

Dea, though I walk
of the shadow of death
for I am the meanest



In November



through the valley
I will fear no evil...
S.O.B. in the valley!



CONTACT WEAPONS

	Power	Accuracy	Skill Required
Punch*	-3	-	Fighting
Kick*	-2	-1	Fighting
Brass Knuckles	-1	-	Small Weapon
Club	+1	-1	Small Weapon
Dagger	-	+1	Small Weapon
Hatchet	+1	-1	Small Weapon
Short Sword	+2	-	Small Weapon
Long Sword	+4	-	Large Weapon
Battle Axe	+4	-1	Large Weapon

* A skill level with Fighting greater than 4 and some kind of protection (steel-tipped boots, heavy gloves) each add 1 point of Power to the kick or punch. A supernatural level of Strength (9 or higher) also adds 1 point of Power to the attack.

RANGED WEAPONS

	Power	Accuracy	Range	Shots
Derringer	-1	+1	5	1 or 2
Revolver	-	-	10	6
.44 Revolver	+3	-	15	6
Sawed-Off Shotgun	+6	-1	3	2
Uzi	+3 (+7)	-	3	30 (5)
Pump Rifle	+5	-	25	10
Carbine Rifle	+3	+1	100	10
M-16	+4 (+8)	-	80	30 (5)

Power is added to or subtracted from the check digit to determine the number of hits inflicted on the target.

Accuracy is the bonus or penalty which this type of attack gives to the initial skill roll to hit.

Range is an increment. At a number of yards up to the number listed, there is no distance penalty. From Range up to $2 \times$ Range, take -1 to skill; from $2 \times$ Range up to $3 \times$ Range take -2; from $3 \times$ Range up to $4 \times$ Range take -3, and so on.

Shots gives the number of shots in a fully-loaded weapon.

All ranged weapons simply use the Ranged Weapon skill with the appropriate proficiency. Numbers in parentheses are the values used when firing in bursts.

ATTACK MODIFIERS

Event	Contact	Ranged
Surprise	+1	-
Rear Attack	+1	-
Moving Target	-	-1
Moving Attacker	-1	-1
Telescope	-	+1
Aim (one turn)	+1	+1
Aim (two turns)	+1	+2
Aim (three or more)	+1	+3
Night or low light	-1	-2
Severe darkness	-4	-6

Contact bonuses apply to contact weapon attacks and to ranged attacks within half the weapon's Range score. Surprise and Rear Attacks may not be Dodged - they take their full effects!

STRIKING ARTIFACTS

Artifacts may be destroyed in combat, if they're purposely targeted. Most artifacts are small, hand-held items, earning attackers at least a -2 difficulty to target them.

The item's user can make a Dodge roll to get it out of harm's way. If the Dodge is successful, have the attacker roll again immediately to hit, against the object's protector!

	Penalty	Hits
Ring	-4*	3
Dagger	-3	2
Wand	-3	1
Chalice	-2	1
Book	-2	8*
Club	-2	2
Sword	-2	4
Fine sword	-2	8+*
Handgun	-2	4*
Rifle	-1	6*

*see p. 62

ARMOR TYPES

Armor	Modifier	Protection
Heavy Clothing	1	-
Leather	2	1
Chainmail	3	2 (-1 vs. firearms)
Kevlar	2 (4 vs. firearms)	2
Steel Plating	4	3

Modifier is the penalty to the attacker's "to hit" skill roll.

Protection is the number of hits of damage the armor absorbs. For game purposes, armor does not itself take damage except by the GM's cinematic fiat!

GIMME SHELTER

	Hits	Protection
Sheet Metal	2	2
Wooden Wall	2/inch thick	1
Brick Wall	6/inch thick	2
Concrete	8/inch thick	4
Reinforced Concrete	12/inch thick	4
Motorcycle	8/-4	1
Small Car	16/-8	2
Large Car	24/-12	2
Pickup Truck	32/-12	3
Truck	60/-16	3
Helicopter	32/-8	2
Small Tank	60/-20	6
Heavy Tank	100/-24	6

Statistics for walls give the strength for a one-yard-wide section, one yard high. In other words, the size of a hole you could squeeze through.

On a hit, add the Power of the attacker's weapon to the check digit rolled, and subtract the object's Protection. The remainder is the number of hits it takes. See *In Nomine*, p. 63, for more details.

See *In Nomine*, pp. 61-68, for more information on combat.

COMBAT SUMMARY

Resolve combat in the following order each round:

1. Anyone wishing to use a supernatural power (a Song, a resonance or an attunement, either as an attack or otherwise) may do so. The person with the highest Perception goes first, and so on in descending order. Making a supernatural attack counts as an action for this round of combat. Supernatural powers which aid other actions (such as the resonance of the Ofanim) may be used now in preparation for the later action. Victims of some mental or celestial onslaughts may make Will rolls to resist; this doesn't count as an action.

2. Anyone wishing to move may do so. The person with the highest Agility goes first, and so on in descending order. Merely moving doesn't count as an action, but moving in conjunction with a skill (i.e., Running, Swimming, etc.) does. However, *celestial* movement is an action. A being in celestial form may not both move and attack (in any way) on the same round.

3. Each person may make one action if they haven't already; an attack is one action. Again, the person with the highest Agility moves

first, and so on. Those who attempted a supernatural attack or made a skill-based move may not make a normal attack as well.

4. Anyone who has been attacked this round may attempt to Dodge any attack they did not try to resist.

5. Resolve damage for all attacks which hit, including possible stunning, unconsciousness and death.

The round is over; if there are any combatants left, start a new round at step 1.

Combatants who take no other action may either *Full Dodge* or *Aim* for the whole turn.

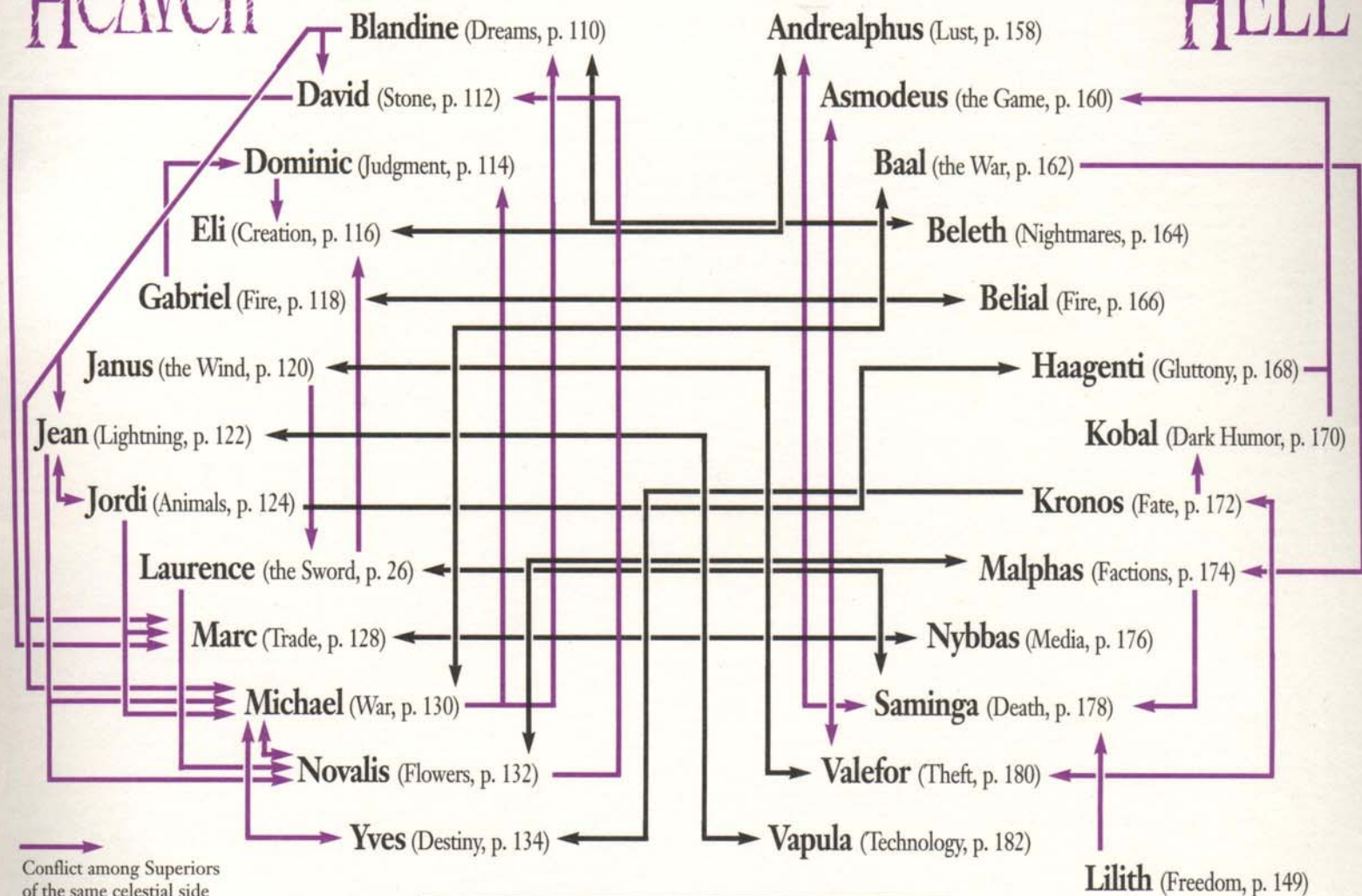
Choosing to Full Dodge for the entire round gives a +2 bonus to all Dodge rolls for that turn.

Choosing to Aim for the entire round will add +1 to hit the intended target unless the aimer take damage that round; this destroys his concentration and negates the advantage of aiming. The maximum bonus from aiming is +1 for contact weapons and +3 (three successive rounds of aiming!) for ranged weapons.

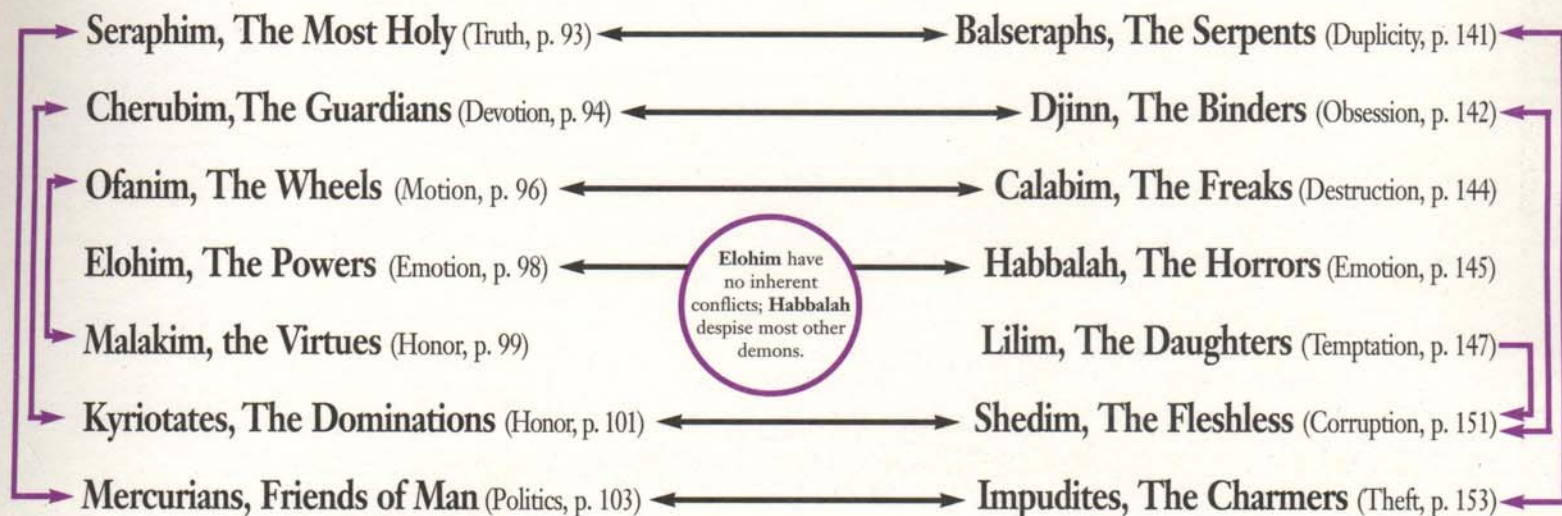
THE FORCES OF Heaven

A GEOPOLITICAL DIAGRAM OF THE MAJOR CELESTIAL SUPERIORS

THE FORCES OF HELL



A COMPARISON OF THE MAJOR CHOIRS AND BANDS: THEIR RESONANCES, CONFLICTS AND ANALOGS



DISTURBING THE SYMPHONY

Spending Essence+1 per point of Essence

Entering or Leaving the
Corporeal Plane+number of Forces
entering or leaving

Appearance of a Superior

(in corporeal form)+20

(in celestial form)+30

Destroying+1 per Corporeal Force
or +1 per 4 Body hits

Killing a Human+10 per human

Add the above modifiers to a character's perception roll to detect celestial intervention in the Symphony. The range is equal to the modifier (in yards) times the perceiver's Celestial Forces. Every increment of this basic range from the disturbance reduces the chance of success by 1.

SONGS: THEIR EFFECTS AND DEGREES OF DISTURBANCE

	Range	Duration	Disturbance
Attraction (p. 78)			
Corporeal	contact	skill × Essence	check
Ethereal	feet = Ethereal	skill × Essence	check
Celestial	contact	skill × Essence	check
Charm* (p. 78)			
Corporeal	yards = skill × Essence	minutes = Corporeal	check
Ethereal	yards = skill × Essence	hours = Ethereal	check
Celestial	yards = skill × Essence	rounds = Celestial	check
Dreams (p. 79)			
Corporeal	—	check + Corporeal	targets affected
Ethereal	target's dreamscape	check + Ethereal	targets affected
Celestial	target's dreamscape	special	targets affected
Entropy (p. 80)	contact	special	check + total Forces
Form (p. 80)	contact	minutes = check × type of Force	check (when Song ends)
Harmony (p. 80)			
Corporeal	yards = skill × Essence	rounds = check + Corporeal	targets affected
Ethereal	yards = skill × Essence	minutes = check	targets affected
Celestial	contact	minutes = skill	targets affected
Healing (p. 81)			
Corporeal	contact	—	check
Ethereal	eye contact	—	check
Celestial	contact	—	check
Light (p. 81)			
Corporeal	yards = skill × Essence	minutes = check + Corporeal	none
Ethereal	feet = skill × Essence	minutes = check + Ethereal	none
Celestial	line of sight	—	none
Motion (p. 81)			
Corporeal	—	minutes = check	check
Ethereal	yards = skill	minutes = check	check
Celestial	skill (special; see p. 82)	instant	check
Possession* (p. 83)	line of sight	minutes = check + (Celestial × 10)	check + total Forces
Projection* (p. 83)			
Corporeal	special	rounds = check + Corporeal	Celestial × 2
Ethereal	special	minutes = check + Ethereal	Celestial × 2
Celestial	special	minutes = check + Celestial	Celestial × 2
Shields (p. 84)			
Corporeal	feet = skill × Essence	rounds = check + Corporeal	check
Ethereal	feet = skill × Essence	rounds = check + Ethereal	check
Celestial	feet = skill × Essence	minutes = check + Celestial	check
Thunder (p. 84)	yards = skill × Essence	rounds = check	check + total Forces
Tongues (p. 85)			
Corporeal	hearing range	hours = check	none
Ethereal	yards = skill × Essence	minutes = check	none
Celestial	The Symphony	instant	none

Skill means the performer's skill level at the Song. *Corporeal*, *Ethereal* and *Celestial* refer to the performer's Forces of that type. *Check* refers to the check digit of the roll. Songs cost at least 1 Essence. Those with an asterisk (*) cost at least 2 Essence.

THE THREE FORCES

CORPOREAL (BODY)

Governs Strength and Agility

Corporeal damage is taken in Body hits. Body hits are equal to a character's Corporeal Forces (plus the level of his vessel) times his Strength. A character falls unconscious after taking a number of hits equal to his Body. After taking additional Body hits equal to (vessel times Strength), he's dead.

Mortal creatures regenerate a hit of Body damage every (6-Strength) days, with a minimum of 1 day. Celestials, and most spirits, regenerate a hit every day.

ETHEREAL (MIND)

Governs Intelligence and Precision

Ethereal damage is taken in Mind hits. Mind hits are equal to a character's Ethereal Forces times his Intelligence. A character falls unconscious after taking a number of hits equal to his Mind, and is ejected from the ethereal realm if he was there. He also acquires a level of Ethereal Discord. Additional Mind hits beyond someone's normal capacity for damage have no effect.

Mind hits regenerate as quickly as Body hits.

CELESTIAL (SOUL)

Governs Will and Perception

Celestial damage is taken in Soul hits. Soul hits are equal to a character's Celestial Forces times his Will. Celestial damage may only be taken while in celestial form. A character randomly loses 1 Force after taking a number of hits equal to his Soul; roll 1 die (1-2 = Corporeal, 3-4 = Ethereal, 5-6 = Celestial). The victim immediately loses 4 points of the appropriate characteristics, divided as he chooses.

Soul hits are restored at 1 per week.

REACTION ROLLS

The GM makes all reaction rolls. The target of a reaction roll is always 6, *plus* the Status (p. 43) and Charisma (p. 48), if any, of the PC or his physical vessel. However, the Fast-Talk skill can be substituted for a "normal" reaction roll. The GM may allow other skills to be substituted as well, such as Seduction to talk your way out of a traffic ticket.

More advice on using reaction rolls are on p. 44.

On a Successful Roll's Check Digit, the NPC . . .

- 1is mostly apathetic, but will grant any requests that don't inconvenience him.
- 2is friendly and will grant any requests that won't get him in trouble.
- 3is very friendly, might offer suggestions, and might even bend the rules a bit.
- 4as above, and would use his influence on the PCs' behalf if they need help from someone else he knows.
- 5as above, and will continue looking out for their best interests even in their absence.
- 6as above; would do almost anything the PCs ask, and tries to think of more ways to help.

On a Failed Roll's Check Digit, the NPC . . .

- 1shows obvious distaste for the PCs, but may be convinced to aid them through inaction.
- 2doesn't like the PCs, but may accept a bribe.
- 3doesn't like the PCs, and won't deal with them.
- 4really doesn't like the PCs, and will work against them.
- 5will betray the PCs to their enemies.
- 6is directly opposed to the PCs and will oppose them directly, by whatever means are convenient.



GAME MASTER PACK In Nomine™

FEATURING THE ADVENTURE
"FEAST OF BLADES," BY S. JOHN ROSS

INTRODUCTION

When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee: And put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties, for they are deceitful meat.

— Proverbs 23:1-3 (KJV)

Feast of Blades is an *In Nomine* adventure for three to five Celestials, angelic or diabolical. The adventure could also be run for a group of Soldiers, but the GM may wish to tone down some of the conflicts to a level suiting mere mortals. The story may also be used as the basis for a one-on-one adventure, with a single player and GM (see p. 16).

This adventure involves many factions and conflicting motives, and should not be run without advance preparation. The GM should read the entire adventure beforehand, and familiarize himself with the NPCs involved. In particular, read first the sections on Litheroy (p. 18), Alaemon (p. 21), Hamet (p. 28), and the Dagger of Bithynia (p. 24). That will provide vital background for the rest of the text.

It would be inappropriate for the players to read any of this booklet before having completed the adventure. Once *Feast of Blades* has been concluded, both Litheroy and Alaemon may be used as Superiors for PCs, if the GM wishes.

Feast of Blades

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FEAST OF BLADES

Thus saith the Lord God; an evil, an only evil, behold, it is come.

—Ezekiel 7:5 (KJV)

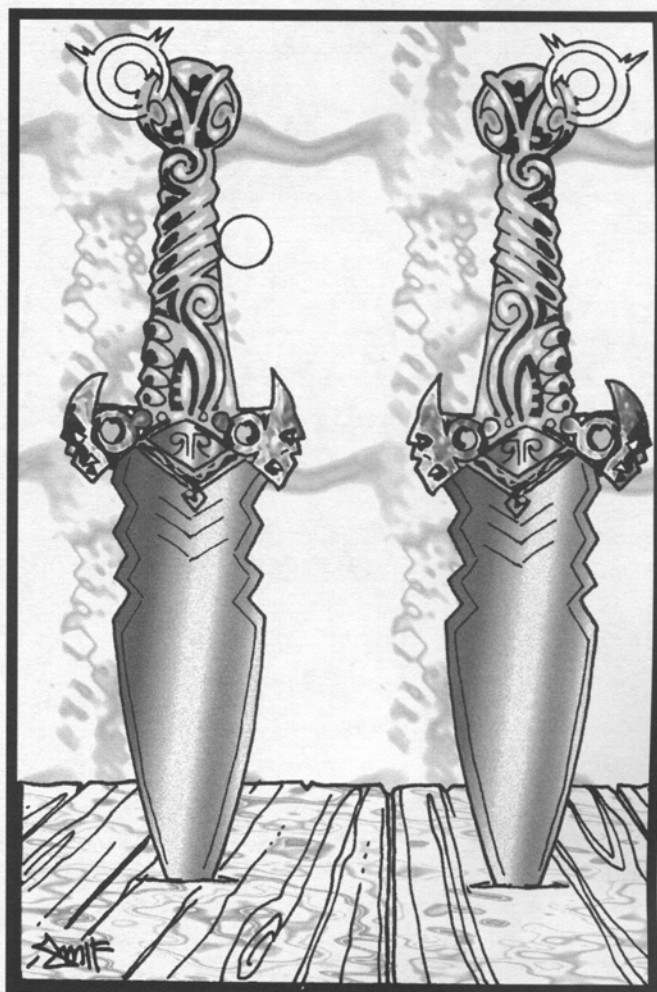
It's mid-December, deep in winter, and the PCs are at an airport, packed to the walls with floods of humanity. Sometime, in the next few hours, something very valuable is due to land. It's the holiday season, and families are milling around, putting themselves through hell to be together at Christmas. Angels and demons alike can watch with ironic satisfaction as a hundred Words are exemplified by this ritual – half of them infernal, half divine. Overall, though, the season seems to belong to Nybbas this year.

As the first scene opens, the PCs are beginning a waiting game (see *What Has Gone Before*) and most likely examining the crowd around them. Every flight is late, and the atmosphere of anxiety isn't calmed by the grating holiday Muzak . . .

THE FATE OF FLIGHT 8081

To set the mood and relax the players, the GM may wish to warm up with a few improvised encounters before the central action explodes onto center stage. This will give the celestial agents an opportunity to flex their wings and feel cocky. A crowded airport in the middle of the holiday season offers a little slice of every kind of human drama the GM might care to explore:

Punishing the Guilty: Any crowd draws thieves and predators, and angels serving the more militant Archangels (such as Gabriel or Dominic) should find



their fair share of shoplifters, pickpockets, and muggers. Furthermore, the huddled, anxious families will include everything from abusive husbands to drug-dealing children. The PCs could witness any number of sins and act to punish them.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

The Dagger of Bithynia is a small blade of bronze, a Relic thought lost for 700 years. Its last known role in history was in Russia, in the late 13th century, where Orthodox priests employed it in the service of the Grand Prince of Moscow against Tver, Moscow's competition for central control of Russia. Moscow had the knife, and Moscow won.

The dagger, forged near the southern shores of the Black Sea around the time of Christ, has a long history of being traded back and forth between the forces of Heaven and Hell. Now, it seems that history is about to repeat itself. Nine days ago, the dagger reappeared.

Exactly *where* it has been will depend on the campaign. The default assumption is that it reappeared in Portugal, where it has been the prize tool of a group of sorcerers dating back to the Middle Ages. An angel, inexperienced and foolish, crossed swords with the cabal and lost, but survived long enough to bear word of the blade.

Word leaked, somehow, or maybe the sorcerers went to their demons to demand power. Now, a Demon Prince or two knows about the blade, as well as the hosts of Heaven. A week-long game of cat-and-mouse between angels and demons resulted. Nobody seemed ready for the fight, and it kept slipping through fingers – not surprising, considering its potential for secrecy (see p. 24 for its powers). To add to the air of mystery, nobody *recognized* any of the handful of demons involved – not even other demons. Whichever Prince was behind

it, he had taken care to use some fresh – or well-hidden – agents to do the job.

The last runner to have the ball was a lone agent of hell – one of the sorcerers, who jumped a plane to the States, leaving a wake of blood. The plane is due to land in a few hours. The PCs are there.

The characters for *Feast of Blades* may be on either side of the War, since both sides want the dagger. It's currently being transported by an agent of Alaemon, Demon Prince of Secrets, to the city where the PCs dwell. (He's really only a dupe.) Hamet (p. 28), one of Alaemon's favored Dukes, intends to collect the blade for his lord, and crack open its secrets . . . None of the other Princes owes Alaemon any special favors, and those who know that the blade is once again "in play" have their own agendas (see p. 29). Heaven, obviously, wants *none* of them to have it. And everybody on *both* sides resents Alaemon's arrogance.

The destination city, again, is left for the GM to determine. As written, it works best if it is in the northeast corridor of the United States – Richmond; Washington, D.C.; Baltimore; New York City; or Boston. The requirements are an airport that handles international traffic, and a climate that supports a terrible, icy winter.

To suit the campaign, any of these details can be changed. Perhaps the dagger resurfaced in Toronto, and is flying to Quebec. Perhaps it appeared in Berlin, and is landing at Heathrow.

Outdoing the Guilty: Diabolicals can amuse themselves with crimes of their own devising; anyone with a taste for theft, puppeteering, or other violations of innocent humans will find the airport to be a smorgasbord of victims, from punks and attorneys that no one will care about to entire families of good people, lost and confused and 15 minutes late to their departure gate. Perhaps someone can help them find the way . . .

Aid to Those In Need: Across the terminal, an old woman falls to the floor with a heart attack. In the center concourse, a woman desperately searches the crowd for her lost son. Out on the runway, an injured technician lies bleeding on the snow, having fallen from an open boarding ramp.

A Little Slice of Suffering: Across the terminal, a lonely old woman could use a good scare. Over near the news-

stand is a little boy out of sight of his mother. And look! That idiot technician won't notice when we pull this mobile stairway a few feet to the left . . . Holiday fun abounds.

COMPETITIVE EDGES

The PCs aren't the only group waiting at the airport for the dagger to arrive. There are three other sides (more, if the GM adds some) to this particular hunt:

Officer Amanda Kale, a *Role of Eileth* (p. 26), a *Renegade Lilim Servitor of Alaemon* (p. 21): A local city cop, Amanda Kale made a special point of being assigned to patrol the airport tonight . . . She wants the dagger to bargain for her safety, and has decided the best way to do it is to stay circulating in the parking area, watching for disturbances while keeping the motor warm . . . if there's

STORY OVERVIEW

The plot of *Feast of Blades* has a simple three-act structure that should be adaptable to any campaign style. A quick reference for the GM:

Act One: Plane Crash. The airport wait comes to a dramatic end as a Boeing 777 crashes onto a crowded major highway. Amid the wreckage and flames the PCs spot a celestial, which draws them to the scene. Clearly the bearer of the dagger has gone, leaving blood in his wake. They encounter others searching for the dagger as well.

Act Two: Pursuit of a Sorcerer. Following clues to an errant sorcerer, the PCs find him being slowly destroyed by his relic. The sorcerer is just beginning to realize that he has been duped by his demon, who used him to cause the crash as a diversion. The PCs find the truth.

Act Three: The Prince's Fair Feast. Alaemon's Duke, Hamet, already possesses the real dagger (see p. 24), and has all along. He used it to create a "secret" area (see p. 25) that completely encloses Landridge House, the Prince's most valuable infernal Tether. The PCs must go there and confront Hamet before he can release a forgotten Demon Prince into the world.

any significant trouble, she'll hear about it on the radio. The PCs will certainly encounter her later, but any visible disturbances (a rumble with Huzrael and his pack, for instance – see below) will bring her on the scene early. If the scene is *really* ugly, she might even resort to calling for police backup.

Kadris (p. 26), a Mercurian Servitor of Litheroy (p. 18): Kadris has just returned from Lisbon, where he watched the cat-and-mouse game over the dagger. He stayed clear of it in order to intercept the dagger on this side of the Atlantic, on his home turf. He is on the mission directly for Litheroy, having been charged with the task of locating the dagger, uncovering its history, and serving it up to Litheroy. Like Amanda (p. 26), Kadris is certain to pop up later, but may be noticed at the airport, dressed in a dingy hat and overcoat and watching just about everybody with a careful eye.

Huzrael's Pack: An experienced Balseraph, Huzrael (p. 27), has angered Valefor, his Prince. Stealing the Dagger of Bithynia is his shot at regaining favor, but he's been given four "assistants" to break in while he's doing it – some less-than-inspiring Impudites, plucked from the

catacombs of Stygia and given a chance to prove themselves on Earth. Huzrael resents the "whiny brat-pack of primping idiots" and would just as soon rip off their heads as lead them, but he wants that dagger *badly*.

Huzrael and his flunkies are likely to be trouble right from the start; see below.

CANDID CAMERA

This scene takes place when one or more of the PCs are in or near the arrival gate for Flight 8081. If they have scattered themselves throughout the airport dealing with subplots, either lure them there or wait until they arrive on their own before springing this on them. If only *some* of the searchers are inside (perhaps with others stationed on the runway in case the dagger's bearer makes a break for it outside), that's fine.

It should begin with a sound at the edge of consciousness – a murmur. About 15 feet away, people are starting to pull away from the windows, away from the monotony of snowfall, and gather around a man with a hand-portable LCD television set.

If the PCs get closer, or just carefully listen in, they'll hear the sound of a news reporter shouting over background noise:

... in ambulances from four local hospitals. Rescue and fire departments from neighboring counties have been alerted, but the inclement weather and blocked traffic are hindering attempts to bring aid to the wounded. Fortunately for all concerned, the fires are not spreading, but until more medical help arrives, we won't begin to have an accurate count of survivors – or of the dead.

The broadcast switches back to the studio, but on the tiny screen an inset window shows a scene of terrible destruction. A large passenger jet, twisted at the middle, with one wing shorn off, lies amid the flames of a crowded, icy highway. A Boeing 777 tried to use a busy freeway as a landing strip . . .

Around the PCs, voices begin chattering nervously, many of them in what sounds like Spanish (in truth, it's Portuguese). One woman begins to cry, as the computer-generated letters *Lisbon Flight 8081: Stay Tuned For More* . . . rotate onto the bottom of the screen. Right next to one of the PCs, a tiny man in a leather jacket begins to chuckle, and then to laugh hysterically. A large, bearded man standing behind him gives him a nasty look and slaps him across the back of the head. The voice on the television is that of a dull-looking anchorman:

The plane itself, according to preliminary reports, was carrying more than 400 passengers and crew. Many have apparently survived, but many more on the crowded highway are dead, their cars overturned or crushed by the sliding aircraft...

Around that time, some uniformed representatives of the airline enter the arrival gate waiting area and begin making speeches for everybody to be calm. What the PCs notice at this point depends on what they pay attention to:

The Crying Woman: Linda Pedroza is a U.S. citizen, born here in 1964 to immigrant parents from Spain. Her husband's grandparents, connecting with the Lisbon flight from Barcelona, were on flight 8081. The PCs can meet them later on (p. 9).

The Laughing Jerk: This is Tiny, an Impudite with a sick sense of humor (p. 27). He can't stop his giggling, and the large bearded man (see below) is getting angrier and angrier.

The Large, Bearded Man: This is Huzrael, leading his pack of rookie Impudites. The other three are stifling grins as Huzrael deals with Tiny (see above).

The Man with the TV Set: Sitting stunned with fingers barely clutching the tiny plastic set, Gary Hardesty was waiting for the return of his wife, a travel writer, from her recent tour of Portugal. On the screen, a police officer is walking carefully past a torn piece of metal, her face wearing an expression more of curiosity than concern. This is Eileth (p. 26), in her Role as Officer Amanda Kale. Unfortunately for her, her Aura/6 Discord is showing nicely... Any PCs get a Perception+6 roll to catch on.

If the PCs *do* notice (and they should), the bearded man (Huzrael) will notice, too, and the PCs will *definitely* hear when he mutters, "That *bitch!*" under his breath, and his flunkies shut up...

The Airline Reps: They keep pronouncing Portugal "PORCHuhgul," but they seem to be sincerely concerned and very, very shaken. They're trying, as a group, to make a speech that combines sympathy, calm, a sense of order, and information about insurance. It is not pretty.

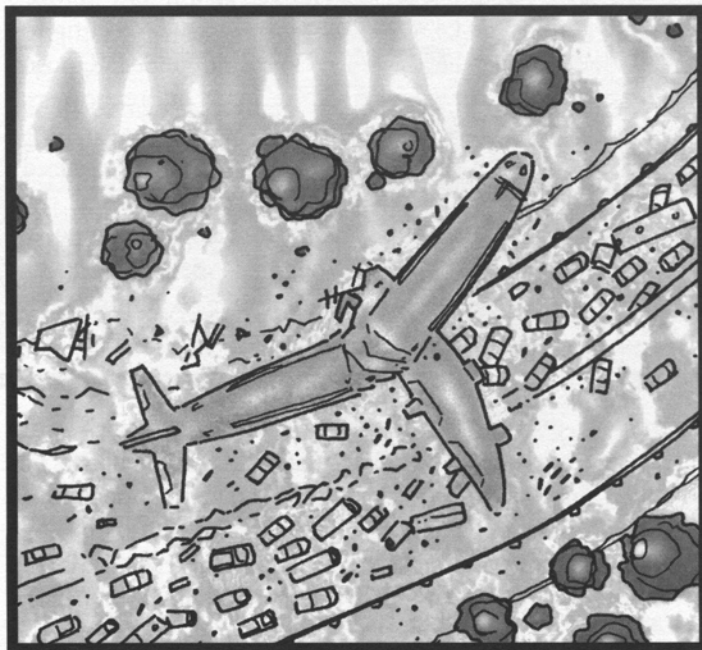
Huzrael, Tiny and company are described on p. 27. Their shotguns are in their car, parked in one of the open outdoor lots with easy access to the highway.

What the PCs do about the presence of the Balseraph and his sidekicks is difficult to predict, but the outcome should be guided by two central facts:

Huzrael isn't about to let any more competition get to the crash site if he can help it. "Officer Kale" is quite enough for him.

On the other hand, Huzrael has minimal faith in his charges, and will pull them out of any conflict (physical or otherwise) in which they are getting whipped, in order to ambush the PCs later.

To Huzrael's credit, he doesn't want any kind of scene, but will be very surprised to realize he's standing next to a bunch of "fellow" celestials, if the PCs let on in any way. Huzrael's preferred course of action would be to exchange some nasty banter and "take things outside," away from the additional complications of airport security and human messes. He just wants to get out of the airport and to the crash scene as quickly as possible (probably a lot like the PCs). One potential problem: Huzrael's charges are rank amateurs, and if *they* realize that there's competition in the room (especially on the side of the divine), they'll be spoiling for a rumble right then.



Huzrael caught a glance of Eileth/Amanda in the parking lot about an hour previously, but couldn't catch up to her to challenge her. He isn't sure if she's angel or demon, but he's seriously upset that she's at the crash site before he is.

WHAT ROBERTO DID

Roberto Raposo (p. 28) is a Sorcerer, the leader of a tiny but long-lived cabal centered near Lisbon, Portugal. His group has owned the Dagger of Bithynia for many generations, and it was Roberto who instructed his fellow wizards to split the dagger's power into a duplicate.

Roberto had no idea that the "magic" in the dagger was the bound energies of Gebbeleth, the original Prince of Secrets. Thus, he never had cause even to think that it might be somehow harmful to tear a demon's very being in half (see *The Dagger of Bithynia*, p. 24).

Just after the deed was done, one of Hamet's underlings found them, and Alaemon granted Hamet the task of dealing with the dagger. Admiring their considerable knack for secrecy, Hamet elected to approach the sorcerers directly, taking them as personal servants. He appeared before them as a helpful demonic slave, eager to encourage them one way and another . . . toward greater power. Hamet promised Roberto and his friends that he possessed many secrets, and on that count, he did not lie.

It took Hamet a few weeks to realize what had been done to the dagger, and when he found out, he was furious. Naturally, he kept the danger to himself, electing to use the sorcerers thereafter as disposable fodder. Raposo was promised that the knife had many more powers, including the power to keep him safe from all harm, provided the proper ritual was performed. Hamet assured him that a plane full of people, deliberately crashed at the right place and time (with some rubbish about the waxing moon thrown in), would feed the dagger and make its owner godlike. Raposo was assured that his humble servant, Hamet, very much wanted him to be a god. He was

given a plane ticket . . . and a few shots of vodka, in case he decided to chicken out. Hamet even had some servants at the destination point make hotel reservations, but it was never Hamet's intent that the sorcerer reach the hotel.

It was easy for Raposo to believe. The group had *already* been "feeding" the dagger regularly, anyway. He took the ticket and the vodka, got on Lisbon Flight 8081 heading for the United States, and settled into a relaxing first-class flight, eyeing the stewardesses and eating peanuts and generally living it up. When the plane neared its destination and was assigned a holding pattern, he performed a brief prayer to the "Gods of Invulnerability" (Hamet had barely kept a straight face when describing the ritual), asked the stewardess for a fresh glass of vodka, drank it, walked into the cabin and shot the crew. Happily high and ready to be godlike, he took the controls, and killed rather a lot of people in the process of "landing" the airplane. Hamet had wanted a no-survivors dive into the terminal, not a spectacular slide down a crowded highway, but Raposo was in high spirits, and his mood was only slightly dampened by his newly-broken arm. Invulnerable? Hmmm.

Roberto Raposo, still not godlike, emerged from the crash, and felt terrible. Not at *all* godlike. Never having been sane to begin with, he simply assumed that his method of crashing the plane had been insufficiently deadly (very true, from Hamet's perspective), and began killing survivors. When the cops started showing up in numbers, he moved on toward the city, stealing a car on a nearby side road.

Kadris is nearby, and is bound to realize what's going on as fast as the PCs do, if not faster. If trouble breaks out between the PCs and Huzrael, he'll take the opportunity to slip past and hurry to the crash site, *unless* the PCs obviously reveal themselves as angelic, and seem to need his help, in which case he'll pitch in and meet them early.

SCENES OF CARNAGE

Getting to the crash scene will involve dealing with more than Huzrael. Traffic on the highway where the plane "landed" (the GM should select a roadway appropriate to the airport used) was already bumper-to-bumper due to accidents and poor weather. The roads

are icy, crowded, and cordoned off by the police as best as they can manage (they're still working on it). What little access there is has been clogged by curious onlookers, a few desperate families of the passengers, hordes of media, and a fleet of ambulance and rescue vehicles. Into this theater of revolving lights, blowing snow and wails of misery walk the PCs.

A Boeing 777 airliner is nearly 70 yards long, and almost as wide, with both wings still attached. That isn't the case on the dark and snowy highway where the PCs will find themselves; Roberto Raposo (see p. 28 and sidebar above) managed to shear off one wing neatly in the last dozen yards of his deadly slide across heavy traffic.

The wreck has all the earmarks of something like a controlled landing – substituting 64 huddled automobiles for landing gear. The plane descended almost smoothly, with a mad sorcerer at the controls, whooping like a kid on a roller coaster and thinking himself invincible. Cars flipped and were crushed; one slid with the plane nearly 50 yards. The plane itself is bent and torn near the middle, with its one wing flipped over the opposite lanes about 30 feet behind where it should be. Secondary fires, caused by gasoline, kerosene and the explosions of some of the automobiles, still burn relentlessly in the falling snow, but that part seems mostly under control.

HUZRAEL

If the PCs royally whipped Huzrael and his pack at the airport or on the way, the demons will try to sneak back and prepare some kind of ambush. The GM should plan it from Huzrael's point of view, emphasizing his strengths while glossing over the pack's weaknesses (and employing their shotguns; they *love* their shotguns).

Huzrael will want to watch carefully from a distance, letting others do the work. His resonance (amplified by his Band attunement) is potent, and he'll be working overtime revising the truth to suit his needs. In an ideal universe (from Huzrael's perspective), either the PCs or Amanda will find the dagger, and then he and his pack of thieves will steal it. He doesn't know about Kadris. Keep in mind that the pack, while noisy, inexperienced and generally stupid, are dangerous in a fight and *are* capable of a reasonable amount of stealth.

The same rules apply as before: If Huzrael thinks that things are too hot, he'll pull out, waiting to ambush in a later scene, and follow the PCs from a distance. This pattern will continue until he either get what he wants, or is utterly defeated. The GM should use Huzrael and company for shock value throughout the adventure.

AMANDA & KADRIS

There are few things as hazardous as a lone, determined Lilim Renegade. Eileth (using her Role of Officer Amanda Kale, p. 26) used to serve Alaemon, and knows enough secrets to be dangerous to him. The Prince wants her destroyed utterly, and she wants the dagger to use as leverage to buy her way back into Hell, preferably as a servant of a different and *saner* Superior . . .

Eileth, as Amanda, made sure she was patrolling outside the airport, which would allow her to move quickly

in any direction necessary to get the dagger. It worked. When the plane crashed, she was among the first to know, and ordered to the scene. Fine with her. She's still rooting through the wreckage, trying to see if the dagger has been hidden in any of the wrecked cars; if she needs it, she will use her Song of Shields to cloak her actions in flurries of snow. The baggage compartments of the 777 aren't going to be opened any time soon, but she *knows* it's not in there. There's an echo, a dim resonance in the Symphony that any celestial will notice, that says that something powerful has been *active* here . . . no normal relic would trigger such a lingering signature, but the dagger (even the flawed copy) is still very much the dying presence of a lost Demon Prince.

Unlike most celestial agents, she's easy to spot, because of her Aura (see her description on p. 26).

Kadris (see above, p. 4, and p. 26 for stats) should be roleplayed as a gruff "Columboesque" detective (private, though – not police).

This is his personality, not a Role; angels of Revelation don't take Roles. Kadris is a powerful angelic servant of Litheroy, and takes his mission very seriously. He'll be rooting around as much as Amanda, and as soon as he spots her (it could take a while; the wreckage is spread along a 300-yard swath of destruction, and is crowded with rescue workers and cops, among others), he'll move cautiously toward her trying to figure out what to do.



Amanda and Kadris play special roles in the adventure; each is provided as a mouthpiece for the use of the GM. If the PCs are demonic, they should run into Amanda, who will latch onto them and seek to bargain for their aid (being a Lilim, she *knows* how to make a deal). She'll stick to her Role and keep looking on her own when the PCs finally leave the scene, but she'll give them a pager number and her number at the police station. For angels, Kadris serves a similar role. Unlike Amanda, he'll be

open with what he knows and what he's doing, and appeal to the PCs' better natures. He'll likewise strike out on his own, leaving his cell phone number. Kadris has a particularly valuable power for tracking the dagger – his Sense of Significance makes him nearly immune to the dagger's most irritating property, the power to pervert any clues that its user leaves behind (see p. 25). The attunement reveals such clues as "left behind by the perp, but misleading and tampered with in some way," which all by itself is a valuable piece of information.

By the same token, Amanda and Kadris are each provided as a *foil*. Demons will run afoul of Kadris's caustic wit, carefully-utilized Songs and, if necessary, his accurate handgun. Angels will run afoul of Amanda in a similar fashion. In both roles (mouthpiece and foil), however, these two are meant more for dialogue than combat. For combat, use Huzrael and his brat-pack.

DIM POOLS OF SUFFERING

The party should be allowed to explore the crash area freely (with possible flashes of conflict peppering the scene). The crowds are dense enough that the police shouldn't be *too* much of a hindrance, unless open combat breaks out. The GM should play that by ear, giving the players a challenge without frustrating them or bogging down the pace.

The following scenes are scattered around the crash site, lit by the flashing lights of emergency vehicles. These scenes provide the clues that lead to the Second Act of the adventure (see p. 4). While the scenes here provide an overview and establish the pattern, the GM may wish to improvise more. There are many, *many* more.



8

GM'S PACK

The Airplane

The sights and sounds of human suffering are thick here. The emergency hatchways have been opened, and rescue workers are working through the wrecked body of the plane attempting to remove survivors first, and to catalog the dead last. Some of the survivors are moving out on their own, milling around aimlessly, huddling with one another in thin airline blankets, drinking out of police thermoses and crying.

Most of the police and rescue workers are tired and impatient; they just want to keep the scene from erupting into even more chaos, and want to get home to warm beds. Some of them are crying, too.

The PCs may end up interacting with any of these, and can get the following information:

Plane Survivors: Any of the surviving airline passengers will tell a similar story (the GM should toss in the occasional error or contradiction in detail, though; these people are having a bad night). The flight took longer than it should have, because of the weather. There were gunshots (six gunshots; few passengers will get the number right if pressed); the plane started to drift. The passengers panicked. After about 10 seconds the plane seemed to be riding well again, but with a sickening sensation of *downward* movement. Much more like a landing than a dive, but unexpected and somehow erratic. By the time most of the passengers noticed that they weren't heading toward a real runway, there was nothing but screaming.

The GM should note that many of the passengers on the flight speak only Spanish or Portuguese; only about half speak English. First-time flyers won't give as much information.

Highway Survivors: For those on the ground, it was over very quickly. The whine of jet engines isn't unusual along this stretch of highway (in fact, a few can probably be heard while the PCs are listening), but one grew *very* loud *very* quickly. The next thing people knew, the car next to them was vaulting along in a pinwheel of flame, and their own roof was being half sheared-off by a wing. Some will have crawled out of cars that were partially crushed, or those that were tossed. The range of injuries is great, from those with minor lacerations and bruises to those smeared along 200 feet of icy highway. The latter have less to tell.

Cops and Rescue: In the last minutes of Flight 8081's descent to the highway, the airport control tower tried to

communicate with the plane; the cops know this, and that it was a fruitless attempt. They've found the bodies of the murdered pilots, and they're keeping security tight around the front half of the plane. The rescue people are all *very* busy, opening up cars, rushing bodies onto stretchers, attempting to give aid to the injured right there in the snow, if it seems that moving them would be a bad idea. They'll be both irritated and disturbed by anyone asking them questions while they work; one has already punched out a TV reporter who wouldn't let up.

The Businessman

When the rescue workers asked to help him, he waved them away irritably. Now he's leaning over the wreckage of a Toyota, in pain from internal injuries. His name is Roger Maryck. He doesn't know how badly off he is; the PCs might opt to help him along (one way or another). In terms of the investigation, Maryck knows what any of the wandering plane survivors does, plus a little more. He was flying First Class.

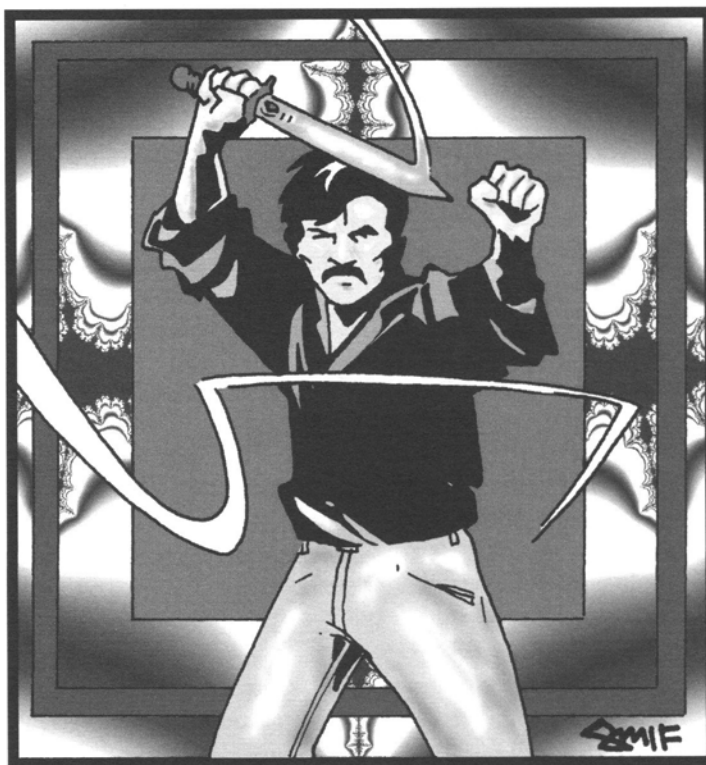
Those who were in the First Class section at the front of the plane will remember the swarthy, arrogant fellow who ordered the vodka and then brushed past protests to reach the pilots. They'll describe him as sporting an impressive mustache, and wearing baggy pants and a sweater. Roger Maryck remembers something else. The man had a black tote-bag that he left on the seat (Maryck remembers because he had been thinking of grabbing it when he heard the gunshots, but just hung on for dear life when the plane started to drift).

The Pedrozas

Huddled in the snow near the rear of the plane, Carlos Pedroza is too weak to get the attention of the overworked rescue professionals. His wife, Lia, is dead in his arms.

Lia was one of Roberto Raposo's victims (see below), part of his post-flight killing spree. She's been carved up brutally, and Carlos is in shock. Both of them are old, and he isn't taking his own knocks and bruises, or the freezing cold, well. He will be very grateful if the PCs offer him some help.

If he is given something hot to drink, and a blanket, and calmed, he'll be able to share some information as well as his grief (he speaks Spanish; the PCs can find a translator with a little work if need be, among the survivors). The murder was brutal and straightforward, and the murderer (the description matches that which others will give for Raposo) laughed while he killed her. He also



laughed while he rooted through her purse, and laughed especially when he came upon some religious tracts.

The Pedrozas were coming to visit their grandson, Ricky, who runs a church with his wife, Linda, here in the city. The tracts were for that church, and the killer made a point of pocketing them and laughing. Carlos is afraid for the life of his granddaughter and her family. If the PCs ask, he will give them some matching tracts, which include the name of the church (Home of Worship Church and Mission, nondenominational) and the address (near the city's Hispanic community).

The PCs may take it upon themselves to deliver Mr. Pedroza to Linda (or at least take news to her). She will be waiting at the airport until nearly sunrise.

The Babysitter's Van

Partially supporting the sheared wing of Flight 8081 is an old Chevy panel van. Camped out in it, occasionally tended by a rescue worker with coffee, are Maryann Davies and the four young children she is babysitting. She had been babysitting *seven*, but the other three, and her sister, Veronica, were victims of Roberto Raposo.

She can describe the attacks only partially; they happened too quickly and she has been traumatized by the event, huddling her remaining charges to her with des-

peration. Three children, slaughtered in maybe 15 seconds, right in front of her, and her sister slashed across the stomach when she tried to interfere. Maryann was too scared even to *try* to interfere, and she is in danger of going catatonic with guilt, repeating phrases, muttering to herself, and staring blankly into space.

Sufficient coaxing will reveal that Veronica isn't dead. She was rushed to a nearby hospital . . . her reward for trying to argue with Raposo. Learning the name and location of the hospital is not a problem; the rescue worker with the coffee will tell the PCs if they earn his trust.

Raposo's Victims

What happened to Wyn Hardesty, wife of Gary (p. 5), is one of the grislier murders, and the body is covered over with a snow-dusted tarp and guarded by a weary police officer. Wyn Hardesty's skull was beaten in with her own laptop, and her body is lacerated almost beyond description.

There are other victims, scattered along the scene. Raposo was bold, and stayed even after some of the cops arrived, simply by moving deep into the shadows where they hadn't gone yet. When describing the random knifings, the GM should keep in mind that all physical clues left behind by Raposo will be misleading in some way (see p. 25). This has no effect on eyewitnesses, but most of those who saw him up close didn't live.

PAWNS AND ROOKS

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain."

— I Corinthians 9:24 (KJV)

This section outlines, in no particular order, what the PCs will get by following any of the leads in the first act.

The GM will need to determine which clues Amanda, Kadris and Huzrael managed to find, and in what order they will investigate them. Amanda will automatically check the Shoreline (Hamet *always* uses that one), and will do so by late afternoon unless she has reason to believe she's being raced there, in which case she'll make a point of doing it sooner. She doesn't really expect to find anything there, and if she sticks to her plan, she won't (see sidebar, p. 11).

This section describes what will happen if Raposo's routine isn't disturbed; a lot can be changed by busy hands. The GM should match challenges and style to the tastes of

the players. If they're fond of dangerous rumbles, keep Huzrael and his pack around for trouble. If they're fond of explosive arguments, keep Amanda and Kadris popping up.

Ultimately, the goal of this part of the adventure is for the PCs to meet Raposo, and talk with him.

THE HOTEL: DELUXE ACCOMMODATIONS

The Shoreline Hotel is located near the more expensive parts of downtown (the GM should select a location appropriate to his chosen city), and is a full-service, five-star facility. It features a popular (and hellishly expensive) restaurant with an equally-impressive bar, 24-hour room service, and all the amenities that corporate and political money expects to buy.

Hamet likes it because it houses so many secrets, every day. If a local politician or CEO wants to spend an evening with his mistress, it happens here. If a shipment of heroin is coming up from Florida and the smugglers need to be paid in diamonds, it happens here. And if the owner's investments in cheap pornography, garment-district sweatshops and dirty bank scandals were made public, all the clientele would have to publicly shake their heads in disgust, and privately nod their heads in sympathy. Alae-mon and Hamet have been massaging it as a potential Tether for some time now, but nothing *that* big has happened yet. When it finally does, nobody will know.

Raposo's room is on the fourth floor. See the timetable for details.

THE BLACK TOTE-BAG

Security around the plane is stiff, and the first-class compartment is a little too close to the murdered pilots for the comfort of the police. The PCs will have to deal with a handful of cops before they can enter the wreckage to find the black tote-bag. It's right there, next to a clear plastic cup with a trace of vodka still clinging to it, and an airline pillow.

It contains socks, underwear, a thin, crumpled jacket, a small box of condoms, four packs of cigarettes, a bag of candy from a Lisbon candy-shop, and a hotel brochure: the Shoreline Hotel, where Hamet's servants made reservations for Roberto Raposo. There is also a battered leather sheath, about right for a modern hunting knife.

A TIMETABLE

Barring any minor wars begun at the crash site, the PCs will be finished there before sunrise. Roberto Raposo's activities for the day look something like this:

5:30-9:00 a.m. – Having left the crash site behind and stolen a car to tour the city, Raposo will be wandering, and difficult to locate without judicious use of informational resonances and the like. He will tour the city, committing the occasional random murder (the GM should feel free to improvise these, with eyewitnesses, if the PCs need to be put back on track). Owing mostly to the power of his dagger and partly to his own knack for devilry, he won't get caught. He's feeling sick, though; the dagger is finally taking its toll. Nobody's ever carried it on their person for such an extended time. At around 9 a.m., he'll ditch the car a few blocks from the Shoreline, and walk to the hotel to check in and rest (he will have acquired a sling for his injured left arm by this point). His first order of business will be to call down to the desk for a bottle of Stoli, a bucket of ice and a soft-core film on the hotel TV.

9:00-11:30 a.m. – Raposo will be resting, confused by his ordeal, and holding the dagger to him, assuming its power will stave off the sickness somehow. By now, he has reloaded his gun, as well. Occasionally, he'll wander down to the hotel bar to stretch his legs. When the PCs (or anybody else) comes to the hotel during this time, Raposo will be in the bar on a 6 on a d6; otherwise he'll be in his room (419).

If the PCs bother to check on who made the reservations, they will be found charged to the credit card of Daniel Thrush, an art restorer who lives in one of the more "college-and-coffeehouse" neighborhoods. He is a human servant of Hamet.

11:30-Noon – Raposo has decided that his "servant," Hamet, has lied to him in some way. Rummaging through the occult dust in his memory, he recalls a ceremony to summon a fresh demon, and attempts it. The GM should note that, before Hamet came along, Raposo and his fellows had had only occasional contact with real demons. They were a sick little cult with a tradition of secrecy, one of the most powerful relics on Earth, and such modest ambitions that they went unnoticed for centuries. The ceremony is bogus, and accomplishes nothing except a lot of torn sheets and a

stained carpet. The clues will be meaningless (and altered at any rate), but it's an amusing way to catch Raposo in the act if the PCs pick this time to show up.

Noon-5:30 p.m. – Around noon, Raposo will want to head out for lunch. He can't sleep, and he doesn't feel well, and the ceremony was a disappointment. He believes a good meal will make him feel better. Roberto gets the cab parked in front of the hotel . . . the cab that's *regularly* parked there, and keeps it, paying the driver in cash to stay around and wait while he visits restaurants, bookstores, antique shops, drugstores (taking everything he thinks might help him). Eventually, he has the cabbie drop him off at the Home of Worship Church and Mission, and pays him off. The cabbie goes home for the night.

One or two of the clerks at the Shoreline, if questioned properly, will remember Raposo taking the taxi, and they'll remember the taxi never returning, since they had to phone out for cabs more often. It's possible that an investigator could trace the cab and cabbie and find him at home. The cabbie will describe Raposo: "He was a scary guy, seemed sick. Blew money around like he was dyin' tomorrow." The cabbie can provide a general overview of the route they took.

5:30-7:00 p.m. – It's a week night, so no services are interrupted when Roberto Raposo enters the Home of Worship Church and Mission, brandishing his blade and looking distinctly ill. Unless some celestial agent shows up to anger him, he won't kill anyone, but he will take hostage a young woman who is watching the church alone. Linda and her husband are now at the police station. Eventually, he will grow so sick that his hostage calls a hospital, and Roberto is taken there – the same hospital as Veronica Davies, as it happens. The knife is left behind, forgotten, by the young woman who made the phone call, who stashed it in her desk when her captor fell ill. She didn't think to call the police, and won't until morning.

7:00-Midnight – Roberto Raposo languishes at the hospital, dying. He is finally separated from the blade, but is too far gone to recover. He'll be comatose within 24 hours, dead and in hell in 48. Near midnight, Veronica Davies will catch a glimpse of him, and start screaming.

THE CHURCH: PEDROZA'S HOME OF WORSHIP

The Home of Worship Church and Mission consists of a small chapel attached to a private home, that of Linda and Ricky Pedroza and their four children. The large garage has been converted into a soup kitchen, complete with space heaters and two long picnic tables; the cooking is done in the house.

The building is clean, quiet and unassuming. It sits at the edge of the city's Hispanic community, and offers nondenominational devotional services and food and shelter for the poor. Recently, the city opened a homeless shelter nearby for the winter, so the Pedrozas have been given a much-needed break. The soup kitchen is empty tonight.

By midday, Ricky will be at the police station with his wife, signing forms and identifying a body. The kids have been left with a family friend, a few blocks away.

When Raposo enters the church at 5:30 p.m., the only person present is Rhonda Keefer, Linda's best friend, who works for the church and rents a bedroom from the Pedrozas. She's in the chapel, praying for the best and keeping things clean, and watching over the place in case someone in the neighborhood needs to come in and pray. She's nearly as shaken by the tragedy as Linda and Ricky are.

Raposo will come in, holding the crumpled tracts he took from the body of Lia Pedroza at the site of the

crash. He will spend his time terrorizing Rhonda, and anyone who arrives will find him curled up next to the altar, his good arm around the captive with the knife at the side of her face. He is singing to her. For other details, see the timetable. The relative location of the chapel and the hospital (see below) aren't that important. The city's hospitals are all sharing doctors and work, tonight, in the wake of the crash, and Rhonda phones the one she has a number for – it's the one where Carlos Pedroza is being treated for minor bruises and emotional trauma.

THE HOSPITAL

The PCs may make multiple visits here, since Veronica Davies was admitted from the site of the crash, and Carlos Pedroza is admitted within a few hours, just after sunrise. At 7:00 p.m., Roberto Raposo, hissing and vomiting and cursing his luck, is brought in as well.

Again, the choice of hospitals depends on the chosen metro area. It needn't have reasonable access to the airport – *all* local hospitals (and a few from out of the area) were called in to assist with that. By the time the PCs were getting ready to leave the crash site, nearly 100 ambulances and hospital helicopters had been on the scene, some of them three or four times, shuttling broken bodies with all the grace of a grocery bag-boy.

The place is still in chaos, and will be for days. Rooms are out of the question – most of the wounded are being treated in corridors, and there's been talk of moving the strongest into the parking garage. Nobody here is having a good day.

The GM can use the place in a lot of ways. For combat, though, few places will draw more attention than a hospital. If a fight breaks out, either side will try to move it to a parking garage, or someplace outside, to avoid attracting every celestial in town.

In terms of investigation, any of the three patients mentioned above can be encountered here at the appropriate times. Carlos knows nothing new, but he will ask after the other Pedrozas, if they haven't arrived yet, and after the safety of the church.

Veronica Davies, the babysitter who was slashed across the stomach, is stable, conscious and gibbering in terror. The celestials won't have too much trouble getting to her – the hospital is far too busy to question any next-of-kin claims, for instance – but they might have trouble getting much coherent out of her. She stares off into space, looking at private demons that only she can see. She mumbles



the names of the children she saw killed, and asks after her sister but doesn't hear the answer. The knife wound across her stomach has transformed into a series of shallow lacerations resembling an animal attack, in accordance with the dagger's power to disguise its effects (see p. 25).

MEETING ROBERTO RAPOSO

At some point, the PCs should finally get to confront Roberto Raposo and question him. The GM should make sure that Raposo lives long enough to be encountered.

Generalizations are tricky; slow hunters might not catch up to the murderous Sorcerer until he's lying in a bed at the hospital. Clever hunters might catch him in the hotel in the morning (if *that* happens, don't let them off so easy; let somebody else show up to fight for the right to question him first).

Raposo curses in angry Portuguese, and will make pathetic attempts to defend himself with his handgun if cornered. He's been preying on the weak all morning and isn't used to the concept of a fair fight, especially with one arm out of commission.

The PCs need to convince him that he was used. To be sure of this *themselves*, Raposo has to eventually open up about some details. With some coaxing (and a sympathetic ear), he'll eventually begin to talk about his exploits of the last day or so. When it finally dawns on Raposo that the "invulnerability" was a lie, he'll sit in stunned silence for a while, soaking up the fact that he crashed a plane and lived with no more protection than a small cup of vodka. He'll reach for a bottle to get more, and then be *livid*.

"That bastard little creature deceived me! After all I have done for him! I will scatter his atoms to the winds!"

He still thinks that Hamet is a deceitful little impish intelligence, powerful only for what he knows, and servile to clever humans. That he is infernal royalty might take a while to grasp. That he, Roberto Raposo, was little more than a pawn – and a sacrificed pawn at that – will hurt his ego more than the dagger is hurting his body.

Hamet gave him one other thing, meant as a joke, a comic irony for the deceased. Hamet gave him a calling card for the address of "a fellow sorcerer" near the city: Gerald "Duke" Landridge, at Landridge House. Hamet's



vanity and arrogance (combined with Raposo's stupid insistence on not dying in flames) give the PCs the clue they need to find the *real* knife: Landridge House is Alae-mon's principal Tether on Earth, and a party has raged there all day, hosted by demons and kept lively with human suffering.

SECOND-HAND INFO

In the chaos of such a dangerous investigation, things can happen that can't be predicted on the printed page. If things go so far off track that the GM fears the trail will be lost (or that Raposo will be killed), keep things consistent and fair, and use Amanda and Kadris to their full potential. Any of the above information can come from them – either bargained for or beaten out of them, if necessary.

On the other hand, if the GM wants either Amanda or Kadris out of the picture, he can (for instance) have them reach the hotel first, and meet corporeal death. Raposo is sneaky, murderous and in pain; there's no telling what might set him off

DECEITFUL MEAT

"I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols."

— Amos 5:21-23 (KJV)

The trail, at the end of things, leads to Landridge House. By the time the PCs approach the respectable old home, they should know why the plane crashed, and that Raposo's dagger is the false one. They should *believe* that Landridge House is the home of a Sorcerer or servant loyal to Alaemon, which is true. But so much *more* is true of Landridge House . . .

LANDRIDGE HOUSE

Built before the Declaration of Independence was signed, Landridge House is steeped in age and tradition. It is the principal Tether to Alaemon's tiny corner at the edge of Stygia.

Its history is a litany of secrecy. Presidents have been elected, in truth, in the foyer of Landridge House. Others have been assassinated without the public ever knowing it . . . It has been owned by organized crime, by smugglers, by slavers, by plotters and conspirators of every stripe. And every new secret builds its aura of hidden power, and invites more. Alaemon has owned it for nearly 70 years.

It sits in a neighborhood known for quiet and wealth, surrounded by a brick fence topped with iron spikes, all tastefully covered in ivy. Trees obscure the house from view even if you peek over the wall. The grounds include the old house itself, tennis courts (added in the 1960s), and a small pond, currently frozen solid. That pond alone, if it could talk, would speak of the corpses frozen there for eternity . . .

Hamet himself has already used the power of the dagger there, surrounding the grounds with a curtain of secrecy (see *The Dagger of Bithynia*, p. 24). At midnight, he plans to crack open the dagger . . . Alaemon thinks it is to bind the power of the blade permanently to Landridge House, but Hamet has other plans (see Hamet's description, p. 25) – to set Gebbeleth, the original Prince of Secrets, free into the world. Normally, that kind of

thing would make a terrifying screech across the blackboard of the Symphony. This way, it will be silent.

Until 7 p.m. or so, Hamet is hosting a party. Hordes of petty demons are there, filling the grounds with howls and hoots of laughter. There are groans of pleasure and the occasional gunshot, too – all made innocuous by the power of the blade. There are bonfires, and there is music, and there is debauchery and there is murder. Essence flows across the grounds like a sluggish river of blood, bound and ready to feed Hamet's ceremony.

Anyone who arrives while the celebration goes on would be wise to steer clear and observe from a distance. The demons within are still bringing in random humans for torture and slaughter, piling the bodies up in pyramids of dead or dying flesh, steaming in the snow. The demons aren't powerful – but they are numerous, about 80 strong.

Hamet wanders and mingles, enjoying his hour of triumph. As far as he knows, the dangerous false dagger is in the hands of some foolish enemy someplace, the real dagger is his, and Raposo is dead, with no one the wiser. No one worth mentioning, at any rate.

At eight o'clock, the crowd begins to thin, as the demons go into the house, into the basement library, and return to hell. Their special romp on earthly soil is over, and they go back to their infernal duties. Within 20 minutes, Hamet will be left alone to do his ceremony in private. This, of course, is the best time for the party to strike.



GEBBELETH, FIRST PRINCE OF SECRETS

Imprisoned in the Dagger of Bithynia is Gebbeleth, an ancient Demon Prince. More precisely, Gebbeleth is imprisoned in *both* the real and false daggers, torn in half by the rituals of careless Portuguese sorcerers.

As with any Demon Prince, no game stats are provided for Gebbeleth. His powers (and weaknesses) should serve the plot of the adventure, ensuring that the final conflict with Hamet is challenging and dramatic.

Hamet has made a significant error when hatching his plan (p. 24) to release the trapped Prince without Alaemon's knowledge: he assumes that Gebbeleth will be *happy to see him*. This simply isn't so. Hamet was a Captain back then, and helped set up Gebbeleth's plot to spy on Heaven (see p. 24). Gebbeleth thinks he was double-crossed, deliberately trapped in the blade by the demons he trusted, and will attack Hamet on sight.

Exactly how Gebbeleth manifests should be determined by the condition of the PCs near the end of their conflict with Hamet:

The PCs are mopping up: If Hamet's powers are insufficient to challenge the party, and they're cleaning up the floor with his face, then the dagger will split open, spilling a hellish cloud of green and purple light into the room. Gebbeleth will remain disembodied for a second, cursing Hamet aloud and ignoring the PCs. He will then *take over Hamet's vessel*, reviving it for a fresh fight (and beefing it up a little, if the GM feels it's appropriate).

When the PCs defeat the refreshed "Hamet" (Hamet is dissipated violently into the Symphony), the fresh form (and fight) will prove too much for Gebbeleth, already terribly wounded when the knife was split . . .

The PCs are getting whipped: If the floor is being cleaned with the PCs' faces instead, Gebbeleth will appear as above, but will *fight* Hamet rather than possessing him. This will weaken both demons dramatically, allowing the PCs to make good their escape, or possibly dispatch them both (whichever seems the most likely and dramatically credible).

The fight is going evenly: If the conflict is more dialogue than slinging powers, or is an exciting even match, Gebbeleth should stay clear of any kind of slugfest. Either introduce Gebbeleth into the dialogue himself (berating Hamet rather than taking his body or beating it flat), or introduce Gebbeleth as an insane force of chaos, throwing wild-card elements into the conflict, opening up opportunities for both sides to capitalize creatively on the changes.

In any manifestation, Gebbeleth has a serious weakness to the false dagger . . . it can rip him clean open. This might occur to someone intuitively. If not, it's only a vital detail if the PCs are in danger of being stomped by the revived Prince. Have him recoil in apprehension from the blade, and that should be hint enough. If it isn't, let the dice fall where they may.

FINAL DANCE

Now again is the time for the other players to arrive — Huzrael (and company), Amanda, and Kadris . . . whichever of those dagger-hunters have survived, and have found their way this far. If any of them got to Raposo first, they may have the false dagger with them, as well.

Amanda is here for the dagger. She doesn't *know* Hamet is on the grounds, sitting in his library picking over leftovers with the only vessel Gebbeleth has had for 2,000 years . . . If the PCs are demons, she'll have been "touching base" with them on occasion, and once again will be counting on them to make some kind of deal with her. If they won't deal, she'll try to take them out or distract them (possibly employing her Role to give them heavy cop-trouble).

Kadris is here for the dagger, and because he's *really* into the idea of exposing a Tether of Alaemon. He also doesn't know Hamet is on the premises, but he's cocky enough not to care. He's sacrificed himself before in the service of his Archangel, and he's willing to do it again.

Huzrael is here hoping to get the dagger, and if the brat pack — the four Impudites he's saddled with — happen to die in any type of fight, well, that's just gravy to him. By now, he's utterly sick of them, enough to destroy them himself in a moment of passion. He's confident that Valefor cares a lot more about stealing the relic than about harming the vessels of a few scrubs. He's right, but otherwise he's as ignorant as the rest of the hunters.

If conflict breaks out on the grounds, Hamet will appear at a window and watch. The PCs should notice this, even if the others don't. He'll be wearing a sharp,

A FEAST FOR ONE

The adventure, as written, is a challenge for a small group of celestials (or perhaps Soldiers) hunting the Dagger of Bithynia at the behest of their Superior. However, with the motives of all the principals in place, it can be run as a one-on-one adventure from nearly any side of the story. The protagonist could be Kadris, Amanda Kale, or even Roberto Raposo!

Use the stats given in this booklet (as a pregenerated PC) or allow the player to create a new character that will fill the same role: a wizard who thinks Hamet is his servant, a Renegade demon out to get leverage, or a dutiful agent of Litheroy, pursuing Revelation with the powers of a supernatural detective. This option works well for those nights when it's just you and a friend, and you want to enjoy a game of *In Nomine* but can't assemble the local group. Since the PC is potentially pregenerated, the adventure can be set up and run quickly.

The roles normally occupied by the PCs (the group of celestials) should be ignored entirely. Having both a group of fresh celestials *and* Huzrael and the pack on the scene would be overwhelming for a single character.

expensive suit and carrying himself with a dignified air – not at all his usual corporeal form. He will be impersonating the real Gerald Landridge, who died in the arms, et cetera, of a pair of overzealous Lilim during the party.

If You Should Go Skating . . . If any conflict moves onto the frozen pond, there could be danger. The ice is about three inches thick – fine for running on, *bad* for falling on. If the PCs aren't careful, their current vessels could join several others preserved at the bottom of the water.

FOUNDER OF THE FEAST

Eventually, of course, it must come down to the house.

Outside, the PCs will see piles of corpses, tons of trash, extinguished bonfires, and broken bottles enough (with proper recycling) to put a glass dome over Delaware. The GM should stress the eerie silence, in so much contrast to previous scenes.

Inside, the scene is similar, with fewer corpses and more trash and (if anything) more silence. *There has been dancing here*, whispers the scene, *there has been revelry, and it was evil, but it is done*. Wickedness trickles quietly all about them.

The place is riddled with secret doors and passages. Hamet, in any form, is nowhere *obvious* to be found. The PCs will find a quiet house of the old school, with parlors, dens, fireplaces, dining rooms, a large galley-style kitchen, valuable plasterwork on the ceiling, and antique rugs on the polished oak floors. The place feels much more solid than it really is.

Hamet is in the innermost chamber beneath the house, a wine cellar and library, the walls filled with dusty racks of fine wine, the shelves filled with dusty rows of fine books. A central table is set with fine food, torn over and gone through by the elite at the party. At the head of the table sits Hamet, munching quietly.

If the intruders came on the grounds quietly, then Hamet will honestly have no idea they are there, and they can get the drop on him as he begins the ceremony to crack open the blade.

If they made a lot of noise and thunder out on the lawn, the situation is more dangerous. Hamet, in his paranoia, will not excite suspicion in Hell by recalling any demons – but he *will* be waiting in ambush, a powerful arsenal of Songs at the ready.

Either way, the PCs will have to find him. The secret door is simply a spring-closed false door inside the closet of the master bedroom on the second floor. By pushing on it, the diligent investigator will find a wooden staircase (noisy as hell) dating back to the Revolution, leading down through the first floor and into the basement where Hamet sits with his prize.

How the final encounter goes rests upon the shoulders of the intruding celestials and on their past deeds for the day. If they come down looking to exchange witty antagonist/protagonist dialogue, Hamet will indulge them as he continues the ceremony uninterrupted (it takes about 40 minutes to complete, but doesn't require total concentration – it's a very specialized Song researched by Hamet for the purpose at hand). The food – what's left of it – is very good (also poisoned, if the Duke knew they were coming). Hamet will play the part of Gerald Landridge, demon-worshipping crime lord. He will mutter strange things in Hebrew and more obscure tongues while twirling the blade carefully in the light of the candles on the table.

If the attackers treat the thing as a Special Forces mission, rappelling down on black cords and opening fire with Uzis and celestial retribution, Hamet will respond in kind with a good old-fashioned scrap. This is fine, but wastes a great potential for *really* paranoid monologues (Hamet is good at those).



THE FINISH

"And he set captains of war over the people, and gathered them together to him in the street of the gate of the city, and spake comfortably to them, saying, Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him."

— II Chronicles 32:6,7 (KJV)

The ending, in a near-perfect universe: The PCs, quietly and resourcefully, enter Landridge House and find the secret passage. They engage Hamet in a brief dialogue, subtly challenging him with what *they* know to lever out what *he* knows. In a moment of pride and triumph (a few seconds before the ritual is complete), Hamet reveals himself for who he is, and gloats a bit about his plan. A sparkly

conflict of forces ensues, with the demon struggling to complete the ritual at the last minute while dealing with the irritating threat to his vessel.

Hamet laughs as the dagger splits open, and the Symphony begins to twist and scream as Gebbeleth begins slowly to take form. The PCs must fight hard to end the threat before they have a Demon Prince to deal with. At the end of it all, they find books on the shelves that teach them the secret history of the blades, and confirms the truth: one blade is dying, the other *should* die.

How it *really* goes is up to the PCs. Perhaps they alert Hamet, and he is waiting. Perhaps they just attack without questions. Perhaps, at some point, the candles tip over, igniting the residue of wine, and filling the cellar with flames as occult lore and alcohol combines to create an inferno on Earth. The survivors emerge, clutching the blades, as Landridge House burns to a cinder.

APPENDICES

LITHEROY ARCHANGEL OF REVELATION

The world is a crystal cathedral of truth, shining more brightly as each secret is revealed.

Nothing can reach its potential until taken out of hiding, and light in dark places robs the shadows of their rest. Litheroy and his servants see to it that nothing remains hidden.

Litheroy is that contradiction, a Seraph who has made a real effort to understand the nature of humanity, simply out of a fascination with the concept of secrets. His success is only partial, and he depends on his servants on Earth to help him find out more. He exists in a constant state of wonderment that God's most complex creation spends so much time hiding from itself. His own desire to uncover everything hidden is comparable to a human urge to open up an anthill or peer inside the shell of a turtle.

Litheroy's angels are noted for their deep curiosity, and are among the most devoted servants in Heaven. They see themselves as an army in a very *particular* war – the war against the Labyrinth, the tendency of humanity to fold itself over and over in secrecy until everyone is alone and paranoid. They respect the concept of *privacy*, in an abstract sort of way, but otherwise actively seek to shake humanity free from its desire for secrets.

When Litheroy appears on Earth, it is as an aging man with a sparse beard and piercing eyes, with rumpled clothing that give the impression that he's been climbing through ancient ruins for the past few days and hasn't had time to wash up yet (which is frequently the case).

DISSONANCE

Litheroy's angels keep everything aboveboard. It is dissonant for the Servitors of Litheroy to hide from

anything, or to keep anything (or anyone) hidden. Roles are forbidden to the angels of Revelation, because a Role is a lie and a secret.

If a servant of Litheroy discovers that something is being hidden in any way that is harmful to *anyone*, it is dissonant not to take action against it. In fact, Litheroy's servants (detectives and hackers all) tend to unearth *every* secret they encounter, but the non-harmful ones generate no dissonance if they are ignored in favor of more vital matters.

Even more restrictive, it is dissonant for an angel of Litheroy to lie, or to pretend to be what he is not. He cannot even refuse to answer a question unless he knows the questioner is a foe. But if a companion takes advantage, the angel can always say truthfully, "If you don't stop questioning me, I will have to leave."

Angels of Litheroy often become skilled at telling partial truths; when they push it too far, they gain dissonance. The one secret they are required to keep – not by the will of Litheroy, but by the Will Above – is their angelic nature. Mankind is not ready for the greatest revelation of all, and angels of Litheroy are expected to show discretion when using their powers on the corporeal plane, just like other angels.

Still, their restrictions keep their huge powers in check; great detectives all, they must follow their trails in the open. Thus is the balance of the Symphony maintained.

CHOIR ATTUNEMENTS

The attunements granted to Litheroy's Servitors reflect their role as Heaven's agents of revelation, magnifying their own abilities in areas appropriate to rooting out hidden things.

Seraphim

Litheroy's fellow Seraphs are among the finest detectives in Heaven. Whenever they invoke their Choir's resonance, roll d666 normally, and then the player *decides* which of the three dice is the check digit, and which two are the resolution dice.

Cherubim

If one of the Cherub's attuned items is ever hidden deliberately from him, or (in the case of living things) ever hides from him, the Cherub will know immediately, and get a free resonance invocation at that instant. For this roll, ignore the check digit. Treat any success as though it had a check digit of 6, and if the roll fails, it doesn't interfere with near-future use of the resonance at all.

Ofanim

Masters of the chase, the Ofanim of Litheroy cannot be inconvenienced by locks or seals, provided they are in pursuit of something hidden, or of someone trying to hide something (including themselves). Locked doors will unlock at a touch, security systems will turn a blind electronic eye, and so on.

Elohim

Whenever one of Litheroy's Elohim uncovers a hidden truth, object, or person, he knows immediately *why* it was hidden (but not by whom). The revelation must be expressed in a simple sentence – “the gun is hidden because it's a murder weapon,” or “the child is hiding because she thinks monsters are chasing her.”

Malakim

The foes of Litheroy's Malakim cannot hide. Once the Malakim has entered into honorable combat with a foe, he will know exactly where that foe is until one or the other is dead, or translates to another plane. Furthermore, the angel can see through any *cover* that the foe hides behind, and see if there are any flaws in it. If there are, he can target them on a successful Resonance roll. The check digit reduces the difficulty of the shot, though never to better than -1 relative to “no cover.” So if a foe is hiding among wrecked cars that would give him a -5 to be hit, a good enough roll can reduce that to -1.

Kyriotes

If Litheroy's Kyriotes are in the vessels of animal *predators* (wolves, birds of prey, sharks, etc.), they automatically have Tracking/6, and are considered familiar with the territory they occupy.



Mercurians

The Mercurian resonance for politics makes these angels especially capable of rooting out conspiracy. When applying his Choir's resonance to a group, a Mercurian of Revelation will know, on a check digit of 3 or higher, exactly who in the group is sharing secrets, and who (if any) is being kept out of the loop. On a check digit result of 6, he'll know what those secrets *are*.

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Sense of Significance

Angels with this attunement, when seeking to reveal hidden things, can know the meaning of any clue they find with a Perception roll. An angel searching for a kidnapped child, finding a smear of blood on the wall of a corridor, will know at a glance that the blood is the kidnapper's, not the child's, and that it contains traces of drugs that will lead to the culprit's favorite dealer . . . Finding a piece of torn cloth in the next room, the angel will instinctively know that it has nothing to do with the case, and will not be distracted by it.

The Perception roll must be made *in secret* by the GM – one roll per clue. If the roll succeeds, the angel is informed as above. If the roll fails, the angel should be given *misleading* information, in proportion to the check digit.

I Tell You Three Times

The angel may tell a newly revealed or formerly obscure secret to one person *and be believed*, even without proof . . . once he repeats the secret three times. The hearer's further response depends on the secret; if he doesn't feel personally involved, he may well believe it completely but never act on it or repeat it. This costs the angel 1 Essence if he speaks to his subject in person, or 2 if he writes it down. Of course, the secret must be true!

DISTINCTIONS

Vassal of Inquiry

The angel may talk to any hidden person (friend or foe) within a number of yards equal to twice his Forces, with his voice seeming to emanate from just behind the quarry's left ear. The angel needn't know exactly where the target is hiding or who he is. No one else can hear the voice. Opponents with weak Wills (Will 1 or 2) will yelp in surprise, usually revealing their position, while even stronger-willed foes will be *very* intimidated . . .

Friend of the Quest

This Distinction grants an intuitive knowledge of hidden things. The angel will automatically know if something has been deliberately hidden within a number of feet equal to his Perception. This reveals trip wires, secret passages, the key under the Welcome mat, the bruises under the makeup, the derringer in the vest . . .

Master of Discovery

Those with this Distinction can look upon any living being and intuitively know what secrets they are *victims* of. A woman whose husband is cheating on her; a spy with a posthypnotic suggestion planted in his skull; a child who is eating school lunches that were made with condemned food by the lowest bidder – all of them carry an aura visible and readable to the angel, who will know both the nature of the secret and those responsible.

RELATIONS

Litheroy is steadfastly against involving himself in Heavenly politics, believing it impossible to engage in politics without hiding something. So, while his company is pleasant, any Archangel with something to hide avoids him – which suits Litheroy, who is usually deeply engrossed in his latest mystery or quest. When he *does* mingle, he is one of the few of the hosts of Heaven who feels truly relaxed in the company of Dominic.

Jean and Litheroy are often in direct conflict, since Jean's interpretation of his Word involves limiting the knowledge of humankind. And Janus *never* comes near him.

Allied: No one

Associated: Yves, Dominic, Michael, Laurence

Hostile: Jean, Janus

RITEs

- Sit up at night solving puzzles for at least 3 hours.
- Expose a corrupt judge or policeman. (+2 Essence)
- Convince someone to confess to a long-kept secret.

CHANCE OF INTERVENTION: 2

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 Shaking a birthday or Christmas gift and guessing what's in it
- +2 Convincing a child to admit to his parents that he shoplifted
- +3 Successfully *deducing* someone's Internet account password
- +4 Solving a mystery worthy of Nero Wolfe
- +5 Publicizing the indiscretions of the President of the United States
- +6 Exposing a plot of the Illuminati

ALAEMON

PRINCE OF SECRETS

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

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 Litheroy's most valued Earthly agents, 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. 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 obsessed with his personal vendetta against Litheroy, determined to play Moriarty to Litheroy's Holmes. He keeps constant tabs on his servants, 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 lingering Mercurian 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 Relocation Program.

BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs

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

Djinn

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. The pattern need not be physically present, and the Djinn doesn't always know what he's getting . . .

Calabim

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 instance, 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. In general, they won't use this attunement unless ordered to, and it doesn't apply at all if the Calabim's resonance gets out of his control.

Habbalah

The Habbalah of Alaemon can use their resonance to inspire *long-term* Paranoia in a victim, without any risk of backlash (if the Will roll on the part of the victim suc-

ceeds, 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

At a cost in Essence, Alaemon's Lilim can perform *blackmail* instead of their normal resonance. The mechanics are the same, except that the Lilim learns an embarrassing secret instead of a need, and can use it to inspire the Geas without performing any service at all. The Essence cost equals the check digit (which will correspond to the juiciness of the secret *to the victim*, and the potential power of the Geas). With a successful Will roll the victim may choose to let the secret out and take the consequences rather than to accept a Geas. Note that, against a truly innocent person, this power is useless – there are *some* people (however few) with no real skeletons in their closets.

Shedim

The Shedim of Alaemon not only make their puppets into repugnant sinners, they make a *point* of getting away with it, carefully covering their tracks. When the Shedim's possessed victim successfully gets away with something sinister, the Shedim gains a point of Essence, and that day doesn't count toward the victim's cumulative Perception bonus to shake off the Shedim. Especially strong-willed Shedites 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 cops – it doesn't matter), it generates Dissonance.

Impudites

People who are themselves in hiding, or tortured by their secrets, are most vulnerable to the charm of Alaemon's Impudites. If, in the GM's opinion, the Impudite's intended 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 resonances, provided the Impudite keeps promising to help him with their problem. "Currently harboring a

secret" means the Imp 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 vessel (whether it was occupied by a celestial, a human, a dog, or any other creature), the demon causes it to vanish entirely. When the chalk outline finally fades or is cleaned up, a tiny bloodstain will appear where the corpse was – the only lingering sign.

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 MB is the equivalent of about 350 sheets of typed paper. The information cannot be recovered by any means.

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Hidden Doors

Any *Numinous Corpus* used by a demon of this rank is (if he desires it) entirely invisible. This allows for 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 a demon of this rank is trying to hide something or somebody (including himself) from a *single* searcher, he will intuitively know of any available places where the searcher will *never think to look*.

Baron of the Vault

A demon who attains this rank 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 per-



manent changes to the patterns of the clues: real changes, not illusions.

RELATIONS

Alaemon is too paranoid to ally with any Prince for long; his politics are limited to hiding behind anyone he can, using the other Prince's motifs in his private projects to throw others off the scent in case he botches the job. He's never been able to imitate Kobal very well, though – Alaemon uses too many inside jokes. Alaemon is petty and insecure, but the other Princes don't ride him too much for it. After all, no one can blackmail like Alaemon.

Allied: No one

Associated: Asmodeus, Beleth, Malphas, Valefor, Vapula

Hostile: Belial, Saminga

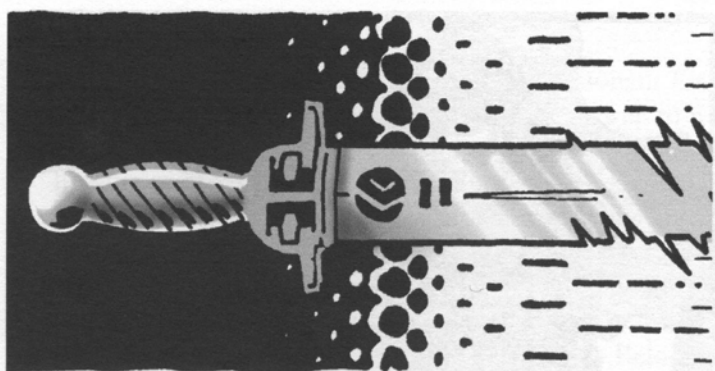
Enemy: No one

RITES

- Cause a Servitor of Litheroy to experience any kind of death. (+2 Essence)
- Come to possess a secret worth at least \$5,000 (or any price in human injury or death); this rite can be used twice per day.

CHANCE OF INTERVENTION: 0

GM'S PACK



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 selfishly in a private collection
- +6 A statue from Lemuria

THE DAGGER OF BITHYNIA

The Dagger of Bithynia is a complex relic, a legacy of celestial intrigues during mankind's Bronze Age. Bound within it is Gebbeleth, the first Demon Prince of Secrets, kept there as a prisoner for centuries.

Gebbeleth worked for a century to create the powerful relic, and used Songs now lost to make it a vessel which could host any sufficiently powerful demon. The wondrously powerful blade was passed back and forth among kings and warlords, angels and demons. And always within it was a Duke of Gebbeleth, or the Prince himself, collecting secrets and laughing.

Then came the day when Gebbeleth determined to spy on Heaven itself. He set up an elaborate double-cross designed to panic a servant of Michael into fleeing to Heaven, holding the blade . . . with Gebbeleth inside. It worked.

But Gebbeleth saw nothing of Heaven but white light, heard nothing but the heavenly chorus . . . ever again. And he couldn't get out of the blade, not then, not ever. It was soon returned to Earth, as powerful as ever, once again a pawn of kings and warlords. But Gebbeleth was trapped, undone by his own arrogance.

Only Alaemon, the current Prince of that Word, and Hamet, one of his three Dukes, know this secret of the blade. And Alaemon doesn't know that Hamet knows.

Alaemon himself lost track of the blade 700 years ago. He had it when he Fell from grace; misusing it was what pushed him over the edge. Human sorcerers in Poland took it from Alaemon as a price for hiding him, and their apprentices and followers kept it hidden until now, wounding his pride and sparking the fire of his paranoia. It isn't nice when a Demon Prince realizes that, ultimately, humanity is capable of purer treachery than any demon.

Less than 20 years ago, Alaemon finally tracked down the secret order that owned the blade and sent his Duke, Hamet, to worm his way in as a valuable "servant" to the sorcerers.

When at last it was revealed to him, Hamet was horrified. The meddling sorcerers had worked careless experiments on it, in an attempt to create a duplicate. Not realizing what forces they were toying with, they had *torn* a piece of Gebbeleth from the blade to make another. The second blade was a warped travesty, a celestial time-bomb waiting to explode, and the sorcerers didn't realize it.

The first blade, however, was dying. Gebbeleth was slowly unraveling, trapped and panicking. Hamet realized *this*, too, and began to plot.

He decided to take the principal blade to Alaemon's primary Earthly tether, where its powers could be used to create absolute secrecy (see below), and there crack Gebbeleth from the shell, saving the old Prince's life but binding him to slavery where no man or celestial would ever see or know.

The plan would have gone flawlessly had not the sorcerers decided to use the blades for their own purposes, and botched the job. An angelic servant of Litheroy, Alaemon's principal heavenly foe, caught wind of the dagger's existence, and a series of battles and intrigues sparked across Europe. To punish the sorcerers, Hamet set up their leader with a suicidal decoy mission. The Duke sent Roberto Raposo the *false* blade, filling him with lies and delusions about the blade's supposed ability to grant its holder complete invulnerability. Raposo was persuaded to crash the plan in a bizarre ritual. Somehow he survived, and has started to suspect that he was tricked. Meanwhile, the dagger is slowly eating away at him, body and soul.

THE POWERS OF THE BLADES

The two blades have identical powers, but different dangers. Both allow the wielder – any intelligent con-

struct with any Celestial Forces at all – to access the entire range of attunements available to demons of Secrets (including the benefits of Baronial rank). The Essence required is torn from the Symphony by the stolen Forces of Gebbeleth.

Furthermore, each blade can slice holes in the Symphony, creating tiny pockets of secrecy or revelation. This is achieved by deliberately moving the blade through the air, creating a flaming wound in space that only the wielder can see. If this line is made into a closed loop, everything inside that loop becomes secret, or revealed, depending on which edge did the cutting. These areas last 1-6 months (roll randomly).

A *secret* area hides disturbances in the Symphony. A Demon Prince can appear within a secret area, kill a hundred humans and demolish a building . . . and it will not disturb the Symphony beyond the flaming wound in



space. Furthermore, Songs, attunements and resonances which give information *automatically fail* when the object of the question is within a secret area, even if there is no “normal” chance of failure.

An area of *revelation* is the opposite: disturbances to the Symphony have *double* the normal perception bonus (+20 for the killing of a human, for instance), and powers that reveal do so without fail (those of Litheroy’s angels, for instance, but also many others, such as that of Kronos’ Impudites) if the answer, or one who knows it, lies within the area of revelation.

The daggers may also be used in combat as small blades. They do only normal damage, but either one acts as a talisman (p. IN42), giving its user +4 (!) to his Small Weapon skill (p. IN77).

As side effects, use of either blade creates dim, long-lasting reverberations in the Symphony, which any celestial can hear. These echoes reveal that something powerful has acted. The blades will also disguise any clues their wielders leave when using them.

THE DOOM OF THE BLADES

Before Roberto Raposo and his friends foolishly tore an ancient Prince in half to make a forged duplicate, the Dagger of Bithynia was among the most powerful relics on Earth. Now, it is *two* of them, one dying, and one horribly warped.

Both daggers still supply all the Essence necessary to fuel their powers, but the *false* dagger (the one Raposo carries) has grown hungry for living Essence, a maddened vampiric blade. The wielder must make a Will roll every 12 hours while holding the blade. Failure means the wielder will become aware of the blade’s hunger, and must either feed it a point of Essence from himself, or kill something with the blade, drawing all of the Essence from the victim. The normal restriction on human expenditure of Essence applies – if the wielder is human, he must give up *all* his Essence, or make a kill. Any amount of Essence will only appease the blade for 12 hours. Finally, the blade slowly breaks down the Forces of any being who carries it on his person for too long; the effect is not unlike massive radiation poisoning.

The *real* blade is dying; it will crumble to dust a few days after the beginning of this adventure. The false blade will live as long as it gets at least 1 point of Essence per week. A full week of starvation will “kill” it, and the last shred of Gebbeleth will be gone.

MAJOR CHARACTERS

EILETH (AMANDA KALE)

Lilim Captain of Secrets, Renegade

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 3 Agility 9
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 10 Precision 6
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 8 Perception 8
Vessel: Human/3 (with Charisma +3), Role (Police Officer)/2

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Detect Lies/4, Dodge/2, Driving (Car)/1, Emote/3, Fast-Talk/2, Knowledge (the city)/3, Lying/3, Move Silently/1, Ranged Weapon (Pistol)/2, Seduction/4, Singing/3, Throwing/1

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/3), Charm (Celestial/4), Claws/5, Form (Ethereal/4), Shields (Celestial/4)

Attunements: Lilim of Secrets, Captain of Private Chambers, Chalk Outline

Discord: Aura/6

Eileth, at this point, is willing and eager to deal for her existence. She's been Renegade for nearly a year, and is hunted constantly. She had an Aura problem before she went Renegade, and now she just screams "Demon!" to every angel within sight. Whenever a celestial sees her, they make a Perception roll, at +6 for her Aura (p. IN87). Angels who make it will know she's a Lilim.

Fortunately for her, she has a *lot* of loyal "friends" in Alaemon's court. They feed her information and keep her posted on how well she's hiding, ironically serving their Superior's Word by keeping such an embarrassing secret from him. Alaemon may be paranoid, but that's okay; his servants *are* plotting against him.

Eileth spends much of her time as Amanda Kale, a Role she created just before she left Alaemon's service, and unknown to him. As an officer of the law, she has access to information and resources that keep her on top of things.

KADRIS

Mercurian Friend of Revelation

Corporeal Forces – 3 Strength 4 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 9 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 4 Will 7 Perception 9
Vessel: Human/2

Skills: Climbing/4, Computer Operation/3, Detect Lies/5, Dodge/3, Driving (Car)/2, Escape/2, Fighting/3, Medicine/2, Move Silently/4, Ranged Weapon (Pistol)/3, Running/6, Swimming/2, Tactics/1, Throwing/1, Tracking/5

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/2), Dream (Ethereal/3), Healing (Celestial/6), Shields (Celestial/1), Tongues (Celestial/4), Wings/6



Attunements: Mercurian of Revelation, Friend of the Quest, Sense of Significance

Kadris *loves* his job, and loves serving his Superior. He also loves teasing the subjects of his investigations – for a Friend of Revelation, he can be playfully dodgy at times. This has, more than once, earned him dissonance and a chiding from Litheroy. Basically, Kadris just watches more TV than is good for him.

Kadris drives a beat-up 1985 Trans Am, and keeps a loaded gun in his coat, with extra bullets in the glove compartment.

HUZRAEL

Balseraph Captain of Theft

Corporeal Forces – 5 Strength 12 Agility 8
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 5 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 3 Will 7 Perception 5

Vessel: Human/4

Skills: Acrobatics/1, Detect Lies/3, Dodge/5, Driving (Car)/4, Emote/5, Fast-Talk/2, Fighting/6, Lying/6, Language (Spanish)/4, Move Silently/3, Running/4, Tactics/1

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal/4), Charm (Ethereal/3), Entropy (Corporeal/2), Fangs/4, Horns/3, Light (Celestial/1), Thunder/4.

Attunements: Balseraph of Theft, Captain of Sneaks

Appearing as a large, bearded man with a big nose and a polite leer, Huzrael enjoys his work – usually. This time around, he's trying to curry favor with his Prince by stealing a relic while acting as nursemaid to a pack of idiots (see below). He is not a happy demon, and will do his best to take it out on the PCs. He drives a noisy old station wagon and depends mostly on his fists, lies and Songs in combat. He also has a shotgun like those carried by his flunkies, mostly because he couldn't stand *not* to have one with them drooling over theirs.

HUZRAEL'S IMPUDITE PACK

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

Vessel: Human/2

Skills: Dodge/3, Driving (Car)/2, Fighting/3, Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon (Shotgun)/2

If you wish to individualize the Impudites a bit, add Move Silently/6 and Lockpicking/2 to *Tiny Bug-Eye*

adds Throwing/4 to the basic package. *Baby* is the nastiest of the pack, with Fighting/6 and Ranged Weapon (Shotgun)/4. *Drools* adds Medicine/5 and Running/6 to the basics.

Attunements: Impudite of Theft

Tiny, Bug-Eye, Baby and Drools are the names that Huzrael gave to these four misfits when Valefor put them in his keeping (Baby is a she; the others are hes; they all resemble *its*). They're all pretty good in a fight, but nearly useless otherwise . . . and utterly irritating to their boss. They don't know any Songs worth speaking of; they've spent most of their time brawling with each other and picking on humans in Stygia, back in the Pit.

Each of them has a sawed-off shotgun stashed in the back seat of Huzrael's station wagon; they're kept loaded, and there's a full box of 25 shells on the floor of the front passenger side, lying in a clutter of paper drink cups and napkins. The shotguns are Talismans/4, making them very dangerous weapons.

The GM is encouraged to flesh out the personalities of the pack, and customize them, if desired, especially if more roleplaying than combat is expected from the PCs. In a continuing campaign, any of the pack who survive might appear again.

Or, for a *real* change of pace, let the players take the part of the Impudites, with poor Huzrael as the GM's chief mouthpiece, and guide them from one disaster to the next. Is it munchkinism to giggle and shoot things when that's all your character was *created* to do?

GENERIC POLICEMAN

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

Vessel: Human/2, Status (Police Officer)/3

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/1, Driving (Car)/2, Fighting/2, Knowledge (the city)/3, Move Silently/1, Ranged Weapon (Pistol)/2. In group of 4 or more policemen, there will be at least one with Medicine/2 and at least one with Ranged Weapon (Shotgun)/3 and a shotgun in the squad car.

Policemen are combing the grounds at the crash site. A lot are at the hospital, and a lot in the city. The celestial enforcers may have to deal with their mundane counterparts any time guns are used, or questions are asked at the wrong time.

ROBERTO RAPOSO

Sorcerer & Servant of Alaemon

Corporeal Forces – 2 Strength 3 Agility 5
Ethereal Forces – 3 Intelligence 7 Precision 5
Celestial Forces – 1 Will 2 Perception 2
Vessel: Human/2

Skills: Computer Operation/2, Driving (Car)/2, Fast-Talk/3, Knowledge (Esoteric Tradition)/5, Language (English)/2, Language (Portuguese)/3, Ranged Weapon (Pistol)/2, Savoir-Faire/2, Swimming/1

Songs: Charm (Corporeal/6), Entropy (Corporeal/6), Healing (Corporeal/4)

Roberto Raposo is, at this point, little more than an ignorant pawn of Hamet, Duke of Secrets. Selling his life for a set of pretty delusions, Raposo and his order have known esoteric secrets for many generations without ever understanding what those secrets meant. This generation has learned some real truths, which is why it is probably the last.

Raposo carries a revolver under his sweater, and keeps the “false” Dagger of Bithynia with him everywhere. His left arm is currently injured (from the crash), and most likely carried in a sling by the time the PCs encounter him. He is sick, angry and confused, and not at all happy with his “servant,” Hamet.

Sorcerers: Roberto Raposo is a *Sorcerer*, a special kind of Soldier of Hell. Sorcerers have many abilities and a significant misunderstanding about the way things are . . . they believe that their demons serve *them*. Furthermore, their demons often grant them the ability to learn Songs that other Soldiers cannot have. Sorcerers will be explored in much greater detail in an upcoming *In Nomine* book.

HAMET

The Demon of Private Shame Balseraph Duke of Secrets

Corporeal Forces – 6 Strength 12 Agility 12
Ethereal Forces – 4 Intelligence 9 Precision 7
Celestial Forces – 5 Will 11 Perception 9

Vessel: Human/3 (currently “Landridge,” normally his spare vessel), Human/6 (Role/6, Status/5 as a sweet little old society lady)

Skills: Artistry/3, Chemistry/3, Detect Lies/6, Dodge/4, Driving (Car)/3, Emote/3, Escape/3, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting/3, Knowledge/3 (in *many* fields), Languages (all common ones)/3, Lying/6, Savoir-Faire/3 . . . and all skills not named above, at level 2. Hamet is *very* old.

Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Claws/6, Form (Ethereal/6, Celestial/6), Motion (Corporeal/4), Projection (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/3), Tongues (Corporeal/3, Celestial/2)

Attunements: *All* Band attunements of Alaemon (p. 22); Duke of Secrets (see below); +5 to call Alaemon

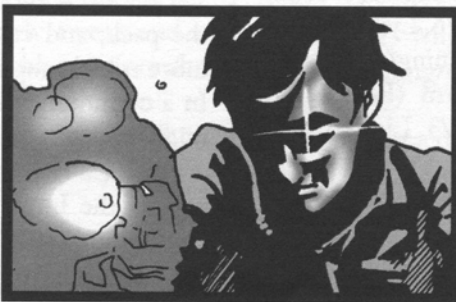
Special Rites: As the Demon of Private Shame, Hamet gains 1 Essence every time he convinces a human to do something that he will later regret, but will loathe confessing to others.

Hamet is a Duke, a Distinction which few demons reach. As a Duke, he has all powers from the first three distinctions (Balseraph Knight, Captain, and Baron of Secrets). He also speaks all earthly languages and has all the Band attunements of his master . . . and, more importantly, he has his master's ear. He has a +5 to invoke his Superior. He has served Secrecy longer than the current Prince has been a demon, rising gradually over the course of centuries, falling in and out of favor, his infernal potency waxing and waning. In the past 200 years, his star has risen, and he was granted a Word at last. In all the time since, he has been devoted to imposing on humanity the belief that every secret should be dirty, horrible and *guilty*.

When Alaemon entrusted Hamet and his many servants with the task of retrieving the Dagger of Bithynia, he did not realize that Hamet has been around a very, very long time . . .

Hamet knows the dagger very well; on more than one occasion before Gebbeleth was trapped, Hamet *inhabited* the dagger! Armed with this unique understanding, Hamet believes that he can open the dagger, releasing Gebbeleth into the world. He intends that Gebbeleth will retake his “rightful place” as the Prince of Secrets, and that Alaemon will be toppled. He assumes that Gebbeleth will be very grateful. He's wrong (see the *Gebbeleth* box, p. 15).

Hamet is very, very smart and experienced, but not really a combat creature.



agendas. Here are the instructions that various Superiors may give their servants with regard to the dagger.

This assumes that all the Superiors know the blade's history, but that none is aware of its current twinned and damaged state. In fact, many Archangels, and most Demon Princes, are still unaware that the blade is back in play. But word is out, and the GM may freely choose who knows and who doesn't. Some party members may have no more instructions than "Work with this group and find out what's going on!" And some may get new instructions during the course of the adventure . . .

Archangels

Blandine – This blade has nothing to do with Dream. Yves says it should be destroyed; honor his wisdom.

David – Before it is destroyed I would like to study it. Who could trap a Demon Prince in a metal blade, and how? Can this knowledge be a weapon for Heaven?

Dominic – The blade must become the property of the Heavenly Inquisition.

Eli – Like, that blade is very important and stuff.

Gabriel – Get the blade to Dominic so the bastard can use it to satisfy himself that I'm loyal!

Janus – I or someone else must destroy that blade!

Jean – Destroy the blade.

Laurence – Gebbeleth must not be freed! He would add greatly to Hell's power.

Jordi – A wicked toy made to increase the power of wicked humans. Let it be lost for seven *thousand* years. Don't try to destroy it; let no one use it. Lose it.

Litheroy – Recover that blade, so its revelatory powers can be used by Heaven! And if harm or embarrassment comes to Alaemon of Secrets or his accursed servants, so much the better.

Marc – I don't feel strongly about this blade, but my brother Janus wants it desperately. Help his servants.

Michael – If Gebbeleth is freed, the power structure of Hell will be badly shaken up, and possibly Hell as a whole will be weakened. Certainly the Princes will be distracted for a while, letting us regain some ground on Earth.

Yves – The blade's evil nature outweighs any good it might do. It represents a temptation even to angels. It should be destroyed.

Demon Princes

Andrealphus – This would be a useful tool to manipulate mortals, but it's not that important. Get it if you can, but don't make enemies over it.

Asmodeus – If I possess that dagger, I can make *sure* the other Princes play by the rules – like it or not.

Baal – I hate Gebbeleth. I want him destroyed.

Beleth – The dagger is nothing to me, and Alaemon has done me some favors. My servants will aid his.

Belial – I'd like to see my old ally freed from bondage, and this upstart Alaemon destroyed.

Haagenti – There's nothing here for me. Help Kobal get it. What's for lunch?

Kobal – I could have a lot of fun with this. Get it.

Kronos – I have reason to think the blade will soon lose its value, and represents a danger even to a Prince. Observe carefully. If you acquire it, use it as bait to destroy angels, or trade it to Kobal or Valefor. They both want it; let them fight over it and choke!

Lilith – Gebbeleth was a jerk, but he's imprisoned in that dagger; he must be freed. And think of the favors he'll owe whoever lets him out.

Malphas – I don't care what happens to the dagger, but if my fellow Princes want to tie themselves in knots over it, that's fine. I want the dagger to stay in play on Earth as long as possible, raising Hell.

Nybbas – It reveals secrets? Hah! Talk about *viewer share!!!* I want it. If I can't have it, let's make sure that whoever gets it, *uses* it. Don't free Gebbeleth; if he's out, the blade is gone.

Saminga – If I had that dagger, my demons could slaughter freely on the corporeal plane.

Valefor – That blade must be destroyed, or returned to me so I can destroy it.

Vapula – The Word of Secrets opposes mine to a great extent, and Gebbeleth was a more effective Prince than Alaemon, so I'd like the dagger destroyed – or at least in my vault where I can gloat over it!

ESSENCE

6

Name: Roberto Raposo Band: none (Sorcerer)Prince: Alaemon Word: Secrets

In NoMINE

CORPOREAL

Human/2



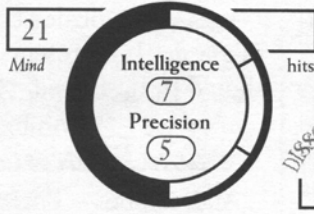
Swimming/1

Corporal Song of Charm/6

Corporal Song of Entropy/6

Corporal Song of Healing/4

ETHEREAL



Computer Operation/2

Driving (car)/2

Knowledge (esoteric tradition)/5

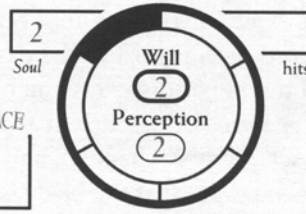
Language (English)/2

Language (Portuguese)/3

Ranged Weapon (pistol)/2

Savoir-Faire/2

CELESTIAL



Fast Talk/3

Attunements & Distinctions

Discord

ESSENCE

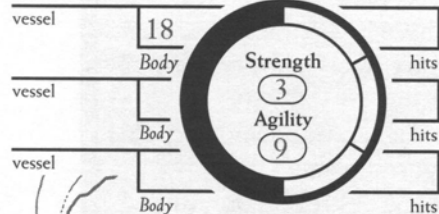
11

Name: Eileth (Amanda Kale) Band: LilimPrince: none (Renegade) Word: none

In NoMINE

CORPOREAL

Human/3



Charisma +3

Role (Police Officer)/2

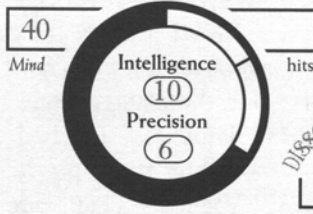
Dodge/2

Move Silently/1

Throwing/1

Claws/5

ETHEREAL



Computer Operation/2

Driving (car)/1

Knowledge (the city)/3

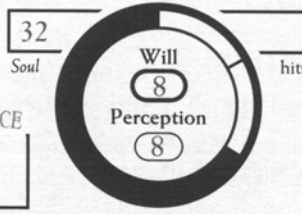
Lying/3

Ranged Weapon (pistol)/2

Ethereal Song of Attraction/3

Ethereal Song of Form/4

CELESTIAL



Detect Lies/4

Emote/3

Fast-Talk/2

Seduction/4

Singing/3

Celestial Song of Charm/4

Celestial Song of Shields/4

Attunements & Distinctions

Lilim of Secrets

Captain of Private Chambers

Chalk Outline

Discord

Aura/6

In NoMINE

Name: Kadris

Choir: Mercurian

Archangel: Litheroy

Word: Revelation

ESSENCE

11

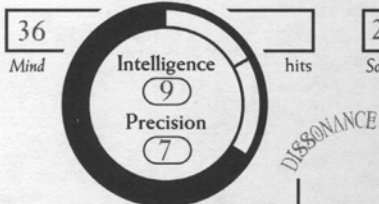
CORPOREAL

Human/2



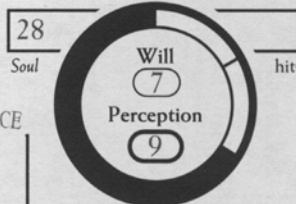
Climbing/4
Dodge/3
Escape/2
Fighting/3
Move Silently/4
Running/6
Swimming/2
Throwing/1
Wings/6

ETHEREAL



Computer Operation/3
Driving (car)/2
Medicine/2
Ranged Weapon (pistol)/3
Tactics/1
Ethereal Song of Dreams/3

CELESTIAL



Detect Lies/5
Tracking/5
Celestial Song of Attraction/2
Celestial Song of Healing/6
Celestial Song of Shields/1
Celestial Song of Tongues/4

Attunements & Distinctions

Mercurian of Revelation

Friend of the Quest

Sense of Significance

Discord

ESSENCE

11

Name: Huzrael

Band: Balseraph

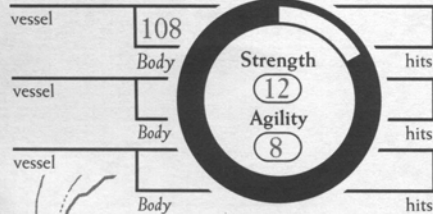
Prince: Valefor

Word: Theft

In NoMINE

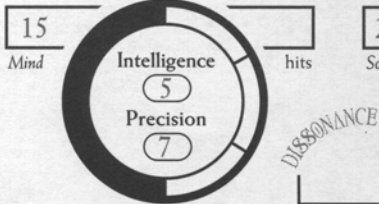
CORPOREAL

Human/4



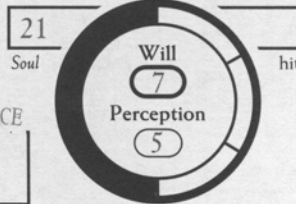
Acrobatics/1
Dodge/5
Fighting/6
Move Silently/3
Running/4
Corporeal song of Entropy/2
Fangs/4
Horns/3
Song of Thunder/4

ETHEREAL



Driving (car)/4
Lying/6
Language (Spanish)/4
Tactics/1
Ethereal Song of Attraction/4
Ethereal Song of Charm/3

CELESTIAL



Detect Lies/3
Emote/5
Fast-Talk/2
Celestial Song of Light/1

Attunements & Distinctions

Balseraph of Theft

Captain of Sneaks

Discord

ESSENCE
15

Name: Hamet

Band: Balseraph

Prince: Alaemon

Word: Private Shame

In NoMine

CORPOREAL

Human/3

vessel 108

Human/6 Body

vessel 144

Body

vessel

Body

Strength
12
Agility
12

hits

hits

hits

Dodge/4

Escape/3

Fighting/3

All Other Skills/2

Claws/6

Corporeal Song of Motion/4

Corporeal Song of Projection/4

Corporeal Song of Tongues/3

ETHEREAL

36

Mind

Intelligence
9
Precision
7

DISSONANCE

hits

Chemistry/3

Driving (car)/3

Knowledge (many fields)/3

Languages (all common)/3

Lying/6

Savoir-Faire/3

All Other Skills/2

Ethereal Song of Form/6

Ethereal Song of Projection/4

CELESTIAL

55

Soul

Will
11
Perception
9

hits

Artistry/3

Detect Lies/6

Emote/3

Fast-Talk/3

All Other Skills/2

Celestial Song of Charm/4

Celestial Song of Form/6

Celestial Song of Projection/3

Celestial Song of Tongues/2

Attunements & Distinctions

All Band Attunements of
Alaemon (see p.22)

Duke of Secrets (see p. 28)

+5 to call Alaemon

Discord

ESSENCE
7

Name: Tiny, Bug-Eye, Baby and Drools

Band: Impudites

Prince: Valefor

Word: Theft

In NoMine

CORPOREAL

Human/2

vessel 25

Body

vessel

Body

vessel

Body

Strength
5
Agility
7

hits

hits

hits

Dodge/3

Fighting/3

Move Silently/2

ETHEREAL

8

Mind

Intelligence
4
Precision
4

DISSONANCE

hits

Driving (car)/2

Ranged Weapon (shotgun)/2

Talisman/4 - shotgun

CELESTIAL

10

Soul

Will
5
Perception
3

hits

Attunements & Distinctions

Impudite of Theft

Discord

Note: Each Impudite has additional individual skills. See p. 27.