discovery, but Jean’s angels managed to infiltrate the laboratory first. Even now, they may be carefully releasing to humanity the secrets of a cure for cancer . . . unless a team of carefully chosen demonic agents can sneak the evidence out under their very noses.

Your Mission, Should You Choose to Accept . . .

PCs are called together by a higher ranking demon, a laboratory director! The director, a Djinn of few words, informs them that they’ve been picked for a very *special* job. It’s going to be on Earth, and the Prince himself has crafted new vessels for the demonic researchers involved. Naturally, success would be very good for the research careers of anyone involved – and unfortunately, those who show reluctance to go will have their current projects trashed.

The plan is for them to infiltrate the laboratory on Earth, steal the lab animal which benefited from the miraculous cure, and bring it back to a Technology Tether where it can be vivisected at leisure. To fool any watching angels, they will be disguised as laboratory animals themselves! Surely no one will think to resonate a rodent. Generously, PCs are given the choice of rats, gerbils, hamsters, or white mice for their vessels.

The Laboratory

The laboratory itself is part of a teaching hospital. Scientists vary from crusty workaholic professors to new postgrads who like to play with the hamsters during their

lunch breaks (prior to experimenting on them in the afternoons). The animals are all kept on one floor, grouped in cages by species. Security on the main door is good, mainly to keep out animal rights activists, but the animal cages are not under constant monitoring. An inquisitive celestial rat can easily escape its cage at night without being spotted.

Lab notes and log-books are scattered throughout the building, either in paper form or on computers. Animal subjects are referred to by number, and each cage is labeled appropriately.

Three angels of Lightning have been assigned to watch the lab. A Malakite has an emotionless female vessel and Role as a visiting academic; a Mercurian has a Role as a night cleaner; and a Kyriotate is in general circulation. While none of them will stop to investigate the animals unless they are acting very strangely, they *are* likely to notice disturbances.

The Animal Rights Activists

One other Archangel has noticed the activity in the laboratory and gotten involved. Jordi hates animal experimentation, even for Heavenly purposes. Some of his human Soldiers are preparing a raid on the lab, to free the poor lab animals from their lives of torture! Unfortunately, the animal rights activists are planning their assault the night after the “demonic animals” have been introduced.

In Summary

The PCs are supposed to escape from their cages during the night without disturbing the Symphony. They are then intended to find the super-hamster, and any relevant notes, and think of a way to get them all out of the building and into a “safe” Tether. Unfortunately, Mr. Squeak is planning his own escape, and a group of animal rights activists sponsored by Jordi, are also planning to break in and free “our innocent furry friends!”

(This is a light-hearted scenario for a group of Vapulans. It could be played as a one-off.)

TILL DEATH DO US PART

Introduction

Vapulans often boast loudly about the wonders of their Master’s Word, and all the incredible things that Technology can achieve. Unfortunately, sometimes other demons take them just a bit too literally. Nigel, an ambitious young Impudite of Technology, has produced some encouraging research results in Tartarus with his wireless aether-net. This was enough for him to be assigned a

MR. SQUEAK, THE SUPER-HAMSTER

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

Skills: Chew Bars/4, Climbing/4, Escape/6, Move Silently/2, Running/2, Tactics/3

Since his miraculous recovery from cancer, Mr. Squeak has become something of a lab mascot. The junior researchers got a petition together, and the project director eventually agreed that the hamster should be spared further invasive experimentation. Because of this, none of the researchers have realized that since his recovery (which *was* a genuine miracle), Mr. Squeak has also realized his full potential and acquired 4 forces. Perhaps there was some Grigori blood in him somewhere along the line . . . The hamster is approaching human levels of intelligence, slowly, as he gets used to the extra brainpower. So far, he hasn’t needed to really think about life, but he is carefully planning an escape from the lab, very soon now.



vessel and a sinecure on Earth – Vapula would like to encourage development of cell phones which could *reliably* communicate between the corporeal and celestial planes!

Research was going well, until Nigel was unlucky enough to get drunk at a party and boast of his work to other demons. The abilities of the celestial cell phone were exaggerated out of all proportion to the truth; the Impudite claimed boldly that his device allowed anyone to speak with the souls of the dead! News of this boast has since drifted to the ears of Atramavid, a Djinn Baron of the Game who would dearly love this ability. A local Renegade recently murdered her own mortal lover to prevent him from being questioned by the Game and giving her plans away, so this knotty problem has been preying on the Djinn’s mind. Being able to perform a post-mortem interrogation would resolve this nicely.

The Sting

Astramavid has carefully arranged a sting operation to pull in Nigel and any demonic allies, under circumstances which will make it seem that they have acted against Hell's best interest. A Seneschal of Gluttony personally invites various lesser demons in the local area to a party at a local club that has become known as a hang-out for Gluttony and Lust – it is ostensibly to celebrate an anniversary of a minor demonic triumph, such as the invention of Twinkies™. The invitation list includes the PCs and Nigel, among others.

The party is wild, and everyone has a chance to be as degenerate as they dare; there are orgies, feasting, and disco balls. Then the Game turns up in full force, and raids the place! They have sleep gas canisters, and any other artifacts they may need to subdue people if resistance gets too wild or victims seem likely to take celestial form and flee. This is the type of operation that Asmodeans do *really* well; GM fiat should ensure that they have the resources they need. If players hate GM fiat, then if PCs escape, the Game can simply capture and torture an NPC ally, who is later released along with Nigel and comes to the PCs for help.

Demands

Later, the partiers wake up groggily in a Tether to the Game, and are taken off to be tried individually. Interrogators know intimate details of their personal lives; and each one is found guilty of insurrection, put to the torture, and then thrown into a cell. (If no evidence exists, then the interrogators explain that a known Renegade was at the party, and they are found guilty by

association.) Eventually a very battered Nigel, in tears, joins them in the cell. Any other demons at the party are assumed to have escaped or bribed their way out.

After a very uncomfortable night (for the victims), Astramavid himself strolls down to the cell for a cozy chat. He explains the situation pleasantly. They are currently all liable to be tortured and killed, having been found guilty. However, there is a small service they can do for Hell, which will nicely wipe the crime off the record. Astramavid shows them a skull, and explains that it belonged to a mortal who he wishes to question. "Of course," he comments, "Technology can even reach beyond the grave these days, so borrowing Nigel's new toy for a short while should be simple to arrange . . ."

By threatening other demons in addition to Nigel, the Djinn expects that they will be able to put more pressure on the Impudite than he would himself. He makes it clear that if they can facilitate his speaking to the deceased, they will all go free. If not, then Bad Things will happen to all of them.

In Summary

Everyone is released, in order to track down the non-existent device. Nigel knows that his cell phone can't fulfill the Game's demands, and will admit this to the PCs under pressure. This leaves few alternatives but to think of ways to set up a hoax call. Perhaps the human ended up in Hell – if so, they could track the soul down and set up a call using Nigel's experimental phone. If the soul is in Heaven, further subterfuge may be necessary . . .

(This scenario would suit any group of PC demons who are unlucky enough to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.)



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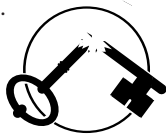
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