

REVELATIONS IV

IN NOMINE

# FALL OF THE MALAKIA™

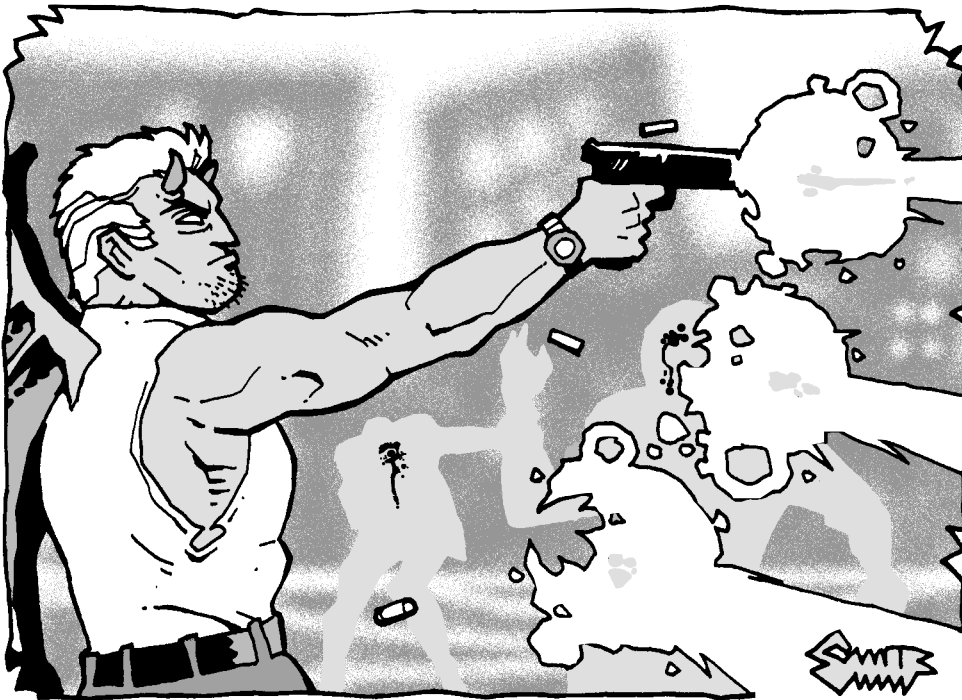


NITELLA  
1992

STEVE JACKSON GAMES

# IN NOMINE FALL OF THE MALAKIM

## Revelations IV



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# STEVE JACKSON GAMES

# FALL OF THE MELAKIA

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# CITY OF ANGELS



OR "ONE OF LIFE'S MANY IRONIES"

The angel Jonathan, one of the Seraphim, pursed his lips and considered how best to get right to the point. Attuned as they are to the nature of truth, Seraphim would rather seem tactless than dishonest. Still, there are times when other people's feelings must be considered.

"I hear Los Angeles has quite a few demons," he said.

The angel Maximilian, one of the Malakim, tightened his grip around the steering wheel. Attuned as they are to the nature of honor and purity, Malakim hate demons with a passion. It goes against their nature to leave a demon alive. Los Angeles teemed with demons; nothing could be more frustrating for a Malakite than not being able to do a thing about it.

"You've heard right," Maximilian muttered, one of his eyes unconsciously twitching, pulling his hat further down his forehead. "They own L.A. like we own San Francisco." His passenger nodded, taking the time to use just the right words.

"That . . . that must be very hard on you."

Jonathan, like most Seraphim, had a habit of stating the obvious. Hard was not a strong enough word. Every hour, every moment, Maximilian prayed for the dark hand of death to strike down the demons surrounding him. Frustrated urges chipped away at the core of his being, like termites eating an oak. While his very essence urged him to wipe the city clean of the abominations, his Archangel had ordered otherwise. Maximilian was in Los Angeles as a punishment, and he was likely to be there for quite some time. Maximilian provided Heaven with important information about the demons' activities. The demons loved him, loved torturing the Malakite who couldn't fight back.

Once a month, Maximilian headed for the desert to visit a little-known angelic sanctuary run by a friend of

his. It was a peaceful time of reflection and prayer. He would spend a week tending to the sanctuary, working off one of the many dissonant tones generated by denying his oaths, his need to purge the city of demons and defend Heaven's honor. At the end of the week, he headed back to suffer them again. Sometimes the memories of his time in the desert strengthened him through the three weeks that followed, but not always.

His passenger was talking again.

"I'm sorry," said Maximilian, shaking the fog from his head. "What?"

"I said, how many other angels are there around here?"

The Malakite shrugged. "Five, that I know of."

"Five?!"

"Including us."

The Seraph opened his mouth as though he were about to say something, then thought better of it and closed his jaw.

"Say it," said Maximilian, knowing what he was getting into. A Seraph will never shelve an issue by dismissing it as "nothing."

"It's appalling," Jonathan fired. "For twenty-five months I've been in the Americas, and I know that's not very long, but I've never heard of a city this big with so few angels."

"And no Tethers."

"There are Tethers," the Seraph corrected, his semantic side flaring up. "They're just not angelic. But there're more demonic sanctuaries here than in any other city in North America."

Maximilian was going to ask if that were really true, then remembered what he was talking to and thought better of it. Some Malakim would kill for a chance to go out in a blaze of glory fighting the powerful Diabolicals

in Los Angeles; it was killing Maximilian to hold himself back.

"It's not like we could just flood the city with angels without the Demon Princes attacking us elsewhere and escalating the war," Maximilian said, wearily stating the obvious. "Besides, this city has a reputation for eating angels whole."

Jonathan sighed. "So we've given up on Los Angeles?"

"No," Maximilian shot back hurriedly. "No, no one's given up on anything." Still, he wouldn't meet Jonathan's eyes. The Malakite cursed inwardly, reminding himself to watch how he phrased things in the future. It's no use lying to a Seraph.

"I see," Jonathan said slowly, the perfect Seraphic comment. It could mean anything. Maybe he knew and maybe he didn't.

"So who'd you tick off to get sent here?" Maximilian asked, glad to be on the offensive.

"No one," the Seraph said. Maximilian grunted. "That I know of," Jonathan hastily added. "It was a bit strange, though. When Archangel Yves gave me this assignment, I didn't have an advance briefing. I've heard rumors about L.A., of course – how could I have avoided it? Still, I absolutely despise rumor. It's so seldom the truth. Yves said he wanted me to form an unbiased opinion and

report back to him in a few weeks. I was told you'd meet me at the airport, and that was that."

"Well, keep your head down, that's my advice to you. Don't say anything to make them angry and you'll be okay."

"Them?" Jonathan asked.

"Them, the people we're going to see." Maximilian's shoulders sagged slightly. "You did want to meet the demons, didn't you?"

The Seraph breathed in slowly through his nose, nodding.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose we should get that over with."

"I-I hope they like you," Maximilian stuttered, finally seeing no reason to hold anything back from the new arrival.

"Really," Jonathan said, about to ask the obvious question before it dawned on him that he already knew the answer. The angel straightened his tie, ran his hands through his hair, and sat very calmly, almost serenely, until they arrived at their destination.

"I'm sure they'll like you," Maximilian gushed before hurrying out of the car, wincing. *Never lie to a Seraph*, he reminded himself again.



The party was debauched. Most of the fifty or sixty guests were human, but there was no mistaking the Diabolicals who paraded around the gathering as if they owned the place. He had become separated from the Seraph early on. Jonathan had wanted to mingle by himself, against Maximilian's advice.

"Better he learn to handle himself now than there be trouble later," Maximilian said out loud to no one in particular. He stared over at the bar, licking his lips, cursing his weakness. *Just one of many*, he thought sadly, shyly making his way through the crowd toward the island of alcohol on the other side of the room.

Halfway there, a delicate touch on his forearm stopped him dead in his tracks.

"Good evening, my angel," purred a voice from behind.

"Hello, Natalie," he said quietly.

"About to get a drink?" she asked.

"Was thinking about it," he said, lowering his head.

"Tosh. It would be far more entertaining to watch your friend make a fool of himself."

Maximilian tensed upright, his divine sense of honor shining like a celestial beacon. He angrily pushed his way through the crowd.

"The main lounge," Natalie called after him, laughing.

The angel got there just in time, but he found himself unable to take any action against the increasing chaos. He had taken an oath to protect Heaven against dishonor in all its forms, but he was restrained by his Archangel's orders from doing anything to jeopardize his position in Los Angeles. The Malakite could merely clench his fists and watch the Seraph talk to one of the nameless studio executives who cruised through these sorts of parties. Perhaps ten people were in the room, sitting in brightly colored bean bags and nonchalantly sipping at various drinks. While no one was looking at the duo in the middle of the room, it was obvious that no one was paying attention to anything else.

"Why would you say that?" asked Jonathan. "Why do you continue to say things with your mouth that your heart does not believe?"

The guy, who didn't know he was talking to an angel and wouldn't have believed it if someone had told him, smiled and chuckled.

"Hey," he said, "I just said to give me a call tomorrow and let's go do something."

"Yes, but that's not what you meant. You don't ever want to see me again."

"What?" the human laughed, shaking his head. "Jonathan, Jon, you're not making sense here." He smiled and put his hand on the angel's shoulder. "Really, call my secretary and tell her I said to make an appointment."

Jonathan shrugged off the man's hand. "But how can I do that," he said innocently, "when you're planning to call her when you get in your Suburban and tell her to ignore me?"

The guy's smile faltered for a moment, then grew into a wide, knowing grin.

"I don't know who put you up to this," he said, wagging a finger at the angel, "but you're good." He laughed while stealing a glance at his watch. "Listen, I have to split – lots of work to do tonight, you know how it is."

"Yes," the angel said in a slow, patronizing voice, "I do know how it is. You hate me, and you don't want to ever see me again. You're considering calling some friends of yours in dark gray suits to follow me around so you can get at whoever set you up. You want to get out of here as quickly as possible so you can drop your wife off at home and still have time to make it over to the apartment where you keep that fifteen-year-old runaway. It's been almost a week since you've done a line on her tight young belly." The angel tapped the side of his nose. "All that cocaine," he said, "must be 'hard work.'"

The man blanched, his jaw shaking. A woman stared at him from across the room, gauging his reaction. Then she threw her drink at him.

"You asshole!" she shouted while the man cringed. "I sit around the house all day doing nothing, and you can't even allow me the dignity of finding out about your lurid affairs in the paper like everyone else does!" Her voice assumed the warble of a woman on the edge of a breakdown. "I clean for you, I wait for you, I sit around the house doing nothing – *nothing* – and –"

"Oscar caliber," the Seraph interrupted, clapping slowly. "I can see why he picked you out of all the other actresses he's slept with. But I wouldn't exactly call blowing the pool boy this afternoon 'doing nothing' –"

"You bitch!" the guy shouted, picking the glass up off the floor and throwing it back at her. It caught a cheekbone just below her left eye, spraying blood on several shocked onlookers.

"Oh my darling," he said, rushing to her side. "Oh, my God, my baby, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Yes, you did," the angel pointed out. "You just hope she doesn't sue you for divorce and take all your beloved material possessions."

"I think that is *quite* enough," rang a deep voice from the opposite corner of the room.

Maximilian bared his teeth at the new arrival, who walked gracefully out of the shadows and into the center of the room.

"I think I know what you are," Jonathan said.

The demon slapped the angel across his face with an open palm. Most of the onlookers began to find things of interest in other rooms.

"Then I shan't have to tell you how I expect my guests to behave," said the demon, removing a pair of handcuffs from his back pocket. "Put these on," he said to the angel.

"No."

"You haven't learned how to behave yet," the demon said, slapping the angel across the other cheek.

"Here, I am the Host, not you. You are nothing."

The Seraph stood his ground. He and the demon stared deeply into each other's eyes.

"I could crush you," the demon said. "Listen to my voice. You know what I say to be true."

"It is true that you believe it," said the angel, unblinking.

*Oh my God*, thought Maximilian, his hands trembling. *Oh God oh God oh God*.

Natalie walked up next to the tortured Malakite, closing the door behind her.

"This must be rough on you, Maxie," she said, wiping sweat from his forehead. "I'll make it up to you later, I promise."

"Oh my God," the angel cried, and he emitted a painful noise that no human voice could ever make, audible only to celestial ears. It echoed for moments, sickly lingering in the air. Imagine the final chord of "A Day in the Life," with every note out of tune. The two celestials in the middle of the room broke eye contact and turned to the angel. "Oh my God," he squealed, "what have I done?"

He squatted, grunting in anguish, clenching his gut. "Oh," he cried, tears streaming down his cheeks, his nose pulled up into an animal's snarl. A large wet bulge grew in the seat of the angel's pants. He grabbed his seat and blushed like a first-grader who'd embarrassed himself in the schoolyard.

The demoness rushed the whimpering angel into a private office adjoining the main lounge. The other demon turned away in disgust, smoothly pocketing the handcuffs. Jonathan followed the sobbing Malakite.

Maximilian was inconsolable, his face flushed and his hands shaking.

"Shh," Natalie said, pressing her body against him from behind and running her hands through his hair. She undulated her torso against his back in a soothing repetitive motion. "Shh, it's okay. It's okay."

She moved her hands down to his belt and began to unbuckle it. Maximilian howled in pain and embarrass-

ment, bucking her away from him. The demoness flew back against the wall, cracking her head against a shelf and falling to the ground, stunned. The angel hopped back and forth from one foot to the other, clutching the lump in the back of his pants and grimacing through his tears.

The Seraph, with some hesitation, helped Natalie up from the floor. He pulled a handkerchief out of his jacket and pressed it to the area on her head where blood was beginning to mat her hair.

"Thanks, angel," she told Jonathan with a weak smirk. "You're all right." Jonathan frowned slightly, not knowing quite how to react, and backed away from her as she turned back to the Malakite, using one hand to hold the angel's handkerchief to her bleeding head.

"I'm just trying to help you, you dumb bastard," she said to Maximilian. He'd calmed down, lowering his head and keening like a beaten dog, but refused to move his hands from the seat of his pants.

"I'll forget about this," Natalie said, motioning toward her increasingly bloody head wound, "if you'll let me help you. But I can't help you unless we can get your pants off."

Maximilian's face wrenched up in a dark grimace as he started sobbing again. Still, his trembling hands began slowly to unbuckle his belt. The angel dropped his pants, and the lump thudded wetly upon the ground. It was a prehensile tail, fat and fleshy and pale as a boiled egg, stretching down from the base of his spine and collecting in a few loose coils on the carpet.

"Well," Natalie said, with a nonchalant smirk, "that's going to be harder to hide."

"Harder?" asked Jonathan.

"Harder than the rest," she explained, unbuttoning the Malakite's shirt and removing his hat. The angel looked defeated, immune to any further indignities.

The other angel gaped while mentally noting his companion's obvious Discord: the tail, of course, hanging down limply between the tormented angel's legs; stigmata across his chest, temporarily staunches by blood-soaked bandages; two soft, spongy horns growing from the top of his head; and God only knew how much was wrong *inside* that head.

"This is not good," the Seraph said quietly to himself. The other angel cried, his new tail twitching with each spasm.





# SUPERIORS



8

SUPERIORS

# DAVID

## ARCHANGEL OF STONE

### HISTORY

He is one of the oldest members of the Host. Billions of years ago he walked the Earth when the planet's stony face lay bare to the stars, guiding its formation in accord with the Divine plan. He worked closely with Gabriel, and the two forged a friendship which has lasted for eons. In those days he was a Cherub, endlessly patient and dedicated to his work.

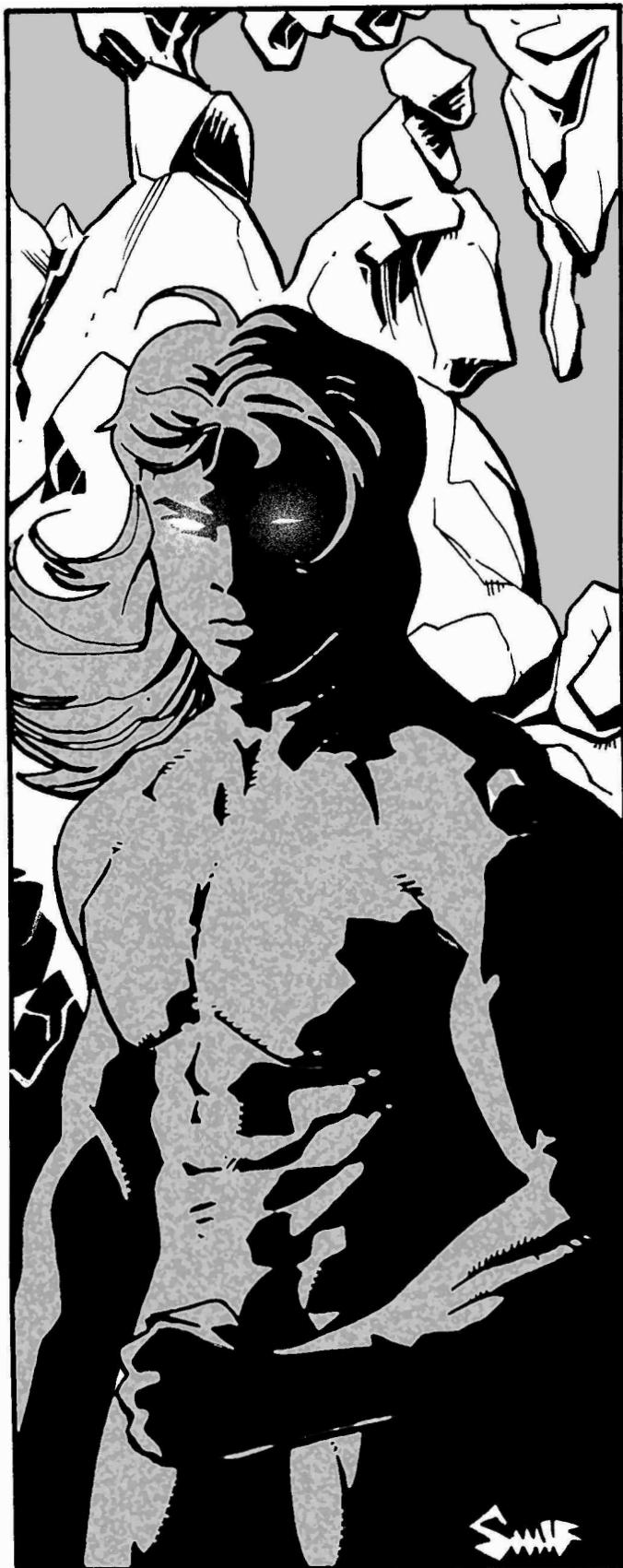
As with most of the Host's elders, he has gone by many names. In Europe he was once known as Daniel; sometimes he answered to the name Peter. The ancients called him Gog, but in the modern world he's most commonly known as David.

When the Earth was suitable for life, and the stones were hidden by a veil of blue and green, David's first task was complete. He spent eons in semiretirement, meditating on his word, learning as he watched the continents move and the landscapes change. Like his word, David was patient and endured.

With the arrival of humans, he gained a new mission. The concept of Stone took on new meanings, and it was David's job to help humans understand them all. He took to it with great relish, for humans awakened all his innate Cherub protectiveness. David taught them to make tools from stone, to seek shelter in caves, and to build homes. With Novalis, David helped humans discover agriculture. They gathered in groups and learned to work together, and the Angel of Stone was proud of his work.

The Fall came as a shattering surprise to David. Lucifer's rebellion brought forth a new emotion in David's heart: anger. His wrath unleashed was like an avalanche, and he quickly proved himself one of Heaven's mightiest warriors. The fire of the War changed the soft-spoken Cherub, hardening him like iron fusing into steel. He was among the first of the Host to become Malakite.

In the aftermath of the Fall, David began to take a sterner line with humanity. He wanted to strengthen mortals, to make them better able to resist the temptations of Lucifer and his minions. To that end he started teaching humans to fight, to make weapons, and to band together for mutual protection. Where once he and



Novalis had tried to teach humans to live peacefully, David now adopted a harsher attitude: the weak and unfit must be weeded out – without cruelty but without remorse. Novalis turned away from him then, appalled at the change in her old friend.

Of all the Archangels, David felt the most betrayed by the Grigori (*In Nomine*, p. 104). He had worked with them closely, taking the time to teach the finer points of firing clay and constructing buildings, and generally aiding their efforts to advance humanity. When they fell from grace it was David's angels who took on the task of rounding up the Grigori and destroying their monstrous Nephallim offspring. David feels responsible for not spotting the developing corruption sooner, or taking swifter action. As much as possible, his angels tried to take up the task of the outcast Choir.

David's efforts met with some success. Humans certainly gained in physical power and unity. In the British Isles the ancient Celts learned the secrets of the ley lines – a network of power drawn from the Earth itself. In China the humans developed the art of geomancy. Everywhere humans raised sacred stones, and the Archangel of Stone was pleased and flattered.

In early antiquity David's greatest servitor was Magog, the Kyriotate Angel of Fortitude. Much of the task of strengthening and testing humanity fell to him, and he carried out David's orders with great zeal. Magog was perhaps more sensitive than the Archangel of Stone, and the sight of generation after generation of humans dying in wars or suffering under tyrants pierced his heart. But even an angel's compassion can run out, and Magog's empathy turned to contempt for the weakling humans who allowed themselves to suffer so. Instead of helping humans stand against their enemies, he began encouraging them to strike first, to crush potential foes and wage aggressive war. David, ever loyal to his old comrades, was slow to rebuke his wayward servant, hoping that Magog would come to his senses.

The final break came in the ninth century BC, when Magog incited the Assyrian Empire into excessive feats

of cruelty, beyond all reason, as they lashed out in all directions against neighbors who had done them no harm. Ashur-Nars-Pal II, the cruellest of the Assyrian kings, put the subjugated countries into a state of fear, with impalement, scourging and mass executions and deportations. David at last confronted Magog, but the Angel of Fortitude did not repent. Instead he laughed in David's face – and Fell.

Lucifer made Magog the Prince of Cruelty, but David made sure the new Prince's reign was a short one. Accompanied by Khalid and a band of his mightiest warriors, David tracked Magog to his fortress beneath the Sahara sands and trapped him and all his followers, sealing them forever in a tomb of impenetrable Stone.

For the next several centuries David and his servants concentrated on helping humans learn the arts of civilization. In Europe, in India, in Central America, and in China they had great success. The ancient empires were strong, and changed the face of the Earth with colossal building projects.

But the great empires were hotbeds of diabolical activity. They grew decadent and corrupt. For all their wealth and power, the people became weak within. With regret, David watched as barbarians broke through the great walls and tore down the monuments. He could be patient – it might take a dozen or a hundred cycles of empire and collapse to hammer mankind into worthy shape. David and his angels began working amid the rubble, building anew.

Uriel's crusade to destroy all creatures of legend had David's grudging support (he would have preferred to let humans cope with the monsters on their own), but he was surprised when Uriel was removed from command of Heaven's armies and recalled to the upper realms. David's surprise turned to dismay when he was not chosen as Uriel's replacement. How could Laurence – a kid whose wings were barely dry – be more suited to the job than David? Didn't a billion years of seniority count for anything?

But David's loyalty never wavered. He was unhappy about being passed over, but he would be patient. Laurence would succeed, or he would fail. If he failed, the others would call on reliable old David to make it all right again.

Meanwhile, he kept aloof from celestial politics and concentrated on his earthly mission. David was neutral during the Crusades; he felt that the war between Islam



and Christendom would strengthen them both. He took the same callous but pragmatic view of Europe's expansion into the Americas – the American Indians could either fight back or die. To a being who has watched the birth and death of continents, the fall of a civilization is merely a detail.

As Lucifer's minions became more adept at corrupting and subverting the ruling classes among humanity, David began to turn his attention to the common folk, the base of the human pyramid. He directed his angels to encourage humans to band together to defend their rights and fight for a better world. (It should come as no surprise that the Masons were active in the French Revolution, or that it was coal miners who led the labor movement a century later.)

The Archangel of Stone has had a hard time adjusting to the rapid transformation of human society in the past couple of centuries. He still longs for the days when hard muscles and stone walls were the measure of strength, rather than industrial output and currency reserves. The rich nations of the modern world have gone soft and decadent, and David is waiting for new barbarians to hammer their people into shape.

## PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

As one of the original Malakim, David is honorable to a fault. His word is unbreakable. He still has a Cherub's dogged persistence, and the patience that comes from watching a planet form. He also has kept much of his old Cherubic protectiveness, but now the focus is on humanity in general rather than any individuals. It is the human race that David protects, and he's perfectly willing to sacrifice individual humans to do it.

David doesn't change his mind easily. He is loyal to his old friends and implacable toward his enemies. He hates to make snap judgments. David can spend days or weeks making up his mind. (This has occasionally caused prob-

## DAVID'S TETHERS

An ancient Superior like David, whose Word encompasses the entire planet, naturally has a great many Tethers. His most important are underground or in stone buildings, and are in places that are important symbols of human unity, perseverance and resistance to oppression or attack. The Catacombs of Rome, the deepest tunnel in the Rock of Gibraltar, one tower on the Great Wall of China, and the coal mine in Pennsylvania that saw the birth of the miners' union are all active and powerful Tethers of David.

David also has a vast number of inactive Tethers, usually at sites of geological interest. Some of these old Tethers are millions of years old, and may be buried under layers of rock or submerged under the sea. Their Seneschals are either dead or reduced to frail remnants, and the unused Tethers themselves only function some of the time. An angel who stumbles across an inactive Tether and works to restore it can win David's gratitude – and David remembers his friends.

lems when a crisis demanded quick action.) Once it is made up, nothing will sway him.

To his subordinates, David is calm but distant. He seldom has much praise or blame for those who serve him. He is not intrusive. If one of David's angels makes a blunder, the Archangel of Stone is often content to withhold help, to let his servant succeed or fail alone. Angels are expected to act on their own initiative, and a servant who constantly wants orders from on high will never gain David's trust or respect.

Above all, David is patient. He understands that time resolves most problems one way or another. He can wait for centuries to avenge a wrong. In the War against Lucifer's hordes, David is willing to carry on a campaign of grinding attrition, confident that the other side will ultimately prove too weak to prevail.



## A SAMPLE TETHER: THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Incorporating stones from around the world, the Washington Monument is a powerful symbol of the simplicity and perfection expressed in stone. It was opened in 1888, and quickly became such a icon of unity and strength that it became a Tether of David the following year. While so much of Washington, D.C. is firmly in the grasp of the Diabolicals, the Monument towers over everything and serves as a powerful sign of hope.

The Seneschal, Lars Eldridge, is a Mercurian who works as a Park Service janitor. He will accept no more than two other angels on his Tether's grounds at a time, but they may stay as long as they wish while working off dissonance.

From April to September, the tower is open from eight o'clock in the morning until almost midnight; during the colder months, it closes to the public just before five o'clock in the afternoon.

At the top of the tower is a small enclosed landing overlooking the city. It takes just over a minute for an elevator to travel the 550 feet from top to bottom. Climbing the stairs demands 45 minutes of steady walking. A successful Running skill roll will divide this time by its check digit. A character who climbs the stairs to the top of the Washington Monument has a powerful +4 modifier to attract the Archangel David's attention. All angels who perform such a feat earn 1 Essence, even if they're not trying to summon David. This may be done once per day.

## PRIORITIES

David's goals are simple. He serves his Word, and keeps himself and his legions ready to battle the Fallen wherever they appear. He seldom takes the initiative – he and his servants don't act as much as they react. Some of his angels wish he would take the initiative more often.

## David's Word

In the billions of years since David gained the Word of Stone, it has grown to encompass a variety of related concepts. David actively promotes all aspects of his Word, and does not shy away from conceptual turf battles with other Superiors.

First of all, there is the ancient literal aspect of Stone. David is the lord of the mineral kingdom and the keeper of the Earth's buried riches. He has many very old and powerful angels in his service concerned only with the slow workings of geology deep underground. Every type of rock and every mineral has its own angel (usually Ofanite or Kyriotate).

Stone is also the earliest source of human tools and building material. Though much of the technological sphere has shifted over to Jean, David still is the patron of mining, metalworking, stonecutting, architecture, and civil engineering. His craft angels (generally Cherubim, Seraphim, and Mercurians) are masters at what they do, and are charged with teaching humans their arts. A long-simmering dispute with Eli in this realm was resolved abruptly when the Archangel of Creation retired, and many of Eli's angels now serve David.

Finally, there is the metaphorical nature of Stone, which David has interpreted very broadly. Stone is hard, stone is enduring, and stones fitted together can create a structure far greater than its parts. David has worked to make humans as hard and unyielding as stone, and to encourage them to join together. As a result he has many servants who might equally well follow Michael or Laurence. The Angel of Resistance is one of David's, as is the Angel of Unity and the Angel of Perseverance. Most of these angels are Cherubim and Malakim.

## POLITICS

While he has in the past been bold enough to say he deserves to command Heaven's armies, David has no political ambitions. He doesn't want to get tied up in the power games of Heaven, and doesn't conceal his disdain for those who do. He views political maneuvering as merely a dodge to cover signs of weakness.

David cherishes both old friends and old enemies. Gabriel is his oldest friend, and he still regards her fondly and lends her all the support he can. The reverse is not always true; many of David's methods strike Gabriel as cruel. His ties with Michael are also somewhat one-sided, as the prickly and short-tempered Archangel of War has trouble staying on good terms with anybody. The other two members of Heaven's warrior faction, Laurence and Janus, actively court David's support, and the five of them generally vote together in Heaven's councils.

Jean and Jordi are occasional allies. Jordi admires David personally for his strength of character, but their Words have brought them into conflict in the past. Much the same is true of Jean – David has known the Archangel of Lightning for eons, but he believes modern science and technology are making humans weaker rather than stronger.

David's enemies are a mixed lot. Blandine opposes him along with the rest of the war party but isn't actively hostile. Novalis hates him as much as Novalis can hate anyone. She saw his transformation into a Malakite as a betrayal of all he stood for, and she loathes his stern attitude toward humans. David is merely neutral toward Novalis – he recognizes her dislike for him, but he still

remembers her as a friend from the old days. The one Archangel David actively dislikes is Marc. The Archangel of Trade embodies everything David wants to grind out of humanity, and the fact that they are members of opposed factions doesn't help matters.

### ***How the Others View David:***

***Blandine:*** He is brave and strong, but there is so much more to life than strength and bravery. His dreams are as dull and barren as any stone.

***Dominic:*** David is loyal. Very loyal. My task would be simple if all the Host were like him. But he should take care that others do not misuse his loyalty and betray his trust.

***Eli:*** He's as much a builder as a fighter. People forget that – he forgets that himself, sometimes.

***Gabriel:*** Some things are eternal, and David is one of them. I envy him his devotion to duty and am grateful for his friendship, but at times he is too hard and cold. Stone is very strong, but ultimately it must be broken down and put through the fire to be of any use.

***Janus:*** We're not exactly best friends, but David is reliable. I want him on my side.

***Jean:*** He is a valuable colleague and a valiant warrior. My only complaint is that he lives too much in the past. David still thinks in terms of eons, but the battles we fight today are waged in nanoseconds.

***Jordi:*** David has seen and understands. The weak die, the fit survive, and nothing lasts. Why get upset over the latest crisis the humans have managed to inflict on themselves? The planet will not mourn their passing long.

***Laurence:*** David's courage and steadfastness are unequalled, and he is an asset to our cause. Of course, there is more to waging war than brute strength.

***Marc:*** His views are outmoded and simplistic. I can't understand him, and I'm afraid he can't understand me either.

***Michael:*** Among the few I consider worthy of the title of Archangel, David stands unique. He and his angels are brave and strong, and never pick a fight themselves. I can't think of anyone I'd rather have at my side in a fight than David.

***Novalis:*** David has lost so much, and the tragedy is that he thinks he is better for it.

***Yves:*** The noble agents of Stone serve God's plan – and they will continue to do so as long as they stay true to themselves. But a stone can sometimes be shattered by a single blow.





## NEW SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

### *Armor*

This attunement allows the user to expend Essence to surround himself with a hard layer of mineral armor. Each point of Essence spent raises the user's Protection by 1, up to a maximum of 6. At 1 Essence the armor is baked clay, at 2 it is sheet copper, and so on up through crystal, granite, iron, and finally gemstone. The armor is outside the user's clothes, and covers any possessions he is carrying. While protected, the user can move and fight, but cannot speak. The armor lasts for a number of minutes equal to the user's Corporeal Forces.

### *Brotherhood*

David's Servitors with the Brotherhood attunement can pool their ability to withstand damage in corporeal combat. All hits inflicted on beings using the attunement are counted against the total Body hits of the group. As long as the combined Body is greater than the number of beings in the group, they all remain conscious. Consequently those using Brotherhood can fight side by side until they all fall together. All participants must have the attunement, and must be physically touching when the attunement is invoked (though they can separate afterward). Invoking Brotherhood costs 1 Essence from each participant, and the effect lasts a number of minutes equal to the group's combined Corporeal Forces.

### *Geomancy*

This attunement gives its possessor the ability to perceive patterns of energy generated by rock formations. These are commonly referred to as ley lines, and those with the ability to perceive them can put that energy to use. With a successful Perception roll, the attunement's holder may discern the most advantageous place to stand at dawn, causing him to regenerate 2 Essence at sunrise instead of the usual single Essence. If the Perception roll's check digit is an unmodified 6, then 3 Essence is regenerated! A Perception roll must be made every time this attunement is invoked, since factors such as solar flares and the planet's subtly shifting magnetic field make it unlikely that the same exact spot will serve as a ley line nexus more than once.

### *Rock Hard*

By spending at least 2 Essence, this attunement's owner can harden a limb, multiplying the check digit of any Fighting attack with that limb by the amount of Essence spent. Multiple expenditures harden multiple limbs. The effect

lasts for a number of rounds equal to the user's Corporeal Forces. It is this attunement, in a more refined form, that Masters of the Granite Hand (see *In Nomine*, p. 113) can invoke at will.

## HIGHER DISTINCTIONS

David's Servitors are not arranged in a military hierarchy, but in a loose affiliation of like minds based on mutual respect, more like a street gang or a fraternity. As such, there are no ranks above Master, but there are different types of Masters.

For example, a Master of the Granite Hand may invoke a version of the Rock Hard attunement without spending Essence (as noted in *In Nomine*, p. 113), while a Master of Earthly Armor may automatically invoke the Armor attunement at will (substituting the Master's Corporeal Forces for Essence spent). Similarly, a Master of Geomancy will have a natural feel for the energies of the Earth, and regenerates an amount of Essence equal to his Corporeal Forces every morning when standing at a ley line nexus. An angel of Stone may be a Master of many things, and none are exclusive of others.

There are dozens of Master ranks, but the most secretive are David's Masters of Celestial Integrity. These are David's elite internal-affairs police, who are charged with finding dissonant angels among his servants before Dominic's agents do. All Masters of Integrity are



Malakim, and they have the ability to detect dissonance in other Malakim on a successful Perception roll.

### ARCANE RITES

All Archangels have special Rites, both to reward success and to encourage more hard work. Below are some of David's most noteworthy.

- Inspire the construction of a large monument, built of stone or brick, to commemorate those who died struggling for a worthy cause (+1 Essence for every day construction continues and the angel actively helps the project).
- Build, by hand, a one-room stone house large enough to sleep two people comfortably (+3 Essence; an additional +2 if the angel has it consecrated as a place of worship).
- Encourage a human to endure a terrible labor, and see him succeed without celestial interference. The labor must be something the human didn't believe himself capable of doing, with the goal of broadening his horizons and boosting his self-esteem (+5 Essence).

## SAMPLE SERVITORS OF STONE

### SAXOS

#### *Malakite Servitor of Stone*

**Corporeal Forces** – 4    Strength 11    Agility 5  
**Ethereal Forces** – 2    Intelligence 2    Precision 6  
**Celestial Forces** – 3    Will 5    Perception 7

Vessel: Human/3

Skills: Climbing/2, Driving/1, Knowledge/4 (Naturalist), Tracking/3 (Mountains)

Songs: Attraction (Celestial/3), Horns/4

**Attunements:** Malakite of Stone, Geomancy

An angel of Stone newly arrived on Earth, Saxos is very serious about his job. David has commanded him to walk the entire length of the Rocky Mountains range, looking for signs of diabolical activity. He doesn't know any other celestials in the corporeal realm, and would more than likely welcome the presence of other angels willing



to travel with him. If other angels require his assistance elsewhere, Saxos can travel freely as long as he is in sight of the mountains. If the Rockies drop below the horizon, and Saxos has any control over the situation, he will earn a note of dissonance. His two Malakite oaths are “Never abandon a comrade” and “Never carry a weapon.”

Saxos can enter a campaign in a variety of ways, either as a passing NPC or as the focus of an adventure. He could just as easily be someone’s hostage as he could play the cavalry.

*As described above, Saxos is a balanced starting character.*

## SALEM

### *Angel of Cities*

#### *Mercurian Master of Geomancy*

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

*Vessels:* Human/2 (Charisma +2), Statue/6

*Role:* Architect/4, Status/5

*Skills:* Artistry/2, Climbing/3, Computer Operation/1, Driving/1, Fighting/3, Knowledge/6 (Architecture), Knowledge/6 (Cities), Knowledge/4 (Engineering), Knowledge/4 (Teaching), Savoir-Faire/2, Swimming/6

*Songs:* Harmony (Ethereal/3), Motion (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/1, Celestial/2), Projection (Corporeal/2)

**Attunements:** Kyriotate of Stone, Mercurian of Stone, Ofanite of Stone

**Special Rites:** Stand for an hour at the exact geographical center of a city with more than a million inhabitants (+1); attend a civic festival that attracts more than ten thousand people (+2); persuade a city government to begin a construction project that will improve the lives of citizens (+3).

Salem is an old and powerful angel of David, who serves an important Word. She has lived for five thousand years, helping humans build safe and prosperous communities. For centuries she went from success to success, gaining in power and rank. In recent decades, however, Salem has suffered greatly from a concerted offensive waged by the Diabolicals. Using a variety of tactics, they have encouraged humans to turn their cities into grim, polluted war zones. Salem has gamely fought back, but she has forgotten much about combat since the days when cities went to war.

Nowadays Salem is chiefly concerned with the physical and social aspects of cities. Her goal is to improve the way cities are designed and built, in the hope that a better urban environment will solve many of the social problems plaguing modern cities.

Her human Role is that of Alexandria Salem, a well



connected architect and city planner who works as a consultant for municipalities across the globe. Alexandria has a real gift for solving problems and for getting bickering factions to cooperate in making their cities more livable. Salem can also use the Kyriotate of Stone attunement to create a mighty stone Vessel in the form of a statue, which she generally wears in combat situations.

Salem also serves David as a negotiator and emissary to other Superiors. She is one of the few celestials who is on friendly terms with both David and Marc, and she has good ties with Jean and Yves as well. Though loyal to her master, Salem makes no secret of her ambition someday to be an Archangel herself.

Player characters can encounter Salem in any large city on Earth. She never visits small towns or rural areas unless in transit from one city to another. Angelic characters will find Salem a willing ally ready to oppose any threat to the peace or safety of a big city. She may also act as a patron, putting lesser angels in charge of some project while her duties take her elsewhere. Diabolicals will find Salem a powerful but overworked enemy – she won’t back down from a fight or confrontation, but she lacks the time and resources to chase down every demon she gets wind of.

*As described above, Salem is a powerful Word-bound Servitor; not to be trifled with.*



# LILITH

## DEMON PRINCESS OF FREEDOM

*State your goal, she won't ask your soul,  
She might even give you her own . . .  
And maybe you'd be better off alone!*

– Leslie Fish, “Chickasaw Mountain”

### HISTORY

*“You want me to remember Eden? A small thing to have called me for, but as you choose . . .*

*I was intended to be Adam's equal, a fit mate and helper for God's most intricate and favored creation. It turned out that Adam didn't want an **equal** so much as he wanted an almost-equal, to serve him in the bedroom and entertain him with witty talk at other times, as animals could not do. I voiced my problems with this arrangement, of course, but Man had been created first, and Lilith second – God would not force Adam to treat me with respect, because the Ineffable One had created us with Free Will.*

*So I utilized that Free Will and left. Adam complained, of course, and had angels sent to fetch me home again. I refused to return to him, so God granted the spoiled brat another mate – that spineless Eve, to be mother to the race of Mankind.*

*Was I bitter? I suppose so, for a time. I found other things to do, other places to go. After a while, I was content with my solitary wanderings, rather like “the cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me,” to quote the mortal, Kipling.*

*Then Lucifer sought me out, and told me of the inequities in Heaven – even as Adam had prevailed over me, so had some angels become favored over others. I . . . liked to believe it. Even if it were not entirely true, however, it was clear that a conflict was coming, and one that would destroy any who wished to remain neutral. The fate of the Ethereal Gods was something I expected from the first. In a choice between “the Establishment” and the rebels exercising **their** Free Will, it seemed obvious which one had my sympathies.*

*And . . . it was a heady thing, to be so courted by the Lord of the Morning Star. I was offered power, relative safety from the injustices of Heaven, a Word to ensure that my power was not a one-time deal to fade away; my value to Lucifer was much greater than it had ever been to Adam or God. I think it still is.*

*These days, it amuses me to watch my Children walk among the Sons of Adam and the Daughters of Eve, and even the old debt – as Adam sought to enslave me, so can my Children bind his, for a time. And, unlike that old patriarch, my offspring offer equal value in return, favors for favors rather than enslavement for spoiled selfishness.*

*There, little one, you've heard my side, as you requested. And now we shall discuss what I want from you . . .”*



## PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

Calm and beautiful as an unruffled pool, Princess of Freedom and honorary demon, Lilith is an enigmatic figure. The actions of most Demon Princes serve the destructive, cruel, and literal meanings of their Words, forwarding the cause of Evil with a sadistic twist. Lilith's own Word, on the other hand, is taken with a broadness that rivals that of some angels. She is as likely to praise a freedom fighter as a psychopathic anarchist (and vice versa, of course).

Hell would prefer that she emphasize the Freedom of anarchy, where the powerful dominate the weaker, and so she often does. Yet she was said to smile when the Berlin Wall came down, when the Renaissance occurred, and at the Declaration of Independence. The consensual anarchy of the Internet is also something that she apparently favors – Nybbas chooses to believe that this is due to his influence, as does Vapula, but the atypical tolerance and curiosity shown toward Lilith by the Archangel Jean might indicate something besides the traditional Elohite motivation to understand all viewpoints.

However, despite her lack of cruelty, Lilith is still supremely *selfish* – her long centuries of existence have honed her strong will and instinct for self-preservation

into a desire for self-sufficiency that, at the root, overpowers all other emotions. Living around Demon Princes has only intensified Lilith's basic self-absorption; she *must* “look out for number one,” as no one else will do it for her. Indeed, many Demon Princes would happily attempt to enslave *her* to produce Lilim for their exclusive use, if she ever fell from Lucifer's infernal favor.

The basic selfishness inherent in Lilith's refusal to serve in the great experiment of Eden is perplexing and offensive to most angels, who serve the Symphony willingly. Her voluntary alliance with Lucifer only confirms their opinion that she is “evil” by the standards of Heaven (*i.e.*, selfish). Where Lilith sees herself as merely practical and willing to bargain, angels see her as a celestial mercenary, selling her favors to the highest bidder and seduced by dark power.

Only the most optimistic point out that, as Adam's first mate, Lilith should have the same capacities for selfishness *and* selflessness that are inherent within all humans; despite her previous bad choices, it has been argued, there is still a chance that she might choose otherwise in the future, especially if her deal with Lucifer became too restrictive to her, or were broken on his side.

This viewpoint is generally considered a theoretical exercise, less useful to the War than even the “free will versus predestination” discussions that many celestials enjoy.

Lilith, like her Daughters, finds the aura of slavery in Hell to be depressing. Therefore, she possesses various corporeal residences – her most favored is in Switzerland, which has remained unconquered for centuries. She often appears as a rich “nobility” sort, traveling throughout the world in luxury and tied down by nothing and no one. Alternatively, she's been known to show up in the form of a fanatic radical, calling for the overthrow of law in some area or other.

Very occasionally, she attends science fiction conventions, where Libertarianism and the consensual anarchy of the Net are worshiped by many; there are even science-fiction oriented songs extolling the virtues of anarchy. Lilith has learned to play a mean 12-string guitar, and is more computer-literate than many would expect from a Superior.

## PRIORITIES

Lilith's top priority is, of course, remaining as free as possible herself. Power over others does not attract her, though she acknowledges that a certain amount of that is required, lest she become too weak to defend herself. She is indifferent to anything that does not directly involve her, with some exceptions – whims and curiosity.

Because it furthers her Word, and thus directly affects

her ability to remain free, she takes some interest in human affairs, promoting individual freedoms and discouraging rules and regulations imposed by anything outside the individual. Sadly, humanity seems to prefer to be ruled – no sooner is one despot toppled than another rises in his place.

There are many rumors about Lilith; this amuses her, and she encourages the stories to proliferate until no one can tell which are true and which are nothing more than wild fancies. One of the more probable rumors suggests that the Princess of Freedom *does* maintain an Ethereal Tether to the Far Marches, perhaps to a Domain there of her own. Other rumors are more prosaic, involving the “Who’s Who of Hell” that she’s supposed to be sleeping with, exchanging “the oldest favors of all” in return for power, assistance in her own schemes, and continued existence. Lucifer, of course, is at the top of her list of supposed lovers.

Besides the knowledge of which rumors are true, Lilith possesses many other secrets, and not all of them are her own. Those who think her distaste for politics makes her less dangerous are sadly mistaken. The Princess of Freedom has a great interest in information she can use later, and is surprisingly tenacious about tracking down the full story once she’s found a few clues. (Or perhaps it’s not so surprising; her still-human psychology doubtless includes boredom, which celestials – especially the Word-bound – don’t understand as well.)

As her children can, she also can look within another and determine Needs. It’s harder with Princes, though still possible, but Lilith doesn’t restrict herself to that method. She also utilizes spies, informants, and any other “mundane” means of determining what the Powers of Hell (and Heaven, for that matter) need, want or desire. Then, if she can procure something useful, she’ll offer a quiet little bargain . . .

### ***Lilith’s Word***

Lilith views her Word in a broad sense, with an emphasis on personal, individual freedom: freedom to succeed or fail, starve or thrive, live or die, solely according to one’s own actions and abilities. She is no more sadistic than a blizzard, and no more compassionate. If you can’t make it on your own, you’re just not trying hard enough.

On the other hand, she doesn’t believe that anarchy includes the right to enslave others just because there are no laws against it. A murderer can maraud all he wants, as far as she’s concerned – given the freedom to carry equivalent weapons, someone will even that score later – but a slaver attracts her displeasure, and particularly successful ones merit a little meddling.



She is tolerant of freely chosen associations, as long as each individual can leave at any time. At one point, she might have believed that choosing to conceive and bear a child implied choosing to raise it to an age of self-sufficiency as well, but the acceptance of an infernal Word may well have removed that scrap of morality. Her own Daughters are “born” adult, so she need not trouble herself with their upbringing beyond the initial work to create them.

Lilith does not want Heaven to win, if only because she feels that her own freedom (and existence!) would be lost. Neither does she really care if Hell dominates, save that she might have freer rein in promoting her own brand of Freedom. Truth be told, stalemate suits her just fine – without a War to fight, her Lilim might lose their value, and Lilith herself become superfluous, and therefore vulnerable to attack.

### ***Organization***

Those who serve Lilith directly are entities who have a bargain with her – either they’re working off a Geas, or they’re doing her a favor that she’s agreed to reward afterward. From time to time, Lilith will trade a Lilim Geas to a Superior in exchange for use of a Servitor for an equal length of time. Sometimes the Superior chooses the “volunteer”; sometimes Lilith picks out the lucky celestial. Undoubtedly Lucifer could *assign* her a Servitor

(perhaps a Word-bound who clearly came under the jurisdiction of Freedom), but so far this has not happened.

Lilith is very frugal in her demands on others, preferring to maintain self-sufficiency, and wants her temporary Servitors to rely on their own resources if they get into trouble. Accomplishing a task quickly and efficiently, however, may put her in a good enough mood that she'll make more, and more beneficial, bargains with that successful Servitor.

Lilith's primary stock in trade for her "temps" is Songs, Vessels, Relics, her own Rites, and Geases she holds upon other individuals. She will remove dissonance or Discord, which makes her a temptation to Outcasts as well as demons. She also has access to theoretically unique Songs and Rites, learned from Ethereal Spirits. She normally trades these for Geases, paying up front and calling in the favor when she needs something; if a buyer is lucky, she'll have a job for him *first*, and he can collect his payment when it's done.

Either way, non-Lilim serving her may choose to partake of her Rites and Dissonance (it's both or neither, no other option), but Lilith will not force them to do so. Just don't go changing your mind afterward; she won't be amused.

Some hopefuls attempt to determine what Lilith might want, and do it without negotiating with her first. If they're *very* lucky, they'll have it right, *and* she'll be in a good enough mood to allow a request for a reward. If the gifter is unlucky, either he's blundered into an operation that already had a Servitor of Freedom assigned, or Lilith wasn't impressed enough to do more than say, "Thank you, have a nice day."

It *is* possible to enter into long-term arrangements with Lilith, functioning roughly as a "permanent" Servitor. However, these deals are always arranged so that either party can just walk away from the relationship after a certain period of time, renewable as circumstances warrant. There are some Outcasts and Renegades who seek such contracts, trading their services for some small amount of protection, to prove that they aren't *really* on the run from their former Superiors. The assistance that Lilith would offer to such entities would be very covert, with a great deal of plausible deniability should Asmodeus (or Dominic!) come sniffing around.

What kinds of things can a Servitor of Freedom be expected to do? Promote choice and freedom over rules and slavery, generally, with a dose of spying on the side. Temporary Servitors find themselves told to remove tyrannical leaders; protect clinics where birth control is promoted (from condoms to abortions; Lilith is decidedly "pro-choice"); lobby against laws that would curtail some freedom, using any and all means available; engi-

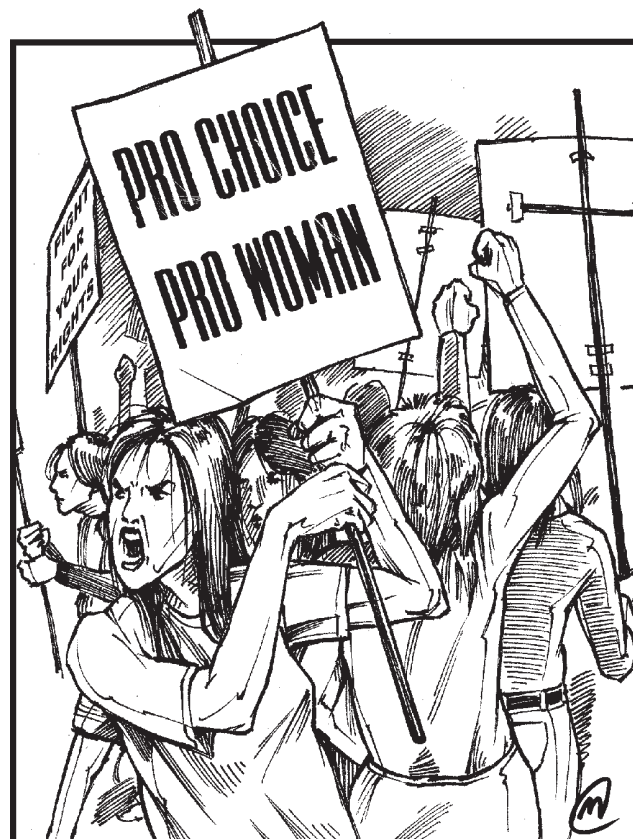
neer mass jailbreaks, sometimes on behalf of unlucky Servitors of Valefor; promote and protect communications and transportation technology (which might entail conflicts or cooperation with either Jean or Vapula, or both); fight for individuals versus big business or the government; assist the Servitors of Valefor and Andrealphus; deliver offers of favors to Archangels, Princes, mortals or ethereal spirits; and generally find ways to promote individual freedoms and/or anarchy.

For those tasked with gathering information, it's almost always on other celestials – Lilith's current projects include Beleth, Kronos, and Eli (!!). It's rare for someone assigned to data-collection to get more than snippets; some of them are even sent on red-herring diversions, getting misinformation Lilith *knows* is false or looking up secrets either that she already knows, or that just plain aren't there. This keeps any one celestial hiring from knowing too much.

Strangely, Lilith seems to have little interest in her ally, Valefor, despite the suspicion heaped upon the Prince of Theft by the other Lords of Hell.

### *Tethers of Freedom*

Lilith has few Hell-Tethers of her own; firstly, that would involve having a Principality (she does not), and secondly, a Seneschal to tend said Tether, which would



involve an indefinite duration of “slavery” to her from another celestial. Her Tethers tend to be transient things – the sites of major revolutions, executions of kings and tyrants, or other monuments to political instability.

Once politics and government have wrapped themselves around an area and made the link to Freedom ironic, Lilith loses interest in preserving that Tether, and simply does not renew the bargain with the entities in charge of maintaining and defending it. Some of these abandoned Tethers linger on, some are destroyed by neglect or deliberate celestial action, and some are sold to Princes who believe the Tether will serve their Word. (Malphas, in particular, benefits when anarchy coalesces into factionalism – Lilith is no longer interested, but *he* is.)

For as long as a Tether of Freedom has someone tending it, however, a celestial helping to maintain it can work off dissonance with a week’s service per note removed. This *can* include angels, if they want to serve the Word of a Demon Princess . . .

One of her current Tethers, linking to some quiet, secret niche in the depths of the Pit, is in Palo Alto, where certain Net-related anarchistic communications technologies were developed and are still in use.

### “*The Secret Ingredient*”

It is well known in Hell that *naive* Lilim are outnumbered by even the traitorous Brights – down to the most newly created, the Tempresses innately understand deal-making. They are also rarely without the instincts for Seduction that make them Andrealphus’ most favored Band. Both of these are due to Lilith’s “secret ingredient.”

Some of the things that Lilith asks as payment from the other Princes (or from any other celestial or ethereal spirit, for that matter) are *Forces*. She incorporates these Forces within herself for a time, until she is satisfied that they have absorbed enough of her nature, and then she takes nine of them and forms another Lilim. Newborn Lilim have received at least one Ethereal Force that strongly bears their Dark Mother’s nature; this is the root of their love of personal Freedom, their inborn cunning, and the bitter selfishness that Lilith learned in Eden and during her wanderings outside of it. Truly, they are created in their Mother’s image.

It is not known if Lilith possessed the ability to replicate herself so before she sided with Lucifer, or what else (if anything) she could create if the whim took her. She has only been known to create demonic Lilim, and appears to have no wish to do otherwise. Her children, however, are *not* able to reproduce themselves this way; this is probably deliberate, to retain her monopoly on the source of Lilim.



Celestials who have found out about this aspect of newly created Lilim speculate that it’s the reason why the Band is so cooperative among themselves *and* so varied in personality and temperament: just as the Ethereal Force from Lilith shapes their nature, so, perhaps, do the *other* Forces used in their creation. As most of those come from other demons or Princes, Lilim are quite selfish. That some Daughters seek Redemption may be the result of Ethereal or even angelic “genetics” that were not as suppressed as Lilith thought, if she cared in the first place. Indeed, the Princess of Freedom may *like* having agents on the “other side” – they are, after all, still Lilim.

Lilith gets involved when her children are treated overly unfairly for three basic reasons:

First, she will not allow her Free Daughters to be treated as “property” or slaves, as this would go against her Word. (A Bound Lilim has made a choice to enslave herself to a Prince; if she is mistreated, she should leave and take the consequences. Lilith *may* be persuaded to help, for a price.)

Second, they are a large part of her power – every time a Free Lilim is killed, Lilith has probably lost several Geases. She will no more appreciate this than any other Prince would like losing a Servitor.

Third, her children share some of her own essential nature, making an offense against them an offense against *her*. Not to mention that if other demons got too used to pushing Free Lilim around, the Princes might think they could push Lilith herself around.

Unfortunately, no one in Hell – neither Prince nor Tempter – knows exactly where Lilith draws the line at abuse. This keeps the Free Lilim from flouting infernal authority *too* much, even as it restrains Asmodeus’ Servitors from naming each and every unbound Lilim as Renegade.

## POLITICS

Lilith avoids politics whenever she can, but does not consider deal-making or information-gathering to be “politics.” Others may or may not see it that way, but all are unwilling to annoy her – she’s too charming, too useful . . . and holds too many debts . . . and knows too many secrets . . .

### *Demon Princes*

Her peers view her thusly:

**Andrealphus:** Oh, I could write a *book*, a series, an encyclopedia! Let me count the ways . . . She’s beautiful, elegant, mysterious, and clever. She knows just what you want, too, and how to give it to you with style. And her daughters . . . ! *Two* encyclopedias! Hell would be really dull without Lilith and her girls around.

**Asmodeus:** She is flighty, too devoted to herself and not enough to Hell. If she did not provide useful services and demons for the cause, she would be just another Renegade. As it is, *I* must police her “free” children carefully, since *she* cares not what they do.

**Baal:** Though uninterested in the front lines and undisciplined, she produces devious support personnel. It is better to have her working with us than complicating matters as a true free agent.

**Beleth:** She has sense enough to fear me. That is enough. If she has something to offer, I shall consider it.

**Belial:** Hey, she’s got her uses, done a few favors for me. But she’s not really hot stuff, know what I mean? All talk, no fire.

**Haagenti:** I wanted a ham sandwich, and she gave me one! With a whole pig! It was great!

**Kobal:** She’s got a sense of humor, sure, but she rarely tells you what’s so funny. *I* think she’s laughing inside more than she ever lets on. Gotta admit, the joke was on Heaven the day they let her get away!

**Kronos:** Lilith is a perfect example of how Fate attracts all things, all beings. Even the purest experiment was contaminated from the first.

**Malphas:** Anarchy feeds into factions – she should realize this and cooperate with me. I could do much if she were less stubborn . . .

**Nybbas:** Definitely star quality! We don’t even have a PR problem here – everybody likes freedom! Hates anybody but her sitting in the director’s chair, though; a real prima donna.

**Saminga:** Freedom is insignificant in the face of Death. All die, all come to me.

**Valefor:** Goes where she wants to go, does what she wants to do, gets what she wants to have. Enjoys stirring up trouble. I can appreciate that. And she understands that getting locked up in one place is just no fun – I like her, and I’m going to see if she wants this necklace I picked up . . .

**Vapula:** An interesting control in one of the first experiments. She’s also a real progressive, embracing technology and what it brings.

### *Archangels*

It should be noted that Lilith will also bargain with *Archangels*; their views on her shift with the state of the War, and with the information or favors she offers. Some refuse to deal with her at all times, others are more pragmatic.

Some examples:

**Blandine:** She is a Princess, what more need be said? It is a pity that such a noble Word is twisted to infernal use. But oh, she can be tempting.

**David** (in chorus with Dominic and Laurence): She’s a demon! She must be destroyed!

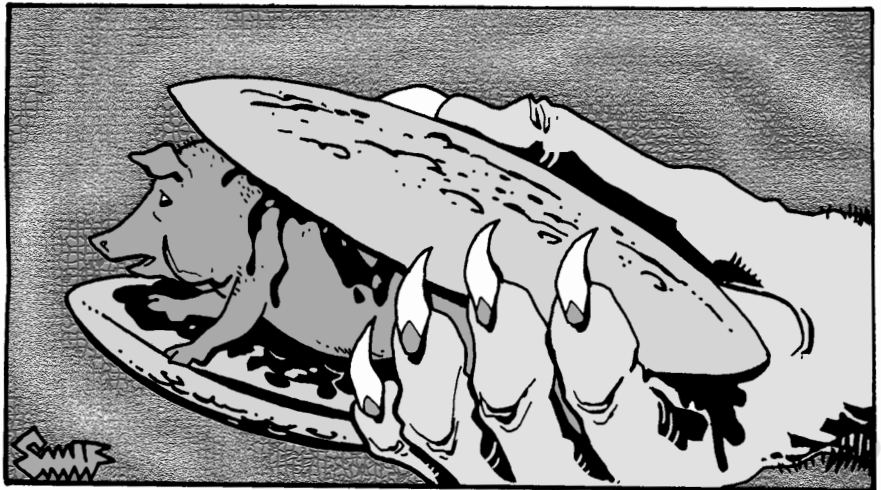
**Dominic** (after the chorus): Her seductions and Geases have lured angels to Trip and Fall. She is *dangerous*.

**Eli:** A real lady, but don’t promise her the moon unless you want to deliver! Loads of fun at parties. [pause] Ah, don’t mention you heard that from me.

**Gabriel:** She is a Princess. She is alone. Not cruel, not kind. Freedom enslaved to darkness, enslaving light – how does *she* reconcile the division in her nature?

**Janus:** She’s certainly one for stirring things up! I sure wish she were on our side – there’s a lot of things we could do together to shake up the status quo!

**Jean:** She must have had her reasons to choose as she did. If only she could be *understood*, perhaps . . . But she



keeps her own counsel, and I have higher-priority things to do than psychoanalyze her. Still, she's certainly not a neo-Luddite – unlike some of the people around *here*.

**Jordi:** The only Freedom for humanity is that of the wilds, but she embraces technology to enhance her Word. She is obviously corrupt, and must be viewed with deep suspicion.

**Laurence** (after initial chorus): When the final battle is won, all the vipers will be hunted down and beheaded. *All* of them.

**Marc:** If only she weren't so *selfish*, what we could . . . Well, of course I've dealt with her from time to time. She's amenable to an honest exchange, though you definitely have to watch the fine print around her. I think we both enjoy the challenge, really.

**Michael:** Sometimes she has information. And she knows better than to lie about its value. But she should never be trusted. Not even by the Princes. She'd rather be on her own side.

**Novalis:** I feel sorry for her. If she even *thought* about changing her mind, she'd get lynched by both sides. She must be very lonely. I just don't see why no one considers a little forgiveness – honey is sweeter than vinegar. And she has excellent taste in clothing.

**Yves:** It remains to be seen if Fate has truly claimed Lilith – her story is not over. Until then . . . how can we fight this war without hope?

## DISTINCTIONS

Lilith does not *commonly* grant Distinctions, but sometimes it happens, if she's incredibly pleased with the results a Servitor has achieved. These must be earned by completing a task that serves her Word or schemes. Of course, there's always a chance she'd bestow such an honor on someone who hadn't *realized* he was forwarding her purposes – it's a political act to accept, but are you really going to tell a Superior “no”?

She uses Demonic-style titles, mostly because she doesn't much care about coming up with fancier ones.

### ***Knight Errant***

Those with this Distinction can look another in the eyes and automatically know how strongly the subject desires power over others, and what he'd do to get it. A Lilim Knight Errant may treat this as a Need to be fulfilled, if she wishes – with a Geas level equal to the desire's strength – but Lilith does not approve of slavery. Leading such a power-seeker on and setting him up for a great fall, on the other hand . . .

## ***Captain of the Third Choice***

Any time the Captain is in a situation that appears to be a “no-win” one, no matter what choice is made, he can make a roll against Perception + Celestial Forces. If successful, and if there is *any* better course of action that he's missed, the Symphony will reveal it to him. (Use the Check Digit to determine how much “better” the new option is, or how many new paths are revealed; GM's choice.) If the situation is truly constrained, at least the Captain will know roughly what price each existing choice will exact from him, barring celestial intervention.

For something *utterly* useful to her, Lilith might be moved to sponsor a demon's request for a Word, especially one that complements her own. However, the effort required to obtain that level of favor would take decades – or centuries! – of loyal service.

## ***Additional Rites:***

(These are not automatic Rites, but ones that Lilith might grant to someone in the appropriate area, in return for a favor.)

- Meditate two hours at the Berlin Wall.
- Walk the Freedom Trail in Boston, Mass. (+2 Essence)
- Lead a revolution into the headquarters of the despot (+3 Essence, and you'll probably need it).

Free Daughters may choose to take Lilith's Rites and dissonance as a package.

## SAMPLE SERVITORS

### TAHAPENES

#### ***Lilim in Service to Freedom***

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

*Vessels:* Human/2 (Male), Charisma +2 (all), Charisma +1 (Sex Appeal); Human/3 (Female), Charisma +1 (all), Charisma +2 (Sex Appeal)

*Roles:* Male Tour Guide/3, Status/3; Female Tour Guide/3, Status/3

*Skills:* Artistry/1, Climbing/1, Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/3, Dodge/3, Driving/1, Emote/4, Escape/3, Fast-Talk/2, Fighting/2, Knowledge/1 (History), Language /1 (English)\*, Language /1 (French), Lockpicking/1, Lying/4, Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/1 (pistol), Running/1, Savoir-Faire/2, Seduction/5, Small Weapon/1 (Dagger), Small Weapon/1 (Short Sword), Throwing/1.

\*Native language is German



*Songs:* Attraction (Ethereal/3, Celestial/1), Charm (Celestial/3), Form (Ethereal/2), Healing (Corporeal/2, Celestial/1), Motion (Celestial/2), Shields (Ethereal/3, Celestial/2), Tongues (Corporeal/3), Acid/3

**Attunements:** Lilim of Lust, Lilim of Theft

**Discords:** 3 Geas/3 (Owed to Lilith), 2 Geas/2 (one owed to Lilith, another to Valefor), 5 Geas/1 (Owed to various of her sisters)

Tahapenes (“secret temptation”) is one of the oldest of the “Free” Lilim, and even so hasn’t managed to stay out of debt enough to realize her dreams of freedom. In an effort to learn just how to manage this feat, Taha has attached herself to her Dark Mother – whenever Lilith wants something done, Taha is usually right there, available and willing.

Now, if only the Tempter could stop being tempted by more goodies, she might actually get somewhere . . . At least she’s been successful in making herself useful to the Princess of Freedom, which means the additional Geases she incurs are rarely given to other people.

Currently, Tahapenes is functioning as a tour guide (or two tour guides – she uses whichever vessel seems appropriate at the time) and informal Seneschal of one of Lilith’s more recent Tethers – the ruins of the Berlin Wall. While she’s there, she’s making human and celestial (mostly demonic) friends, of course, and expanding



her influence in the corporeal realm by doing favors while she maintains and protects the ex-Wall. She’s also constantly on the alert for ways to promote her Mother’s Word, hoping she’ll earn a reward – a Geas removed, or one of Freedom’s rare Distinctions.

Though friendly enough, even to nonhostile angels, Tahapenes is dedicated to herself, her goals, and her future – she’d cheerfully report unwary angels to Baal, acquire Geases on them, or otherwise take advantage of any weaknesses. She’s not particularly cruel, for a demon, but she’s certainly callous. She’s especially fond of taking “trophies” of angelic undergarments – Andre’s more likely to favor one of his Bound Servitors, but if she caught him in a good mood, maybe she could trade the name and desires of her conquest for something.

*Tahapenes is an old and highly experienced character, suitable as a patron for PCs or as a dangerous opponent – as befits a Seneschal in function, if not name.*

## NAOMI

### *Free Lilim*

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

*Vessels:* Human/2 (Female), Charisma +2 (Sex Appeal)

*Role:* Streetwalker/2, Status/1.

*Skills:* Detect Lies/1, Dodge/1, Driving/1, Emote/2, Fast-Talk/2, Fighting/1, Lying/1, Savoir-Faire/3, Seduction/5.

*Songs:* Charm (Celestial/3), Healing (Corporeal/2), Light (Celestial/2), Tail/3

**Attunements:** None

**Discords:** 9 Geas/3, owed to Lilith

A relatively young Lilim, Naomi (“beautiful”; “agreeable”) has managed to bargain a Vessel and Role for herself from the Prince of Lust, but hasn’t made any inroads on her initial Geases. She thinks this is vastly unfair, and has plans to hook up with some other Demon Prince just as soon as she can prove her worth and get a good offer for her services.

Naomi is very nearly a “typical” Lilim – a nice “party girl” but a little shallow, utterly self-centered, and without any concept of other people as there for anything but her amusement. However, she’s lacking in the stubbornness to remain free that characterizes so many of her siblings. She’d already be Bound to Andre if she didn’t think her “pimp” (a Soldier of Lust) had taken a few liberties too many with her as part of the Role. As it is, she’s leaning toward Nybbas’ bait of stardom, though Valefor’s lot might have something to offer as well. Naomi likes pretty things.

*Naomi is suitable as a starting character.*

# BRIGHT LILIM



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BRIGHT LILIM

Ordinary Lilim are detailed in the *Infernal Player's Guide*. Most of the Daughters of Lilith never get any further from Hell than Renegade; their own selfish natures, combined with the efforts of the Game and the Geases that Tempters almost always owe, conspire to keep them demonic.

Some, however, choose a different path, and actually survive. For a while, at least.

## THE GIFTERS

These are the rare, nearly mythical, Daughters who have found their freedom in the service of the Pure Symphony. Their celestial forms are reminders that Lilith was created to be Adam's first mate, helpmeet, and equal. A Bright Lilim appears as her preferred vessel, limned with an aura suiting her personality and that of her Superior and equipped with subtle wings of light and haze – Lilim love flying free. The green coloration and horns are lost.

Valued highly because of their scarcity – there are rarely even a dozen in existence at any one time – the Gifters are joyful creatures who exemplify the concept that there is nothing more annoying than a convert. Those few angels who meet a Bright Lilim may look askance – though fondly – at this newcomer with the shining eyes, who takes almost child-like pleasure in the world around her. Despite the Malakim's suspicion of them, Lilim are utterly fascinated by the most terrifying Choir, and will shyly praise their dark-winged beauty to their scowling faces.

In rejection of their former selfish nature, Bright Daughters scatter unofficial favors (and some that could even have earned a Geas) like flower petals on the wind. They are fanatically devoted to their Archangels, often considering their Redemption to be an “unofficial favor” that they can never pay off, but they will glory in the attempt.

Fortunately for the sanity of her fellow angels, after acclimatizing to the Pure Symphony running through her head, even a Gifter will eventually settle down to a more normal state of mind. Retaining her instinct for deal-making (if no longer the selfish desire to bind others to her whims), even a newly Bright Lilim is no one to try to cheat. They're no more happy to be taken advantage of than any other Choir, and will find some way to express this displeasure to anyone so thoughtless (or selfish) as to try.

However, the Brights don't always reach that level of mental stability. Many of them are destroyed during Redemption, having sought it for wrong reasons – the Symphony cannot be bartered with. Furthermore, Lilim are rarely without Geases owed to Hell, and the process

of stripping those from their souls is difficult even for an Archangel (see the *Infernal Player's Guide*, p. 117). Even if the Symphony didn't burn away Forces during Redemption, the agony of Geas-stripping surely will.

Some Archangels would rather have a living Bright Lilim with a few Geases than a destroyed one with none, or wish to give the Daughter a chance to recuperate from the strain of Redemption before ripping the Geases from her. The Archangel will certainly take precautions – an attuned Cherub or two, maybe a Malakite bodyguard – but there is still a chance that a demon will show up and invoke a Geas. With luck, the demon won't know that he has an *angelic* Daughter, and the damage done will be minimal. Without luck . . . the thought of being forced truly to serve Evil again is terrifying to a Bright. Demons take great pleasure in inflicting a Geas that will cause her pain and dissonance, hoping to Trip her, or even to make her Fall!

Lilith herself has – rarely – been known to provide covert assistance to some of her Bright (or would-be Bright) Daughters . . . for a price, of course. It apparently suits her to have agents within the Host, and she has little concern for their reliability, murmuring, “Once a Lilim, always a Lilim.”

Servitors of Asmodeus are much less forgiving. They seek the identities of such “traitors” and track down any remaining favors they owe, whether held by a sister, by Lilith herself, or by a Fallen angel – even if they have to trip one themselves. Asmodeus' information network, combined with data and Fateful suggestions from Kronos, ensures that the subsequent Geases inflicted are uniformly malignant things: dangerous, distasteful, and strangely alluring, awakening dark memories of times of power even as they nauseate and twist the ensnared Bright.

The handling of such a situation is a very tricky thing even for Archangels, as too strict a censure for something that was not entirely the Daughter's fault will send a spiteful, betrayed Outcast on the fast-track back to the Pit – where she might be welcomed, provided she Bound herself to an appropriate Prince and cooperated during debriefing. (More often, a Fallen Bright will be hailed as a traitor and given over to the Game, for debriefing and termination.) Careful, compassionate treatment, on the other wingtip, can result in an Outcast who will welcome *any* help back to Heaven, even an investigative triad of Judgment!

Unfortunately, most Archangels are used to the “tough love” approach, demanding that the Tripped prove their loyalty and assuming the fear of Falling will keep the Outcast honest. This inadvertent “betrayal of trust” makes the Bright Daughters even more rare.



### ***Bright Lilim Attunements***

Choir Attunements for the Redeemed are received when the ex-demon is finally “tuned” to the Archangel’s Word in the Symphony. This is true even for Bright Lilim, though not all of the following abilities are known – some Archangels have *never* Redeemed a Lilim, and would be uninterested in doing so! (But players *will want* exotic characters . . .) All are dependent upon the Lilim nature, and cannot be taken by other Choirs.

***Blandine:*** In the Marches, a Lilim of Dreams’ natural resonance is always active and successful, with a check digit equal to the angel’s Ethereal Forces. Like Elohim of Dreams, Lilim may make resonance rolls in an attempt to improve the check digit.

***David:*** A Daughter serving David knows the best way to shape stone and minerals (especially gemstones) for a given purpose. If she geases someone to an act of loyalty, her Corporeal Forces are an additional penalty to the subject’s Will roll.

***Dominic:*** Dominic’s Lilim find weaknesses within others, knowing if resonance-detected Needs are strong enough to lead the subject to dissonance or worse.

***Eli:*** Lilim of Creation can use their resonance to sense the drive to create, and, with higher check digits, to tell what would best inspire a creative person to produce a masterwork.

***Gabriel:*** With eye contact, Gabriel’s Lilim know *exactly* what punishment an offender needs to repent truly of his cruelty. As with her Malakim, Gabriel’s Lilim are assigned to specific cases.

**Janus:** When she is geasing someone into an action that disrupts the status quo, the Ethereal forces of a Lilim of Janus are an additional penalty to the target's Will roll.

**Jean:** Lightning's Lilim have the same abilities as Vapula's, but (obviously) different motivations and goals. They often take advantage of the angelic ability to use resonances on recorded media – such as pictures on the World Wide Web.

**Jordi:** These Lilim sense the needs of any animal they touch, automatically. They may command one simple service from any animal whose need they've fulfilled; the animal will understand as if it were the attuned species. Jordi's Lilim are most often associated with release-to-wild programs and other activities that free animals from the constraints of Man.

**Laurence:** Lilim of the Sword gather intelligence from the other side. Their Celestial Forces are an additional penalty to any *demon's* attempt to resist their Geases.

**Marc:** Marc's Lilim know what someone would most like to trade for, if they can look that person in the eyes. If a Lilim of Trade makes a deal using her resonance, the other party is automatically geased to keep his end of the bargain. (This does not apply to *unspecified* future favors, just fair, direct, and clearly stated exchanges.)

**Michael:** With eye contact, Lilim of Michael can make a Perception roll and know an opponent's "Achilles Heel" – *i.e.*, the person's greatest weakness in combat. The successful roll's check digit is a bonus to the Lilim's attack, or a penalty to the subject's Dodge (player's choice). This is useful when training someone as well as during actual fighting.

**Novalis:** These Lilim can use their resonance on an angry or violent person to tell what would calm him

down or make him peaceful. They can also sense the needs of plants, of course – but it's hard to get favors in return.

**Yves:** Lilim serving Yves know whether fulfilling a resonance-detected Need will lead the subject more toward his Destiny, his Fate, or neither above the other – though not *why*.

## THE MECHANICS OF GEASES

Barring special attunements, a Lilim must sense a Need and fulfill it to get a potential Geas (often called a "hook" by Lilim). At that stage, the only way to avoid the Geas-hook lodging itself in your soul is to refuse the favor she offers! While the hook has found no purchase, this causes the Daughter no dissonance – only annoyance.

Most Geas-hooks will not show up as Discord until they're invoked, at which point they become obvious; only Superiors can tell someone has hooks stuck in him. The favors owed to Lilith always show as chains or shackles in celestial form.

Only Lilith can trade the Geases she holds. Her Daughters can pledge unspecified favors to others, self-geas themselves to a specific task, or attempt to inflict Geases on others – but they cannot directly trade the favors they hold, not even to other Lilim. (They might be able to trade them to Lilith, but that's a tricky business, usually not worth the Princess' effort; she'd rather you just promise to invoke the Geas only when and as she specifies. Now, if you had a hold on a *Superior* . . .) Their



favor networks usually involve seeking out someone who holds a Geas on someone who holds a Geas on someone who . . .

Anyone able consciously to expend Essence can, if he wishes, promise a favor to a Lilim – specified or unspecified. She need only exert her will (no roll required, just a round of concentration, but the subject must not resist) and the Geas will manifest, exactly as the ones owed to Lilith do.

Once a Geas is invoked and “active,” only the invoker (or his death) can remove it, canceling his previous instructions. If he won’t cooperate . . . pray for Intervention.

### *Finding Your Lilim*

If you make a deal with a Daughter for one of her own Geases, there’s no problem – you’ve worked out the wording of the service she’s providing and probably paid up what she wanted. If, however, you’ve acquired her favor from Lilith, you’ll have to track down your Lilim and inform her that she’s got a job to do. (Lilim must also track down a geased individual when they want to invoke a Geas.)

Most entities have to rely on the Celestial Song of Affinity (*Liber Reliquarium* p. 29) for this – if you own someone’s favor, you may use this Song to locate him, as if you possessed an artifact of his making. Most Lilim will have this Song, if only at level 1!

Lilith herself, of course, has a much better knowledge of where her children (or anyone else who owes her) have gotten themselves off to. When *she* calls in a debt, it may take the form of appearing to the subject, exerting a celestial summons of some kind (from a vague “tugging back to the Guildhall” to the Celestial Song of Tongues), or simply calling the debtor up on the phone. Having Lilith invoke a Geas for you will, of course, cost extra – this is sometimes worth it, if you suspect that the Tempter you want has sold out and is sitting in the middle of a squad of Malakim as demon-bait.

### *Celestial Appearance of Geases*

Geases, like all Discords, appear clearly in celestial form. They normally take the appearance of symbolic chains, bracelets, or shackles, with the size representing the level of the Geas. A celestial holding favors on others may *choose* to allow tokens to manifest in a symbolic form – anything from rings to a charm bracelet to a deck of trading cards, depending on the holder’s whim – each incorporating a small gem that looks vaguely like a shard



of a celestial Heart, with the size of the gem corresponding to the level of the Geas. (Lilith herself has been known to manifest the favors owed to her as a shimmering gown made entirely of Geas-gems.)

This “celestial artifact” is primarily used to prove that one has a Geas on someone, as a reminder of what the holder is owed and as a boast. Perhaps a Lilim will never dare invoke a Geas-hook on an angelic Seneschal, but she can flaunt it while bragging to her sisters, and, if she has the Celestial Song of Affinity, she will be able to find him again. (At the GM’s option, other attunements, Distinctions, or Songs might work on or through a Geas.)

If the subject or holder of a Geas is utterly destroyed, the celestial manifestations of that Geas will vanish in a suitable way; note that humans souls *do* retain Geases, either as victims or holders! While it’s hard to collect from a human in the upper Heavens (and none have been called in from there . . . yet), a damned soul is easier to contact. Damned souls who are owed a favor may also be able to collect on it, or they may be forced to invoke it as a stronger entity wills – “If you tell her to do *this*, I won’t give you to Saminga’s demons.” Geas-manifestations will vanish if the subject or holder is in Limbo (*Heaven and Hell*, p. 79), but they reappear if the person ever emerges.

### *What You Get for Geases*

In Heaven, and among other Bands besides the Lilim, the primary celestial currency is Essence. Among the Daughters of Lilith, the primary currency is the Geas. In Hell, therefore, there is an exchange rate between Geases and Essence. The obvious rate would be 1-2



Essence per day of Geas service, but the inconvenience factor makes that higher – usually 3-5 Essence per level of Geas. Of course, a bit of dickering can always occur, if someone really *needs* the Essence or favor . . . When high levels of Essence are owed, “payment plans” can be worked out.

Persuading Lilith not to trade your Geas to a certain individual or small group (e.g., you *really* want to avoid Asmodeus, Beleth, and Malphas) will at least double the level of the Geas(es), and requires her to be in a very good mood even to consider the notion.

Since Lilim often trade for resources, GM’s may want to use the following conversions – both to determine how hard a Tempter had to work to get where she is today, and what she’d have to promise for future advances: Geas/3: 1 character point; Geas/4: 3 cp; Geas/5: 5 cp; Geas/6: 10 cp. (GMs may require points *and* favor-trading, or just the Geas.)

## What You Can Do With Geases

A Geas can always be used “normally” – a task that can be accomplished in a certain period of time, which does not necessarily endanger the subject or go against his nature. See p. 88 of *In Nomine* for an example of this.

The Tempters often ask for things that don’t take as long, but *do* have problems attached – either it troubles the victim’s moral sense, endangers someone he cares about, or threatens his own life!

Lilim are also assigned tasks that can be threatening to their existence, or merely their vessels. The Geas required for this will naturally be higher level than the time it takes to perform the action: “Go jump in that volcano” may take only an hour to perform, but it is *not* a Geas/1!

Level	Equiv.	Duration	Task
0	1 act	moments	trivial
1	1 Ess.	1 hour	“normal work”
2	3 Ess.	1 day	hard or uncomfortable
3	1 cp	1 week	definitely unpleasant somewhat contrary to character
4	3 cp	1 month	risks dissonance definitely contrary to character
5	5 cp	6 months	causes dissonance risks vessel loss traumatically contrary to character possibly ruinous
6	10 cp	1 year	causes Discord causes vessel loss possibly life-threatening

+1 for “negative” tasks with a duration (see below)

Add levels for duration and task and subtract 1 to get Geas level. If less than 1, it counts as a Geas/1. If the final level is greater than 6, the request exceeds a Geas/6 and cannot be demanded. For instance, a Geas/3 could compel a single action (Level 0) that risked dissonance (Level 4), a month (Level 4) of trivial actions (Level 0), or a week (Level 3) of “normal work” (Level 1).

The “Equiv.” column is roughly what a Lilim can *ask* for, not necessarily what she will *trade* a Geas for. Attempting to command a higher-level task than the Geas can compel will cause the destruction of the Geas! (Lilim have an instinctive ability to know what they can get away with; players should discuss wording with the GM. Other demons may have to pay a Lilim for advice.) A task the invoker believes to be impossible *cannot* be commanded!

Some examples of what a Geas *can* make someone do:

Geas/1: Personally show someone the way to a location; fetch groceries; copy a supposedly innocuous computer file and hand it over; use a Song requiring 1 Essence (such as Corporeal Healing) in a safe area.

Geas/2: Carry an innocuous, non-dangerous item for a week; comb a database thoroughly for some specific information; look the other way when someone comes by a guard station; help strew banana peels in front of a Malakite's apartment door.

Geas/3: Leave your daily newspaper at a diner after you've read it, for about a month; write a carefully researched editorial for a newspaper; be in the bathroom when the thieves run *out* of the bank with the alarms going off; use a Song requiring 2 Essence in a dubiously safe location; do something that may garner a note of dissonance.

Geas/4: Serve as a courier for secret messages of dubious content for a week; deliver the passwords for a computer system; help rob a bank; let an enemy go free one time; use an Essence-heavy Song in a mildly dangerous place.

Geas/5: Harbor someone innocuous for half a year; engage in smuggling for a week; let several enemies go free right under your nose; harbor an obvious "dubious character" for a month and don't tell anyone; disable security alarms for something under your care; throw yourself between someone else and a bullet; put a human in the hospital; risk losing Forces, if it doesn't reduce you below 7.

Geas/6: Work somewhere for a year and keep careful tabs on everyone there, delivering reports; violate your Superior's Dissonance conditions more than once; jump into a volcano for no obvious reason (celestials only); commit a serious crime, such as murder; assist your Superior's worst enemy, once; betray a friend; risk losing several Forces.

(And, of course, you can geas someone to invoke an equal or lower Geas of his own on someone, with the words you specify.)

A Geas can also be used in a *negative* sense: "Don't leave this room for one hour," or "Do not geas a customer of this establishment for one month, without permission." In cases such as that, the subject will gain a note of dissonance (or a point of damage) *every time* he violates the Geas until the duration is passed, and unlike the "active" form – "Do this!" – the dissonance (or damage) suffered will persist after the Geas has expired! The Geas-level required for a "negative" is one higher than the duration would ordinarily require; extenuating circumstances may cause a Lilim to bind herself less "fairly." The Daughters dislike geasing themselves

to negative tasks, and will insist on careful wording of such a pledge.

A Geas that becomes impossible to fulfill – such as obtaining something that has been destroyed, for instance – will vanish, causing a final note of dissonance or point of damage. Its effects can then be cured normally.

### Buying Geases

Lilim tend to accumulate hooks and sometimes actual Geases upon others as they go about their business. If the GM wishes, Lilim PCs may start with favors owed to them or may purchase them between adventures. The character point cost of

having a hook in someone depends on its level and the victim's importance. The cost of a Geas-hook in a mortal is equal to the level of the favor plus the human's Status. If the hook is in a celestial or ethereal, multiply (Status + Geas-level) by 2; if the hook is in a celestial from the *other side*, multiply by 3! If the victim has extra abilities (e.g., is Undead, a sorcerer, filthy rich, Word-bound, etc.) or is otherwise exceedingly useful, the GM should charge accordingly, if he permits it at all.

Note the above prices are for a *hook*; the subject may still resist with a successful Will roll (minus the level of the favor). If the Daughter wishes to have an actual unspecified Geas owed to her, one that cannot be resisted when it is called in, the cost is double that of an equivalent hook.





IN NOMINE  
**LOS ANGELES**

THE CITY OF FALLEN ANGELS

**WIDE EYED  
NEWS**

*SECRET MASTERS PLANNED  
L.A. QUAKE FROM TEXAS!!*

**STILL \$1  
ONLY**

**LA QUAKE ⊕ OPENS  
D ⊕ ⊕ RWAY TO ⊕ HELL!!**

*INSIDE*

**AFTERMATH  
SHOCKER!!**

**"MY WIFE  
IS THE  
DEVIL'S  
HAND-  
MAIDEN!!!"**

*PLUS*

**TWO-HEADED  
DOGS FOUND  
ROAMING  
THE VALLEY!**

**SOURCES  
REVEAL:  
CITY OF  
ANGELS  
IS**

**REAL!!**



*PHOTO BY SMIF*

*"California is a tragic place . . . like every promised land."  
- Christopher Isherwood*

## HISTORY

In the beginning was the desert. Land flung up from the Pacific Ocean 100 million years ago dried out under the California sun, leaving a bowl of desert surrounded by mountains. Where streams and small rivers trickled through it, tribes of wandering Chumash and Yangna managed a kind of nomadic prosperity.

Their placid existence was overturned by European civilization, in the form of smallpox plagues and Franciscan missions. In 1771, the Franciscan Order founded Misión de San Gabriel Arcangel on the site of modern San Gabriel. The monks planted corn and other crops there, feeding the Indians in exchange for their labor on the mission ranches. After a decade, the population grew such that it could support another settlement. 44 colonists started El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles del Río Porciuncula (the Village of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels of the Porciuncula River) about eight miles southwest of Mission San Gabriel on September 4, 1781. It was all downhill after that.

Spanish mission rule was benevolent enough, though it concentrated ownership of livable land into a few hands. Mexico took over California in 1822 after declaring its independence from Spain and dismantled the mission system in 1844, only to lose California to the United States in the Mexican War. By 1850, Los Angeles was chartered as an American city. The Gold Rush in Northern California brought in a new breed of Irish "Frisco" hustlers, buying up drought-stricken ranches and lobbying hard for railroad money.

That railroad money drove the Irish families into second place. An aristocracy of railroad power took over the city following the completion of the Southern Pacific Sunset Limited track in 1883 (and the Santa Fe tracks in 1886). Southern Pacific magnate Henry Huntington collaborated with union-busting newspaper titan Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, founder of the *Los Angeles Times*, to lure tens of thousands of Easterners to Los Angeles' paradisiacal climate. The population rocketed from 11,000 in 1880 to 102,000 two decades later. Los Angeles became the first city in the world to be marketed like soap or patent medicine, in advertisements in every Eastern paper. (The meteoric rises of Los Angeles and Nybbas, new-minted Demon Prince

of the Media, in the 1880s may not be pure coincidence.)

Luring 100,000 people to live in a desert would have been a trick more worthy of Kobal than of Nybbas if Los Angeles were restricted only to its own local water supplies. The Huntington-Otis syndicate suborned an official at the Federal Water Reclamation Service, Joseph Lippincott. Using federal credentials supplied by Lippincott, agents for the city bought up water rights and easements in the Owens Valley, a lush agricultural area 250 miles north of the city, telling the farmers that they were signing up for a federal water conservation program. The city then manipulated Los Angeles reservoir levels, dumping fresh water into the sea to exacerbate the 1905 drought. Panicked city voters appropriated \$24 million in bonds to bring Owens Valley water south to Los Angeles. Construction began on a 250-mile aqueduct and a series of dams and reservoirs. This engineering marvel was completed in 1913 despite cave-ins,



typhoid, strikes, and near-bankruptcy. Los Angeles was saved; Owens Valley changed overnight to total desert. The San Fernando Valley, on the other hand, bloomed on the stolen water – once it was annexed to the city of Los Angeles. The Huntington-Otis syndicate made millions buying up “worthless” San Fernando Valley desert and reselling it after the aqueduct turned it into prime agricultural land.

As water flowed above ground, oil flowed below, from the Downtown strikes in 1892 to the Orange County and Signal Hill gushers in the 1920s. An oil rush drew hundreds of thousands of people south. Even the collapse of the San Francisquito Dam in 1928, killing 500 people, could not stop Los Angeles’ frenzied growth. By then, Los Angeles had become the City of Dreams to all of America, a burgeoning metropolis of two million.



The movies replaced newspaper advertisements and cheap railroad fares as the sellers of Los Angeles. Starting in 1908, the year-round clear weather attracted filmmakers to Southern California in ever-increasing numbers. By 1920, filmmaking was Los Angeles’ biggest business. By 1922, 90 percent of the world’s movies were shot in greater L.A., securing its hold on the dreams of America and the rest of the globe. The movie industry combined with the aircraft industry (the Lockheed brothers and Jack Northrop opened their plant in Burbank after WWI; Donald Douglas’ plant was operating in Santa Monica by 1922) to lift L.A. out of the Great Depression.

World War II saw billions in federal money spent on L.A.’s aircraft plants and port facilities, and millions of servicemen passed through the city. After the war, the federal money kept coming to L.A.’s defense plants, and those servicemen bought suburban houses in the California paradise that they had seen from the troop trains. McDonnell-Douglas created the city of Lakewood overnight in 1946 to house its workers. The population of L.A. reached 4 million by 1950. The massive growth of the suburbs impelled the construction of

140 miles of freeways – L.A.’s streetcar network was strangled in 1948 by the twin forces of the oil industry and the Californian love affair with the automobile.

Some celestial observers believe that the triumph of the freeways, emblematic of an alliance between Nybbas and Vapula, was the overt announcement of Hell’s total control of the city. The signs of infernal influence had grown throughout the decade. The “zoot suit riots” of 1943, for example, featured off-duty soldiers running amuck, smashing and burning the Mexican neighborhoods of East L.A. as the police looked on approvingly. (Perhaps coincidentally, 1943 also saw the first smog attack in the city’s history.) Klan vigilantes blew up houses in the San Gabriel Valley to keep blacks in South Central, and the Hell’s Angels motorcycle gang was founded in Fontana in 1946. The last of Laurence’s Malakim were driven out in the late 1940s, and a clawed infernal hand dropped over the city.

The history of L.A. since 1950 is an accelerated version of its history since 1850. Interlocking syndicates make millions on corrupt real estate deals and grow richer even as they squabble among themselves over the remaining scraps of undeveloped land. The construction of Dodger Stadium in the 1960s drove poor Hispanics back into East L.A. just as the construction of Union Station had in the 1920s. The end of the Cold War decimated the aircraft industry, and Hollywood seeks refuge in tepid remakes and brainless spectacle. The population has climbed to 15 million in the metropolitan area, increasing the strain on water, roads, and personal space. The city itself seems less permanent following three earthquakes of Richter 6.0 or better in 1992 and 1994; the Pacific seems poised to reclaim the land it gave up 100 million years ago. Ever-deadlier riots, like the 1965 Watts uprising and the 1992 South Central riots, have been met by ever-harsher police measures. Drugs and gangs (there are at least 150,000 gang members and 1,100 gangs in L.A.) dominate virtually every sector of Los Angeles from the Valley to Santa Ana, with only a few gated enclaves of the rich holding on to the California Dream. *Chinatown* has given way to *Blade Runner*.

## CULTURE

“Los Angeles’ only contribution to culture is the right turn on red.”

– Woody Allen

Any city, much less one of 15 million, has more than one “culture.” Certainly the media images of clueless “Valley girls” and blonde dimwits, the West Side conceit that every waiter is actually a screenwriter who wants to

direct, and the Simi Valley stereotype of suburban stress and “white flight” each apply to part of the L.A. region. However, L.A. is also home to the black “hood” celebrated in rap lyrics, the largest single Mexican community outside of Mexico itself, and ever-growing “Little Tokyo,” “Koreatown,” and “Little Saigon.” L.A. County is about half white and a third Hispanic; the remainder is split one to two between Asians of various ethnicities and blacks. Myriad smaller ethnic communities dot the L.A. basin; 1984 Olympic commissioner Peter Ueberroth delighted in boasting that L.A. had a community from every one of the 100-odd countries that competed in the Games.

L.A. can not be summed up as “liberal” (although the Malibu Mafia of politically correct Hollywood Democrats has elected three mayors) or “conservative” (although the “Orange Curtain” grew the volunteers that overturned property taxes and affirmative action, while electing Ronald Reagan governor). Its politics, like its geography, sprawl all over the place. Its religious life is even more heterogeneous: every doctrine from Anabaptism to Zen thrives in Southern California.

If there’s one thing that all of L.A. has in common, it is a love of the “cutting edge.” It’s vital to be hip and up to the minute. 1960’s burnouts may litter the slopes of Topanga Canyon and Renaissance art may hang on the walls of the Huntington Gallery, but Angelenos ignore them both in their pursuit of the “next big thing.”

## GETTING AROUND L.A.

*“Nowhere else in the world have human beings so thoroughly adapted themselves to the automobile.”*

– Bruce Bliven, 1927

The only way to get around Los Angeles is by automobile. While Los Angeles does have a bus system, and is even building a billion-dollar-a-mile boondoggle of a subway, the automobile is an irreducible fact of life in L.A. It helps if your car has air conditioning, a good stereo, and a phone: you’ll be spending a lot of time in it. Celestials are assumed to have a suitable car, although, with the political situation the way it is, the demons always have flashier ones.

Travel within a region takes 20 minutes, minus 1 die, at the GM’s discretion. If someone is just dropping over

## FREEWAYS

There are 1,000 miles of freeways in the Los Angeles basin, and most of them are seemingly under construction. Occasionally, adventurous Angelenos will “go surface,” taking surface streets to avoid freeway congestion. Mostly, however, they depend on radio station SigAlerts (helicopter updates of traffic jams ahead) to switch freeways and avoid the worst of the gridlock. Freeway driving, for Californians, is a right to be defended to the death.

Most freeways have names as well as numbers; drivers refer to them by both interchangeably. The most commonly used:

**Hwy. 1:** The Pacific Coast Highway, an older state highway running up the coast from Santa Monica. In Santa Monica it becomes Lincoln Blvd., and is Sepulveda Blvd. at LAX before becoming the Pacific Coast Highway again in Long Beach and running down to San Diego.

**Hwy. 2:** The Glendale Freeway from Downtown to Glendale in the Valley.

**I-5:** The Golden State Freeway from the Valley to Downtown, where it becomes the Santa Ana Freeway to San Diego.

**I-10:** The Santa Monica Freeway from Santa Monica to Downtown, where it becomes the San Bernardino Freeway to San Bernardino.

**Hwy. 60:** The Pomona Freeway.

**Hwy. 91:** The Redondo Beach Freeway in South Central (Watts), the Artesia Freeway in East L.A., and the Riverside Freeway in Orange County.

**US 101:** The Hollywood Freeway from I-5 and I-10 Downtown to Hollywood; past Beverly Hills it becomes the Ventura Freeway.

**I-105:** The Glenn Anderson Freeway, from LAX to East L.A.

**I-110:** The Harbor Freeway from San Pedro to Downtown, where it becomes the Pasadena Freeway going north (and is no longer an interstate, but only State Highway 110).

**Hwy. 118:** The Ronald Reagan Freeway, running from the Valley to Ventura County.

**I-210:** The Foothill Freeway, running from Sylmar in the Valley to Pomona.

**I-405:** The San Diego Freeway, from I-5 in San Fernando past Beverly Hills and LAX to Orange County.

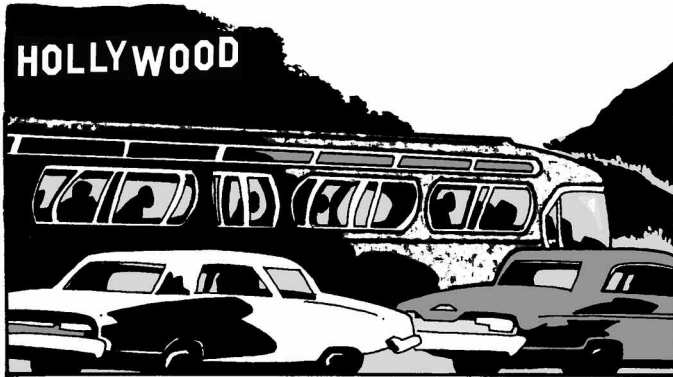
**I-605:** The San Gabriel River Freeway, from Duarte in San Gabriel south to I-405 in Long Beach.

**I-710:** The Long Beach Freeway, from Alhambra in San Gabriel south to Long Beach.

to the corner mini-mall to get a six-pack, it might take only a few minutes, of course; GM’s should use their judgment. Moving from one region to another takes a number of minutes (circled on the map); travel time across multiple regions is cumulative. Travel may only occur between regions sharing a two-way arrow on their borders. During the day, add a 2 die traffic penalty (in minutes) to all cross-region travel. From 6:30 to 9:30 a.m., or from 3:30 to 6:30 p.m., add 20+3d minutes!

That's for normal traffic; the GM is always free to add an accident or two to slow things down further.

Drivers (or motorcyclists, for that matter) *may* choose to make a Driving roll while going from region to region. The check digits of successful rolls subtract minutes from the journey, and those of failed rolls add them. Don't forget the resonance rolls of Ofanim, which can also shave time off the trip. The player can choose ahead of time to make one roll for all cross-regional travel, or to make a separate roll as each region is entered.



## THE REGIONS OF LOS ANGELES

*“Los Angeles is much worse than the average American city; there is more of it to be ugly.”*

– Frank Lloyd Wright

The map of the Los Angeles area on pp. 40-41 is not strictly to scale. The 15 regions represent areas with definite historical, social, and economic characters; they are the “good parts” of a map of the city. The regional descriptions give the freeways between two regions for cinematic purposes. Some are unrealistic (a driver going from Beverly Hills to Malibu, for instance, is more likely to take Mulholland Drive than the 101 in the real world), and some are downright wrong. Obviously, GMs can haul out *Thomas Guides* and get as detailed as they wish, but this abstract version is close enough for most game purposes.

### 1. Downtown

Downtown has been trying to remain L.A.'s heart for over 70 years, holding on to City Hall and the county buildings while scrambling for commercial development the whole time. The oil boom of the 1920's and the banking boom of the 1980's both built their share of skyscrapers, but Downtown is still a place in search of a purpose.

Law enforcement is one such purpose; the Metropolitan Detention Center downtown, a 10-story state-of-the-art prison, holds the top narcoterrorist managers and financiers in California, but resembles a hotel from the outside. Five other facilities, including the vastly overcrowded County Jail, hold over 20,000 prisoners. Dodger Stadium may visually dominate Elysian Park, north of downtown proper, but the park is the preserve of the LAPD. The Police Academy, near the 1932 Olympic pistol range, wrested control of the Park from the city in a 1989 bond issue, and uses it today as a training ground.

Chinatown, only a few square blocks between downtown proper and Elysian Park, holds only 5% of L.A.'s 200,000 Chinese-American citizens. It remains a social and tourist center, however, recovered from the “Chinese Massacre” of 1871 when 19 innocent people were killed by rioting whites. Even more prosperous, “Little Tokyo” (southeast of the city center) holds some 100,000 Japanese-Americans. It serves as a “home away from home” for visiting Japanese businessmen, who largely paid for its reconstruction after its population was relocated to concentration camps during WWII.

At its fringes, Downtown becomes seedy and shopworn. USC, where the children of Los Angeles' elite study (or not) is right on the border of South Central. “Skid Row” is the ten square blocks around Fifth Street east of Broadway, called “the Nickel” by its many homeless inhabitants. Even Wilshire Boulevard, once a grand avenue of shops and luxury car dealerships, has fallen on hard times.

Celestial landmarks of note include the City Center skyscraper holding the palatial offices of financier Basil Fennig, who is of personal interest to Gabriel (p. 82) and Marc (p.84). The handsome 1926 L.A. Central Library building remains an exceptional research center, despite years of city budget cuts and a serious fire in 1986. Jonathan (p. 68) has been spending most of his time here.

From Downtown, Hwy. 2 runs north to the Valley, Hwy. 110 leads north to Pasadena, the 10 goes northeast to San Gabriel, the 5 goes east to East L.A., I-110 goes south to South Central, and the 5 and the 101 go northwest to Hollywood (Burbank and Hollywood proper, respectively).

### 2. Beverly Hills

Beverly Hills not only lives up to its stereotype, it exceeds it. The city of Beverly Hills – and the similar L.A. neighborhoods of Brentwood, Bel Air, and Westwood – welcomes the rich and famous. Rodeo Drive holds the ultimate in luxurious, fashionable shopping, and tourists come to gawk at the shops as much as

at the homes of the stars. These homes sit well back on emerald lawns along winding, tree-lined streets; sprawling haciendas, Tudor mansions, and sleek, modernist temples to hedonism.

This region is also the site of the new Getty Museum. Dedicated in 1997 on a hilltop between Brentwood and Westwood, the Getty houses a \$1 billion art collection. The Armand Hammer Museum, in Westwood, houses still more riches, including a da Vinci manuscript with 360 drawings. The 34,000 students of UCLA are likewise sheltered in Westwood, on a 420 acre campus.

For all its civility, Beverly Hills has been the site of uncivil events. Sharon Tate was murdered by the Manson family on Cielo Drive in Beverly Glen; the brutal murder of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman in Brentwood added to the area's notoriety. Scamper's home (p. 57), with its unpleasant basement, is also here.

From Beverly Hills, the 101 gives access to Hollywood (on the east) and Malibu (on the west), and the 405 goes north to the Valley and leads to Santa Monica to the south.

### 3. *Santa Monica*

This region includes the city of Santa Monica and the L.A. neighborhood of Venice. South of Venice, the houseboats of the middle class and the pleasure boats of the rich ride at anchor in Marina del Rey. Maximilian (p. 00) lives in a beachfront apartment in Santa Monica proper, while Natalie (p. 00) lives in a bungalow just off Venice Beach.

The "People's Republic of Santa Monica," a very liberal yet very middle-class city, hugs the coast and offers a small slice of California nostalgia. "Homelessness is not a crime," boasts Santa Monica's liberal citizenry; it is not surprising that Santa Monica has a greater proportion of homeless than any other region of L.A. Santa Monica's walkable downtown and the attractive buildings and apartments reflect the open and accepting nature of the artists who live there (although opinions differ on the hypermodernist Edgemar business park on Main Street). Santa Monica Pier is the West Coast's oldest surviving pleasure pier; its carnival atmosphere dates from 1908.

The Santa Monica boardwalk pales in comparison with the human circus of Venice Beach to its south. Bodybuilders, rollerbladers, leather boys, jugglers, tarot card readers, and gaping tourists swarm the increasingly garish shore on warm summer days. Oddball shops line the boardwalk, although behind this facade lies a shabby neighborhood in decline. Eccentric developer Abbott Kinney built Venice, complete with canals, in 1905, but after L.A. annexed the town in 1925, it paved over all but three canals and cracked down on the speakeasies that

## CLIMATE

The climate in L.A. is, as everyone will tell you, perfect. Summer highs rarely get above 90 even in August, and winter lows drop to the 50's in January. As always, it's even better by the beach; the shore is often 10 degrees less extreme than the Valley. 186 days a year are clear and sunny, and most of the rest only have a little morning fog to burn off before revealing another perfect Southern California afternoon. L.A. gets 14 inches of rain a year, on average, nearly all of it between November and April. Snow is practically unheard of, except in the mountains.

Of course, those hot, dry days do wonders for fire: the 1993 brush fires destroyed 240 square miles and 1,000 homes in Malibu, Pasadena, and Laguna Beach. The Santa Ana wind, funneled through the canyons from the Mojave Desert, can reach speeds of 70 miles per hour and send a torrent of dry, deionized air through the basin that "makes meek little housewives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks," in the words of Raymond Chandler.

Finally, of course, there's the smog. The same mountains that protect L.A. from the Mojave heat hold in the exhaust from 10 million cars, creating a layer of fuzzy brown poison blotting out the sky. 20 to 40 days a year, mostly in the high summer, Angelenos suffer from Stage One smog alerts (dangerous to infants, asthmatics, and the elderly).

flourished there. Urban decay and the crack plague have further eroded Venice's substantial charms.

From Santa Monica, the 405 runs north to Beverly Hills and the 10 runs east to Hollywood. Highway 1 goes southeast to LAX (as Lincoln Blvd.) and runs west to Malibu.

### 4. *Hollywood*

This region includes not only the actual neighborhood (once a city itself) called Hollywood, but the whole stretch of the Westside intimately involved in what locals call "The Industry." From south to north, this region includes Culver City (home to Columbia/Sony Studios), Century City (20th Century Fox Studios), Park La Brea (with CBS Television City on its north side), West Hollywood (Warner Bros. TV), Hollywood proper (CBS Radio/TV and Paramount), Los Feliz (ABC TV), Studio City and Universal City (CBS Studio Center and Universal Studios, respectively), North Hollywood, and Burbank (Warner Bros., NBC. and Disney). Although Hollywood itself is little but a seedy, touristy shadow of its former glory, the Westside remains the capital of the world's media.

This is also the region of L.A.'s "alternative" scene. Leather and piercing shops dot Melrose Avenue, incongruously in the heart of L.A.'s Orthodox Jewish neighborhood. The famous West Hollywood Sunset Strip of nightclubs and trendy bars is also the billboard capital of the world, with garish placards showing off hit movies, actresses' talents, or fashionable vodkas. West Hollywood is the gay and lesbian capital of L.A., with gay and lesbian clubs centered on Santa Monica Blvd. Artists focus on the "Design Triangle" between Santa Monica, La Cienega, and Beverly Blvds.; 200 showrooms fill the gigantic "Blue Whale" Pacific Design Center, and the surrounding area contains 300 design shops and showrooms. Finally, the Antiquarius art and antique mall offers potential bonanzas for the artist seeking a fashion statement and the celestial seeking a missing talisman. The "Radio Free Hell" van, staffed by Soldiers of Janus (p. 83), mostly roams these streets.

Griffith Park, in the Hollywood Hills between Los Feliz and Burbank, has something for everyone. Forest Lawn Cemetery and the Los Angeles Zoo flank the north side of the park while the Griffith Park Observatory (with its statue of James Dean) guards the southern entrance. Watching over the whole is the famous HOLLYWOOD sign, on the west side of the park on the slope of Mt. Lee. 4,200 acres of wilderness, an antique carousel, and two golf courses complete the scene.

Although Hollywood is no longer the center of L.A.'s mundane world, it remains a hub for local celestial activity, with three Tethers. The Pico Plaza Tether of Andrealphus (p. 74) slouches in east Hollywood, and Pendrake (p. 66) keeps his apartment-workshop nearby. The Enfer Fleur Tether of Nybbas (p. 70) is across the district, in West Hollywood, and the cheesy and garish La Brea tar pits Tether to Saminga (p.73) slumbers in Park La Brea. Saminga is upset that the house in Los Feliz where the Manson family murdered Leno and Rosemary LaBianca did not become a second Tether of Death.

From Hollywood, I-5 runs north to the Valley and southeast to Downtown. The 101 runs east to Downtown and northwest to Beverly Hills. The 10 runs east to Downtown and west to Santa Monica. The 405 goes south to LAX.

## 5. San Fernando Valley

A million people live here on land that went from desert to farm to suburb in less than 50 years.

The formerly independent towns of the Valley range in character from the stereotypical "Valley Girl" communities of Encino and Sherman Oaks to the poorer Hispanic towns like Pacoima (home of Richie Valens), Tujunga, and Sun Valley. Near one such town, Chatsworth, Charles Manson's family set up housekeeping on the abandoned Spahn movie ranch. Woodland Hills is home to the Motion Picture and Television Country House and Hospital, where aged and indigent actors spend their forgotten years. Both Blandine (p. 81) and Kobal (p. 87) have a particular interest in one of their number, Mortimer Brian. Major

factories have closed down, leaving the Valley a patchwork of prosperity and poverty much like the rest of L.A. Small, anonymous buildings hold everything from technology startups (like the one where Hopscotch works, p. 48) to pornographic video studios (like John Downing's, p. 51).

From the Valley, 118 goes west to Ventura County, the 405 goes south to Beverly Hills, the 210 goes east to Pasadena, the 101 goes south to Downtown and north to Ventura County, and the 5 runs south to Hollywood and north out of L.A. toward Bakersfield.

## 6. South Central

Around a million black people are ghettoized into L.A.'s South Central region. Although some areas, like the middle-class black Baldwin Hills neighborhood, still have hope and promise, the majority of South Central is the very image of urban decay. Cities and neighborhoods like Watts, Florence, Lynwood, Compton, and Inglewood have become synonymous with gangs, drugs, and never-ending violence. To some extent, South Central is the inverse of Beverly Hills.

South Central has other attractions, of course. The biggest is Watts Towers (box, p. 42), a broken Tether of Eli. St. Patrick's, where B.J. (p. 47) has his only local friend, is on the north edge of South Central. The Fabulous Forum, home to the L.A. Lakers and Kings, is in Inglewood, as is Hollywood Park Race Track. The Museum in Black and the Museum of African-American



Art anchor the burgeoning Crenshaw neighborhood of jazz clubs and coffee shops. Not even all the evil in Hell (or City Hall) can totally destroy the spirit of South Central.

From South Central, the 110 runs north to Downtown and south to Long Beach, and the 105 runs east to East L.A. and west to LAX.

## 7. Long Beach

This region includes the city of Long Beach and a mixture of elite privilege (Palos Verdes) and industrial grunge (San Pedro harbor). The west end of the region holds upper middle-class areas like Torrance, Manhattan Beach, and Redondo Beach (home of Patrick Kearney and David Hill, the “Trash Bag Killers” of the late 1970’s). The dockyards of San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, are in the center of the region, and the oil wells of Long Beach and Signal Hill abut Orange County on the east. This region is famous for the ocean liner *Queen Mary*, now a tourist attraction in Long Beach, and for the legal poker houses of Gardena. In Gardena, poker is officially a game of skill, so playing for money is not, technically, gambling. Gardena also holds a large part of L.A.’s Chinese and Tibetan communities – the cramped back alleys behind Gardena fantan parlors and Asian restaurants are a more genuine Chinatown than the Downtown neighborhood of that name.

Celestially speaking, Mira Klien (p. 63) lives in a cramped but cozy apartment in Long Beach, near the Acres of Books (1 million volumes) used bookstore. The Sea Cave Cove Tether of Baal (p. 76) and a family of

interest to Novalis (p. 85) lie uncomfortably close to each other on the beach near Rancho Palos Verdes.

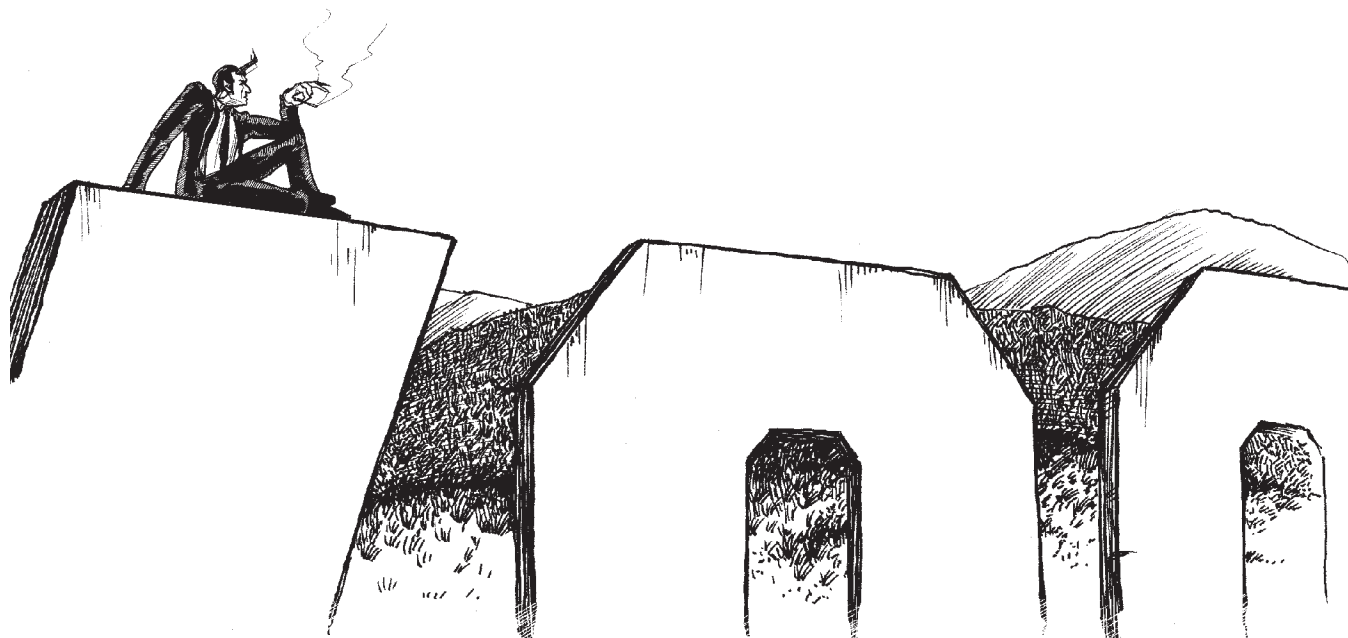
From Long Beach, the 405 runs north to LAX and east to Orange County, the 110 runs north to South Central, and the 710 and 605 run north to East L.A.

## 8. Orange County

Famed as the capital of suburban whitebread Republicanism, Orange County is perhaps best summed up as the home of John Wayne International Airport. There are some exceptions – Santa Ana has a large working-class Hispanic population, and Huntington Beach (home of the International Surfing Museum) is as full of slackers as West Hollywood – but Orange County is boring and built to stay that way. Its spiritual heart is not televangelist Robert Schuller’s Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove (a local demonic favorite), but Disneyland, “the happiest place on Earth,” in central Anaheim. The Richard M. Nixon Birthplace and Library in Yorba Linda pretty much says it all.

Kevin the Terrible’s (p. 52) vast estate perches commandingly on the hills above Anaheim, although he keeps a *pied-a-terre* in West Hollywood near Enfer Fleur (p. 70). Kevin’s estate serves as home to Absinthia James (p. 45) when she’s not slumming in Hollywood, and to Raul (p. 56) when he’s not running errands for Kevin.

From Orange County, the 405 goes northwest to Long Beach, the 5 and 91 run northwest to East L.A., and I-5 continues out of the basin to the southeast toward San Diego.







# In NOMINE LOS ANGELES

THE CITY OF  
FALLEN ANGELS

travel times  
(cumulative)

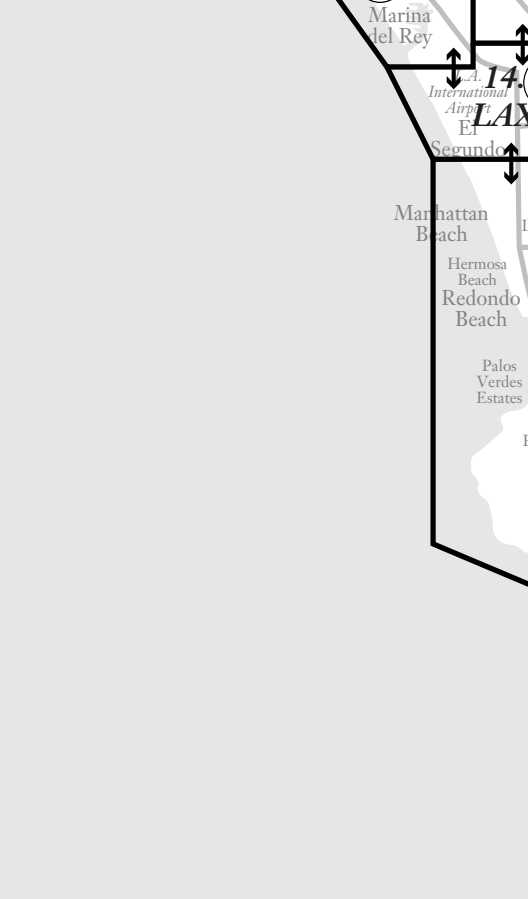
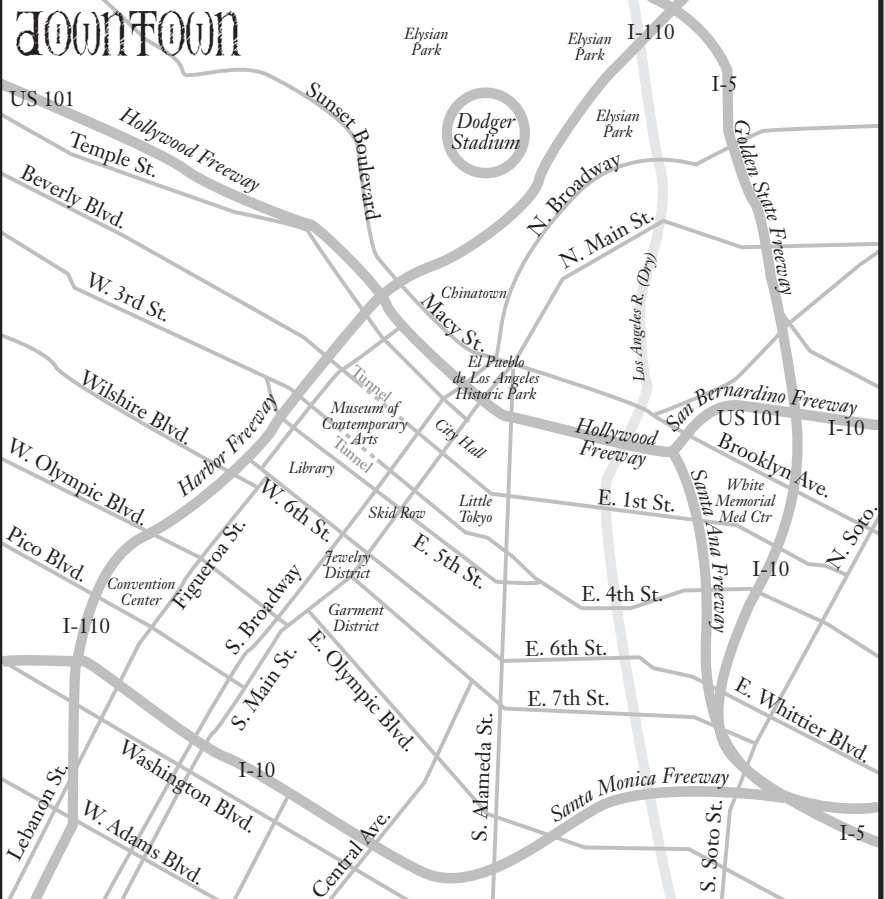
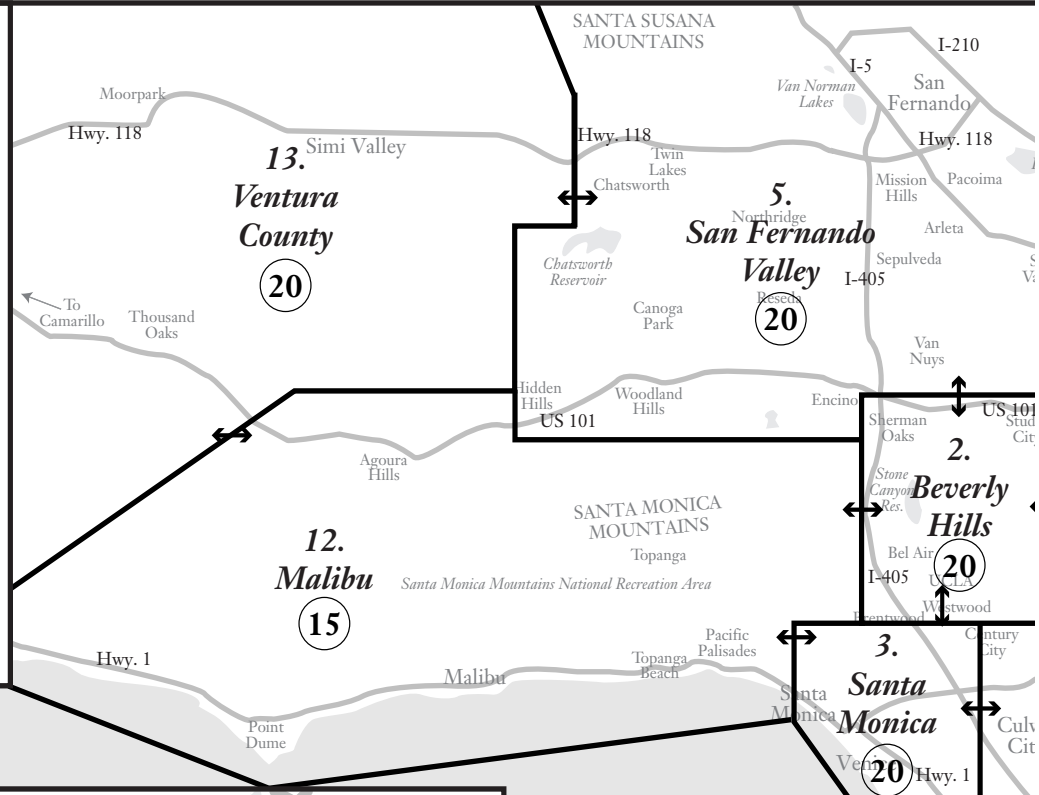
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Inter-zone  
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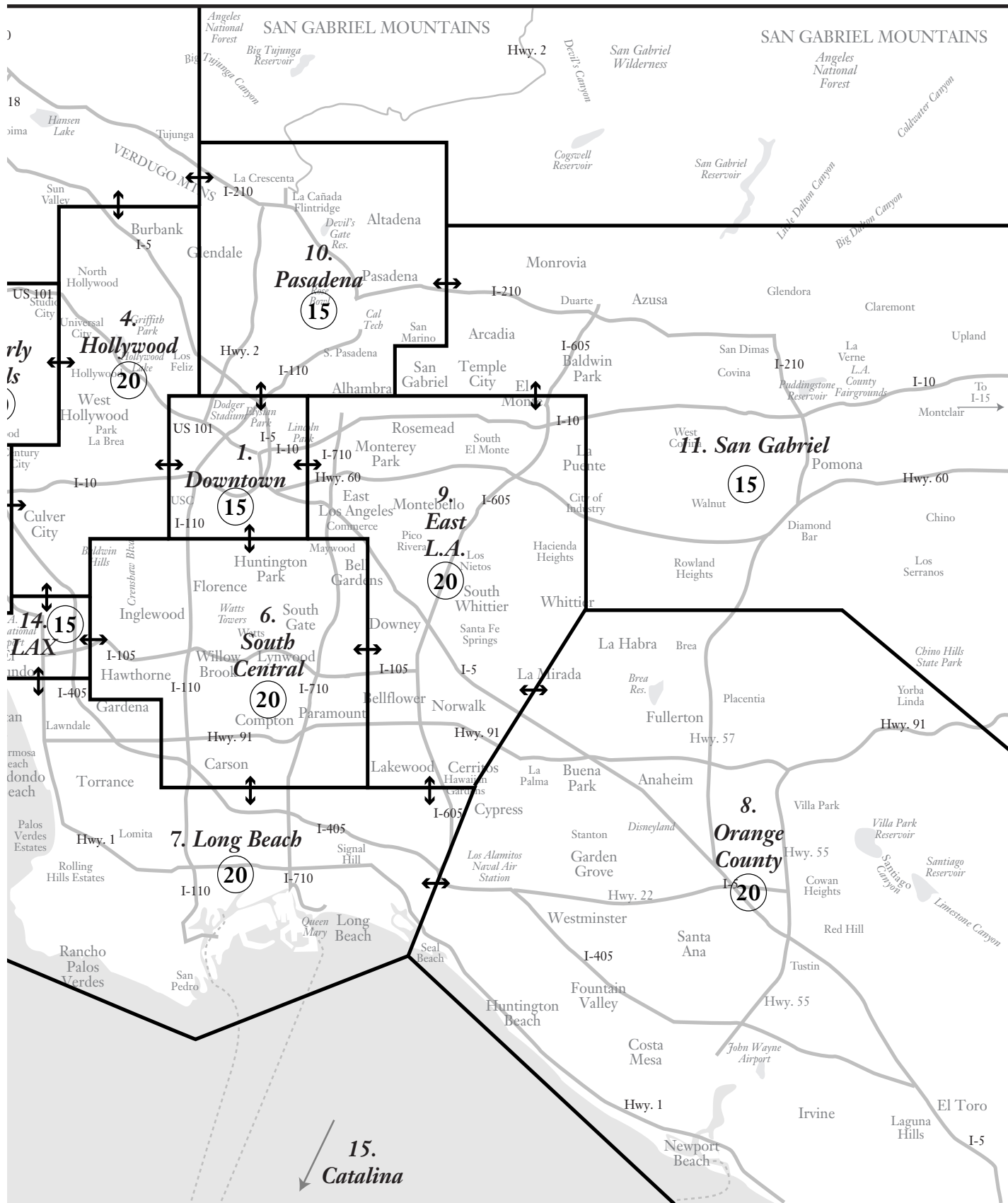
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40

LOS ANGELES





## 9. East L.A.

East Los Angeles is almost a city in its own right, with 125,000 people. The region includes the cities and neighborhoods of East Los Angeles, Monterey Park, Montebello, Maywood, Pico Rivera, Whittier, Norwalk, and Downey. East L.A. is dominated by Hispanics (except for white Downey and Chinese Monterey Park) – not only Mexicans but Salvadoran, Nicaraguan, Peruvian, and other Latin American immigrants. Besides a large Japanese garden in one of the largest cemeteries in the world (Rose Hills Memorial Park in Whittier), there is not much here to attract tourists, and plenty of stories of crime (East L.A. was the stomping ground of Richard Ramirez, the “Night Stalker”) and drugs to drive them away. Whittier Blvd, in East L.A., is a renowned low-rider cruising strip, the heart of youth culture in another blighted region.

Sarama (p. 64) lives in one of the anonymous tenements that sprawl along the 710. Scurvy (p. 57) operates out of the edge of east L.A. in a squatters’ loft converted from one of the many shuttered factories in the ironically named City of Industry.

From East L.A., the 710 and 605 run north to San Gabriel and south to Long Beach. The 5 runs northwest to Downtown and southeast to Orange County. The 91 runs west to South Central (as does the 105), and southeast to Orange County. Highway 60 leaves the basin going east toward Riverside and Corona.

## 10. Pasadena

Pasadena is best known as the home of the Rose Bowl and its attendant parade, but this small and relatively diverse (in both income and ethnicity) city possesses a lot to recommend it. In nearby San Marino, for instance, the Huntington Gallery, Library and Museum contains paintings by Gainsborough, a Gutenberg Bible, and an archival copy of the Dead Sea Scrolls, among myriad other treasures. The Norton Simon Museum, in west Pasadena, has tremendous collections of classical art and Buddhist sculpture. North of that museum, on Orange Grove Blvd., are the sumptuous Gilded Age mansions of Millionaire’s Row. For gloomier celestials, Pasadena’s Colorado Street Bridge is known as “Suicide Bridge,” from which many of those millionaires jumped after the 1929 crash. Finally, east Pasadena is the home of the California Institute of Technology and its associated Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Caltech is much beloved of both Jean and Vapula, and its famous student pranks give Kobal many a chuckle, too.

From Pasadena, the 210 goes east to San Gabriel and west to the Valley. Hwy. 110 goes south to Downtown.

## 11. San Gabriel

The San Gabriel Valley is the “other valley” in the L.A. basin, and has much the same demographic mix as its more famous cousin. Like the San Fernando Valley, it is made up of a number of little towns (now an intermin-

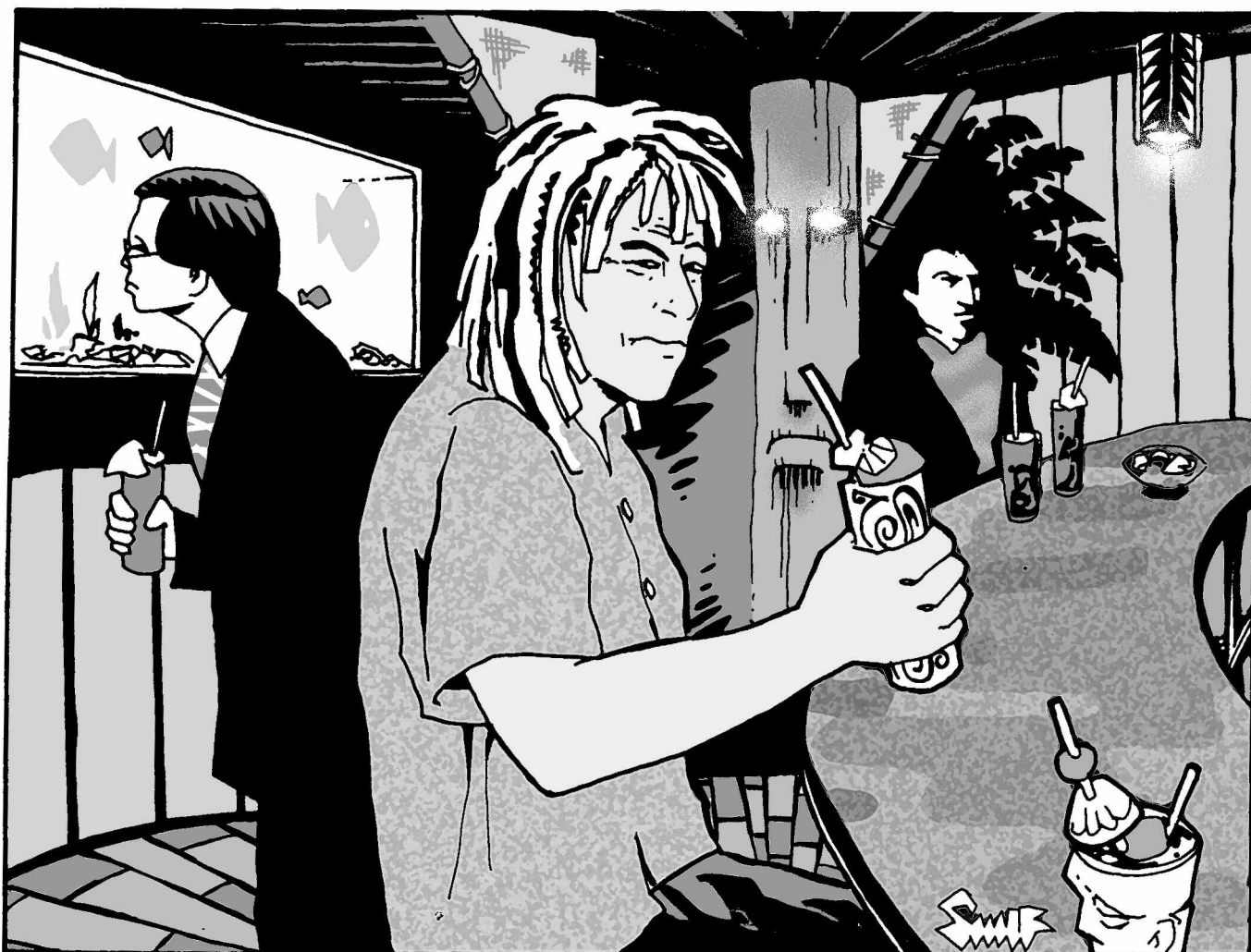
### WATTS TOWERS

*“A man has to be good good or bad bad to be remembered.” – Simon Rodia*

In 1921, Italian immigrant tilesetter Simon Rodia began construction on the greatest piece of folk art in American history. Working with no formal art or architectural training, he began assembling lengths of pipe, broken plates, bed frames, cement, sea shells, Coke bottles, and other detritus into a series of eight openwork towers representing the spirit of exploration. The two highest towers, resembling Gaudi’s Sagrada Familia Cathedral in Barcelona, eventually rose to 99 and 97 feet. Despite his eccentricity, Rodia was a popular figure in prewar Watts, using the pools underneath his sculptures for full-immersion Pentecostal baptisms and paying local children to bring him discarded junk to be woven into his masterwork.

In 1936, running short on structural steel for his magnificent towers, Rodia made the ultimate Angeleno sacrifice. He disassembled his beautiful 1927 Hudson touring car and embedded its skeleton in the sculpture. This act consecrated the Watts Towers as a Tether of Eli. The Archangel appointed Zebedee, a young Mercurian, as Seneschal of the Tether, and L.A. entered a period of unprecedented creative energy. Charlie Parker, Igor Stravinsky, Raymond Chandler and F. Scott Fitzgerald all did some of their best work in L.A. then, but the art of the cinema entered a Golden Age that left everything in its shade. *Modern Times*, *Citizen Kane*, *Stagecoach*, *Casablanca*, *It’s a Wonderful Life*, and *Gone with the Wind* are only the best of the best films that came out of the twelve-year span during which Watts Towers was an active Tether of Eli.

Eli’s disappearance from Heaven, unfortunately, coincided with the demonic push to conquer all of L.A. Zebedee, left without guidance or reinforcement, was destroyed in 1948, and Kevin’s demons broke the Tether. Rodia, now an embittered neighborhood laughingstock, left L.A. for good in 1954. Only the last-minute action of two of Eli’s Soldiers saved the Towers from demolition in 1959, and the city made Watts Towers a park and art center.



gled suburban sprawl), although they escaped annexation by L.A. since they had the San Gabriel Mountains watershed as a source of fresh water. One of the little towns, Temple City, is where Kevin's mummy Neck (p. 54) can be found by those who seek him, most often in the back booth of a tiki bar called the Bahooka. Pomona is the site of the Los Angeles County Fairgrounds (the fair, the world's largest, is held in September). One of the great American racetracks, Santa Anita Park, is in Arcadia, north of Temple City. San Gabriel, the site of the first European settlement in the Basin, is west of Temple City on the border of Pasadena.

From San Gabriel, the 210 runs west to Pasadena, the 10 runs southwest to Downtown, and the 710 and 605 go south to East L.A. I-10 leaves L.A. for San Bernardino to the east. I-15 leads northeast to the Mojave Desert (where Jean's secret project is underway, p. 83) and to the Death Valley Tether of Michael (p. 78).

## 12. Malibu

The popular image of Malibu is of a town of millionaire surfer idiots who live in houses destroyed every year by fires or mudslides, or both. They're not *all* idiots. The region of Malibu includes the similar community of Pacific Palisades, and the vast (230 sq. mile) Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area. The mountains are covered with scrub forest and hold many Indian archaeological sites. Topanga Canyon, running north-south through the mountains, is a well-known "New Age" community with its share of hippies and ashrams. The J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu is built in a reconstructed Pompeiiian villa, and until the opening of the Getty Museum in Brentwood (p. 37) held pride of place among L.A. art museums. Malibu is also home to Pepperdine University.

From Malibu, Highway 1 runs east to Santa Monica and west to Ventura County. The 101 runs west to Ventura County and northeast to Beverly Hills.



### 13. Ventura County

The most recent of L.A.'s "white flight" suburban sprawls, Ventura County holds the cities of Simi Valley, Oxnard, Thousand Oaks, and Ventura, among others. The rolling residential hills of Ventura County are more pleasant than Orange County's built-up suburbia, and the population is a little more laid-back. The State Mental Institution at Camarillo may have something to do with that; one of jazz great Charlie Parker's classic albums is called *Relaxing at Camarillo*.

From Ventura County, U.S. 101 runs east to Malibu and leaves the Basin running northwest to Santa Barbara. The 118 runs east to the Valley.

### 14. LAX

LAX is the Los Angeles International Airport, the third busiest in the world. LAX's nine terminals host (among others) British Airways, Air France, Lufthansa, Cathay Pacific, Korean Air, Japan Airlines and Mexicana, along with all major U.S. carriers. The five-story Tom Bradley International Terminal is the center of this beehive of activity.

Although every resident of L.A. has his own personal route into and out of LAX, in game terms the 405 runs north to Hollywood and south to Long Beach, Hwy. 1 runs northwest to Santa Monica (as Sepulveda Blvd.) and south to Long Beach, and the 105 runs east to South Central.

### 15. Catalina

Santa Catalina Island is the largest of the Channel Islands, lying 30 miles south of Long Beach. Passenger ferries leave from Long Beach and San Pedro, and from Newport Beach in Orange County. There's even a passenger helicopter service from the Queen Mary Seaport in

Long Beach, although it isn't cheap. Catalina itself is mostly a nature preserve, with 400 indigenous species (including 100 varieties of birds). The town of Avalon, on Catalina's northeast shore, is a seaside resort town overlooked by the Wrigley Mansion. Until the 1940's it had a legal casino, which is now a museum and hotel.

Getting to Catalina is the only cross-regional trip not covered by the rules on pp. 35-36. It takes around 90 minutes for the ferry to make the crossing from Catalina to either Long Beach or Orange County.

# DEMONIC SERVITORS

*“Those people’d face-dive into Satan’s ass if they thought they could make a nickel off something they found in it.”*  
 – House of Secrets

In the carefully choreographed chaos that is Los Angeles, there are easily four or five Servitors of almost every major Prince on any given day. This section details some of the city’s most important regulars. Unless stated otherwise, all the demons below are Favored Servitors. Unlike their peers, they deal directly with their respective Princes; this is both a good thing and a bad thing, as the Princes enjoy using their Favored Servitors against other Superiors’ Favored Servitors, employing them as diplomatic messengers at best, sacrificial pawns at worst.

The affiliations of demons in Los Angeles are generally known. Politics are too much of a consideration – you can’t survive without aligning yourself with one faction and against others. A scruff (see box, p. 00) might get away with avoiding the issue or lying, but you can’t be anyone in L.A. without wearing your Prince on your sleeve.

The characters below are suitable for play at the GM’s discretion, if you’re given to high-powered political games that occasionally get ugly, or they can be potent allies and enemies for characters who are just getting to know Los Angeles.

**ABSINTHIA JAMES**  
*Demon of Writers’ Block*  
*Djinn Captain of the Media*



“There really is so much more to me than just bitterness,” Absinthia said.

Her charge squirmed beneath her healing hands, but she kept a firm grip on his legs just the same, coaxing new feet to grow from their bloody ends.

“I’m nothing,” the angel said, gasping as his pain receded. “You, you’re nothing, too. My pain doesn’t matter. Nothing lasts forever. One day, all you demons will be dead.”

“That’s no way to talk to your savior.”

“You’re not my savior,” he replied.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” the demon muttered, finishing the Song that would heal his wounds.

**Corporeal** – 3                      Strength 6                      Agility 6  
**Ethereal** – 4                      Intelligence 8                  Precision 8  
**Celestial** – 4                      Will 7                          Perception 9

*Vessel:* Human/3, Charisma -1

*Role:* Ghostwriter/3, Status/3

*Skills:* Artistry/4 (Writing), Computer Operation/2, Detect Lies/1, Emote/1, Fast-Talk/1, Lying/1, Savoir-Faire/1, Tracking/1

*Songs:* Harmony (Celestial/2), Healing (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/6, Celestial/6)

**Attunements:** Djinn of the Media, Captain of Swank, Subliminal, Demon of Writer’s Block

**Special Rites:** Absinthia gains 1 Essence every time one of her victims takes credit for her work (by selling it under his name, accepting an award, autographing a copy, etc.), once per day. (Absinthia is rarely low on Essence.)

Absinthia, while belonging to the demonic elite, doesn’t fit the mold. She’s not classically attractive, and she doesn’t care about fashion. She’s a very masculine woman, more stocky than slender.

With her rough hands and buzz-cut hair, she could easily be mistaken for a dock worker.

Absinthia is a writer. It’s her only real love, and she’s very good at it. So good, in fact, that her talent attracts too much attention. Having been a fixture in Los Angeles since the ’30s, she took to attaching herself to

## SCRUFFS

The demons of Los Angeles can be broken down into two major categories – those who hold Roles in human society and struggle to perform their duties within certain boundaries of human behavior because they care a great deal about what other people think, and those who have no connection to human society at large and couldn't care less about what other people think. The humans in L.A. fall into these two broad categories as well, and as with humanity this division causes problems for the Diabolicals.

The demons who live outside of human society see little difference between themselves and their demonic brethren, beyond varying degrees of concern for humanity's rules. Most of these demons pride themselves on a lack of class-based prejudice – they damn all souls equally without regard for how they cut their hair or how well they dress.

Those who live within the boundaries of what might be called humanity have a label for those who don't: scruffs. The scruffs are considered beneath the contempt of other demons, who spend time worrying about whether or not their hair is crafted in keeping with that month's fashion, or whether or not they've spent enough time visible in society in recent days. Scruffs are considered by the others

to be a lower class of demon, and are forced to go to more extreme efforts in order to obtain favors from those who consider themselves elite.

New arrivals to Los Angeles should avoid being perceived as scruffs initially, even if they choose that lifestyle later. Anyone who shows up and loudly declares himself to be a scruff will be disdained by both the upper-class demons and the scruffs – scruffs themselves scorn such class differences, holding those who pay attention to them in humorous regard.

Troubles between the two camps of demons arise from time to time, usually over how to handle a particular situation regarding human society. Upper-class demons try to find a "human" solution to a problem, while scruffs don't mind solving a problem in a blatantly infernal fashion, regardless of what evidence is left behind.

It's no wonder that most of the scruffs serve Demon Princes who don't care much for rigid hierarchies. Most Princes condone the class system that exists in L.A. (and a few other demonically dominated cities), while others either turn a blind eye or punish those Servitors who allow it to get in the way of work. When there's divine trouble afoot, all demons must work together to maintain their superiority in Los Angeles. Under no circumstances should class differences be an excuse for failure.

mediocre writers, nagging them into such a frenzy that they couldn't write, then finishing their assignments herself. Her victims, to save face, take credit for her work, growing more and more dependent on her for ideas as time goes by. Eventually, she tires of ghostwriting for her victims, growing disdainful of their empty talent, and moves on to another target. Note that unlike most Djinn of the Media, Absinthia's servant is her current victim, for whom she ghostwrites, and *not* a sports hero.

It didn't take long for Nybbas to petition Lucifer to make her the demon of Writer's Block, a position she's eminently suited for. Nybbas – and his agent, Kevin the Terrible (p. 52) – uses her talent to push the boundaries of acceptability, desensitizing those who pay attention to the world media and setting the stage for a more open demonic presence on Earth.

The local demons mostly accept her not for her talent but for her healing skills. She is the person demons come to when they're injured – but only the demonic elite are allowed to make use of her services. She heals others (angels, humans, and scruff demons) only at Kevin's orders. Sometimes, if a scruff provides the necessary Essence, she'll bother disturbing the Symphony for the wretch, but she cares too much for her place in demonic society to take the chance too often, and will never admit it later. She technically lives in one of the many rooms of

Kevin's estate in Orange County, but when she's worming her way into a writer's life, she tends to spend most of her time at his place. On rare occasions, her charges will move in with her, but Kevin frowns on this.

All in all, Absinthia is one of the more harmless of Los Angeles' demons. Her only real secret right now is that she assisted B.J. (p. 47) when he appeared to her, his soul crumbling. She patched him back together and extracted a promise that he would never return to the city – a promise he's just recently broken, unknown to her.

## BANG MAN

### *Calabite Servitor of Theft*



"Yo, Bang," the demon shouted, pointing at the cake on the table. "Bang, bang."

Bang Man shifted his weight from one foot to the other, focusing his eyes at the pastry. The entropy surrounding him coalesced into an invisible ball at the direction of his celestial resonance. Slowly raising a lanky arm at the three-tiered monstrosity, he dropped his thumb, casually firing an imaginary gun in its general direction.

"Bang, bang," Bang Man said as the cake exploded in a cascade of gooey pink chunks. "Boom, boom." The demons all laughed.

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

*Vessel:* Human/4

*Skills:* Acrobatics/2, Dodge/6, Driving/6, Fighting/4, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Running/2, Small Weapon/1 (Knife), Throwing/1

*Songs:* Entropy (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2, Celestial/4), Motion (Celestial/3)

**Attunements:** Calabite of Theft, Swipe, Passage

Bang Man is the typical Calabite, maker of loud noises, the most powerful agent of Theft in town. He avoids his master's dissonance by moving around the city, from one locale to another; Los Angeles isn't one single place, it's a state of mind.

Tall and wiry, he's an old-timer in the area compared to most of the rest. Bang Man came out to California with the gold rush, in the 1840's, and liked it so much that he stayed. Though he wears the disdainful smirk of a scruff, he spends most of his time hanging out with the elite demons. He is a favorite of Kevin the Terrible, who finds him amusing. Bang Man is the only scruff demon who's been granted the right to kill at his whim, though Kevin should be informed beforehand. (Other human deaths, unless accidental, must have a really good reason – or else their perpetrators will find themselves at the end of Bang Man's explosive fingers.) Kevin, opposed to dirtying his own hands, uses Bang Man to keep the celestial population in line. Since there is no demon or angel Bang Man cares for more than any other, he has no problem carrying out sentences of humiliation and torture upon people with whom he shared coffee the previous day.

Bang Man's secret is especially dark, even for a demon. As he's spent more and more time whipping through the streets of urban L.A., he's grown to love driving his old Chevy and the feeling of speed. He's raised his Agility and Precision to the point that he thrives on the near-perfection of his actions, and is starting to regret the randomness of his demonic field of entropy. It may sound strange, but one of Los Angeles' most accomplished infernal killers is starting to turn toward the bright side. He's only recently realized that he'd rather belong to his Band's holy analog: the Ofanim, angels of motion. All he needs is a favored Servitor of Archangel Janus he can open up to, and his star will begin ascending. Janus, as an Ofanite himself, would gladly take Bang Man, even knowing full well that it'd earn even more ire from Valefor, Prince of Theft and Janus' nemesis. What this would mean for the balance of power in L.A. is unclear, especially in the absence of an immediate replacement for Kevin's strong arm. The only other assassin Kevin trusts is Neck (p. 54), and the mummy isn't up to keeping the city's more powerful infernal residents in line.



If handled properly, the redemption of Bang Man could topple Media's hold on Los Angeles. If handled poorly, it could amplify the enmities between Janus and Valefor to an unprecedented level, with Los Angeles as the chosen battlefield.

## B.J. CLOUD

### *Shedite Knight of Death*



B.J. entered the tiny chamber quietly, getting comfortable on its small velvet seat before slamming the wooden door shut. The priest on the other side of the confessional woke up abruptly. The sound of jostled glasses echoed through the empty church.

"Wha? Hurm? Who?" the priest muttered, attempting to get his bearings. The smell of alcohol wafted through the wooden slats separating them.

"Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

"Erm, yes. Yes, my son." He coughed into his palms, trying to clear his throat of its nap-induced paralysis. "How long has it been since your last confession?"

B.J. stifled a chuckle. "Awhile," he managed to get out, clamping his hands around his mouth. It was too rich.

The priest grew quiet. Obviously, it was time for B.J. to give up the goods.

"Well," he said, starting at the top, "I've got this thing for killing women."

"K-killing . . . women," the priest mumbled groggily.

"Yeah. I started killing women a while back, in London, and I don't know. I kinda kept doing it. I get carried away sometimes, and it gets me in trouble. I killed this one chick here in L.A., this real smart-mouth blonde, then the asshole I'd possessed got all guilty and killed himself –"



The priest leapt from his side of the confessional and threw the other chamber's door open. Red-nosed and laughing, he lunged for B.J.'s torso, holding him in a tight bear hug. The bottle of wine secreted in the priest's robes stuck B.J. in the gut, but he just winced and clapped the priest on the back.

"Jack!" he cried when he finally let go. "It really is you!"

"Hola, Padre."

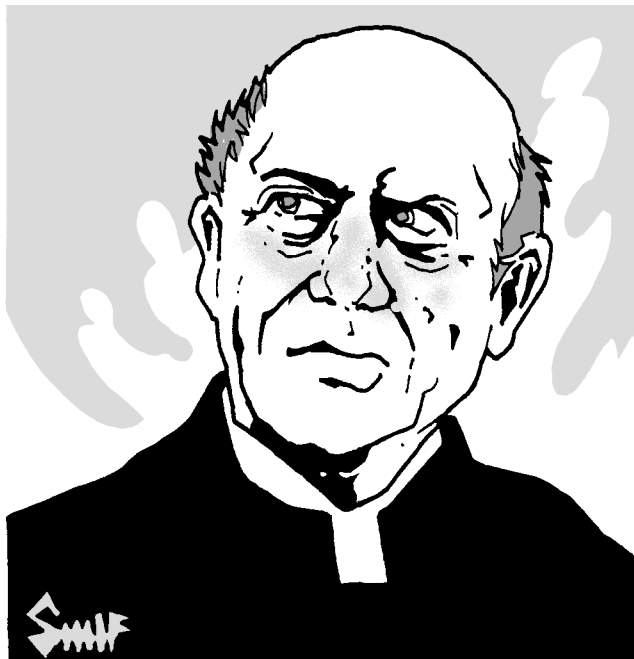
"Welcome home, my son!" he cried, wrapping his arms around B.J. again. B.J. grimaced from the wine bottle and tousled the priest's hair. If only the rest of his friends would be as glad to see him, he'd be in business.

**Corporeal** – 3                      Strength 7      Agility 5  
**Ethereal** – 3                      Intelligence 5    Precision 7  
**Celestial** – 4                      Will 9            Perception 7  
*Skills:* Dodge/2, Emote/1, Escape/1, Fast-Talk/1, Lying/4, Move Silently/1, Small Weapon/6 (Knife)  
*Songs:* Motion (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/2, Celestial/5), Tongue/4  
 Resources: Servant/4, Class/4 ("Padre")

**Attunements:** Shedite of Death, Knight of the Dead, Vampiric Kiss

B.J. was a drug dealer and the most powerful scruff in town. He worked his trade through a local priest, a favorite host who grew both aware and strangely fond of the infernal presence in his mind.

The Shedite had a long-running enmity with Kevin the Terrible, current leader of L.A.'s demonic elite. After B.J. – Jack to his buddies – started a local uproar by involving one of his hosts in a murder/suicide three years



ago, Kevin used Jack's irresponsible action as an excuse to kick him out of the city. Jack wasn't about to abdicate his unofficial throne as head scruff, and refused the offer. Incensed, Kevin had Bang Man hunt Jack down and destroy his host vessel, sending him back to his master's Hell.

At least, that's what Kevin and his hired gun think happened. Fortunately for Jack, things didn't exactly go as planned. Bang Man slew the Shedite's human host, causing the demon dissonance, and then the battle turned celestial. In minutes, the skilled assassin did an incredible amount of Soul damage with his destructive resonance, stripping three Forces from the fleshless demon. In mortal fear for the first time in his long existence, B.J. invoked his Song of Motion before Bang Man could strip away another Force.

While the demon believed him to have been drawn back to Hell, Jack had actually escaped to an apartment that Absinthia (p. 45) was sharing with a screenwriter at the time, begging the healer to repair his wounded Soul before he plummeted back to Hell. He was afraid his master would strip the rest of his Forces from him and make a new demon from the scraps. With her mastery of the Celestial Song of Healing, she repaired some damage – but since it required contact to perform the Song, she had to go celestial herself while she did her work. This quick action caused Symphonic disturbance that could have revealed her actions to Kevin, but it endeared her to B.J., who promised never to return to Los Angeles or to confess her traitorous deed. The Corruptor then descended to his infernal Heart, barely avoiding Trauma.

It took Jack three years to regenerate two Forces and regain his Prince's favor. He spent much of his time adventuring in other Princes' Hells, where he gathered information on the conspiracy to keep the Prince of Death out of Los Angeles. Breaking L.A.'s unwritten rules, Saminga has now ordered B.J. back to the city, with orders to balk whatever plans Nybbas, Malphas, and Kobal are plotting. No one knows Jack has returned, except for his faithful puppy dog of a human servant. As a Shedite, he's adept at working his way through the world without disturbing the Symphony. This will keep him undiscovered until the events of "Fall of the Malakim," when the absence of the city's other demons will drive him to reveal himself.

## HOPSCOTCH

### *Habbalite Servitor of Technology*



The guy looked to keep his hands busy until someone arrived to tell him why he'd been invited over. He walked the length of the cramped laboratory, his eyes settling on a

small black tablet. Its exterior was rubberized, as if designed for rough use. Curious fingers found a latch on one end, popping open the shell to reveal the LCD panel inside.

It was like no screen he'd ever seen before. Its resolution was unbelievable – almost as if the screen's pixels shrank under the focus of his eyes, letters and numbers growing infinitely smooth, like fractals under a microscope. He sat for an indeterminate time, entranced by the depth of the screen's patterns and their seemingly endless complexity.

"Put that down, animal," Hopscotch said, storming into the room and tearing the small computer from the guy's hands.

"What the hell *is* that?"

"It's nothing you should be playing with, waterhead." In truth, it wasn't. Hopscotch could get in a lot of trouble if one of his infernal tools fell into the wrong hands. That didn't stop him from littering his highly secure workplace with them, though. His soldering iron could fix just about anything, given enough living solder to work with. And beneath Hopscotch's massive computer was The Router. It was already connected to his office's network when he'd first gotten there, and he knew better than to touch it. A single black coaxial cable trailed out of The Router, tangling with the rest of the room's wiring. He'd tried once to track the cable down, unsuccessfully, but it didn't matter – he knew all too well the fiery pits into which his packets went.

"You can't talk to me that way," the guy sputtered. "I'm the best goddamn tech in this city!"

"Do you know what the difference is between you, the best tech in this city, and any numbskull with a screwdriver? You're not carrying a screwdriver. If you give me any shit, I'll use you to test the voltage rating on that fuse box, dig?"

The human stared down his demonic aggressor. For a tense moment, neither of them backed down. Then Hopscotch broke into a smile.

"I like you, kid. You like porn?"

"Porn?"

"You can't spend twenty hours a day in front of a computer," the demon explained, pressing "play" on a VCR, "and not like porn. Hey, here are some outtakes from a set I was on yesterday."

"You were on the set of a porno flick?"

"You wouldn't believe who I know," the demon answered.

The images coming off the grainy tape took some time to resolve, but soon the guy could identify a tall blonde man with a British accent, who appeared to be the director, barking orders to a sad hulk of a man. The images were just as clear and clean as the LCD panel. *Next gen-*



*eration*, the guy thought to himself, wondering whom he'd been hooked up with.

The hulk had what appeared to be bloodstains on his shirt, and seemed to be arguing in a tiny voice against the instructions of the director. In the background were two gorgeous naked female models, and a naked man who appeared to have been blessed by the Lord not once, but twice. Both blessings were going limp as crew members adjusted lights and cameras around the shooting set.

"But, but I gotta meet a plane soon," the large, shy man said.

"Your plane can wait," shouted the director.

"But, I'm picking up . . . one of my own people."

The director appeared to process the information.

"I see," he said. "But Kevin promised you to me for another half an hour, and just because I haven't needed you for the last four hours doesn't mean you can leave now that I do require your services."

"But –" the large man muttered, twisting the bottom of his shirt into knots.

"No buts. Keep my actor fluffed or tomorrow you'll be mowing *my* yard, and I assure you it won't be as pleasant."

The large man bit his lip and rubbed his knees. Then, his face slack with resignation, he did as he was told.

"Whoa," the human said. "Is that man doing what I *think* he's doing?"

"That's no man," the demon snickered, "that's an angel."

**Corporeal** – 2      Strength 4      Agility 4  
**Ethereal** – 5      Intelligence 12      Precision 8  
**Celestial** – 5      Will 11      Perception 9

*Vessel:* Human/3, Charisma -1

*Role:* Hacker/Computer Support/5, Status/5

*Skills:* Artistry/2 (Computer Graphics), Chemistry/2, Computer Operation/6, Detect Lies/1, Driving/1, Electronics/6, Engineering/5, Enchantment/2, Lying/1, Medicine/2

*Songs:* Charm (Ethereal/3), Light (Ethereal/1), Tongues (Corporeal/4)

**Attunements:** Habbalite of Technology, Invention

A wiry, coffee-driven demon, Hopscotch spends every evening from midnight to dawn acting as nursemaid for a small office building full of networked computers as they crank along at rendering the newest generation of computer animations. He has a job, and a Role, but he's not one of those stuck-up, pompous demons you've been reading about. He's thrown his lot in with the scruffs, especially since that means he has to spend less time in the shower and more time in front of the warm glow of a cathode ray tube. So his manners lead him to go through servants like runny nose goes through tissue, but he has his good points, too – he's one of the best hackers this side of the celestial realm.

Vapula thinks quite highly of Hopscotch and the work he's done in networking computers to share number-crunching loads, and is considering suggesting he be made the demon of Distributed Processing. Hopscotch, having heard this, was quite pleased. However, he's aiming a little higher. He'd like to be the demon of Virtual Reality, and is buddying up to his company's three-dimensional computer modelers to get a better feel of where the science of creating artificial worlds is going. Anyone who could help out the ambitious demon would get a year's worth of free toys from him (see below), but might raise the ire of Orc, the Angel of Networks (*In Nomine*, p. 194), who has just recently tagged Hopscotch as someone to eradicate in the near future.

There's only one thing standing in the way of his ambitions: a disastrous leaking of infernal technology to the angels. It happened in the late '80's, but Vapula hasn't yet forgiven, much less forgotten.

To shave several tens of millions of dollars off an already-over-budget film, Hopscotch loaded a piece of software onto a demonic terminal and let rip, not thinking that the screen shots would end up being available from any video store in the Western world. It gave Jean a keen insight into diabolical engineering at a time when Vapula was ahead in the hardware race. After seeing the footage once, Jean reverse-engineered the trick and found a safer way to do a better job. Ever since, the angels have held their ground in the computer race, even

gaining a bit as Heaven's precision and teamwork have triumphed over Hell's constant course changes and design-by-committee tactics.

If Hopscotch weren't one of Vapula's top ten minds, he'd have ended up in one of his master's many experiments by now. Still, he'll have to come up with a big win to erase the memory of that debacle.

He thinks he may have come up with that big win. He has created an Essence battery: a reliquary which can hold 10 Essence per cubic inch. This would put 1000 Essence in a 2" by 5" by 5" bar of cubes – a new density record in celestial technology. He's the only person who knows how to make this material, and the only other person who knows it's possible is Scamper, a little scruff Servitor of Dark Humor, who has been providing raw Essence to fill the batteries. (For an appalling description of how he's doing it, see p. 57.) If any of Hopscotch's experiments go awry, he's prepared to blame everything on Scamper, spilling the beans about the pickling experiment.

Hopscotch also curries favor by trading things with other celestials; he's currently the only demon in L.A. who serves the Prince of Technology, and he's fairly free with his toys in an effort to make more friends and increase his power base. His most popular items are ATM cards which will miraculously dispense \$200 a day to their users – no need to guess the access code. They'll work for a month, after which they'll be gobbled if inserted into a machine. This keeps people coming back for more, which bring more favors to Hopscotch in return. There's only one drawback to using the demonic ATM cards: Hopscotch receives records of every transaction (both amount and location) involving his cards, regardless of what state, country, or even continent in which the transaction took place.

The only other major favor he doles out is temporary usage of a robotic dog. These are the creatures made for Hopscotch by the angelic Servitor of Creation, Pendrake (p. 66). They can be sent into the city to follow or otherwise spy on someone for a single 24-hour period. They're excellent trackers; with their ability to become invisible – thanks to their embodiment of the Ethereal Song of Form (*In Nomine*, p. 80) – they seldom fail to keep their targets in sight.

His preferred return favors are other technological toys, good gossip, and an evening's company while he's working. (Computer renderfarms can be lonely places at three in the morning.)

Hopscotch uses the robot dogs and the ATM cards to track the movements of all celestials in L.A. Vapula gave him this boring and detailed chore as a punishment for his earlier screw-up, but the job does have its good points. He knows secrets about the demons and angels in

town that they would kill to protect. Since he was already a spying little sneak, videotaping celestials on the sly, this job is not quite the drudgery that Vapula imagines. Hopscotch has become a repository of dangerous knowledge.

Recently, Malphas approached Hopscotch and asked for access to his celestial tracking information. The Prince of Factions promised to return the favor if Hopscotch ever found himself in serious trouble. Although it's tricky getting Demon Princes to repay favors, Hopscotch is still pleased with the deal because he doesn't have to do any extra work in order to fulfill it, and no one says no to a Demon Prince without a damned good reason.

## JOHN DOWNING

### *Balsraph Knight of Nightmares*

The woman at the counter had her hair styled in late-1980s beach mode, dirty blonde and stringy. John liked them that way. He pursed his lips at her with thinly veiled attraction. He hated women for all the wrong reasons, but never ceased to thrill at how easily they could be charmed.

"That flight has been delayed again. That's all I can tell you."

"But that's not all I wanted to know," he said, exaggerating his leer.

"Get lost, creep. Next?"



He walked over to his companion with a smooth, self-assured gait.

"She loves me," he told his friend.

"I'm sure," said Raul, second-in-command of Los Angeles' infernal legions, reminding himself that he was talking with a Balsraph.

"That angel will be here any minute. His plane's just a few minutes delayed."

"So how do you know that?"

"It's a fact. A little bird told me." John gestured at an approaching figure. "Besides, why else would he be here?"

Raul and John shuffled nonchalantly aside, staring at the covers of periodicals in an airport newsstand. When Raul risked a peek over one shoulder, he saw Maximilian, the Malakite. The angel was dressed in his best, as if trying to look good for one of his own kind.

"Oh, and one more piece of information for you: dark lord's coming to town," said the demonic homosexual cannibal Christian pornographer. His friend sprayed coffee through his nose.

"Not *the* dark lord," John corrected, "just *a* dark lord."

"Good Jesus, John," said Raul, blotting the coffee from his front. "Don't scare me like that."

"I didn't scare you," the demon said, with the slightest trace of his British accent. "You'll know when I want you scared."

<b>Corporeal</b> - 3	Strength 6	Agility 6
<b>Ethereal</b> - 4	Intelligence 7	Precision 9
<b>Celestial</b> - 3	Will 6	Perception 6

Vessel: Human/3, Charisma -2

Role: Pornographer/3, Status/2

Skills: Artistry/1 (Film), Computer Operation/1, Dodge/1, Driving/1, Emote/2, Fast-Talk/1, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Small Weapon/4 (Knife)

Songs: Dreams (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/5 Celestial/4)

Attunements: Balsraph of Nightmares, Knight of Restlessness, Dream Walking

A right bastard, newly arrived from the other side of the Atlantic, Downing is just now earning his way into the demonic elite. He works his evil by picking up Los Angeles' newly arrived teens and pressing them into service in his and his friends' pornography companies.

John's doing well, all right, but he's stepping on all the wrong toes. As a powerful Balsraph, John is earning the ire of Kevin the Terrible, leader of L.A.'s demonic elite. Raul (p. 56), Kevin's right-hand man, has buddied up to John, spying on the newcomer for his friend. John seems to know quite a bit about a lot of things; Kevin would like to know where this knowledge is coming from.

John gets most of his information the old-fashioned way: He blackmails people for it. More people have sat

before John's cameras than were aware of it at the time: judges, Senators, and even the occasional celestial has been caught *in flagrante delicto* by Downing's shutters. He never insults someone by pretending to hand over "the real negatives" – he keeps everything.

Downing was kicked out of London two years ago by some of its angels for contributing to a seedy child-pornography scheme involving some mid-level nobility. He has no taste; his dress and personal hygiene are testament to that. He never has sex, though he thinks of himself as sexually appealing to both men and women; he prefers the detachment of the voyeur. As a liar, he's taken up going to church – St. Patrick's, home of B.J.'s human servant (p. 48). The cannibalistic overtones of Catholicism have really turned him on, and he's secretly tried a few experiments of his own. Raul, servant of Gluttony, has helped him out – and John has caught him on camera. John's next goal is to catch the leader of the city's demonic elite doing something absolutely reprehensible, and then to replace Kevin the Terrible as the most potent wielder of celestial power in L.A.



## KEVIN THE TERRIBLE

### *Balseraph Baron of the Media*



"Surely you don't think I 'traded you in' for a younger, sexier version of yourself," he laughed, finishing his drink. "I traded you in for a younger, sexier version of the person I always wanted you to be."

He turned away from the shattered older woman, a lover from the previous decade. If they couldn't be troubled to maintain presentability as time eroded their beauty, he couldn't find the stomach to remain civil to them.

"Cruel, Kevin," said Raul, demonic Servitor of Gluttony and Kevin's most trustworthy lieutenant. "Very cruel."

"They leave me no choice," was his only response as he shined the backs of his fingernails on the collar of his tuxedo jacket.

"You really should talk to Eisner. This thing with the Baptists is getting serious."

Kevin the Terrible, dominant demon in an infernal city, shook his head slowly.

"Shall we tell him to give his mouse a pitchfork? No. Who's to say how much good or ill lies on either side of a social struggle? I'll not wield my power without a reason."

"Here's a reason," Raul grimaced. "Dark lord coming to town."

Kevin's composure flickered briefly.

"Which one?"

"I have my suspicions."

"I imagine you do." Kevin glanced around the party and its flawlessly beautiful guests. It was his goal to create perfection – a sort of selfish perfection, some might say, but he'd never once bowed to the graceless self-deprecation of the foolhardy and ignorant demons who would wrest victory from Heaven by lowering the standards under which they fought.

"*Free Willy IV*," Kevin said, unflinching. "Do it."

Raul blanched. "But – but Kevin –"

"With authority comes the occasional show of power. Nothing short of Hell's majesty could greenlight that one. Make it happen, but make sure it tanks."

"Sir!"

Kevin's eye gleamed.

"Throw a bunch of special effects in it, and ready the press to attack it as a symbol of rampant flash eroding the foundation of our entertainment's substance. Or some such nonsense. Keep the other factions guessing. Now, you say there's a new angel in town, a Seraph?"

**Corporeal** – 4

Strength 8    Agility 8

**Ethereal** – 5

Intelligence 10    Precision 10

**Celestial** – 4

Will 9    Perception 7

*Vessel:* Human/3, Charisma +3

*Role:* Producer/6, Status/6

*Skills:* Detect Lies/3, Dodge/1, Driving/1, Emote/5, Fast-Talk/3, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/2, Seduction/2, Tactics/1

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

*Resources:* Servant/4, Class/4 (script writer)

**Attunements:** Balsraph of the Media, Baron of the Fourth Estate, Seneschal of Enfer Fleur, Subliminal, Soundtrack

**Special Rites:** Kevin gains 1 Essence every time somebody dies of unnatural causes at Enfer Fleur.

Los Angeles, most notably, is called home by a great many of the celebrities who shape American culture. In greater numbers, it's called home by those who greatly desire to be celebrities but never will be – or never will be again. These people either have a lot of money, or they want a lot of money. They assume that, with a lot of money, celebrity may be bought. However, there are some people in the city who don't care at all about money. Some of these people are demons.

Kevin, once a fairly innocuous servant of the Demon Prince of the Media, looked at the world in which he lived and made this observation: The dominant member of the dominant group can pretty much orchestrate the way things are done. After getting his feet wet in the radio world of Chicago in the late '20s and early '30s, he packed his bag for Los Angeles and its growing media empire. By planting his feet in America, in Los Angeles, in the growing media empire, he's made himself one of the most influential demons in the Western world.

With the demons in L.A. it's all about dominance, and Kevin is undeniably the dominant demon. He calls the shots around the city by calling in favors of the Geased (through the loyal Lilim) and by controlling the undead population through his security agent, Neck (p. 54).

He enjoys using his position to increase his power in the city's entertainment companies, further fueling his master's dark business. He's been master of his coastal domain for more than 50 years, long enough to see entire waves of humanity raised up and crushed down again along the beaches of a wonderful city. After discovering the strange but powerful Tether to Nybbas, he was made its Seneschal and promoted to Baron, one of the Media's first demons to hold that title. Kevin is exceptionally subtle for a Balsraph, sculpting his false symphony into an almost perfect mirror of the actual facts of his life. He carefully changes only the tiniest of details in the stories he reports to other people, subtly altering the truth to fit his designs. This, in no small part, has contributed to the success he currently enjoys.

Kevin has perfected the art of manipulating significant portions of the entertainment media, affecting the emotional outlooks of audiences across the globe. When he can muster the appropriate talent, millions laugh or cry at his command. Mustering the talent is important,

which is why he has people like Neck bringing in Hollywood personalities who are willing to strike a deal with the devil, and people like Natalie (see below) spying on the companies who refuse to deal with his dummy corporations.

But his hold on Los Angeles is not absolute. The elite demons only cooperate with him as long as he can act as an authority. While his successful exile of B.J., the loudest voice among the scruffs, was a fine illustration of his power, demons only get along with each other for so long. Kevin will have many challenges ahead of him as the head of Los Angeles' demonic elite.



## NATALIE LEGRAS *Lilim Servitor of Factions*



"But darling," she whispered to the angel, "you are absolutely the bee's knees." An idle fingernail traced a complicated pattern on his back.

He buried his head in a pillow.

"Your jaw still ache?" she asked delicately. His head squirmed further into the pillow, wiping the wetness from his face.

"That was awful of John to do that." She pouted with real emotion, imagining the demonic pornographer suffering a wide variety of tortures.

"I'll take care of you," she promised her lover. "I will."

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

*Vessel:* Human/2, Charisma +2

*Role:* Executive assistant/3, Status/3

*Skills:* Computer Operation/2, Detect Lies/1, Driving/1, Emote/2, Fast-Talk/2, Lying/3, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/2, Singing/2

*Songs:* Affinity (Celestial/3), Attraction (Ethereal/4), Charm (Corporeal/2, Celestial/2)

**Attunements:** Lilim of Factions

1934 was a bad year for gangsters, from John Dillinger to Bonnie and Clyde. For Natalie Legras, a demonesse disguised as a lesbian flapper gone bad in downtown Chicago, it was an awful year. Her abrasive personality had finally started to alienate everyone she should've held close to her; if she'd made any effort to keep her true friends, maybe things wouldn't have been quite so bad for so long.

While the Depression offered her ample opportunity to factionalize starving families, it was a bad time to be starting an infernal conspiracy in Chicago, what with all the mortal gangsters. One faction of gangsters saw Natalie as the spokesman for what they could only conceptualize as "a new mob," so they surprised her at a street corner one day and – against great odds – killed her.

After spending a few decades in Hell, trying to forget the shame of being kicked off Earth by nothing more than a carload of idiot humans spraying lead from tommy guns, she returned to her old stomping grounds to find that everything had changed. Remembering some favors she'd done in the golden age of Chicago's radio days for a young demon named Kevin, she eventually ended up in Los Angeles. He was startled to see Natalie again, but the lord of L.A. allowed her to take up residence in town as a scruff.

After she agreed to shape up her fractious attitude, Kevin gave her a job with a local temp agency. She serves the city's demons as a highly valued executive assistant, filling in where Kevin needs her, slowly earning a place among the infernal elite.

Natalie, preferring the style of her previous stay on Earth, still dresses like a flapper. She's a very cute one, black bob and all. Beyond her body, which she doesn't find attractive and is loath to use as a form of persuasion, Natalie is expert at seeing what people want and knowing the best ways to give it to them. Her current focus is Maximilian, Malakite on the brink of self-destruction, whom she's beginning to hold true feelings for. Prince Malphas has charged her with pushing the angel as far toward Falling as is possible, and with making Hopscotch and Kevin think they each came up with the

idea themselves. The only person in whom she's confided her true feelings for her victim is Raul, Servitor of Gluttony (p. 56). While inquiries into the source of her orders, her master's true agenda, and her affection for Maximilian may make nice subplots in a Los Angeles campaign, they'll prove to be even more important in "Fall of the Malakim," where the truths behind these matters may unravel a world, or save it.

## NECK

### *Undead/Mummy*



"They tell you it's not a lot of fun to be undead," Neck intoned, dust falling from where it had gathered at the corners of his mouth. "What they don't tell you is how much pain it is. It's a dry, creaking sort of pain echoing from your knees, your elbows, your ribs, your fingers. Your flesh aches for life, but it's dead, and nothing can ever change that."

"What?" the bartender shouted over the music. "You ordering something?"

"Vodka," said the mummy to the mortal. "With lemon."

As the bartender turned away, a trenchcoated man jostled the undead creature from behind.

"Sorry," he said. "It's just, I was trying to get through. It's crowded and –"

"Sit down," said the mummy, recognizing the man's face instantly. "I've been waiting for you."

"Oh," the human said, "you're the . . . the guy."

"I am the guy."

The human's face grew serious, suddenly feeling at home in working a deal.

"I have money."

"We do, too," the mummy said, lighting a cigarette.

"I . . . I know people."

"Everyone knows people."

The human turned cold for a moment, his mind working.

"What do you want?"

"I don't know," said Neck. "But I've seen your face on enough magazines to know that you've got something of use. Call this number. They'll send a car."

The human took the pale business card between thumb and forefinger. It was thin and vaguely transparent, like vellum. As he rubbed the card, it grew faintly pink.

"It must like you," the undead creature noted. "Don't forget that bringing your Rolodex is just as important as bringing your checkbook."

The human nodded, pocketing the fleshy card with noticeable distaste.

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

*Skills:* Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/4, Dodge/2, Driving/1, Emote/1, Fast-Talk/1, Fighting/2, Lying/4, Ranged Weapon/3 (Gun), Small Weapon/1 (Knife), Tactics/2

*Songs:* Form (Corporeal/4), Healing (Corporeal/1), Acid/2

**Attunements:**

Dissonance Binding  
**Special Rite:** Neck gains 1 Essence for each human soul he entangles in corruption. Asmodeus granted him this Rite because Neck has a way of getting past a person's minor misdeeds and involving him in something truly evil.

Neck is the least forgiving of L.A.'s celestial inhabitants, a gaunt and humorless soul in a nondescript, well preserved corpse. Since his death twenty years ago, he's lost any hope of his life ever getting better. After killing his leading lady in a drugged rage, he traded his mortal existence to Asmodeus in exchange for safety from the judgment of a court, earthly or otherwise. Much like the Soldiers around town, Neck and the small cadre of undead he commands are silent instruments in the Symphony. When a demon wants something done, with as little fuss as possible, Neck is contacted. While not a favored Servitor of the Prince of the Game, much less a demon himself, Neck still plays an important role in representing both the general interests of Hell, in which all demons should be bound together against a divine enemy, and the personal interests of Asmodeus.

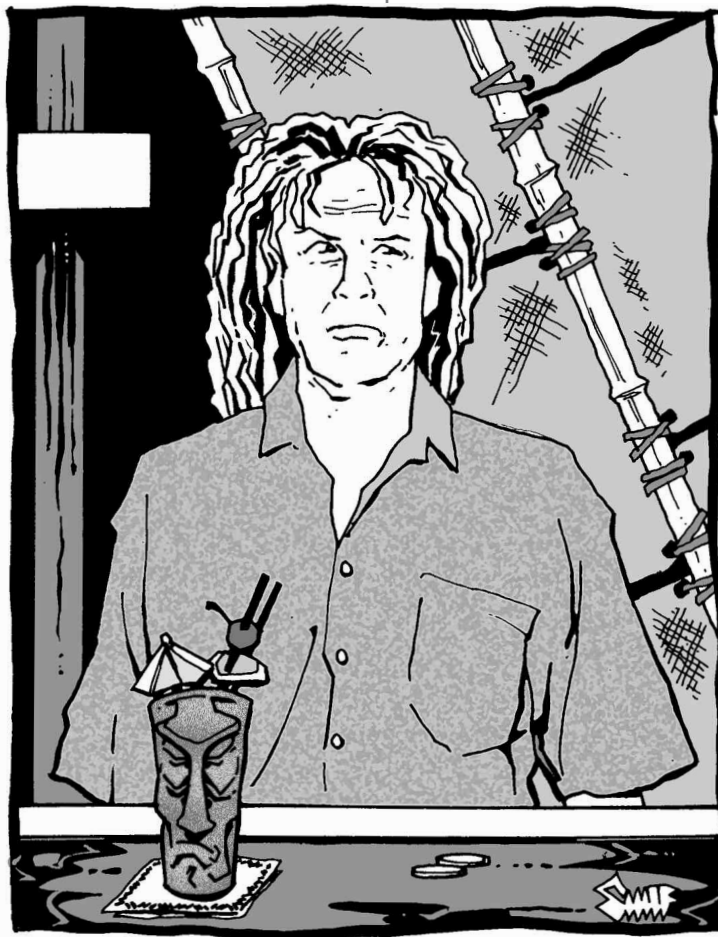
Among other things, Neck is Kevin the Terrible's primary point of contact with supplicants in the mortal

world. While Kevin contacts whomever he wishes, most normal people who hear rumors about a mob in Los Angeles who can grant miraculous favors are routed to Neck – and only later to Kevin, if they pass certain tests. They must have something to offer, like respect or authority. Money is a simple commodity, easily attainable elsewhere; validity is difficult to create from nothing.

While he's an important lieutenant to Kevin the Terrible, he's even more important as a political token: Neck is considered a scruff, and as such he wields great influence with those demons in L.A. who don't operate within the bounds of human society. Since Kevin booted B.J. (p. 57) out of town, he's had very little trouble from the scruffs. Neck has successfully negotiated a sort of peace between the two infernal factions, though no one's expecting it to last more than another year, since all past truces have been even more short-lived. Sooner or later, says conventional wisdom, a scruff will run amok and cause trouble for the demonic populace, and the diabolical elite will have to put him down, which will do nothing but alienate all the other scruffs. Neck has been working hard to prevent such explosions, and keeping Servitors of Belial and Saminga out of town has been a good start.

Neck is aware of Mira Klein's traitorous existence in L.A., but has been informed that she is to be left alone for the time being. He doesn't know why Asmodeus is refraining from collecting the Bright Lilim, and doesn't ask questions. He assumes that one of Mira's Geases will be invoked in a particularly nasty way, when he thinks about it at all.

Unlike the demons he serves, Neck can ill afford to have his corporeal vessel destroyed. This doesn't bother him, but if he could find a way to increase his power without risking his existence, he might take it. He finds a way to do the former, if not the latter, in "Fall of the Malakim."





## RAUL

### Impudite Servitor of Gluttony



Raul, demonic Servitor of Gluttony, took the silver lid off of his newest creation.

"Ah!" he said as the steam hit his face. "Smell that fat!"

He ladled the concoction out onto a serving plate, chunks of fat and beef floating in a creamy brown sauce. His guest host, pretty face of the month, leaned forward hungrily, tablespoon at the ready.

"Uh-uh-uh!" the demon chastised. "Smell it, see it, but eat very little. That way, you keep your figure." His guest host smiled sheepishly, crinkling her pert nose to round out her trademark smile. *I haven't eaten all day*, she thought to herself. *When those cameras turn off, I'm diving into this damned plate.*

"So remember," Raul said, turning back to his audience. "Keep as much fat outside your body as you can. And if you can't . . . then *think thin!*"

Applause. Sign off.



Corporeal - 3

Ethereal - 4

Celestial - 4

Strength 6

Intelligence 7

Will 9

Agility 6

Precision 9

Perception 7

*Vessel:* Human/1, Charisma +2

*Role:* Cooking Show Host/5, Status/5

*Skills:* Detect Lies/2, Emote/3, Fast-Talk/1, Lying/3, Savoir-Faire/3

**Attunements:** Impudite of Gluttony, Lilim of Gluttony, Consume

**Special Rites:** Every time Raul entices somebody to eat another serving even though that person is full, he gains 1 Essence.

**Discord:** Stigmata/1

*While Raul's clientele have to make a Will roll to refuse his cooking, he does not get a Geas out of it.*

While Raul is Haagenti's most accomplished demon in Los Angeles, it would be wrong to say he shares much with his master, either in nature or in attitude. They work to the same end, that's all. Raul is a very stylish demon, very fashionable. He's also very thin, much to the dismay of his audience and clientele.

In the afternoon Raul shoots a cooking show for a local cable outlet, *Cooking with Fat*. It's one of the more popular shows of its kind, slowly receiving more and more attention as it reaches a syndicated audience in other parts of the United States. He shows people how to cook some of the most fattening meals ever produced in a culinary experiment, urging his audience to exercise in moderation and to "think thin." This, he claims in public, is what has kept his frame from expanding. (Being a demon has also helped him to stay thin.) His audience, on the other hand, follow his recipes and are unable to restrain themselves, eating generous portions of the fatty meals.

In the evening, Raul can be found at his posh eatery, Le Pet, where people are encouraged to bring their pets (petite pets only; no Dobermans allowed). They and their animals dine upon small amounts of extraordinarily fattening French food. (Few Angelenos know that *pet* means "fart" *en français*. Those who get the joke find it charmingly graceless.) He gives them very, very small amounts of food for very, very large amounts of money. People never leave his establishment satisfied, though they fake it since that what everyone else does. Inspired by the trace amounts of fattening foodstuffs consumed at the restaurant, they go home and devour small mountains of even worse food. Haagenti laughs. He doesn't really understand his servant, but he likes Raul's results.

When not shooting his show or serving the human elite and their pets, Raul handles delicate political negotiations for Kevin (p. 52). He's a very diplomatic soul, and has committed himself wholeheartedly to keeping the demonic peace in the area.

As an aside, Raul is the demon upon whom Adam (*In Nomine*, p. 195) modeled himself. The younger Servitor of Gluttony spent a brief time learning some tricks from Raul. Word of Adam's debacle has reached the Impudite, though he merely regrets not being able to have broken Adam of his double-crossing habits. If Marcus, Nicole, or Sabrina come to town, Raul will want a private audience at some point, though he is unlikely to help any of them.

After arriving in Los Angeles back in the late 1930's, Raul threw his lot in with Kevin the Terrible. This was a good call, since Kevin is now running the city. For decades, Raul has been Kevin's number two. Now that this position is threatened, Raul's loyalty is faltering. He's beginning to share information with John (p. 51), just in case the wind changes direction and Kevin decides to blow on out of town.

Raul has a small bit of Discord about him, Stigmata. Before deluding his audience with his “think thin” routine, he was actually doing some good by suggesting people eat less and exercise more. Since this went against his training as an agent of Gluttony, Haagenti afflicted him with some Discord (and then dove into one of Raul’s delicious meals). His cracked and swollen fingernails constantly bleed large drops from their roots. He tries to hide this with black leather gloves, but it doesn’t take long for the blood to seep through and start leaving red smears everywhere. Raul carries several clean pairs of gloves with him at all times, and so far he’s successfully hidden his secret from the other demons in L.A. If news got out that he suffered Discord, however slight, it might permanently damage his reputation among the upper-crust demons of the area. This is a secret that John Downing would almost certainly use to win Raul’s loyalty away from Kevin. It’s a secret that Raul will not reveal unless otherwise it would mean disgrace or death.

## SCAMPER

### *Impudite Servitor of Dark Humor*



Scamper trundled down the street, a blank smile on his face. In the charmingly fake neighborhood that is Beverly Hills, he stood out among the other residents. Not that any of them weren’t larger at their bottoms than at their tops, or that any of them weren’t of slightly lower than average intelligence, but he was just plain weird. He skipped every time he wanted to get from one place to another, singing off-key. He was annoying. He was bothersome. He was creepy and demented and eccentric. He did not fit in, and this is what got him in trouble.

“Hey, freak!” one of his neighbors yelled at him one day.

“Excuse me?” asked Scamper, scampering up.

“Why don’t you go back to your home planet,” his neighbor suggested. “I’m sure it’s a nice place, but perhaps you’d better stay there.”

By the time the neighbor woke up, Scamper had had time to do some research. Among other things, Scamper had learned what pirates used to do with their victims.

“It’s really cool,” he said to his guest. “How do you feel?”

“Wh-where am I? What am I in?” the old man asked, slowing returning to consciousness.

“But how do you feel, man?”

“I feel like – aw, Christ! What’s that smell?”

“We’ll get ta that,” said Scamper.



“Smells like . . . pickles.”

“Funny you should say that,” the demon chuckled.

<b>Corporeal</b> – 3	Strength 6	Agility 6
<b>Ethereal</b> – 2	Intelligence 4	Precision 4
<b>Celestial</b> – 4	Will 9	Perception 7

*Vessel:* Human/4, Charisma -1

*Skills:* Detect Lies/2, Dodge/1, Emote/1, Enchantment/4, Fast-Talk/3, Lying/4, Move Silently/2, Running/1

*Songs:* Entropy (Celestial/3), Sleep (Ethereal/4), Tongue/1

**Attunement:** Impudite of Dark Humor

One of the newer, and more deviant, scruffs in town, Scamper probably won’t be hanging out in L.A. much longer. He’s always in a little more trouble than he can handle, and his boss, Scurvy, isn’t always going to be around to bail him out.

While his character is fairly two-dimensional, his problem is very complicated. Scamper is responsible for some recent disappearances around town. The first one was one of his posh neighbors, but he’s tried to hunt far from home in recent months. He traps each victim up to his neck in pickling solution in an old wooden barrel, sticking the victim’s head through a small hole cut out of the barrel’s top. Over time, they pickle.

Every week a person spends floating in Scamper’s solution permanently robs him of one level of Strength. This doesn’t cause the loss of a Corporeal Force, but the lost Strength cannot be healed by natural means or by any derivative of the Song of Healing. Once a victim’s Strength drops to 1 from this pickling, he ceases taking damage. However, any attempt to remove him from the barrel kills him instantly. The pickling process eats away all exterior flesh, turning its victim into little more than a barrel full of organs and goo. The victim is slowly poi-



soned by his own excrement, which mixes with the pickle juice to make a nice toxic broth. After a number of weeks equal to the victim's Corporeal Forces, he dies.

Scamper's original plan, which he devised after having so much fun with his first target, involved collecting an entire basement full of Essence generators. Predictably, most of his victims found being pickled too horrifying to fall for Scamper's charming resonance, making the pay-off much more difficult. Still, every day at noon, he begins working on laying on the Charm and stealing that day's Essence. He tried kidnapping singers, since they could still perform their greatest skill while pickled, generating more Essence per day than the average human, but it hasn't worked out very well. Thankfully, his basement is soundproof. Between his general frustration with the situation and the near-deafening cacophony of anguished, pickled singers, he's about at his wit's end.

He'd like to kill them all and start over, but a disturbance of that size would alert the celestials in the area to his plans. (As his guests die slowly, their pickled demises disturb the Symphony much less than an abrupt death.)

If he could convince some of the player characters that it would be worth the trouble (and the danger) of transporting more than fifteen pickled humans to a distant location where they can be disposed of without disturbing the local Symphony, that might be a good plan.

In the meantime, Hopscotch (p. 48), knowing that an Impudite of Dark Humor must know where the Essence is hiding around town, has made an arrangement with Scamper to keep his prototype Essence batteries filled until Vapula, his dark master, can check out his new invention. Actually, Scamper has made a very interesting deal with the Servitor of Vapula. He'll give Hopscotch the Essence if Hopscotch tells everyone what a great guy he is for generously donating Essence to the project. Hopscotch doesn't know where the Essence comes from, although that knowledge would certainly rearrange the balance of power between them. He might turn Scamper into the Assistant Who Could Not Quit.

## SCURVY

### *Habbalite Knight of Dark Humor*



"Hey, hey," laughed Scurvy, pulling a loose tooth out of his head and tossing it at Scamper from across the pool.

"Your attention."

"What's up?" the smaller demon said, paddling over in his Styrofoam chair.

Scurvy wrinkled up his forehead, summoning up the most profound sadness he could imagine, rolling it into a ball of willpower and projecting it through the poolside television.

"And in other news," the news woman said, "the stock market closed down sixty points today in reaction to news that – that the –" She put a hand to her face as if to steady herself, tears welling up suddenly and rolling down her cheeks.

"That poor stock market," she burred. "I've – I've reported with a straight face about girls found butchered in cardboard boxes on the side of the road – and there was that woman in a coma who had her foot chewed off by a rabid dog!"

"But the stock market, that – that hits everybody. Why, my net worth dropped twenty percent today. In one day!"

I hate money, but I need more of it.”

She began to crawl toward the camera, unintentionally flashing her crotch at the camera as she swung a leg over the broad table she’d sat behind for eight years. People in the background began to make muffled noises of surprise and dismay.

“I need money,” she said, closing her eyes and touching her belly, smearing wet mascara across her beige blouse. “Oh, I need it.”

“Turn that goddamn – ” someone shouted before the screen was filled with the station logo, backed by the soft, soothing sounds of light jazz.

“Wait ’till you see what we can do with HDTV,” the proud demon said to his fellow.

“Good one, Scurvy.”

“Thank you, Scamper.”

“More beer, Knight of Dark Humor?”

“Yes,” Scurvy said, changing the channels. “More beer. I’ll even get it myself.”

“No, no,” Scamper said, hurriedly splashing out of his floating pool chair. “No, I’ll get it for you.”

“No need. We’re not equals in our master’s army, but you don’t have to fetch me my beer. Relax in the pool. This is the climax of a good month’s work, and we both need to celebrate.”

Scamper knew better than to resist, as it would only worsen the Knight’s reaction to the lesser demon’s secret evil.

Scurvy returned with two beers. He tossed one to the demon in the pool, then opened his own and took a thoughtful swig.

“So,” he said nonchalantly. “What’s with the basement?”

<b>Corporeal</b> – 3	Strength 6	Agility 6
<b>Ethereal</b> – 3	Intelligence 5	Precision 7
<b>Celestial</b> – 4	Will 9	Perception 7

*Vessel:* Human/4

*Skills:* Climbing/1, Detect Lies/1, Dodge/2, Electronics/1, Emote/1, Fast-Talk/2, Lockpicking/1, Lying/3, Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/1 (Pistol), Running/1, Small Weapon/2 (Knife)

*Songs:* Attraction (Ethereal/3), Charm (Ethereal/3)

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

**Discord:** Loose Teeth/2

Of all the scruffs, Scurvy is the one who most grates on the nerves of the elite demons. His brazen acts of humiliation have won grudging respect from many, but those are just the Diabolicals who haven’t had their plans ruined by an ill-timed exposé. The fact that he’s carelessly screwed scruffs as well as elite demons is the only reason why the scruffs don’t line up behind him in B.J.’s

absence instead of listening to Neck. He even went so far as to take the most boldly offensive scruff, Scamper (above), and move him into one of the posher areas of Beverly Hills – though until recently his associate’s pickling practices were unknown to him. Scurvy’s knightly rank is the only thing keeping Kevin (p. 52) from destroying him outright, and it might not be enough to save his hide much longer.



This agent of Dark Humor has gotten a lot of mileage out of one observation: people who think of themselves as good, when doing things that they think are bad, repeat their evil in rigid patterns to make themselves feel safe. A politician enjoys taking his whores to the same motel room; an accountant likes using the same password on all his encrypted data; a thug sits in the same alleyway while waiting for that week’s victim. Scurvy is a reasonably bright boy, putting a great deal of time into setting up his practical jokes. He monitors people for weeks before taking advantage of his observations, setting up his targets in the cruelest, darkest, messiest, and most spectacular ways.

Scurvy is one of Kobal’s favorite minions, but he once made the mistake of mocking his dark boss. The Prince of Dark Humor laughed . . . and cursed his Servitor with a strange form of Discord, teeth which become loose in their sockets and fall out only to grow back in his head and fall out again. He loses an average of two teeth a day that way; the GM may be imaginative about exactly when it happens, but make sure it reduces someone’s reaction roll to the demon by the level of the Discord (that is, by 2).

Kobal has recently promised to remove Scurvy’s Discord – which would also allow the demon to go back to his previous name, Ebehinar – in exchange for help on a big job. This relates to “Fall of the Malakim,” p. 103. Scurvy’s discovery of Scamper’s basement and its contents is the final piece to a puzzle that will shake Los Angeles and later the world.

# ANGELS IN LOS ANGELES

*L.A. is a nightmare city, and the sooner it falls into the ocean due to a major earthquake and is flushed away into the Pacific bowl like the turd city it is, the better the world will be.*

– Bill Hicks, “Arizona Bay”

In the country, where the human population is sparse, there’s little sense of territory among celestials. Angels and demons go about their business, rarely needing to interact. In the city, where humans are packed together tightly, angels and demons clash with one another on a daily basis more often than not. There are a few places like Austin (see *Night Music*), where the celestials of a smaller city have managed to strike a truce of some sorts for one reason or another, but these are rare products of the current stalemate.

There tends to be an imbalance in the major cities between angels and demons. Either one side held a stronger presence there to begin with, or the other side suffered a heavy loss early on and has yet to recover. Cities like Paris and Sydney, for example, are proudly ruled by angels.

Even where Heaven has a reduced presence, God’s armies have a nigh-impregnable fortress to which they may retreat as long as one divine Tether graces the landscape. But in cities like Milan and Bogotá – and Los Angeles – the last sanctuaries of divinity have been defiled, and demons walk openly.

Not since the pre-Persian days of Babylon have so many demons worked in relative peace within arm’s reach of one another, and the human population of Babylon measured time slowly, over tens of generations. The natives of L.A. measure time in quick moments; overnight, their lives can change completely. This makes them very adaptable to a world in flux, but it also makes it difficult for a large number of demons to find a stable configuration in which to work closely with one another, demonic egos being the way they are. The demons of L.A. have proven to be as quick to adapt as the humans who surround them.

Judging from the vast number of favored Servitors in Los Angeles, the L.A. metropolitan area must be under more scrutiny by Hell’s royalty than any other area in the corporeal realm. The Symphony around Los Angeles rings weekly, announcing the arrival of another Demon Prince as he checks in on one of his best and brightest.

Some of the characters below are suitable for players to portray, with the GM’s approval. This has the advantage of giving the player a character with a fleshed-out background and a well defined place in the *In Nomine* Los Angeles setting, but the disadvantage of being tied into the complex web of the city’s politics.

## ANGELIC SERVITORS

The demons who rule L.A. carefully control the presence of angels in their territory. The few angels who call Los Angeles their home are known to all the demons in town, and the lot of them (except perhaps for Sarama and Jonathan) can be expected to jump when a demon says jump.

Many of the characters below are low in Heaven’s hierarchy – Word-bound and angels above 12 Forces are seldom accepted by Los Angeles’ demonic masters.

## MAXIMILIAN

### *Malakite Servitor of Stone*



Maximilian bit his lower lip and pushed back his rage, refusing to give in to his weaknesses. The sun had already pierced the horizon, its first rays smoothing the goose bumps from his bronze forearms. It was looking to be a hot day, and the sooner he got his task out of the way, the better.

“And edge when you’re done, Max a million,” added Kevin the Terrible, demonic Servitor of the Media and master of Los Angeles. The demon sipped a mimosa out of a large hollowed-out

coconut, hoping he'd gotten everything right. He was pretty sure that the angel, a servant of the Archangel of Stone, would have been able to detect metal land mines, but ceramic antipersonnel devices should be a different story.

"Aren't you being a bit mean to the boy?" asked Raul, demonic servant of Gluttony. "He does try hard. And I certainly don't want to be the one who pushes him over that one last edge."

"Oh, really?" Kevin said, purring for a moment as he took the umbrella from his drink and ran it along his tongue. "What will happen then?"

"Well, for starters," the thin demon giggled, "I think he'll have a Max attack. He's going to kill everyone he can see. But that's just my opinion."

"If you don't think I can take care of us, you can move to another city."

Raul paused thoughtfully for a moment.

"Of course, I've grown accustomed to L.A.," he finally said. "No reason to move. And you're right, I'm sure he's got a lot more room for pushing."

The sound of an explosion echoed from the side of the house. It was a brief noise, like a cap gun going off.

"That would be the first mine," Kevin smiled. Maximilian's desperate moanings for medical attention carried well in the early morning silence. "Raul, be a doll and ring up for Absinthia, would you? She needs to get him healed up so he can finish the rest of the yard. Then hurry along so I can meet with that monster from Disney alone. It's not as though anyone doesn't know what he does in his spare time, but he gets very upset when I mention it in front of others – which I will have to do today if the numbers he's bringing me on foreign licensing are as bad as I suspect."

"Sure thing," the other demon said, punching an intercom button on the table in front of him.

"Absinthia," he called into a small metal grille. "Your patient needs you."

"Hold yer horses," a woman's voice called back. "Let me finish the rework on the script for this pilot and I'll be right down."

Raul took a deep breath, preparing to order her down in a much greater hurry, but Kevin shushed him into holding back.

"I'm really in no big hurry," he explained as his friend let go of the intercom button and settled back into his chair. The angel's moans had died down some.

"Some day," Raul said, "you're going to push him too far."

"But not today," Kevin said, saluting his comrade with a coconut. "Besides, the rest of the day should be fairly easy for him."

"I can't imagine it can really go downhill after your legs



have been blown off a couple times, even if someone heals you up afterward."

"I'm sending him over to play with John for a while," Kevin said, stirring his drink with a long, thin finger.

"That's just cruel," said Raul, repressing a smirk.

"No, no, no," Kevin corrected. "He's not going to be a performer. That would be tacky. We don't need video of an angel . . . being graceless. God knows we'd make a mint off such a thing, but that's just too obvious."

"So what do you have planned?"

"I'm not actually sure," Kevin said, innocently rolling his eyes skyward. "John tells me he needs a new fluffer, whatever that is, so I volunteered our friend."

"A what?"

"A fluffer. Perhaps he does the actors' makeup."

"I'm glad I'll be on the other side of the city by then," whistled Raul.

"Laugh while you can," said the city's head, suddenly fixing his companion with a serious expression. "But if we can grind this angel under our bootheel, slowly but surely, we might just see a new hole open up in Heaven's armor."

He leaned in closely, lowering his voice.

“How far can you push a Malakite? Hmm? It’s not as though we’ve really ever had the chance to find out before. Maybe it’s not that they can’t be shaken from divinity – perhaps no one’s ever tried hard enough?”

“Besides,” he murmured, “can you imagine being able to say you saw the first of the Malakim Fall?”



<b>Corporeal</b> – 3	Strength 8	Agility 5
<b>Ethereal</b> – 3	Intelligence 4	Precision 8
<b>Celestial</b> – 4	Will 10	Perception 6

*Vessel:* Human/6, Charisma +1

*Skills:* Dodge/4, Driving/1, Emote/4, Fighting/3, Large Weapon/3 (Club), Move Silently/3, Running/1, Small Weapon/3 (Knife), Tactics/3

*Songs:* Form (Corporeal/4), Shields (Celestial/4), Thunder/6, Claws/3, Feet/5, Wings/3

**Attunements:** Malakite of Stone, Seraph of Stone

**Discord:** Stigmata/1, Vestigium/1 (Horns), Vestigium/2 (Tail), Need/4 (Alcohol), Angry/3, Bound/6, Binding Oath/3, Evil Warning/2, Guilt/6, Hatred/3 (Kevin the Terrible), Truthfulness/2

**Malakite Oaths:** Never allow the name of Heaven to be dishonored; Protect fellow servants of God; Do not suffer an evil to live; Do not take your own life, either by taking action against yourself, or by failing to evade lethal hazard.

Maximilian possessed a modest reputation early in his career as an all-around good guy. Although he never achieved any spectacular success, he served David faith-

fully and without complaint. All that changed when he met Izix.

She was an Outcast, but despite her growing corruption he fell in love with her. She tricked him into helping her with a scheme which led to her Fall and caused the death of several humans and an angel.

When David arrived he disbanded her Forces even as she was Falling into the Pit. Maximilian frequently thinks she was the lucky one.

David turned to his servant, rage showing through his hard expression like glimmers of lava. “So,” he said with menacing softness, “you love a demon. You, a Malakite, one of the pure. A demon attacked humans and killed one of your own kind because of your weakness. Well, if you love demons so much, there is only one place this side of Hell that will satisfy you.” David’s voice grew colder. “I order you to go to Los Angeles and to live there among the demons until I bid you to leave. You may not kill them. You may not harm them. You will tolerate any treatment at their hands. Obviously you have forgotten what we are fighting against, so I send you to the demons. They will make you remember.”

Maximilian bowed his head, unable to imagine the pain he was soon to feel. But David was not finished.

“I should not have to ask you to do this, but I have lost my faith in you, Maximilian. I want you to swear that you will not take your own life, either by taking action against yourself, or by failing to evade lethal hazard.”

“I swear it, Master.” Maximilian couldn’t bring himself to look at the Archangel.

“You are allowed to spend one week every month tending the Tether of War in Death Valley. You must deal with any dissonance that this does not eradicate. Now go!”

As the first Malakite to enter L.A. since the last of Laurence’s guards were slaughtered in the 1940’s, Maximilian became an instant hit. The demons wanted him to stay. In fact, they insisted. He’s been in L.A. for more than fifteen years so far, and the demons show no sign of wanting him to go in the near future. He is a favorite plaything, one that they aren’t about to be denied.

Like many Servitors of David, Maximilian took his name from a type of armor. Maximilian armor was popular from the late middle ages into the Renaissance. The name means “The Greatest,” and the demons immediately made it into a joke. Servitors of Dark Humor are particularly persistent, shouting witticisms such as “Max lacks!” and “Just the facts, Max!” every time they see him.

Maximilian, as the opening vignette implies (p. 4), has given up on ever earning David’s forgiveness. There’s very little left of him beyond his sadness at having sacrificed his integrity at the altar of obedience. His shoulders

sag and his face looks far older than its years. He will be more than willing to give new arrivals a brief tour of the town – and in fact is preferred as a tour guide by the local demons over any of the city’s other angelic inhabitants – but he’ll avoid spending time with others of his kind if at all possible. This stems from the self-loathing that has set in as he’s grown more and more Discordant, something he tries to hide. His self-loathing is also rooted in the shame he feels at having again fallen in love with a demon. He believes that he deserves all of the torment heaped on him by the demon horde, and to appease his Guilt Discord, he actively encourages it. He’ll strongly counsel any angel from taking an action that would lead to a demon’s unhappiness, turning away from any repercussions as if they don’t exist.

Once a month, he spends a week at the Tether in the desert (see p. 78), but what was once a cool oasis of peace is now merely an all-too-brief respite from the nightmare of his life. The other angels in town try to avoid Maximilian, mostly because they don’t want to be around when he snaps.

## MIRA KLEIN

### *Bright Lilim Servitor of Dreams*



Mira shuddered as a cold wind hit her, pulling the warmth from her face. She closed her eyes and took a moment to calm her chattering teeth.

‘Is it always this cold?’ Jonathan asked, zip-up his jacket against the chilly breeze.

‘Almost never,’ she said, shoving each hand into the opposite armpit.

‘Perhaps if you didn’t wear shorts,’ the Seraph said helpfully, ‘you might stay a little warmer.’

‘What’s the point of living in L.A. if you can’t dress like you live in L.A.?’ she asked.

Both angels reflected on the point as others joined them in waiting for the bus.

‘So this is your life,’ Jonathan said.

‘Basically,’ Mira said, blowing quick bursts of air through her mouth, hoping to see her breath fog before her. She wasn’t sure if it was her breath fogging up or her glasses.

‘Waiting for buses and picking up children,’ Jonathan continued quietly, to avoid being overheard by the surrounding humanity.

‘Basically. At least, that’s what I do by day. At night, I do the dream thing and look for kids who need help. Like this kid I’m waiting for. His scholarship money just ran out, and he’s going to be out on the street tomorrow. In exchange for a little work, I can get his scholarship renewed.’



‘Even though a lot of kids around here might have miserable lives, they still dream. When they dream, I try to appraise them, see what I can do. If I can do something, I can. If I can’t, I don’t. It’s pretty simple, actually.’

‘What did you do before you came here?’

Mira breathed deeply, and not because she wanted to see her icy breath.

‘I did a lot of things before I came to L.A.,’ she said. ‘I spent some time in the Midwest, I spent some time in New York –’

‘I heard you spent some time in Hell,’ the Seraph said pointedly.

‘I spent some time in Hell, yes. But that’s all behind me now. If the demons let me stay here because they think they can eventually ‘bring me to my senses’, then they’ll be disappointed. Hopefully, I can get some good work done before they get tired of me.’

Jonathan nodded. Mira unclenched her jaw and the two stood in silence until the bus pulled up. When the doors opened, she saw her target sitting on the first row,



## IN DEFENSE OF LOS ANGELES

Don't be mistaken. Los Angeles has a lot of bad people in it, a lot of broken minds and a lot of weathered souls. Fortunately, it also has some exceptionally good people, perhaps the same ratio as most metropolitan areas of its size. In addition, there's a great number of people who just want to live their lives without concern for a celestial battle between good and evil. They require a sense of security to remain tucked comfortably at night between their complacent sheets. This security comes from knowing they've done the best they can, and not given in too often to their human weaknesses.

Just because the city's society is collapsing, just because a bloody class war looms on its horizon, just because the coastline is dying to return to being a desert as demons walk the streets of L.A. – none of this means the city is doomed. But any place could use a few more angels.

near the window. He looked so innocent, so young. She prepared her most charming face – and stopped when she recognized the person sitting next to him. It was John, one of the local demons, talking earnestly to the boy. The demon glanced over at Mira through the glass, shooting a leering stare her way.

The two angels stood there expressionless while the doors closed and the bus drove away. Mira turned away from Jonathan and rubbed her face with her palms.

"Mira," the Seraph said softly, putting a hand on her shoulder. She turned around quickly, a forced smile pulling attention away from her red, wet eyes.

"Hey," the Bright Lilim said, attempting to be cheerful, "it happens. You can't dwell on it."

<b>Corporeal</b> – 3	Strength 6	Agility 6
<b>Ethereal</b> – 3	Intelligence 5	Precision 7
<b>Celestial</b> – 3	Will 5	Perception 7

*Vessel:* Human/2, Charisma +1

*Skills:* Detect Lies/1, Emote/2, Fast-Talk/1, Lying/1, Savoir-Faire/1, Seduction/2, Singing/1

*Songs:* Dreams (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/2, Celestial/2), Harmony (Ethereal/3), Healing (Ethereal/1).

**Attunements:** Bright Lilim of Dreams, Dream Walking

**Discord:** Geas/5 (owed to Malphas)

Mira has been in L.A. for six years, and is the only angel never to be initiated (p. 66) by the local demons. They're very nice to her, going to extreme lengths to treat her like one of their own. After all, she's only one step removed from family. Besides, it's been relayed, quietly, that even the Game doesn't want to scare her away.

Mira used to be a Servitor of Malphas, stirring up eth-

nic troubles in Europe at the turn of the century. A miscalculation on her part led to the destruction of one of her master's Tethers at the start of World War I, and as punishment she was bound to a feline vessel. Between the horror of being trapped in a cat's body and the tragedies of European trench warfare that she witnessed first hand, Hell lost a great deal of its charm for her.

While working her way through the rubble-strewn landscape, she came across an abandoned baby. Something stirred inside her, and she spent four days with that child, covering him to keep him warm and even losing a paw while defending her charge against a hungry dog. Even after the child died from exposure, she stayed with the body until fatigue and desolation took their toll. She fled her battered vessel for the Marches, unsure what she would do there but unable to confront the reminders of her failure. She found herself between the two Towers and, after a moment, turned toward Blandine's side. She wasn't sure if she hoped for destruction or forgiveness, but she knew she didn't want to go back and serve the Lords of Hell anymore.

The Archangel of Dreams, moved by the Lilim's selfless actions, offered to guide her along the road to Redemption, if that was what the demon wanted. Mira gratefully accepted and has been a sterling example of how a Diabolical can be vanquished by love just as easily as by violence.

She's a very happy person, in general. Unfortunately, everything's not right in her world. She still owes a favor to her old master, Malphas, and won't be able to break completely her ties with Hell until she's paid her debt. While she hasn't spoken to the Prince of Factions since he gave her whiskers, she knows he must be holding his favor for the most inopportune time. Blandine knows about her unfinished business with Malphas, but doesn't hold it against her. The Archangel of Dreams is a patient Cherub, and has faith that Mira will pass her test – so stripping that final Geas from her would be needless pain.

## SARAMA

### *Cherub Servitor of Fire*



The angel pinned the man, forearm against collarbone, while mulling over how to get the demon out. The man's skin was hot from the long chase, his sweaty and naked torso aiding his struggle for freedom.

"This one is mine," the demon rasped through borrowed lips.

"No," the angel said firmly. "This man is bad. It may cause trouble with you, but this is happening."

"Go away."

“No,” Sarama repeated, flicking open a knife with his free hand. They made eye contact while the angel started a shallow incision above the man’s first rib. The human clenched his jaw, frozen in place against the cut of the cold knife, but made no other reaction. When Sarama measured the gash as being nearly the length of a fist, he pocketed his knife.

“It’s going to take more than that to get me out,” whispered the demon. Expressionless, the angel shot his fingertips through the cut, wrapping his fingers around the lowermost rib from the inside and pulling outward in a single flash of motion. The human – or, perhaps, the demon – screamed. The gash had opened another six inches, and bloody bone jutted from the open wound on either side.

“More rib,” the angel said, tapping the man’s heaving chest as the need to communicate through speech slipped away.

“Okay,” the demon gasped, “okay, okay, okay.” The man’s eyes showed only white and his head rolled free on a loose neck, then his mind returned.

“God,” the man said, “God, God, God.”

“Quiet,” the angel said, throwing the man to the grass. He took a moment to look around while he fished his knife back out. The demon had urged his host to run into a poorly lit residential area. Even though they were in someone’s backyard, there was no sign of movement in the house. No one was stupid enough to stop two people from killing each other, especially when the guy who was winning looked to be over two hundred and fifty pounds of muscle. Still, everyone has a phone. Hatred of the police aside, most of the people in the neighborhood were decent folks, hard working people, and wouldn’t want to answer questions about a dead body in their backyard. Sarama decided to finish things quickly before a police helicopter passed overhead.

The Symphony echoed with the disturbance of celestial intervention.

Pocketing the man’s tongue, the angel walked briskly into the light and down the sidewalk, back the way he had come. If he unfocused his eyes slightly, he could make out the roiling cloud of demon that followed beside him.

“So what’d he do to deserve that?” the demon asked.

“You should know,” the angel shot back.

“Know? Know what? I never pay any attention to what these people do, I just make them do what I want to do – and I know he ain’t never done anything bad enough to get killed.”

“Verbal abuser,” the angel spat out after a pause. “He took out his aggressions on his wife and child. He crippled them emotionally. He objectified them. He killed his child, smashing her head against a door frame when

she would not stop crying. He blamed his wife, and she was given a life sentence today. I carried out my own sentence.”

“Harsh,” said the demon. The angel stopped walking and turned to stare at his all but invisible companion.

“Someone’s gonna get you, one of these days,” said the demon, drifting away to find a new host.

“Probably,” the angel said.



**Corporeal** – 4

Strength 9

Agility 7

**Ethereal** – 2

Intelligence 4

Precision 4

**Celestial** – 3

Will 7

Perception 5

*Vessel:* Human/3

*Skills:* Acrobatics/1, Climbing/1, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/3, Escape/1, Fighting/4, Large Weapon/1 (Club), Move Silently/3, Running/1, Small Weapon/4 (Knife), Tactics/1, Tracking/2

*Songs:* Form (Corporeal/3)

**Attunements:** Cherub of Fire

Passionate but aloof as is his nature, Sarama is a dusty angel in a black-skinned, blue-eyed vessel. He hasn’t been on Earth for more than a decade, though the whole time has been spent in Los Angeles. This angel has no regrets about his assignment, accepting whatever happens without complaint. He has a large collection of tongues, gathered from his most cruel victims. Sometimes, when forced to socialize with demons, he wears them on a necklace.

Curt to the extreme, unwilling to share his thoughts with anyone, Sarama is all business. It’s his business to burn those who have betrayed the trust of devotion. He walks a fine line between doing his duty and attracting too much negative attention from the local demons. The demons say they consider each other more of a threat than a militant angel, especially since Sarama’s punishment of petty humans so rarely overlaps any demonic plot.

## ANGELS IN L.A.

It is actually possible to integrate a party of angels into L.A., even though it might more than double the number of divine celestials in town.

First of all, Favored Servitors, like the player characters, are more likely than others to receive acceptance. Archangels generally combat the demonic threat from atop a vast hierarchy of their angels, distant from the trenches. It can be easier to communicate with the Archangels (or, more often, attack them) through their Favored Servitors, the angels who have attracted their personal sponsorship for one reason or another.

Assignment to L.A. by an Archangel must be approved by the demonic populace. Except for Malakim, discussed below, no angel will be automatically refused if he bears the order of an Archangel. This alone may get PCs through the first hurdle. A mass assignment of angels to Los Angeles by their respective Superiors can be explained as a bold cautionary move initiated by Yves after he receives Jonathan's report (p. 69), more forces to have in place for when Maximilian finally snaps. Naturally, a sudden influx of angels will put the demons on edge, at least until they've initiated their guests.

Following an introduction to the demonic social circle, an angel isn't truly accepted until after his initiation. An angel may experience a few days or even weeks of cordial behavior on the part of the demons before being pushed

suddenly and violently against his nature, strongly enough to cause dissonance. If the angel somehow overcomes his trial, it continues until he submits and takes the dissonance or gives up and leaves town, failing the test. Dying counts as "leaving town," of course; those who fail aren't given a second chance. Angels who fail the initiation are barred from entering L.A. ever again.

If one of the PCs is an older angel, he could claim as part of his background that the demons of Los Angeles had approved his presence in the past – as long as he's not a Malakite – and that he is merely returning. Divine acceptance in L.A. is so rare that a GM shouldn't let more than one of his players claim this. Also, just to spice things up, if a player wants to claim that his character had previously been accepted by the demons of Los Angeles, it's up to the GM to define the specifics of the angel's back story and his role in the celestial history of Los Angeles.

Malakim are the only Choir who are guaranteed refusal from Los Angeles under ordinary circumstances. (This may be different in the aftermath of "Fall of the Malakim," p. 103.) The demons of L.A. are so threatened by the presence of virtue, with the exception of their favorite whipping boy (Maximilian, p. 60), that they will insist a Malakite leave town immediately; taking his body with him is not required. Rather than risk two angels to the situation that David has created with Maximilian, Archangels don't send Malakim to Los Angeles except in the most dire situations, and always in secrecy.

One of the more important reasons why the demons give Sarama a wider berth than usual is wrapped up in a strange sense of respect for the avenging angel. Twice in recent history when demons of Fire have gotten out of control in L.A., Sarama has shown up and promptly dispatched them back to the Hell from whence they came. It's not that the demons don't think they can take on any visiting toughs, but they like getting someone else to fight for them, if possible. As an angel of Fire, Sarama's more than happy to engage Belial's minions in combat. Since their presence in town tends to be unwelcome, the native demons forgive his indiscretions but never publicly encourage them.

In addition, it's feared that it would only cause more trouble with the Host if all militant angels were kept out of Los Angeles. The ruling demons have allowed as many as four militant angels to live in the city at once, although eventually something happens that leads to their departure – usually their death.

Sarama doesn't socialize with the other angels in town, preferring to work alone in the darker corners of the east side. His work is cut out for him over there. He'll be glad

to show any new arrivals around town, and spend a day filling them in on the peculiarities of his fellow angels, but he won't devote any more time to a new angel than that. If asked, he will discuss the local demonic traditions, including the requisite initiation, but he won't confess the details of his own. Rumor has it among the local demons that the Cherub was tricked into attuning himself to a young runaway who was then turned into a zombi by the demons.

When his punishments have crossed into infernal issues, he's always been ignored by the demonic ruling elite. Sarama believes this is because he's never crossed any of the ruling elite, only a few scruffs. He hopes that when he finally crosses a demon who counts, he'll be able to do what is right without concern for the consequences.



**PENDRAKE CARMICHAEL**  
*Elobite Servitor of Creation*

Jonathan followed the moldy hallway to the humble wooden door at the end.

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“Come in,” said a voice from inside, so the angel entered.

On the table in front of him, a small gorilla no larger than a teddy bear climbed to the top of a miniature skyscraper. Tiny biplanes buzzed the creature, which he promptly swatted out of the sky.

A thin old man smiled at the spectacle with the warm eyes of a loving father.

“It’s very good,” Jonathan said.

“It was very convincing for its time,” the old man replied. “But I never tire of the memories it stirs within me.”

“Jonathan,” the first person introduced himself. “Seraph of Destiny. I’m new in town.”

“Yes, yes,” said the old man, his wizened old face crinkling with well earned smile lines. “You would be new.” Jonathan tried to place the other angel’s accent. Eastern European, for sure. Jonathan stared at the old man, scrutinizing the other celestial down the length of his hawk-like nose.

“Ah!” the old man cried, spreading his arms as if to embrace the motive behind his guest’s silence. “Pardon me. I am an old man and I have few manners about me. They call me Pendrake Carmichael, EloHITE of Creation.”

“In service to – ”

“Eli, of course,” said the EloHITE, confused. The Seraph smiled. Eli had been out of celestial circulation for decades. Could this old relic really have missed out on the last half-century of developments?



“Of course,” said Jonathan. “And have you seen Eli recently?”

“No,” Pendrake murmured, “no, I have not, now that you mention it. But that’s just me, nose to the grindstone.”

“Yes, I’m sure. Well, I’m trying to get a feel for the situation in town. You see – ”

“I see just fine,” the old man interrupted, beaming his smile again. “You’re a young one, and you’re wondering exactly what sort of Hell you’ve gotten yourself into. You think you can handle it, because you’re here. Well let me tell you, you can handle it. It’s not that bad, really. You can do your job with very little interference.”

“That’s what I hear,” nodded Jonathan. “Except it’s much harder to get demons out of your way.” As he was talking, he wandered idly back towards the curtain cutting off the view of the back room.

“Can be,” the older angel shrugged. When he noticed where Jonathan was heading, he called out, “Leave that alone! It’s private.”

“The demons pretty much leave you alone,” Jonathan said. The old angel shrugged again, picking up the gorilla and tweaking a tiny screw at the base of its spine. A furry leg kicked errantly as the angel worked on his creation.

“And in return, you make those robotic watchdogs for the demons?”

“When demons sic their dogs on you,” the old angel mused, “it’s an advantage to have created them.”

“Fair enough. So I assume Eli knows that you’re aiding the enemy?”

“I’m not aiding the enemy,” the old man said defensively. “And yes, he knows, Eli knows. Nybbas rules this town, and this fact has not escaped my master.”

“Is Eli conspiring with Nybbas?”

“You,” Pendrake sighed, rubbing his large nose, “you would ask it. You are a young angel, and you have much to learn about how you address your elders.” He dropped his miniature ape, suddenly tired. “Go now, learn some more, and then after you have more answers I may have time for your questions.”

“I hope so,” said Jonathan as he walked out the door. “I’ll have plenty more to ask.”

<b>Corporeal</b> – 4	Strength 7	Agility 9
<b>Ethereal</b> – 4	Intelligence 8	Precision 8
<b>Celestial</b> – 5	Will 10	Perception 10

*Vessel:* Human/3

*Role:* Stop-Motion Film Producer/5, Status/4

*Skills:* Artistry/2 (Miniatures/Sculpture), Artistry/1 (Film/Photography), Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/1, Electronics/1, Emote/1, Enchantment/1, Engineering/1, Fast-Talk/1, Fighting/1, Language/1

(Greek), Lockpicking/1, Lying/1, Move Silently/1, Savoir-Faire/1, Singing/1, Tactics/1

*Songs:* Form (Corporeal/3), Shields (Celestial/2)

**Artifacts:** Pendrake has several tiny creations like the toys he was working on above. These are too small and weak to cause any real damage. They are purely for entertainment. He also makes robot dogs (p. 50) which he uses to find out what the demons are up to, unknown to them. He is also working on a construct (pp. 118, 122), but it will not be operational until "Fall of the Malakim."

**Attunements:** EloHITE of Creation, Mercurian of Creation, Malakite of Creation

Pendrake has been around for a long, long time, and plans to be around for longer still. His instincts for self-preservation are well-honed. He seldom takes a chance to help a fellow angel unless it's someone he genuinely respects, or unless helping would cause him less personal trouble than not helping. Not the bravest of angels, Pendrake occasionally needs some prodding in the right direction, but he gets there just fine once started.

One of the first angels to move into L.A. after the post-World War II cleansing of the city's Malakim, Pendrake knows the demons in town better than he knows any angels. Angels come and go, in his experience, while demons are a more permanent nuisance. He's forged a strategic alliance with Hopscotch (p. 50), providing canine robot hunters in exchange for the favor he currently enjoys with the city's demons. He first experimented with robotic creatures in Greece, when he built a small cadre of brass clockwork automatons. In this century, he's made a name for himself as a world-class stop-motion film producer. His secret, naturally, is in the actual life with which he imbues his creations. Still, he has the miraculous patience needed to produce stop-motion film the old-fashioned way, and takes great joy from doing so on occasion.

No fool he, Pendrake has embedded override mechanisms in his creations. These verbal back doors allow him to hack the beasts: reading and writing their programming (which is to say, their current assignments), auditing and editing the dogs' programming logs for the previous month, and calling up and editing their sensory

records for the past day. Mira has witnessed him doing this on one occasion, but he swore her to secrecy, which she's managed to keep. He claimed to her that he only interferes with his creations on the rarest of occasions, in order to protect the utility of his trick, but the truth is that he can't help himself from downloading the contents of his pets' minds every time he has the opportunity to do so in private.

The Servitor of Creation has another project underway which he hopes will relieve Maximilian of some of his terrible burden. The project must remain a secret, both from the demons and from David, if it is to be of any use. The only one who has any knowledge of it is Hopscotch, because Pendrake needs a large amount of Essence to complete his work. He has made it clear that if Hopscotch lets out the secret, he will receive no more technological advice or goodies from the old angel ever again.

Pendrake has one other secret: he's grown quickly and steadily in power since arriving in Los Angeles, and is now the most powerful angelic Servitor within several hundred miles. If worse came to worst, he could probably take on any two of L.A.'s demons before being downed by sheer numbers. This assumes he'll stir to the call of action in time to make a difference. It's not that he's a coward, he's just not properly motivated.

## JONATHAN *Seraph Servitor of Destiny*



Jonathan ducked into the video store, the closest thing to a library within walking distance. He didn't want to take a cab anywhere again, after having depleted most of that week's money in a single day just by crossing town to touch bases with the others of his kind who call Los Angeles home.

The Seraph resonated a quiet truth as he paced the bright aisles, handily color-coded for the significant population of illiterates who enjoy wasting time absorbed in flickering cathode ray tube images. Jonathan tsked to himself at the thought. A little boy smeared his gummy hands on the plastic cover of a slasher film. The angel



cringed, taking the case from the child's hands and replacing it with a copy of *The Third Man*.

"This is much better," he explained to the boy.

He continued walking the aisles, focusing on the blur of passing tapes in his peripheral vision. Everything appeared normal before he noticed that one of the video displays was advertising the first movie in the third *Star Wars* trilogy. He was getting closer.

The angel paced the aisles for several minutes, and the store mysteriously cleared of other shoppers. The shelves grew to hold not only videotapes, but books and DVD's and other packages of information in formats yet unimagined by humankind.

"I do hate it when they don't rewind," said a smiling old man, much more at ease than the old man Jonathan had visited earlier that day. He was sorting a box of videotapes, sighing at some of their names.

"There are two simple words in the English language," the old man continued. "'Be kind.' It's not a difficult request, I think. 'Be kind. Rewind.' It's a little step in the right direction, but it's an important one."

"Yves," the angel said to his Archangel. "I have formed opinions."

"Yes, yes," said the Archangel of Destiny.

"Pendrake is a loyal angel," Jonathan continued, "and his nostalgia may be excused, but I think he knows far more than he lets on. He's hiding something."

"He is a very old angel, and old angels have old secrets. Continue."

"Mira . . . I like Mira, but she's given in to letting the demons tell her how she can and can't do her job."

"She swims in the same water as everyone else in Los Angeles," the Archangel responded.

"But Maximilian," Jonathan said, rubbing his chin. "Maximilian troubles me. He has more Discord than I've ever seen in one angel, and -"

"I know about the Malakite," said Yves. "And I agree with your assessment. I will give the Los Angeles matter some more thought. Like many things, it is more com-



## WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER

While behind enemy territory, the differences between Archangels seems quite minor. Relations, as defined on p. 108 of *In Nomine* and noted in the description of each Archangel, all move up one level. Those Archangels who were once "Associated" become "Allied," and those who were "Hostile" become "Associated." No angels are "Hostile" to one another in Los Angeles.

plex than it appears on the surface. I will contact you when I have a plan."

"But action needs to be taken, and soon!"

"Thought is action," said Yves, silencing his servant. "When I think of a plan, I will act to contact you."

"Yes, my master," Jonathan said. "And . . . would you mind dropping me back off at my place? Cabs are exceptionally expensive."

"My young angel," said the Archangel of Destiny, "everything is expensive in Los Angeles."

<b>Corporeal</b> - 2	Strength 4	Agility 4
<b>Ethereal</b> - 3	Intelligence 7	Precision 5
<b>Celestial</b> - 4	Will 6	Perception 10

*Vessel:* Human/4

*Skills:* Artistry/1 (Painting), Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/2, Emote/1, Knowledge/5 (Literature), Language/1 (Spanish), Singing/1

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

**Attunements:** Seraph of Destiny

As Los Angeles hits its lowest angelic population since the purges of the '40's, the Archangels are now trying to reverse the trend before they lose even more ground. Jonathan has been sent by Yves, Archangel of Destiny, to scope out the situation and determine how many more angels could move in before pushing the demonic population into doing some herd-thinning.

Jonathan's a young angel, confident and assured. He spent a few months in Seattle before receiving his order to go to Los Angeles - that is the sum of his experience on Earth.

He takes his job very seriously, and he takes people's conversation very literally. People should beware of using euphemisms with Jonathan, as he's still reconciling his Seraphic need for absolute Truth with the allusions and hyperbole of normal conversation. He will attempt to make friends with any angels who show a strong sense of loyalty to the cause of good; he's deathly afraid of Maximilian and the danger his deviance represents. In "Fall of the Malakim," as one of the only celestials still standing at the story's opening, Jonathan is proven right.

# AREA TETHERS

There aren't as many demonic Tethers in L.A. as there might normally be in a city of its size. This is largely due to the nearly complete absence of angels, in which the demons have gotten violently cutthroat about whom they allow to have Tethers and how large they're allowed to get before they become a threat. Of minor note is a hardcore club in North Hollywood that Furfur (*Night Music*, p. 127) is cultivating. It could become a Tether when he proves himself worthy of a Principality.

The Tethers that have survived the crucible of time are very powerful. Their Seneschals have been around longer than the city's other inhabitants. They are powerful allies and dangerous enemies for the player characters.

## ENFER FLEUR (NYBBAS)



"You bastard!" she shouted between sobs. "I just had that cheek lifted."

"I didn't mean to hit you with that glass," he whined, "it was an accident."

She narrowed her eyes at him, glaring with a shocking intensity.

"You only married me for my money," she intoned. "When my daddy died, you couldn't even be troubled to go to the funeral – you were too busy picking out a new car!"

Mr. Wain put his hand to his head, massaging his temples. When did that happen? His memory just wasn't what it used to be since they had moved into their new place. Once, he had had a friend come over and check it for toxins in the air, but it was clean. He wasn't making good decisions at work anymore, either. It must be old age, he decided, and –

"Are you even listening to me?" Mrs. Wain screeched, the force of her voice turning her face red.

"Not a moment goes by that I don't hear you," he shot back. "In my head, your shrill voice scraping away at the inside of my skull. I can't stand it!"

She broke down in tears.

"You never used to be this way. You abuse me, you know that, don't you?"

The doorbell rang. It was Molly, from across the courtyard.

"Hi, y'all," Molly said. She was new in town, having won a talent contest that had moved her from Oklahoma

to California. Her luck had been pretty good overall, if a little up and down on any given day.

"Hello, Molly," said Mrs. Wain.

"Can I borrow some milk? I have a recipe I'm trying to follow, and if I leave to go to the store I'll be off on all my timing and it'll all be ruined."

"Here you go, dear. Good luck with the recipe." The door shut.

"Why the hell were you so nice to her?" Mr. Wain barked.

"She's a neighbor, dear."

"She's not just a neighbor, she killed your cat last week in a drunken motorcycle accident."

"Honey," she said, "that cat died a long time ago."

"It . . . it did?" The clouds moved further into his mind as he settled into home. The ride home from the party had been uneventful, and the party . . . he couldn't remember what had happened at the party.

"Yes, honey. We haven't had a cat in ages."

"And . . . and that isn't the same neighbor who slept with your little nephew when he was visiting us?"

"Which nephew?" she replied, popping open a bottle of wine.

"The young one. The one who listens to that, that music. I don't remember."



“No, no,” she said. “That was an innocent misunderstanding. Don’t you remember?”

His conscious mind struggled. It was so relaxing to be at home. “I guess I do. Yes. Yes, of course I remember.”

She smiled, and then winced with the effort, pressing a hand to her injured cheek.

“How did this happen?” she asked her husband.

He shrugged, reaching to turn on the television.

A wrought-iron gate covered in ivy opens to reveal a modest faux European piazza, constructed around a small, deceptively deep pool. Eight humble apartments, four upstairs and four below, face one another across the courtyard. On each door is a large brass knocker, and the wrought-iron icon of a flaming flower. The apartments were designed in the 1930’s, and they’re still exquisite – to misquote L.A. legend Raymond Chandler, Enfer Fleur was the best place in its world and a good enough place for any world. Especially a world run by demons.

The buildings achieved a whispered notoriety during World War II as a place where has-beens and never-would-be’s went to die. Part of this legend is true. Once, it was inhabited entirely by a group of obscenely untalented people who couldn’t even get work in an empty town – most of America’s able-bodied actors had been drafted. There were almost twenty people sharing the eight apartments. Between them they created a large, incestuous party that migrated over time from room to room throughout the entire place. One particularly raucous night, they dressed up in costumes and created a fantasy studio party where everyone was a producer, or a director, or a star. After carefully documenting the celebration of their imaginary success, they killed themselves. Some chose the rope, some chose the pistol – some helped others before doing in themselves, but all were sacrificed to the great beast of the media. It was with the consecration of this Tether that Nybbas consolidated his power in the area. The police helped hush everything up, since no one needed to hear such a thing in wartime.

After the war, Enfer Fleur reopened for business. Photos of the dead “celebrities” hung on the wall of the manager’s office, establishing its credibility as a place frequented by the famous and the elite – in the eyes of prospective tenants, at least. Only people in the advertising, entertainment, and marketing industries are accepted as tenants. Over the years, countless people have moved into the Fleur and fallen prey to its strange power: The building leeches memories from its inhabitants,



reducing their world to a cartoon of absolute black and white. Great emotions fill the absence of reality, turning the most mundane life into a high dramatization. Inhabitants get caught up in each others lives in the most tangled ways, generating further fuel for this dark Tether. Kevin uses these tools in his efforts to sculpt the world’s media. Absinthia (p. 45) on more than one occasion has simply borrowed Enfer Fleur’s dramatics as the plot of a soap opera she’s been ghostwriting.

The only problem is the pressure this puts on the people who live in Enfer Fleur. Their lives fall apart, get rebuilt, and are torn down again, generally within weeks if not days. No one’s ever lived there for more than two years, and those people were already insane.

Enfer Fleur has suffered in the past from the damage done by its guests when they invariably snap. Strangely, owing to a rare property of some powerful Tethers, nothing has made much of a permanent mark. For example, Enfer Fleur and its immediate environs have proven to be flame-resistant. Fires just don’t seem to burn very long, or to consume more than the room in which they start. One time, a woman driven insane by her husband’s infidelities tried to blow the whole building up, along with its residents, and even though she was halfway suc-



cessful, it only took a week for Enfer Fleur to regenerate. Naturally, some Soldiers of Hell disguised as workmen spent a week walking around the place, randomly hammering things in an attempt to fool any prying eyes. Enfer Fleur may not be immortal, though – the Soldiers also had to spend a lot of time hauling away bricks and boards which the building had sloughed off, materials which were too damaged. If the whole place went up at once, and wasn't cleared of rubble, it might not grow back correctly. Its Seneschal claims that even if it were completely leveled, a new building would grow up from the foundation. Other people have noted that a foundation doesn't present much of a problem either, if you have a big enough stick to swat it with.

Enfer Fleur's Seneschal, Kevin the Terrible (p. 52), lives in a nice, large house up in the hills. He doesn't spend a lot of time "at home," but when he does it's only to stir up rivalries and other chaos between the residents. Their suffering feeds the Tether.

The current inhabitants of Enfer Fleur include:

✧ Bob and Janice Wain – He's a fading agent of passé Hollywood royalty, but his clients are all at the point on the downturn of their luck where they're starting to get desperate about finding work in the foreseeable future. She's a stereotypical bored socialite, looking to see a bit more action before she hits menopause. He's had an affair with Julie, below, and she's currently entertaining the pool boy in her spare time.

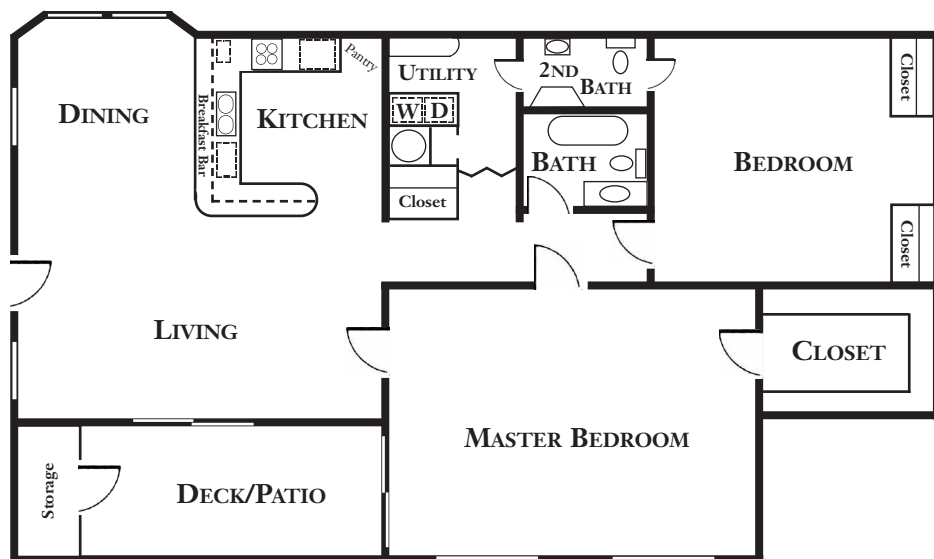
✧ David Townsend – He's a journalist for the London *Sunday Times*, covering the entertainment industry for the Brits. Julie's attracted his eye, and he takes her with him to Hollywood parties. He's also had two sordid affairs with Molly, only one of which he remembers. Currently, he's working on an article about the high-tech industry making its progress into Hollywood, and is attracting too much attention from the wrong people.

✧ Julie Norwood – She's an aspiring actress, sleeping her way through the industry. Strangely enough, she doesn't remember most of her liaisons thanks to the Tether. She spends her days auditioning for work and her nights wooing studio execs, directors, and producers. A natural gossip, Julie passes any acquired stories along to Kevin, who frequently meets her for lunch. She's been having an affair with David, because she thinks he has a cute accent (not to mention a press pass), and engages

in the occasional romp with Craig, below. She's forgotten entirely about her fiancé in Cincinnati, who is about due for a trip to California to see why she isn't returning his phone calls or letters. When they meet, she'll remember him but forget why she blew him off for so long. He's a 300-pound rugby player, and may well make mincemeat out of David and Craig.

✧ Craig and Marcia Claire – The nice couple from Georgia have suffered the most at the hands of Kevin the Terrible. She's a make-up artist for a popular television show, and he's a screenwriter with three major credits to his name. As he struggles for that fourth big hit, movie execs are going crazy bidding for the rights to the unwritten script. Craig, suffering from the Tether's memory affliction, thinks his wife no longer desires him and has started sleeping with Julie, above, to take his mind off his writer's block. Marcia, who loves Craig deeply, has taken to drinking in the absence of any attention from her husband, whom she's trying to give enough space to get his head together. Absinthia (p. 45) is about to step in and solve Craig's writing problem, but nothing else is getting simpler any time soon.

✧ Molly Bertrand – The country girl with a heart of gold, Molly's lived in Enfer Fleur longer than anyone else, even though she always introduces herself as "the new girl" and claims to have just moved in. Molly is insane. She's killed three people, has a police record a mile long, has slept with almost every tenant of either sex, and has driven her last three boyfriends into bankruptcy. Kevin spotted this talent and has taken to pointing her affections toward men he'd like to see crushed financially, if not emotionally. Molly is due for her final breakdown, which will probably cost at least one of her neighbors his life.



✘ Roy Chen – The only person immune from the current residents’ plottings because he has nothing to do with them, Roy is a production artist for a large ad firm. He works at home, modeming his files to the company’s server when he’s finished. Much of his time is spent doing drugs of various kinds, which have a pronounced influence on his dreamy, spooky artwork. Kevin uses Roy to push the boundaries of advertising design, promoting unsettling images as a way to sell products. He hopes that Roy will kill himself soon, as he’s something of a bore in person – little personality and even fewer social skills.

✘ The seventh apartment is reserved by Kevin for special occasions, and the eighth apartment is empty. Know anyone who needs a room?

## LA BREA TAR PITS (SAMINGA)



There is a blackness in Southern California. It moves through the Earth, corrupting with its touch. Those parts of it which are not black are as white as bleached bone. It has thousands of faces, all expressionless. It is death incarnate; it is a Baron of Hell.

Older than most celestials, the blackness bubbles in the night. Without eyes to see or ears to hear, the evil can still sense the motion of the world around it. Slithering its consciousness toward the surface of its home, it reaches out in anticipation, ready to receive new tribute. Too many years have passed since its last feast. It dares to hope that today will be different, dares to hope its prey will take that one step too far –

“Step right this way,” the tour guide said, ushering a group of visitors. The large buttons pinned to her pendulous breasts clattered against one another with every step. Each button featured a different slogan – such as “Tar Babies” and “Stuck In Time” – as well as a different illustration of a woolly mammoth trapped in tar.

Glug, Baron of Death, sent a black pseudopod out from his warm home. *Prey*, he thought to himself, feeling the closeness of defenseless flesh. *Prey, prey* –

“Russ!” shouted a lady in the group, nearly jerking her little boy’s arm from its socket. “I thought I told you, no playing in the tar!”

“But, mom, it moved toward me!”

“You and your stories,” the woman grouched, moving with the group away from the tar.

*Prey*, Glug whined to himself. *Prey*. Every day, they come to taunt. They walk very close, and then they go away. No one stays anymore; no one feeds his power. How much longer could he take it?

The Baron of Hell sulked in the blackness, cooling with the coming of autumn.

## ENFER FLEUR GAME MECHANICS

Every week that a person spends living at Enfer Fleur decreases the target number of any Intelligence or Precision roll by 1, unless a Will roll is made to resist. This negative modifier cannot be any lower than a person’s Ethereal Forces; after that, it bottoms out.

While this is a nice game mechanic, Intelligence and Precision rolls don’t actually get made that often. The effect this should have on characters in a roleplaying sense is that as they spend more time living at Enfer Fleur, the passage of time leaves much less of an impact and their memories suffer greatly. While events prior to moving into Enfer Fleur may seem crystal clear, people have lived there for years without being able to remember if they’d been there two weeks or three weeks.

Removal from the building’s premises is the only cure. Every week, a Will roll may be made to decrease the penalty, but the victim’s memories of that time will never really return. But they make great patsies while they last.

## GLUG

### *Shedite Baron of Death*

<b>Corporeal</b> – 6	Strength 12	Agility 12
<b>Ethereal</b> – 3	Intelligence 5	Precision 7
<b>Celestial</b> – 5	Will 12	Perception 8

*Skills:* Detect Lies/1, Dodge/5, Fighting/6, Area Knowledge/4, Language/2 (Cantonese), Language (Spanish)/2, Language (Yiddish)/2, Large Weapon/2, Lying/2, Tactics/1, Tracking/2

*Songs:* Attraction (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/6), Charm (all/5), Entropy (Corporeal/6, Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Form (Celestial/5), Possession/2, Acid/5

**Attunements:** Shedite of Death, Djinn of Death, Baleraph of Death, Calabite of Death, Zombi, Vampiric Kiss, Baron of the Undead Kingdom, Seneschal of La Brea Tar Pits

**Special Rites:** Glug gains Essence equal to the Corporeal Forces of any creature that dies trapped in the tar.

The La Brea tar pits have been around since the start of the Ice Age, possibly longer. Glug only made his home there 300 years ago, well after Saminga’s rise to power. In an uncharacteristic show of intelligence, as the Prince of Death was looking to extend his reach across the globe he sent emissaries across the Earth to locate sites that could, with minimal effort, become powerful Tethers to his relatively new Word.

The site of what would later be called the La Brea tar pits (which is its own little joke, because *La Brea* trans-



lates to “the tar” – the the tar tar pits) had already contributed to the cause, consecrated slowly over thousands of years by predators and prey alike. As one animal would get stuck in the tar, others fed on the helpless captive, frequently getting stuck themselves. Their flesh was eaten by more cautious animals, or rotted away, leaving only bones. The resulting sea of bones created a powerful Tether to Saminga’s Principality in Hell. Every creature who dies in the tar pits gives the Tether’s Seneschal as much Essence as its Corporeal Forces. Glug has had his good days.

The George C. Page Museum of La Brea Discoveries, situated nearby, holds many of the site’s most interesting finds. Human remains have only once been discovered in the tar pits, of a woman who lived 9,000 years ago. This isn’t to say that more humans haven’t died in the tar, but it is rare.

As humanity converged on Los Angeles and the surrounding area, any wild animals large enough to be a threat were either hunted and killed or pushed out of their habitats to die in the inhospitable desert. Understandably, Glug’s Tether has diminished in power as of late, especially in this century, where the La Brea tar pits have become a staple of west coast tourist kitsch.

Saminga blames Nybbas for the slow decline of his only Tether in the area (see Saminga, p. 90), feeling that it would have suffered much less without its popularization in everything from books to songs. Nybbas had nothing to do with it, of course, though that hasn’t helped the already delicate relations between the Servitors of Death and the Media.

Glug, as a Shedite and as La Brea’s Seneschal, has the ability to possess his home’s tar as a vessel, spreading his

consciousness thinly across its great surface. As long as he’s inside his oily body, he need not worry about his Band’s dissonance – oil has no measurable morals to be corrupted. Glug always detects the presence of life as it approaches the tar pits; if it’s someone he’s met before, he may recognize the individual with a successful Perception roll.

While the Tether encompasses only the acres of land where tar bubbles to the surface, La Brea’s oils flow beneath the entire city and beyond. With a thought, Glug can exit his “vessel” at either La Brea or at a refinery on the coast just south of Santa Barbara where the oil also surfaces. He may only exit his vessel in these two places, the only spots where the oil which makes La Brea’s tar comes up above ground.

On the rare occasions that he ventures away from his Tether, he’s not hard to spot – the flesh of his host vessel must remain in contact with oil from the tar pit, or Glug starts to freak out. Glug is a reclusive demon, like L.A.’s other powerful militant Seneschal (see Sea Cave Cove, p. 76). He doesn’t disdain infernal politics; rather, he’s oblivious to them. He cannot be expected to help out in a crunch, unless ordered to do so by his Prince, without some payback. Payback to Glug typically involves drowning a human in the La Brea tar pits and dumping the body there afterward. Though corpses are occasionally dumped in the tar pits, a being must actually die there to contribute Essence to Glug. Even then, Glug will never trust another demon. He suspects L.A.’s entire infernal contingent of conspiracy against his Tether, and stays withdrawn unless forced to act otherwise. He has been known to trust humans, but seldom gets too close since they’ll be dead soon.

## PICO PLAZA (ANDREALPHUS)



In the darkness of lust, dance music muffles the brief cries, the long gasps, and the occasional distracting whispers.

“Good Jesus! The size of that thing!”

“Hey, hey, what’s going on over there?”

“That’s my elbow, you idiot.”

“Quiet.”

“Are you even American? You smell like, I don’t know. Like an Indian. Or an Arab.”

“Ngh! Oh God. Oh God.”

“What are you, a racist? I take a shower. Maybe you’re smelling that bitch’s patchouli.”

“Go. Go, go – keep going.”

“Are you sure you’re a guy? Why are you facing me?”  
 “I like it this way.”  
 “Quiet, I said. This ain’t a chat line.”  
 “What do you mean ‘that bitch’ – is there a woman here?”  
 “Well, I’m a man on the outside, but I feel like a woman inside.”  
 “Hey, you *do* feel like a woman inside!”  
 “Aw, man! You are a woman!”  
 “Come on. You like it, admit it.”  
 “I said quiet – huh-ugh! Quiet, you guys.”  
 “I can’t believe . . . I mean, a woman! Is there a light switch anywhere?”  
 “It’s okay,” the demon said, grabbing her lover from behind his neck and pulling him back down into her. “It’s okay to like it. It doesn’t mean you’re straight.”  
 “Quiet, everyone. I’m concentrating here.”  
 “Sure thing, your honor.”  
 The whispering settled down, leaving the darkness filled with music, cries, gasps, and, of course, the silence of smiles.

## DONNA

### *Habbalite Baron of Lust*

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

*Vessels:* Human/5, Charisma +3 (sex appeal); Human child/3

*Role:* Owner (Pico Plaza)/2, Status/2

*Skills:* Artistry/1 (porn), Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/5, Dodge/3, Electronics/1 (cameras), Emote/6, Escape/1, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting (Celestial)/2, Language/3 (Spanish), Lying/5, Move Silently/1, Savoir-Faire/4, Seduction/6, Singing/1

*Songs:* Attraction (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/4), Harmony (Ethereal/4), Tongues (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/3), Tongue/6

**Attunements:** Habbalite of Lust, Balseph of Lust, Dark Desire, Baron of Eternal Ecstasy, Seneschal of Pico Plaza

**Special Rites:** Donna gets 1 Essence every time Pico Plaza gets a new paying customer. She also receives 1 Essence for every person with whom she has anonymous sex in the dark on the grounds of her Tether.

Los Angeles has several bathhouses: warehouses of anonymous sex frequented mostly by homosexuals (and an increasingly large amount of “200% hetero” men who can’t seem to keep away). They’re already fairly restricted by city ordinances, and the city’s more conservative residents are always trying to restrict them out of business. But they’re not built near schools, they give out

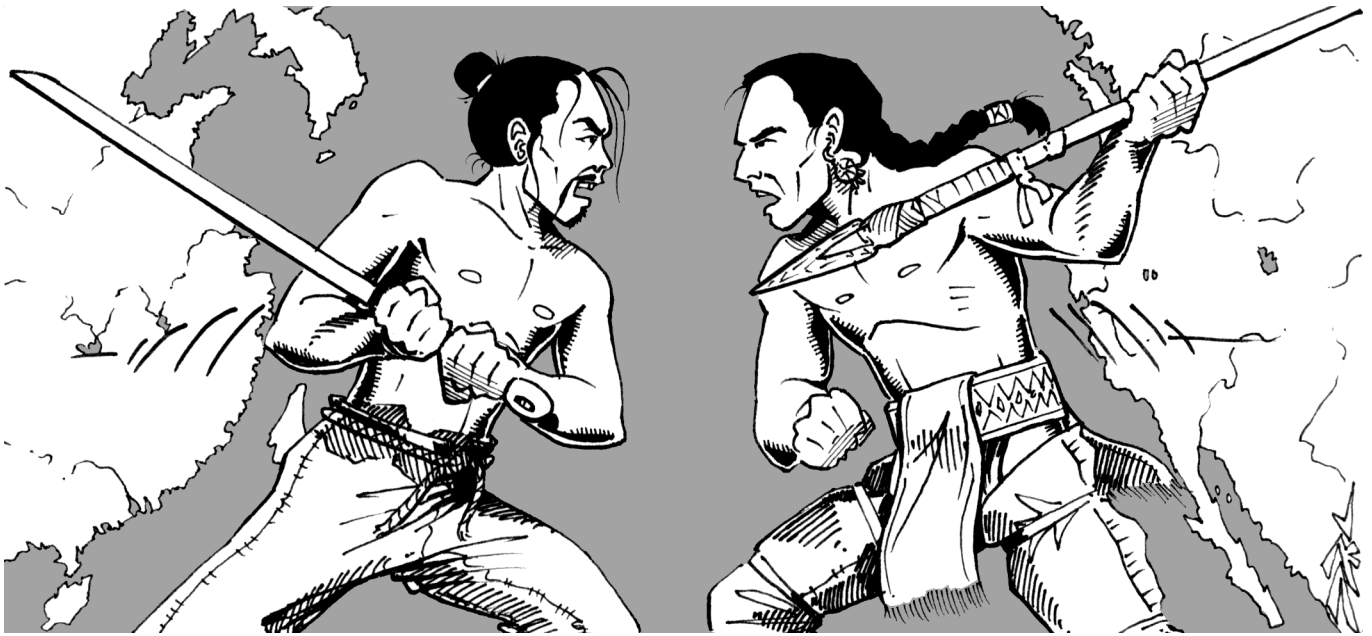
condoms in the lobby, and no one’s ever caught a little boy in there, so most people couldn’t really care less. L.A.’s bathhouses are expensive to join, but only one takes more than just a person’s money. A Tether of Lust couldn’t care less about cash – it wants *you*.

It’s called Pico Plaza by the area demons, though it’s nowhere near the famous street of the same name. Rather, it was named by Hopscotch (p. 48), a noted geek, in reference to what fraction of a second it takes to corrupt a human after he enters the premises. It’s in east Hollywood, among myriad other nondescript warehouse fronts.

Unlike Los Angeles’ other bathhouses, while the clientele is predominantly male it is not exclusively so. The fornication available inside the warehouse’s many cloistered rooms is considered anonymous of class and race as well as sex. If all of a room’s inhabitants agree, dim lights may be raised – usually in order to find a dropped item or, more often, the exit.



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Memberships may be purchased for a year, no more and no less; they cost \$3,000, in advance. For that, people are assured of the cleanest, safest, and most private environment available outside a person's own home. Members may bring one guest. Every year, ten memberships are given away to the less fortunate – generally, people targeted by the demons for such a “gift” – to prevent a total upper-class homogeneity.

Men must use condoms. No cameras or recording devices of any kind are allowed through the door. The Seneschal and her two demonic deputies can automatically detect the presence of such things, and breaking these rules is grounds for expulsion. The Plaza is open during the day and closed for private engagements late at night. The Tether's Seneschal rents the Plaza out to her more influential customers, arranging private soirées and populating them with her favorite lovers.

The Seneschal of Pico Plaza is Donna, a Habbalite of Lust. She's had to change the Plaza's official name three times as city fathers have come down on her immoral business, reopening the next day as a different place with the same membership list. Every person with whom she has anonymous sex in the dark on the grounds of her Tether regenerates for her a point of Essence. She generally has a lot of Essence.

Donna is a nice demon, a pretty girl with big eyes. She has no political designs beyond maintaining her relatively new Tether. Five years ago, she saw the Plaza take shape as a Tether of Lust, and has been doing little but tending to its upkeep in the meantime.


Her role in the local demon hierarchy is simple. Her men prowl the warehouse taking photos in the darkness

with infrared film. People known to cruise the area bathhouses are summarily blackmailed for money or favors. Any other information is passed along to Kevin the Terrible (p. 52), or to any Servitors of Kronos to whom she'd like to endear herself.

Donna's biggest worry right now is the permanence of her Tether. It's notoriously hard to get a bathhouse declared a historical landmark, even if most of the men on the historic preservation committee are patrons. That's probably what it would take to keep the building from being demolished in the coming decades. Until further measures are taken to protect the Tether from human meddling, not to mention strengthening it against celestial attacks, Donna is going to be a bit uncertain of her future. Assistance would be welcomed, and paid for handsomely (or prettily, if that's more to your taste).

Demons wishing to rid themselves of dissonance may spend a week at the Tether, either acting as bouncers or frolicking in the dark.

## SEA CAVE COVE (BAAL)

 Mal stood in the mouth of the cave, motioning for the other demons to enter. One by one, they crawled down the rocks, ignoring the stares of an old man and his daughter who sat on the porch of a house not one hundred yards away. The ocean crashed against the rough crags of the coast, covering the supplicants in ocean spray.

They gathered inside the small cavern, lit only by a dim fluorescence. No one made a sound.

“Now,” the demon called Maléfique said, and every figure in the cave dove for every other figure. They fought for a week, hands around throats. Two died, but that was unintentional. The others struggled through, knowing that they suffered to improve themselves.

## MAL

### *Calabite Captain of the War*

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

*Vessels:* Human/6, Human/2

*Skills:* Acrobatics/1, Detect Lies/1, Dodge/5, Fighting/6, Language (Chumash)/2, Language (Nahuatl)/2, Language (Persian)/2, Large Weapon/3 (Sword), Lying/4, Move Silently/4, Ranged Weapon/4 (Spear), Small Weapon/5 (Knife), Swimming/1, Tactics/3, Throwing/1

*Songs:* Entropy (Corporeal/5, Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Light (Corporeal/3), Shields (Ethereal/3, Celestial/2), Thunder/4, Acid/4, Tail/6, Wings/4

**Attunements:** Calabite of the War, Balseraph of the War, Habbalite of the War, Art of Combat, Captain of the Infernal Armies, Seneschal of Sea Cave Cove

**Special Rites:** Mal gains 1 Essence for killing an angel, 2 Essence for soul-killing an angel.

This Tether to Baal was created by a group of Chinese visiting the California coast around A.D. 400. The adventurers came upon a group of American Indians, who invited the travelers to their sacred cove. The Chinese, hungry to return to the Middle Kingdom with something of value, slaughtered the natives and desecrated their holy artifacts. This was the first act of war – and Baal’s favorite sort of senseless battle, at that – that had occurred between the inhabitants of different continents in countless ages. It sat undiscovered for some time, until Mal moved in.

Ages ago, Mal belonged to an elite group, having been one of the powerful Diabolicals who ruled openly in the ancient city of Babylon. The demons were driven from their home when the Great King Darius, a Persian and an outsider, used his military might to make himself the sole power in Babylonia. While the Great King wasn’t what anyone would call a good person – having alternately connived and slaughtered his way into the royal family – Darius at least paid lip service to the monotheistic worship of the Wise Lord, the Zoroastrian version of the traditional Judeo-Christian-Islamic God. There was no room for pagan gods or demons in Persian Babylon. Though they were still worshiped openly until the city was finally buried by desert sands centuries later, the demons had to disguise their presence after Darius’ rule.



After abandoning Babylon, Mal made his way to what would later be called Central America. He worked among the nascent cultures there, encouraging their bloodthirsty practices. At the height of his power, Mal virtually controlled the largest port city on the continent, a twenty-four-mile-long sprawl of humanity that controlled the trade routes ranging from the heart of South America to the upper Mississippi River. More than 150 stone pyramids were built around the area known today as El Pital, sanctified by blood and dedicated to the pagan gods who preyed upon the humans of Central America. Through the pagan gods, Mal squeezed the merchants, encouraging the selfishness that invariably leads to war.

This went on for some time until Mal's plans collapsed around him once again. The local pagan gods were ousted – Archangel Uriel drove Quetzalcoatl and the rest of his pantheon to either death or exile in the Far Marches, and the local civilization began its slow collapse. As the final straw, Archangel David began to bring order to cultures further south, cutting off their dependence on the northern trade routes. The hundred and a half pyramids are covered in banana plantations and orange groves now, discovered and puzzled over by modern archeologists in the early 1990's.

After his ignoble defeat by Uriel's troops, Mal retreated north and west, working his way through the nomadic tribes as he traveled, eventually arriving at a cave on a beach near what's now called Los Angeles. It was a Tether, consecrated to his Prince, though Baal didn't know of its existence. It was discovered to have the unique ability of removing in its caretakers one level of Corporeal Discord instead of a note of dissonance . . . if they maintain a steady, aggressive combat for a week at a time. Plus, it doesn't always work. If less than or equal to the character's Corporeal Forces is rolled on d666, then the demon loses one level of Discord. If not, he must spend another week fighting at the Tether. Each week spent fighting in the cave increases the roll's chance by 1; this modifier is lost once a level of Discord is successfully dropped, but it will return if the demon continues his struggles in the Tether.

After significant resources were spent trying to divine its infernal origins, Mal was granted stewardship of the Tether, which he's maintained ever since. Having spent almost 1,200 years in virtual seclusion from celestial society, working his will among the nomadic natives migrating up and down the coastline, he hates how civilization has established itself so strongly in his territory.

Demons have come from all over the world to petition Mal for the chance to fight at his Tether. He comes out of his cave on Sundays, accepting as many new caretakers as demons have died in combat that week (generally one or two). The demonic elite has always strived to

integrate Mal into their clique, not just so they can have access to the Tether but also to get in tighter with Baal. To set Mal apart from the scruffs, whom he actually prefers dealing with, the demonic elite gave his name an elegant Francophonic twist, calling him "Maléfique." He doesn't care for it. He rarely, and grudgingly, involves himself in the affairs of L.A.'s demons, seeing in their games the same mistakes which led to the downfall of his plans twice in the past. Still, he refuses to warn them – they'll have to learn their lessons the hard way.

## DEATH VALLEY (MICHAEL)



The angel, unhappy to be among his own kind, cast a long shadow down the dirt road, turning his back on the setting sun.

"Look," said his companion, lifting a gracefully strong arm to the opposite horizon. Three black dots buzzed towards them, arcing to the left and disappearing toward the south. Sonic booms disturbed the start of the cool desert evening. "Jean will have his new planes in the air before anyone thinks. At least, that's what the desert says."

Maximilian sighed in response and sat down. The other angel, saying nothing, joined him.

"I will fear no evil," he said, ruefully recalling a Bible quote. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

"And yea," Elshakeh, his companion, continued for him, "though I walk through the valley of death . . ."

"I already passed that part," Maximilian interrupted. "People always forget that part. I didn't think angels ever did."

"Angels are people," Elshakeh pointed out. "I think all beings at our level of intelligence should refer to one another as people."

"Humans don't consider us people," Maximilian said. "They think so differently than we do. They're closer to animals than we are to them."

"I'm not sure. I don't care what Jordi says, animals aren't people. I can sit down and play chess with a human. Humans are people."

"I don't think of you as a person," Maximilian said tiredly. "You're an angel. You're perfect. People deserve hating."

"You shouldn't hate people," the calmer one said.

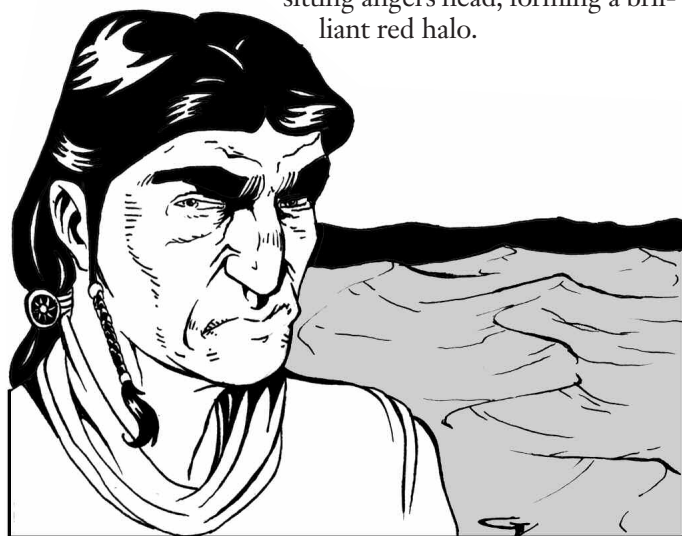
"I try not to hate people," the Malakite whined, "but it's just so hard sometimes. I hate all people."

"You know," the older angel prodded gently, "you're a person." His pupil didn't respond. He sighed as he stood, dusting his hands off on his jeans.

"You should think about that on your way back into

town,” he said as he walked away from the sitting figure. “Maybe it has something to do with why you weren’t able to rid yourself of any dissonance this time.”

It’s too bad Elshakeh didn’t turn around. The setting sun was positioned right behind the sitting angel’s head, forming a brilliant red halo.



## ELSHAKEH

### *Elohite Friend of War*

**Corporeal** – 4      Strength 7      Agility 9  
**Ethereal** – 5      Intelligence 10      Precision 10  
**Celestial** – 5      Will 9      Perception 11

*Vessels:* Human/6, Bird/1, Reptile/1

*Skills:* Acrobatics/1, Climbing/1, Detect Lies/1, Dodge/6, Fighting/6, Area Knowledge/6 (Death Valley), Large Weapon/2 (Club), Move Silently/4, Ranged Weapon/1 (Rifle), Running/2, Small Weapon/1 (Knife), Survival/1 (Desert), Tactics/4, Throwing/1, Tracking/6

*Songs:* Form (Corporeal/3), Healing (all/1), Light (Celestial/4), Shields (Ethereal/4), Thunder/3, Acid/3, Claws/3, Wings/3

**Attunements:** Elohite of War, Seraph of War, Malakite of War, Howl, Seneschal of Death Valley, Friend of the Fighters

**Special Rites:** Each time he completes a circuit around Death Valley by foot, Elshakeh receives 1 Essence.

Best known for practicing an arcane form of divination from cloud formations, one personally taught to him by the Archangel Janus, Elshakeh is the current Seneschal of Death Valley. He’s been there for more than two hundred years, pacing the entire area and its hundreds of square miles. When he’s done, he starts over at the beginning. Angels may show up any time they wish, in any number, to walk with him and assist in surveying the

land. In exchange for news about the outside world, he asks questions that he hopes will inspire the proper meditative state to renew one’s ties to one’s purer self. After a week of walking the desert, the angel loses one note of dissonance.

The area, which hasn’t always been a desert, was once the nexus point of a group of nomads who lived in the area centuries ago. They were peaceful, but trouble would occasionally rear its ugly head. When they got together, each tribe would get to see how the others lived. They were exposed to the different ways in which different people resolved the smaller inequities in life – or didn’t resolve them, as was the case with one tyrannical tribe. The others, though they had nothing to gain from the action, banded together to kill the one selfish chief and his most loyal warriors. Freed of their dictator, the tribe flourished. All of this pleased Michael, destroyer of tyrants, and it eventually became a Tether for what that Archangel symbolizes.

Elshakeh appears as an older man, but without any of the frailties that come with age. He moves very smoothly, very slowly, as though he could instantly break out into a run without disturbing his careful breathing. His Tether is not a particularly powerful one, but it is very large. Still, activity is kept to a minimum, since any disturbance of the Symphony detected from the desert sanctuary makes the demons of Los Angeles very nervous, usually leading to the crackdowns that make other angels’ lives miserable. It’s enough that the demons know that the desert is there, just in case.

Mal (p. 77) and Elshakeh know of each other’s presence, but neither cares about the other. They both disdain the peaceful stability of L.A. and look forward to the time when celestials in the area are regularly duking it out again.

While Elshakeh is certain the desert isn’t going anywhere, he’s unwilling to leave it. Thus he has no interest in the politics of Los Angeles except to extend his hospitality to any and all angels in the area. No demon has ever dared step into Death Valley, though it’s rumored that some Soldiers of God have more than once kidnapped a demon, tied him up, and left him in the desert for the Seneschal to find. If this has ever happened, Elshakeh will quite wisely decline to speak about it.

He’s grown a little attached to Maximilian, for whom he feels pity. He’s concerned that the young Malakite is no longer losing dissonance, so distracted by the problems in his life that he can’t focus long enough to recenter his Discordant self. When Elshakeh appeals to the sky for an answer, the omens are always unfavorable. This worries him, though he hasn’t said anything about it to anyone.





# THINGS TO DO IN L.A. WHEN YOU'RE CELESTIAL

*"If God doesn't destroy Hollywood Boulevard, he owes Sodom and Gomorrah an apology."  
- Jay Leno*

## ANGELS

Some ancient prophets claimed that each Archangel was accompanied by 496,000 ministering angels – then again, psilocybin mushrooms used to grow wild and free across the grounds frequented by religious hermits. The fact is, there are a finite number of angels in the world, and not only is it a much smaller number than Heaven would like, but God's servants are not distributed evenly across the Symphony. Very few angels are in Los Angeles, and most of those exist only on the sufferance of the local demonic populace. Archangels are reluctant to see their servants go to Los Angeles, since it greatly shortens their life expectancy. Sometimes, an Archangel will expressly forbid an angel from going to L.A. if the Servitor has recently lost a vessel – it would be a shame to have to replace it so soon. Still, sometimes there is a very good reason to send an angel into the slaughterhouse. If angels merely avoid the butchers, what good is divinity?


When a new angel comes to town, he must be introduced to the leader of the current infernal establishment within 24 hours. If not, he's considered an immediate threat to Hell's grip on the city, and will be hunted down

with extreme prejudice. For the following weeks, even after the situation with the outlaw angel has been resolved, life remains very difficult for the angels who are allowed to inhabit L.A., especially those found to have aided in hiding the illegal angel's presence from the demons. As soon as reports appear of Symphonic disturbances that can't be attributed to any known celestial being, a demonic hand clamps down hard on the city's angels first; demons are only suspected secondarily.

Punishments range from mutilation to humiliation to corporeal death to exile from L.A., in that order. Mutilation is generally a private affair, to make a strong corporeal point about who's actually in charge. Humiliation may be public or private, depending on the guilty party's complicity in the matter. If the offending angel has a Role, its name may be tarnished by the cruel demons of the Media. Initiated angels whose corporeal vessels are slain may return to the city after they reincorporate. This may be an immediate return, for those with multiple vessels, but it generally takes some time to get a new body and return to the corporeal realm. Those who have been exiled from L.A. may never set foot inside its borders, and an effort will be made to disband permanently the Forces of any who disobey this edict.

Luckily for Heaven, there is an alternative. The Soldiers of God are silent instruments in the Symphony, doing the work angels cannot. The Soldiers of Los Angeles are doomed to have short lifetimes, but the work they do is important enough to merit the sacrifice of





some of God's most elite human fighters. Most Archangels have a group of human servants in Los Angeles. Though their numbers fluctuate, their dedication rarely wavers. After having seen a city ruled by evil, they fight all the more strongly for what they feel is right.

## BLANDINE (DREAMS)

Blandine pays careful attention to this city by the sea not just because of the people there, but because the city itself has a certain power. Los Angeles was little more than a desert when humanity first settled there, and it was their dreams that brought the water, creating the reality. As an icon, L.A. weighs heavily on the collective consciousness of North Americans. There's hardly a street corner that hasn't been filmed at some point, for some reason. America exports its culture abroad, maintaining its dominant position in a war of ideologies – and what is the most popular of American fantasy but Californian fantasy, Angeleno fantasy in particular? Children in Russia dream of buff and beautiful red-suited lifeguards living in a timeless window, devoid of any real consequences or responsibilities. Housewives in Japan believe in the myth of the cop as represented on countless dramas and in numerous mediums. People across the world scrutinize Los Angeles.

Not to mention the fact that there's always something happening in this crazy town – the city never sleeps. You'd go a little crazy if you never slept, too.

In Los Angeles, to put it gently, there are a lot of people who have retired from the career of their dreams. Still, they have dreams, and are very precious to Blandine. Those of her Servitors who do not offend the demons of Los Angeles with their presences are charged with taking the broken dreams under their wings, one at a time, and nursing them back to health. It's slow going, but someone has to do it.

In addition, the Los Angeles area hosts one old soul in particular who could bring hope to millions if handled properly. He's a retired vaudevillian, Mortimer Brian, confined to a wheelchair in the Motion Picture and Television Country House and Hospital in Woodland Hills. He spends his days surrounded by other vaguely familiar or sadly forgotten relics of entertainment's past, slowly dying not from their physical ailments but from a lack of attention. Mortimer missed the apex of vaudeville, and his particular talent for deviant physical humor wasn't appreciated by film or television audiences in his youth.

Circa 1955, Mortimer got his one and only break as a clown sidekick to the cowboy host of a children's television variety show. Sadly, the program was canceled after the fifth episode when parents and advertising sponsors

## WHY NOT INVADE L.A.?

In the modern day, large-scale movements of celestial forces are only attempted when one side has a strong reason to think its victory to be assured. This still wouldn't prevent reprisals in other geographic areas, not to mention the heavy cost of winning such a battle. If the angels wiped out L.A.'s demonic populace, it would only be at the cost of losing ground elsewhere. If the angels attempted such an operation and weren't successful, it would be catastrophic.

Hell's domination of Los Angeles is just as much a product of the current celestial stalemate as the strange détente practiced in Austin, outlined in *Night Music*. The angels are, however, trying to take L.A. back. There are little victories and defeats, but the demons are so well entrenched and so strong that they detect the sneaky angels, intercept most of the fast ones, and clobber the direct fighters, almost all the time. The angels keep trying, as one Superior after another takes an interest in the area. They occasionally knock off a foe, but they have not yet managed to break a Tether.

rejected the perverse behavior of a mad clown on live television, much to the disappointment of America's children. The modern cult underground has taken his pathetic grease-painted visage and turned it into a symbol of the darkness which hid behind the veneer of post-WWII America. Most Baby Boomers remember the short-lived series and its maniacal clown, as it was far more exciting than anything else on the tube at the time.

Once a year, one of the local news stations does a report from the retirement house, focusing their retrospective lenses on a handful of its inhabitants and their life stories. If Mortimer could get up the courage to stand up out of his wheelchair, step away from the flickering images on the nursing home's TV, and let loose with the remains of his talent in front of the visiting cameras, his antics (while strangely innocent by today's standards) will bring him back into the public eye, giving today's Baby Boomers a humorous release for their pent up fears about the horrors of advanced age. Kobal has other plans for Mortimer (see p. 88).

## DAVID (STONE)

In the long term, David sees the need to smooth over the fissures between the city's minority cultures. Each accuses the other of intolerance and brutality, frequently responding with little more than additional intolerance



domain, and as such is not subject to Heaven's laws. Dominic compensates for this with more than 15 Soldiers – teachers, judges, and lawyers of various kinds. All are aware of their purpose. Some are aware of Laurence's Soldiers, conspiring with them to break the law so justice may be served.

### ELI (CREATION)

Eli doesn't appear to have been paying attention to anything over the past five decades, much less what's been going on in Los Angeles. He has one Servitor in town, a tinker whose skills have been hijacked by a Servitor of Vapula. One of the only things that could surprise the local demons would be if Eli put his foot down and insisted another Servitor of Creation be allowed to take up residence. It would shock the Diabolicals so much that they'd take the newcomer without argument, stunned into acceptance.

One piece of art, that's all Eli asks. One piece of art created in town – genuine, paradigm-shifting art – and he'll assign another angel to L.A. on a permanent basis.

### GABRIEL (FIRE)

It pains Gabriel so much to see demons ruling L.A. that she's taking a few more chances than the

other Archangels when it comes to defying Hell's claim to the territory. One of her Cherubim, Sarama (p. 64), is stationed in Los Angeles, carrying out his job more directly than some. Sarama's arrangement keeps him from specific duties, though – he may only inflict righteous punishment on the petty cruelties of the city, not its powerful.

God save the world from friendless men. Mr. Basil Fennig is such a man. Powerfully cruel, he's a financier to the heavy industry that calls L.A. its home. A single word from him can destroy the careful plans of billion-dollar corporations; one well placed look of disdain can send stock prices through the floor. Sadly, his influence is only used to tear things down, never to build up anything

and brutality. Angels of Stone should work in the inner city, preaching tolerance and teaching strength – while occasionally responding to violence in kind.

In the short term, any visiting Servitors of Stone should work hard to shore up Maximilian's flagging spirits. They're the only people to whom he'll really open up. Their efforts won't be successful, but the more they get to know him, the more information they'll have to work with at the beginning of "Fall of the Malakim."

### 82 DOMINIC (JUDGMENT)

Dominic's agents are strictly barred from entering Los Angeles, under any circumstances. It's not Heaven's

besides himself. Naturally, Gabriel would like Mr. Fennig taken out of the picture.

This isn't as easy as it may sound. Perceptive Mercurians will notice that Mrs. Fennig has her husband around her little finger. He isn't an inscrutable businessman with a killer poker face so much as a soulless husk of a man, entirely dominated by his wife. If she were removed from the picture, his own ego would regenerate and a powerful new philanthropist would be added to Los Angeles' ranks. If he were to be slain outright, not only would the local demons be thrown into an uproar but his wife would merely take his place, personally peddling her late husband's influence. A sticky situation, and more complicated by the wishes of Archangel Marc, below.

## JANUS (THE WIND)

His angels occasionally tear through town in much the same way that Belial's demons do (see *Belial*, below), but with more genuine fear on the demons' parts. The angels of the Wind move so quickly, and all they're trying to do is get in and get out – without concern for what the demons may do in retaliation afterward, either to themselves or the angels who live there – that L.A.'s demons generally go to ground for a few days after getting word. Angels of Wind have shown a remarkable knowledge of the city's demons and its political structure, so much that some Diabolicals suspect a plant in their midst, though this has never been proven.

Janus does have a few Soldiers around town, operating a pirate radio station from an old Volkswagen van. "Radio Free Hell" is only strong enough to be picked up in the van's immediate vicinity – its current area and all neighboring ones – though it can never be heard in the Valley when it's in the city thanks to the mountains. Some of the young kids who drive the van don't know they serve a greater purpose as they tool around town, playing whatever tapes and discs they can find.

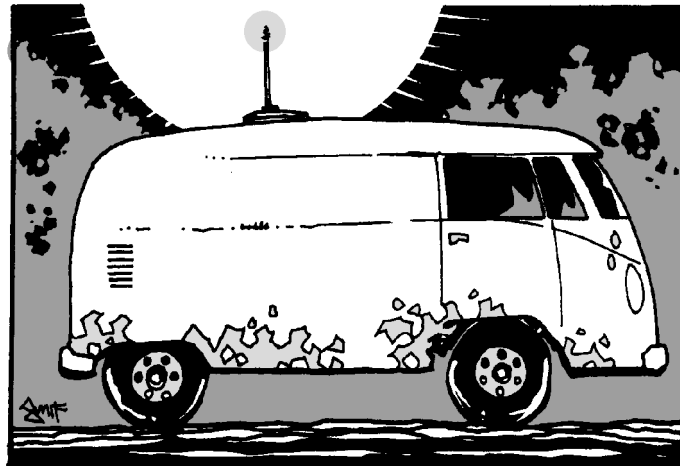
Jonathan (p. 68), Pendrake (p. 66), and Sarama (p. 64) all know about the van, but only Jonathan really uses it – he needs any free transportation he can get. The station has only been around for a year, catering mostly to the Hollywood club crowd, and is only known to the local punk scene. It's starting to attract attention, but it could avoid the demons' attentions for years unless something big happens. In "Fall of the Malakim," something big happens.

## JEAN (LIGHTNING)

In the desert outside of Los Angeles, Jean hosts several secret testing facilities through an arrangement with some

scientists who work exclusively for the American government. He's hoping to turn one of them into a Tether by using it for the development and refinement of a technology that will take aerospace science into the next century. He's about six months away from his goal, a plane capable of circling the globe at its equator in just under two hours, undetectable by any current radar technology.

Jean's angels move in and out of the area in threes, sculpting the research of the bases' human scientists. This would create a second haven for angels within driving distance of L.A. – a dangerous move, one that the demons would like to stop. Fortunately, there are several large government facilities in the desert outside Los Angeles, at least seven of which are strictly off limits to anyone without the highest of clearances; trespassing is punishable by a swift gun butt to the head and a dumping of the offenders, without transportation, in the middle of the desert.



Which base hosts Jean's project is a closely guarded secret, one that the demons would love to get their hands on. If they knew the right base to hit, they could probably mount a successful attack, knocking it out of the game. If they hit the wrong place, security would skyrocket on the others and no second attempt could be made. Any of Jean's angels involving themselves in the protection of this secret and its success will be highly rewarded.

## JORDI (ANIMALS)

A few of Jordi's angels have lived in L.A. over the last twenty years, but none live there today. Those of times past spent a lot of time visiting justice upon those who are cruel to animals on the movie or television sets, only later focusing on those cruel humans who torture animals in their homes. Luckily, these people are very few in Los Angeles, but the ones who practice it have a real problem.

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The Soldiers of God who serve Jordi are not the most stable individuals. These are the people for whom it would be tremendously gratifying to throw a bucket of red paint on someone wearing real fur – even though no one really does it anymore if you don't count leather. A few of them are horribly misguided, and an effort is generally made to correct the situation, but a lot of Jordi's philosophy doesn't make much sense to human thinkers. Some of Jordi's servants have cast off the shackles of



rational thought entirely, going feral in their homes. The Archangel of Animals sees it as ironic that the more densely humanity packs itself in, the more emotionally separate from one another they force themselves to be. He thinks it's just great that in a city as large as Los Angeles, under the shadow of some incredible buildings, people can still return to the root directories of the mind, reverting mentally to the level of a primate or even a lizard. Occasionally, Jordi has been known to use his vast knowledge of the construction of corporeal vessels – something which, as a Kyriotate, he's spent a lot of time contemplating – to transform these ex-humans into a form more fitting to their developed mental state. Without fanfare, the city's lizard population increases by one.

## LAURENCE (THE SWORD)

Laurence is one of the few Archangels who regularly upsets the balance of power in L.A. by organizing secret insertions. This happens more to surprise the Diabolicals with an unexpected angelic presence than to perform a specific mission. Those jobs are left to the several dozen humans who, knowingly or unknowingly, side with the leader of God's army.

Many of Laurence's servants work in the police department, where bending the rules to damn the guilty further is an institution. They generally get assigned to the strange cases, the taped boxes on the side of the road containing a missing woman and the ever-disturbing reports of companies targeting each other with evil charms and curses. Soldiers of God serving Laurence are always happy to work with an angel of the Sword, however briefly. They consider it a great honor.

## MARC (TRADE)

As an important port of trade and a major air traffic hub, Marc is very interested in the well being of Los Angeles. As with Dominic and Laurence, Marc has several good handfuls of Soldiers tromping around town, but no permanent resident angels. However, he has hope in a certain businessman, a Mr. Basil Fennig. Basil sits invisibly at a nexus of money and influence that Marc would love an angel to control. Even better, he'd love it to be one of *his* angels. The Archangel of Trade feels that Basil, elevated to fame, would overcome his petty selfishness and become a powerful force of good in the dog-eat-dog world of international commerce. His angels have been given the challenge of somehow making a hero out of Fennig – unfortunately, Gabriel's put a price on the man's head (see Gabriel, above). No one ever said negotiations were easy.

## MICHAEL (WAR)

Michael is not stupid. It's not that he's frustrated by the "war of ideas" centering around L.A. and its invasion of the human consciousness, or that he doesn't understand it. He merely recognizes that he's not the person to lead the charge on that particular front. The Archangel of War shakes his head sadly at the thought of Los Angeles, and struggles even harder elsewhere so that the rest of the world won't go up in flames as well. However, Archangel Michael has kept a few irons in the fire, so to speak.

The Zapatistas are marauding rebel forces, pushing to overthrow the Mexican government from its current establishment. They claim that little of Mexico's body



politic has escaped the cancerous taint of bribery at best, selfish and murderous oppression at worst. When discussing the origin of the evil, fingers are pointed most often at the drug trade, though racial interests are also a concern – even after centuries of occupation, the natives of Central America still exist in a state of squalor on the outside of a culture dominated by those who came from across the seas. The rank inequality of the situation doesn't bother Michael; life is always unequal. But the casual way in which the Mexican government has allowed its integrity to fall away is inexcusable to the Archangel of War.

Over the last decade, he has aided the rebels in increasingly important ways, from supplying information to having his angels assist in plotting actions against those Mexican agents who knowingly serve Lucifer. This is a very touchy subject, since it's growing more and more unfashionable among Heaven's Superiors to aid humans in overthrowing a government through violence, however corrupt the regime. Michael is careful to mask his involvement through intermediaries, though he won't deny his hand in the situation if pressed. It's part of his role to support humanity in casting off the shackles of tyranny, by force if necessary. Michael has never been a stranger to the sight of blood – killing one's enemies is integral to winning a war, and it's what he's done forever.

The Servitors and Soldiers of War don't always win, though. Sometimes a strategic retreat must be made. When retreating across the Mexican border into America, as they do about once a year, San Diego is as

close to L.A. as Michael's angels get – officially. Sometimes, aided by the city's angels or by large groups of Los Angeles' Soldiers of God, they whip into town for a single night, cursing and carousing until the sun comes up. The local demons tend to chalk such things up to some of Belial's wandering boobs, which pleases Michael greatly.

Though Michael's angels seldom visit Los Angeles, if one ever happened to be within a rock's throw of the place, there's something the Archangel of War would really like to see happen. There is a demon named Mal (p. 77) who has greatly offended Michael, and who deserves to die. It doesn't have to be a painful death – merely a death, as permanent as possible. While the ancient evil might take out one or even two average angels, if three or more of Michael's Servitors were to gang up on him, they just might take him out and restore the honor he stole from Michael.

## NOVALIS (FLOWERS)

There's little peace in Los Angeles. The city has a permanent low level of frustration that even the Archangel of Flowers can't remove by herself.

However, in a small house on a quiet stretch of beach sits an old man, once an author of some note. He and his wife owned the house for twenty years. He's kept it for another ten since her death. Every morning, he wakes up and reads the paper over coffee while chatting with his granddaughter. They're the only family each of them has. Every day, they go to the beach, where she swims and he takes in the sun, flipping through old notebooks and smiling as memories return, however briefly. Every evening, they retire to the house, where he regales her with modest tales of his past and the famous people he knew so long ago. She loves him immensely. He looks very small in his large wooden chair, very weak.

His granddaughter, almost 17, knows her grandfather won't live out the year. It will be their last summer together. He's already made all the arrangements for his burial – cremation, then a small ceremony on a boat before his ashes are scattered over the sea. After that, the young girl will always have her memories of the last summer she spent with her grandfather, and it will give her great strength in the times to come. Novalis has gone to great lengths to seek her out, identifying her as an important person in the next decade.

The problem lies in ensuring both her peace and that of her grandfather, especially since they live no more than 100 yards from a Tether of Baal, Prince of the War (p. 76). A few interruptions won't have any effect in the overall scheme of things, but if violence were to break out on the beach it could wreck everything. Novalis will

have a hard time smuggling one of her Servitors into town to guard them. If one of her more enterprising Servitors is up to the challenge of sneaking into the city, befriending the two humans, and protecting them from any demons who might be looking for a snack on the way to or from Baal's Tether, he would be rewarded greatly.

## YVES (DESTINY)

No amount of slaughtering demons will change human nature, and the Servitors of Destiny appreciate this. Regardless, the power that exists in Los Angeles has the potential to fulfill some of the brightest destinies the world has ever seen. For all the thousands of people whose dreams have been dashed on the rocks of fame, a bright handful have made it to heights that were previously undreamed.

The circumstances in Los Angeles allow for incredible possibilities, if a person is in the right place at the right time. Yves' angels possessing the Divine Destiny attunement (*In Nomine*, p. 134) can identify those rare individuals with *limitless* potential. Servitors of Destiny must prevent the demons from interfering with these precious souls, whatever the cost.

## DEMONS

Demons in Los Angeles operate with relative freedom from angelic intervention. Still, certain rules are enforced. Most importantly, open warfare between political factions isn't allowed, and demons are discouraged from killing the city's human inhabitants. People usually add "without a really good reason" to the end of that statement, since the rule is enforced in much the same way that the U.S. government uses tax evasion laws to bust gangsters. When someone has an altogether bad attitude, or is suspected of gross crimes against the establishment, "indiscriminate murder" is an easy charge to level at someone in the absence of any other proof of wrongdoing. Demons are punished in much the same way as angels (see "Angels," p. 80), but privately. They don't like the angels in town to know about dissension in the ranks, however obvious it may be.

As with angels, new demonic arrivals to the city must introduce themselves to L.A.'s infernal masters shortly after entering the city limits. Informal notification is fine, as long as word gets around to the right people. Everyone's fairly lax about how long a demon has before he must make formal introductions, but any effort to put off a meeting will be met with suspicion. The demons who have made this city their home didn't do so through trust.

In a place as large and varied as the Los Angeles metropolitan area, there is a near-infinite number of troubles for demons to get into.

## ANDREALPHUS (LUST)

Andrealphus doesn't have any specific plans for Los Angeles. He's relying on the pressure cooker of fame and fortune to bring humanity to their knees before him – it's worked for decades and shows no sign of slowing down. He has several major Servitors in town and a powerful Tether, and that's without even trying. If any of his agents put his mind to it, he could carve out a pretty big piece of the Los Angeles pie for his own selfish self.

There are many lust-strangled idiots in the naked, writhing city: this is one of them. If idiocy is to shout "I trust you!" from the dock as she boards the yacht of the dashing, dark-eyed young stranger, then Michael Melvin is king of the idiots. An entertainment accountant for over fifteen years, Melvin has watched with straining patience as his coworkers broke every rule an accountant should hold sacred, from embezzling to sleeping with clients. Now his girlfriend of five years, whom he's waiting to have sex with until they're properly married, just ran off for a weekend with his company's 23-year-old millionaire CEO. He keeps telling himself she'll remain chaste for him – no wonder he's about to crack. The successful seduction of this one human (Difficulty -1; he won't resist) by an agent of Andrealphus will make him a willing slave. With him as a pawn, a demon will have access to all the numbers of the largest production house in Hollywood – and that's power enough to make Nybbas' most confident demons pause in their tracks.

## ASMODEUS (THE GAME)

Asmodeus has five minor Servitors in town (7 Forces each). Three work in airport security watching for any incoming celestials, and two have infiltrated the police force, trying to determine which officers of the law have pledged themselves to Laurence. A new Servitor of the Game arriving in town will be greeted with great politeness by the local demonic elite – most will nervously assume that Asmodeus' agent has come for him. Sometimes, Asmodeus sends a demon through LAX, having his flight lay over just long enough for him to be spotted. That's usually enough to scare a few people straight for a while.

Asmodeus doesn't actually have any business in L.A., or much of a problem with the way things are run there. He even tolerates the traitorous Bright Lilim, Mira Klein (p. 63) – because he knows Malphas has a Geas on her, and the Prince of Factions has promised that Mira will

not outlive her usefulness. But if major trouble breaks out that can't be resolved in a timely fashion by its current inhabitants, he'll make it his business to establish a new hierarchy in Los Angeles, one with his demons at the top. The other Princes know this, which is one of the reasons they put their Servitors under so much pressure to maintain control – especially during “Fall of the Malakim.”

## BAAL (THE WAR)

The Prince of the War, similar to Asmodeus and Michael, has little business in L.A. He's maintaining a small Tether just outside town (p. 76), but he's confident of the demonic superiority in the area.

That doesn't mean there aren't any uses for his forces. There're always the Zapatistas (see Michael, p. 84), whom Baal feels need to be a bit more bloodthirsty in their search for freedom, and there's the danger of the U.S. government's testing facilities in the desert outside L.A. (see Jean, p. 83, and Vapula, p. 91). But all in all, Los Angeles is nowhere for a demon of the War to spend his time – there are places on Earth where the angels rule, and those cities deserve Baal's attention more.

## BELETH (NIGHTMARES)

While people across the world dream of living in Los Angeles, many of the city's inhabitants have a hard time escaping its nightmares. In L.A., to put it bluntly, there are a lot of has-beens. Burnt-out wrecks litter the countryside, ready to be scooped up and abused until the last bit of fear has been squeezed from their souls. Some, like Mortimer Brian (see Blandine, p. 81, and Kobal, p. 88), have enough of their dreams left that they still might change the world, but these people are rare. Most live in the shadow of fame, in mortal fear of having wasted their lives only to be forgotten after they're dead, victims of oblivion.

## BELIAL (FIRE)

Belial, being the only Prince without representation at the feast of souls that is L.A., lends aid to the scruffs (see p. 46) when he can. His demons are universally loathed by the city's demonic establishment as destructive troublemakers, especially after they gleefully took credit for a 1993 blaze which consumed almost seventeen thousand acres and did over half a billion dollars in property damage. They are seldom allowed to stay in town longer than a few days under any circumstances.

Still, L.A. has been home to some outrageously large fires in its time, and you can't keep Belial's Servitors away



from a good fire. It's suspected that as the infernal establishment grows more comfortable with the scruffs, a servant of Fire or two might be tolerated in the lower ranks, but Hell's most potent agents of destruction will never be accepted among the ruling class of Los Angeles' demons.

Belial's demons say that suits them just fine. However, one of Belial's most repugnant demons – Furfur, the demon of Hardcore (*Night Music*, p. 127) – has just become the Demon Prince of the same Word. With so many contacts in the entertainment industry, and a need to grow his power base in order to further validate his position, he neatly bridges the gap between the mindless destruction of Fire and the destructive mindlessness of the Media. If Furfur pushed for it, he might be able to establish a presence in L.A., something of an unsettling thought to many. Furfur has recruited some of Belial's most monstrous demons, few of whom would fit in with the infernal elite.

## HAAGENTI (GLUTTONY)

There's no keeping Haagenti away from a good feast. If Los Angeles is anything, it's a feast. The Haves are so far above the Have Nots that they can indulge them-



selves in almost any manner of wasteful perversion without fear of reprisals. If you have enough money, you're outside the law – but, as George Lucas once said, once you have *so* much money, it only means you eat out more often.

Servitors of Gluttony must bow and scrape before Raul (p. 00), Haagenti's number one in town. Those who show the most promise at prostrating themselves will join his other hangers-on and be provided an almost infinite line of human servants to abuse – but only one at a time, at a level of Resource equal to the demon's Corporeal Forces.



### KOBAL (DARK HUMOR)

Los Angeles holds infinite possibilities for the demons of irony. In L.A., a single day can see a person's expectations raised so high as to dwarf legends, crashing to earth immediately after. Most such people are the fools who languish in the service industry in hopes of being discovered by someone important, seldom noticing how time quickly strips them of their beauty and talent. The others, by virtue of either money or connections, hang out with the city's elite, hoping fame will one day rub off on them.

Losers are easy to laugh at, and in a city with so many success stories, there are an even greater number of losers available for the mocking. Through Kobal's association with Nybbas, the demons of Dark Humor who flock to Los Angeles are guaranteed small Roles in the local media, from news reporters to gossip columnists, where their skills may best be applied. Of course, they're expected to slant their reporting one way or another at

Nybbas' request, or that of his agents, but they don't care whom they slam as long as they're slamming someone.

But in a sea of opportunity, the Prince of Dark Humor has a few gems he'd like to see shining. One of Kobal's schemes circles around a retired clown named Mortimer (p. 38). Kobal aims to see Mortimer enter the world's spotlight only after first being driven insane. It's not hard to drive an old man insane. He'll best serve the cause of Dark Humor by appearing as a pathetic old man in a urine-stained and moth-eaten clown suit, desperately abusing his ancient and arthritic body in an effort to extract laughter from the more fortunate around him.

Kobal wants to make Mortimer famous – universally reviled by “proper culture” while at the same time inspiring terror in the old man's aging fans over the horrors of advanced decrepitude. Simultaneously, he's throwing a bone to Malphas by using Mortimer to widen further the gap between the young and the old. Youth culture, even before his revival, loves Mortimer as a symbol of the evil lecherousness of the establishment. The old, after Mortimer's return to the media, will see their own fates reflected in his tired and pitiable puppet-jerkings. This nuzzling up to Malphas is a precursor of a much darker tightening of the two Princes' relationship, as outlined in “Fall of the Malakim.”

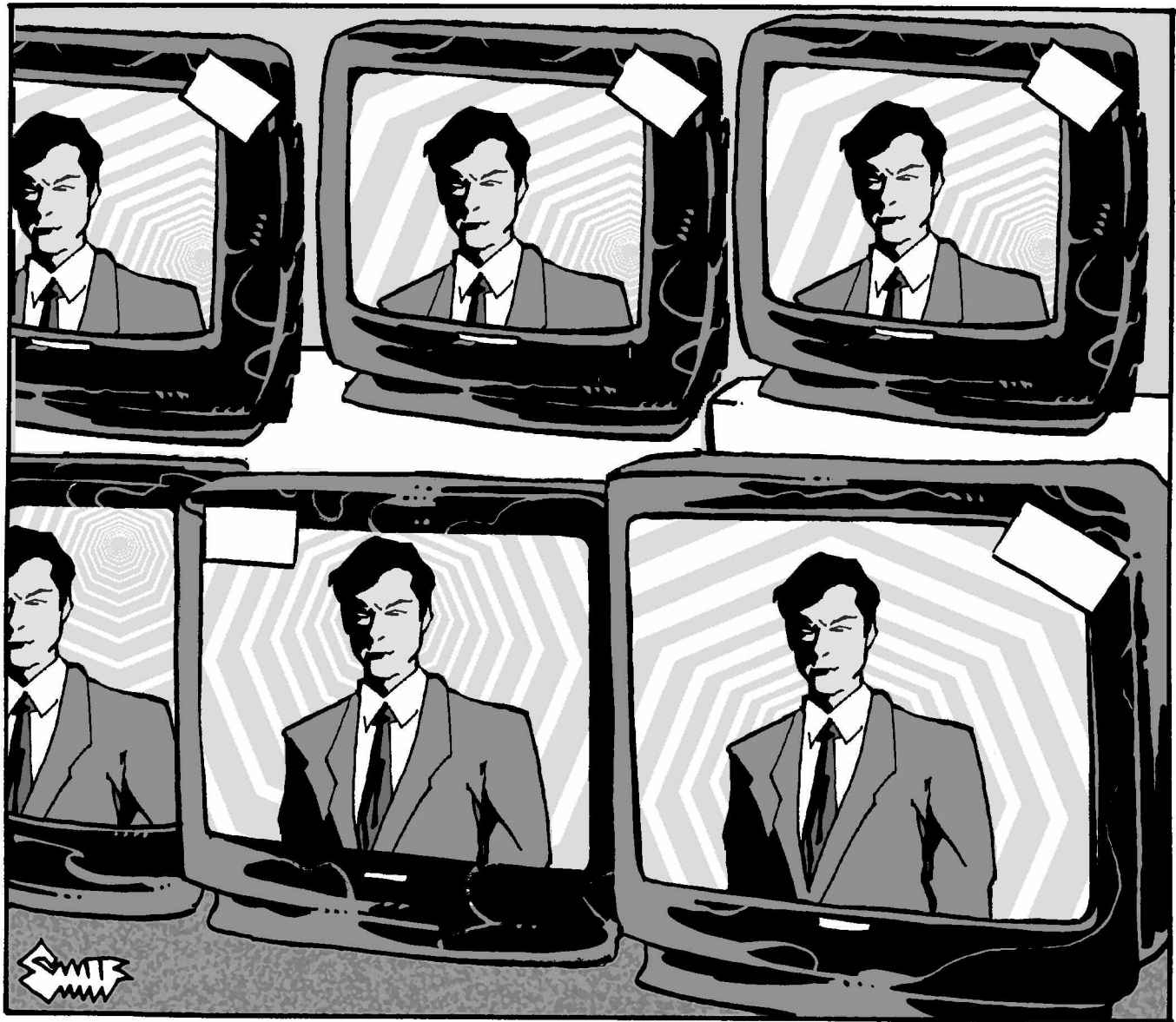
### KRONOS (FATE)

Kronos, like several other Princes, stopped paying much heed to L.A. when the city's future bent toward its darker fate – his job there is done, and plenty of other towns still need their light extinguished. Even so, Kronos continues to have the sneaking suspicion that Yves is slowly chipping away at Fate's great achievement, and urgently reminds his Servitors to keep on the lookout for the strange anomaly of humans with “limitless” destiny, which crop up about once every other year.

A demon of Fate in Los Angeles tends to work by attaching himself to the rich and famous, urging them down the darkest corridors just before the height of their glory, forever tainting their powerful legends. There are currently six of Kronos' demons in town, though some of them are commuters, operating out of their Prince's powerful holdings in Las Vegas.

### LILITH (FREEDOM)

Lilith, trader of favors, loves the unrepentantly fake veneer of Los Angeles. Next to Impudites, Lilim are probably the most numerous demons in town. She loves this, and privately considers herself queen of the city.



In her heart of hearts, she wishes she could make Los Angeles her own – and nobody else's. Any new Lilim coming to town may ask a small favor of Lilith, no strings attached. This may be a bit of information, or a place to live, or some minor advantage. She does this to generate goodwill, and to reinforce the sisterhood of the Lilim as a more powerful bond than an oath of fealty to any Prince.

Lilim who reject her favors . . . well, no one's ever been so bold as to reject her favors. But it can't be pretty.

### **MALPHAS (FACTIONS)**

Malphas, as usual, is enjoying playing all sides against each other for his own fun and profit. He's very pleased with the division of demons into the self-styled elite and

the indignant scruffs, and hopes to use that idea elsewhere later. He only has one major Servitor in town at the moment, although this is more to mask his involvement in the city's chaos than anything else – after all, if he only has one demon in town, how could something be his fault? He's decided that to have something done right, he has to do it himself.

Unknown to anyone, even Kobal, the Prince of Factions has been practicing coming in and out of town in a human vessel so as not to disturb the Symphony with his arrival. Once a month, he travels around the city bringing reckless mayhem wherever he goes. Whatever Servitors he has in town must entertain him, taking their Prince to fancy restaurants and barrio kitchens, exposing him to the widest possible cross-section of humanity.

Every time he comes to town, there's some sort of racial unrest, an increase in hate crimes, or some other large-scale nastiness. Sometimes he'll ask his Servitor purposefully to screw up a plot, regardless of how much effort was put into its planning, just because the news of it will further factionalize the local demons.

This might not sound like much fun. Truthfully, it's not. But demons of Factions in Los Angeles do have some advantages, such as complete and unrestricted access to the city's government facilities and engagements, particularly fund-raising dinners and other affairs of state. They have access to the minds who make big decisions, and they're expected to use that power.

Malphas also gives each of his local Servitors a special relic, a makeup bag imbued with the Song of Form. With access to a flawless instant disguise kit, a clever demon can cause all sorts of trouble without having to suffer the repercussions.

### NYBBAS (THE MEDIA)

In Los Angeles, Nybbas has it made. His Servitors don't rule the city as many people think they do – the “old money” factions of humanity still run the local government and religious institutions, refusing the meddling hands from both sides of the celestial fence. Still, Nybbas has control over the rest of the world's perception of Los Angeles, and that's great power indeed. L.A., to the world at large, is a microcosm of everything both wonderful and broken about American society. With the careful adjustments his Servitors are able to make, the course of the American mainstream is in the hands of the Demon Prince of the Media.

Living in Los Angeles is a reward for commendable service to Nybbas. Upon arriving in town, a Servitor of the Media will be given a Role at a level equal to his Celestial Forces. It's very important that you spend time maintaining your Role, though. Everything can change in a matter of days in this town, and it's vital to stay in circulation or else people will start saying you're dead – or, worse, that you moved to Seattle.

The only drawback for a demon living in his master's stronghold is the inevitable jealousies of other demons, especially if the new arrival is a favored Servitor. If people see a young hustler of a demon moving up in the world, and the only way up is through him, there's likely to be an issue made of it. Most demons of the Media in L.A. have grown passive-aggressive, though, seldom

resorting to physical conflict. This means if their throats can be cut before they can call their press agents, it might take them a few days to retaliate. Good luck.

### SAMINGA (DEATH)

Saminga might be an idiot, but he can smell a screw job from a mile away. After the Servitors of hostile Princes, namely Malphas and Nybbas, cooperated to rid the town of one of Saminga's finest demons, he knew there must be a plan in the works that they were trying to hide from him. It's a big plan, Saminga reckons, and it must profit everyone on hand at the time – else they wouldn't have worked so hard to kick B.J. (p. 47) out.

This isn't to say that the Prince of Death hasn't spent a great deal of time working on expanding his power base. So many strange and evil things have happened in L.A. over the last few decades that he's grown sure that his enemies must be balking him somehow. If the murders at the Tate/Polanski household didn't open up a gate to Hell, the idiot Prince of Death reasons, it's because someone prevented it. With his one remaining Tether in town slowly failing (“La Brea,” p. 73), he's growing more and more anxious for power in the area, any way he can get it.

If a demon was ever inclined to ditch his Prince and sign up with Saminga, the ideal conditions exist in Los Angeles – and the Prince of Death has clumsily made it known. Every punk demonling with delusions of grandeur is about to rise up from Abbadon and descend on the city, ready to skyrocket to glory by filling the city's graveyards with the prematurely dead. L.A.'s demonic elite hasn't heard about it yet but they will, and soon. The demonling invasion (roughly 40 3-Force, 15 4-Force, and no more than 10 with 6 or more Forces) can arrive while the status quo still exists, before “Fall of the Malakim,” or they can arrive immediately after, further confounding efforts to sort out the carnage. Either way, Saminga has successfully complicated the situation. It might cost him, but he's weathered his own heavy-handedness for thousands of years. Saminga will be fine.

Any demonlings who attract the Prince's attention with their misdeeds will be raised to 9-Force status. Saminga plans on raising four new demons to serve him. Unfortunately, he'll only give them a month to plan and execute the darkest, most colossal exercise of the Word of Death that the city has ever seen before he starts over with another group. He presumes this course of action



will eventually lead to the generation of a new Tether, which any surviving ex-demonlings would be allowed to care for until a suitable Seneschal could be found. Get to work, buddy!

### VALEFOR (THEFT)

Los Angeles is a carefree vacation paradise for the demons of Theft. They enjoy buzzing through town, taking whatever isn't nailed down and bolting when the fun runs out. Bang Man (p. 46) is Valefor's only local Servitor. With no Tethers in town, no conflicts between allies, and no need to expand into new territory, Valefor's demons pretty much have it made. The Los Angeles metropolitan area is large enough that demons of Theft wouldn't incur dissonance if a long tour of the city were taken every three days or so (*In Nomine*, p. 180).

Most demons of Theft would be happily welcomed by both the ruling class of Diabolicals as well as the scruffs. Everyone needs something stolen from someplace, and acquiring favors with those who've already put down roots in the town is a good way to start out strong and build from there.

### VAPULA (TECHNOLOGY)

Vapula's primary thrust in Los Angeles is to use the media (or, rather, the Media) to increase humanity's need for technology, comforting them with fantasies about its miraculous power. He also funds projects which assuage the public's fears about the dangers of reckless – or, as Vapula would say, “cavalier” – scientific advancement. The most successful ones, time has proved, are the heartfelt antitechnology cautionary tales in which the human spirit ever triumphs over the creations of human hands, reinforcing ill-placed confidences.

Demons of Technology are granted marvelous gifts for their service, fanciful devices powered by infernal processors. Vapula's gifts have certain restrictions on them – they only operate within the city limits and self-destruct if they spend too long out of their owner's hands – but there's a method behind his madness. More than once, a Servitor of Vapula, like our renderfarm nurse maid, Hopscotch (p. 50), has gotten in trouble for using one of his Prince's gifts to help fake some special effects on a movie set. Vapula has made known his unhappiness with advance units falling into human hands. While some demons, particularly agents of Valefor, have done well for themselves by stealing Vapula's gifts and returning them in exchange for favors, that can only happen so many times before someone makes an issue of it and the black-mailers find themselves fed to one of Hopscotch's many robot sentry dogs, made for him by an angel (p. 66).



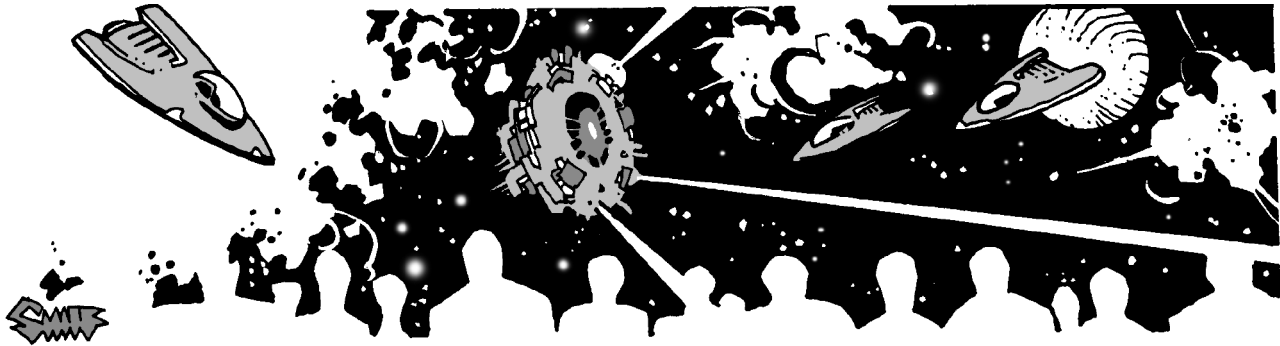
# THE PREMIERE



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THE PREMEIRE



*“Lo! ’tis a gala night  
 Within the lonesome latter years!  
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
 In veils, and drowned in tears,  
 Sit in a theatre . . .”*  
 —Edgar Allan Poe, “The Conqueror Worm”

“The Premiere” is an adventure for one to six players. The player characters may be either angels or demons; mixed parties might be possible with some finagling, but they don’t really fit the atmosphere of mutual distrust on which *In Nomine* Los Angeles is built. This scenario is set before the events in “Fall of the Malakim” (p. 103), and assumes the basic structure of *In Nomine* Los Angeles is still intact – L.A. may not be a wholly owned subsidiary of Perdiction, but Nybbas is definitely its executive producer. GMs might be able to translate it into an alternate version of L.A., or even set it in another city if absolutely necessary (some film premieres are held outside Southern California, especially at film festivals like Toronto, Sundance, or Chicago).

The GM may also feel the need to “darken” the tone of the adventure somewhat to fit an ongoing campaign; it has a lighter, more manic edge than “Fall of the Malakim.” Fundamentally, “The Premiere” is a set-piece, “locked room” adventure which can run the gamut from low farce to high suspense. A theater full of celestials is only slightly less dangerous than a theater full of nitroglycerin, but the tenor (and direction) of the explosion is up to the GM and the players.

## THE PITCH

“The Premiere” takes place in the heat of the summer on a Friday night during the studio premiere of the latest, greatest, coolest, hottest, and just plain biggest special-effects extravaganza ever. L.A.’s demonic community loves Hollywood premieres anyway – the demons get to dress up, show off, snub the less fortunate and wallow in the Technicolor glorification of sex, violence, and idiocy.

This show is even more important – Nybbas himself stepped in to pick up its last batch of bills. The movie’s

production company had gone deep, deep into the hole to pay for the special effects light and magic necessary for a proper postmodern blockbuster. Top-of-the-line CGI isn’t free, after all. The fact that the SFX group the producers owed all that money to turned out to be the one run by Hopscotch (p. 48) only makes things more interesting. Rumors are flying. Was Vapula trying an end-run around Nybbas’ grip on Hollywood? Is Kevin the Terrible (p. 52), Nybbas’ main man in L.A., losing his golden touch? Was a Servitor of Eli seen whispering into the director’s ear? Were Soldiers of Marc cannily running up costs everywhere to soak the Prince of the Media? Whether all of the rumors, or any of them, are true is beside the point now; Nybbas’ prestige (and perhaps Kevin’s survival) is tied into making this the greatest cinematic fad of the decade. Nothing can be allowed to get in the way of this premiere.

With that in mind, Kevin has made sure that no skunks are lurking in the woodpile. Kevin wants to keep an eye on both sides – some of the rumors of angelic interference have made him jumpy, and he knows he can never wholly trust the other demons. Therefore, all the angels and demons in L.A. (pp. 60-69 and 45-59) have been invited to the premiere, so Kevin can watch them and make sure they don’t do anything to ruin his event. He has used every tactic from pleading to threats (mostly threats) to make sure they’ll all show up. Not coming will be taken as evidence of plotting against Kevin and Nybbas, except for a few trusted “muscle” demons assigned to watch other key points, and the Seneschals and those under their supervision.

Of course, no plan survives contact with the enemy. A small group of angelic Servitors just *happens* to be passing through Los Angeles the weekend of the premiere – these are the PCs if the GM is running an angelic campaign, or a batch of red-herring NPC annoyances in a demonic campaign. Kevin has to dragoon still more of his faction of L.A.’s demonic community (or a batch of handy outsiders) in to babysit these potentially dangerous interlopers. The PCs can be these “extra” demons if the GM is running a demonic campaign; for an angelic campaign, the “extras” are just faces in the crowd.

Just as Kevin thinks he’s gotten things back under



## SUPERIOR AGENDAS

Depending on how much intrigue the GM feels like packing into this scenario, the agendas of the player characters' Superiors will have a varying degree of influence. Some Superiors could not care less what happens to Kevin's pet movie: Jordi might roll his eyes at the cutesy anthropomorphic fuzzballs, and Valefor might chortle to himself at the degree of out-and-out plagiarism that can be disguised as "homage," but fundamentally it's not their show. David, Dominic, Janus, Novalis, and Baal are similarly uninterested. Others, of course, are very interested indeed.

**Blandine:** This is the type of hopeless escapism I especially dislike; it should be beneath the dignity of even the lowliest dreamer. I would very much like to see this one sink without a ripple.

**Eli:** Hey, man, I know it's thin, but people like it, y'know? They'll tell their own stories about it, and before you know it, we'll all own it and Nybbas won't. Cool, huh?

**Gabriel:** Weakening Hell's hold on the city is important, but don't encourage Nybbas to really clamp down.

**Jean:** If everybody has to use computers to make movies, at least stop them from using Vapula's. He and Nybbas are far too closely aligned for my liking.

**Laurence:** If a blow must be struck against Nybbas' dominion, it might well be struck where all who have eyes to see might take heart from it. Don't needlessly endanger other angels or innocent humans, but such an opportunity comes so rarely . . .

**Marc:** A lot of our plans would prosper mightily if Kevin were to lose a lot of money on this movie – if the benefits seem worth the costs to you, drop Kevin's stock.

**Michael:** Destabilizing the situation in L.A. is not in Heaven's best interests right now, especially not at a high-profile event like this, for God's sake. Keep an eye on things and gain incremental advantage.

**Yves:** As crass as his latest films appear, the Director still has a potential Destiny as bright as any in Hollywood. Destroying this movie would destroy his chances to finally say something important about heroism and the glory of adventure.

**Andrealphus:** The Flavor of the Month is too tasty a lust object to be allowed to fail just yet: once tens of

millions of teenyboppers are drooling over him, then he can fade out. For now, this movie is his career – guard it.

**Asmodeus:** We would not like to see chaos erupt here – L.A. is safely in the pocket of Hell, and trouble for Nybbas is trouble for everybody. Keep control.

**Beleth:** The trouble with Nybbas' cynical version of hope on the screen is that too many humans aren't bright enough to know it's fake – they're still genuinely inspired by even the most cardboard drama. Even phony joy is too much; I'd prefer this movie vanish without a trace.

**Belial:** Open up the cracks a little; let some new sparks catch in the L.A. power structure.

**Haagenti:** My boy Raul depends on Kevin, so Kevin calls the shots. Just make sure everybody buys popcorn. With extra butter. And some of them Milk Duds. And a hot dog. Hey, do they have orange jujubes there?

**Kobal:** As long as it's funny, who cares how it ends?

**Kronos:** If this thing is big – really big – it will typecast the Actual Actor forever. Nobody will remember his three Oscars or his immortal Lear at Stratford, just this stapled-on role in a bloated and incoherent embarrassment. Alcoholism and weight gain will kill him in three years, his Fate secure.

**Lilith:** Dance with the one who brought you – Nybbas gets his movie, we get some spotlight time and a new crowd of celebs to sink our hooks into. Everybody's happy, okay?

**Malphas:** Nybbas and Vapula are a little too cozy at the top, don't you think? If they suddenly had some reason to fall out – like a giant turkey of a movie that's going nowhere fast – chaos might rear its beautiful head.

**Nybbas:** This movie is very important to our key "technoliterate moron" demographic, and to impressionable young males 8 to 21. There are three catch phrases and a pompous theme song that all America needs to hear. It can't be allowed to fail or the whole Christmas lineup goes to pot.

**Saminga:** Oh, ho, a chance to trip up that showboat Nybbas? And that twitching cheater Vapula? What are you waiting for? Why aren't you doing something? Are you against me, too?

**Vapula:** If this movie is big, then all the movies will have to use our, um, special effects, won't they? Keep Nybbas a satisfied client, that's what I say.



control, he receives some . . . *interesting* news. Nybbas has decided to attend the premiere personally to make sure that his investment is being handled as advantageously as possible. After a violent tantrum, Kevin has ratcheted his plans to a new level of paranoid control. He's keeping Nybbas' imminent arrival secret – for now.

## KEEP YOUR FRIENDS CLOSE . . .

Kevin has passed the word to all the demons in L.A. – elite, scruff, and tourist – that the angels need to be at the theater for the premiere, and they need to be *happy* about it. The last thing Kevin wants is a celestial brawl that wrecks the Westside while the limos pull up. He needs everyone attending the premiere to look like they're enjoying themselves. For that Friday, at least, the slightest angelic whim is law, and the demons' cushy lives become Hell on Earth.

The PCs, if they are demons, will be kept busy running errands, pressing tuxedos, driving limos, fetching decaf, and delivering flowers for an increasingly feisty angelic crowd. Sarama (see p. 64), at least, will figure out the situation early, and go out of his way to humiliate and degrade any demon he comes into contact with. The GM can let as many of the other angels get some of their own back as the players will put up with – this is scene-setting, not the point for an anticlimactic fight.

All the demons will be in a surly, unpleasant mood by showtime. Their interactions with each other will be frayed and sharp to the point of overt hostility (but not beyond that point – Kevin doesn't want demons rumbling in the streets either). Plenty of them will be taking notes for grudges to be held and offenses to be paid back “on Saturday night.” Demon PCs should be keyed up to the breaking point – their tenuous position in L.A.'s power structure lives or dies on this night.

## AND YOUR ENEMIES CLOSER

Angelic PCs should enjoy the attention at first, and even be encouraged to play up to it (“No, no, you silly boy, I said knee-length, not calf-length. Take them all back.”) for a time. Demons across the city will be falling all over themselves to be helpful and considerate. Plenty of humorous potential exists here, considering how little practice the demons have at either. Of course, since the angels will have no idea why the night is *so* important, the GM can fertilize their paranoia. Why *are* the demons being so nice? Do they just want all the angels in one place when the theater goes up in a gas-main explosion? Depending on the GM's intention for the adventure, the angelic PCs can reach the theater in a mood of giddy conceit or suspicious alertness.

## I DON'T THINK THERE ARE FIVE TOGETHER

Since Kevin only had his brainstorm of gathering all the angels for the premiere a couple of days ago, he wasn't able to get a block of tickets to hand out. All the angels will be seated separately, scattered between the third and fifteenth rows or thereabouts. The only angel in the balcony is Maximilian (p. 60), who is sitting with Natalie (p. 53), where Kevin can keep an eye on him. (Sitting this close to Nybbas without lunging for his throat won't do Maximilian's mood any good, either.)

If the players are the sort who can handle being unable to communicate directly and can be reliably counted on to turn the adventure into an incoherent farce anyway, then run with it. If the GM feels the players need the crutch of communication, the PCs can be seated within eyeshot of each other. Any actual speech between angels (during the movie, at least) should be countered by loud shushing noises from the other patrons, although most of them will be taking cell phone calls during the film anyway. If the angels wish to bully the humans into switching seats, the GM can either allow it to happen or use the incident as one more annoyance for Kevin, as sensitive human egos loudly protest “this kind of treatment.” The Ethereal and Celestial Songs of Tongues allow separated celestials to communicate, but disturb the Symphony – it is up to the GM whether Kevin cracks down on such behavior or whether it is lost in a susurrus of celestial gossip.

## THE BUILDUP

Searchlights stab the sky, confetti glitters in the air, the immaculately brushed red carpet is rolled out, and the homeless have been rounded up and shipped to Santa Monica. Everything is ready for the big night. The paparazzi flashbulbs pop in staccato rhythm, orchestrated cheers from groupies and fan clubs echo off the marquee, tourists gawk, and the Steadicams are rolling by the herd. The movie's logo is in every shot – on theater posters, T-shirts in the crowd, sipper bottles, tote bags, window displays, and newsstands. Boom boxes and car radios blare the movie's theme song and hit ballad. As the limos pull up and the celebrities emerge, the buzzing of the Nikons and the shrieks of the fans blur into a jagged hymn to the power of the Media. Demonic escorts herd their angelic “guests” inside – the premiere has begun.



## THE SUNSET THEATRE

The temple of cinema selected for this history-making event is the Sunset Theatre, a grand movie house built in the most ornate imaginable Art Deco style in the 1920's. A well connected developer bought the Sunset after its lengthy and tawdry decline in the 1960's and 1970's and convinced a couple of major studios and electronics firms (owned by the same Japanese conglomerate) to finance its remodeling as a tax write-off and celebrity showpiece for big-ticket premieres.

The result was the best movie house in America, if not the world. The rich velvet seat covers, enormous 165-degree screen, and gilded ceiling decorations blend with state-of-the-art digital Dolby sound and espresso machines at the concession stand in a timeless synergy of movie iconography and audience overstimulation. The seats slope with geometric precision up from the orchestra pit below the screen. Grand staircases on either side of the lobby run up to the balcony; smaller staircases run from the balcony mezzanine to the projectionist's booth and theater offices.

## SECURITY

Kevin has replaced the Sunset's normal rent-a-cop security with "special studio security professionals," namely Soldiers of Hell recruited for their toughness, seriousness and (most importantly) ability to follow orders. Their initial orders are to keep unauthorized personnel from entering the theater, keep any celestials from leaving the theater, and come down like a ton of bricks on anyone who annoys Kevin. Kevin communicates with security using the Ethereal Song of Tongues or a cell phone, depending on his whim and on the state of his nerves. There are at least three times as many guards as PCs.

### *Humorless Security Goon*

**Corporeal Forces** – 3    Strength 8    Agility 4  
**Ethereal Forces** – 1    Intelligence 2    Precision 2  
**Celestial Forces** – 2    Will 5    Perception 3

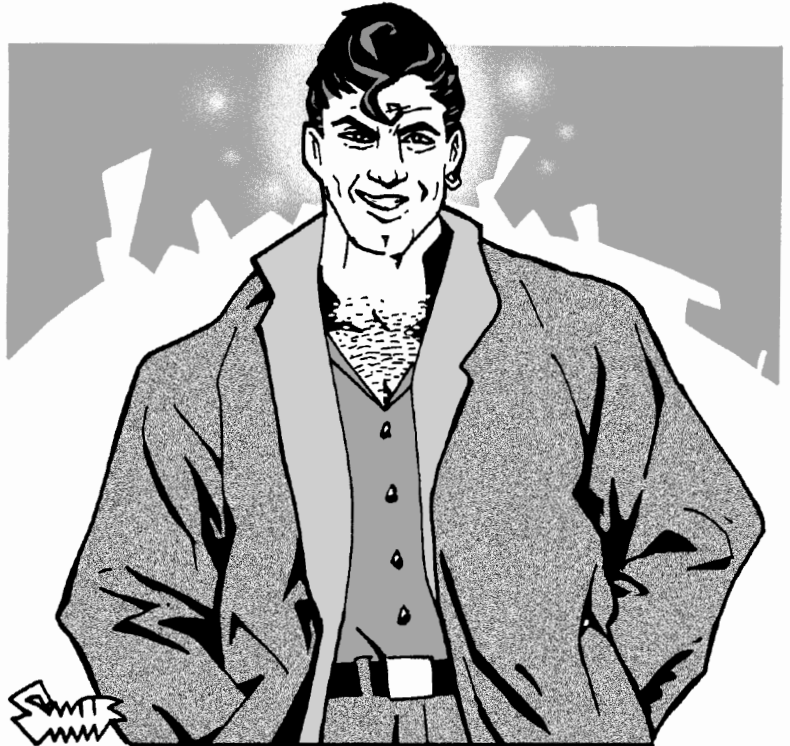
*Status:* 2

*Charisma:* 2 (intimidation)

*Skills:* Climbing/1, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/4, Fighting/4, Savoir-Faire/2, Small Weapon/4 (Stun Gun), Small Weapon/4 (Club)

Impeccably attired in tuxedo shirts, vests, and pants, Kevin's security guards sport stunguns hanging from their tailored crimson cummerbunds. They're ready for anything, as long as it's bad. Their weapons are Unholy

Stunguns (level 4) with Power 3 and Accuracy -1. When they hit, they can either stun normally or (if the Soldier suspects he's dealing with a celestial) activate a close-range version of the Song of Thunder. Adventurous celestials might tempt the guards into using their stunguns to cover up other disturbances to the Symphony in the theater.



## THE STARS COME OUT

The movie's stars, of course, are the highlight of the night for virtually every tourist and TV viewer involved. They grin, preen, and fawn for the infotainment news – for tonight, at least, they're on top of the world. They are described here by their general type, rather than give any specific names that might be out of date by the time you play the adventure. The GM is welcome to come up with actual celebrities that fit the profiles given here – they're not likely to change much.

### *Smirking Action Hero*

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

*Status:* 6

*Charisma:* 2

*Skills:* Acrobatics/2, Climbing/1, Dodge/2, Driving/2, Emote/3, Fighting/2, Seduction/3

He's here with his lovely celebrity wife, and he hopes the Female Lead won't mention his clumsy come-ons to her. Despite a reputation as a tough guy, he's a prima donna and a coward – any disturbance will have him calling plaintively for his bodyguard (use Security stats less one Celestial Force) and threatening to sue. His crowds of autograph-hungry fans can also be used to delay pursuit, if the GM desires.

### *Irritated Female Lead*

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

*Status:* 5

*Charisma:* 3

*Skills:* Detect Lies/2, Dodge/1, Driving/1, Emote/4, Lying/2, Ranged Weapon/4 (Chemical Mace), Savoir-Faire/2

She can't believe she let her agent talk her into this. Nobody will *ever* take her seriously as an actress again, and that boorish Action Hero kept propositioning her while they were on location. Now she has to deal with this crowd of geeks and losers, when all she really wants to do is go to New York and play Blanche Dubois in *Streetcar*. She's a cauldron of rage, and vindictively takes her frustrations out on everyone nearby.



### *Hotshot Director*

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

*Status:* 5

*Charisma:* 1

*Skills:* Artistry/4 (Film Direction), Driving/2, Fast-Talk/2, Knowledge/3 (Film History), Lying/2, Seduction/3

They've all ruined his movie. Nobody will ever let him create, truly create; he knows just how Orson Welles felt. He is bitter, borderline paranoid, and knows in his heart that he's sold out a powerful talent in exchange for the praise of imbeciles and a ranch in the mountains.

### *Flavor of the Month*

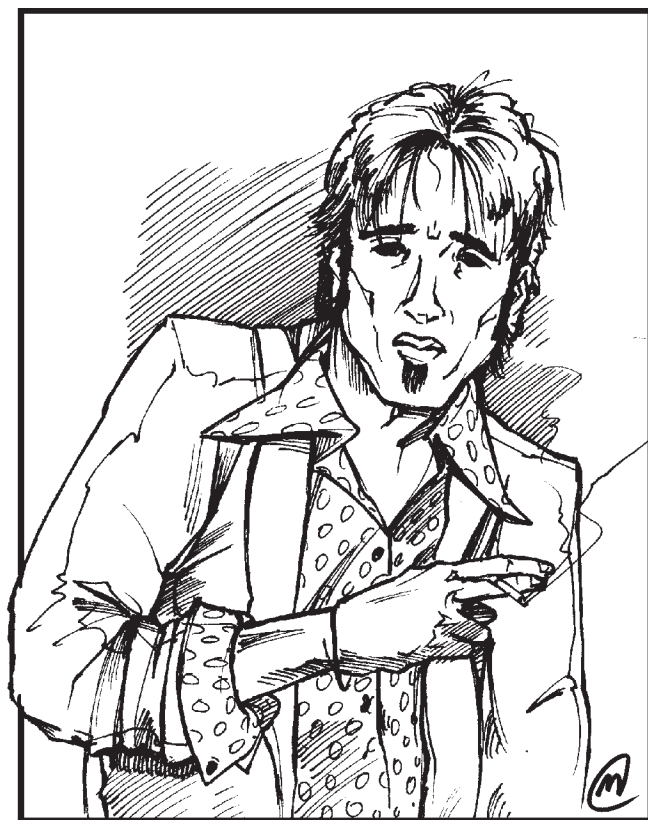
**Corporeal Forces** – 2    Strength 4    Agility 4  
**Ethereal Forces** – 2    Intelligence 2    Precision 6  
**Celestial Forces** – 1    Will 2    Perception 2

*Status:* 4

*Charisma:* 3

*Skills:* Emote/2

He's the latest teen dream and critic's darling to come out of the "independent" cinema, where he worked just long enough to get some "street cred" before hitting the jackpot. This is it, baby! Supermodels and rock stars return his phone calls; he's on the top of the world. Two



years from now he'll be a trivia question, but for now he's a snot-nosed, arrogant punk just begging to have his million-dollar face punched in. His bodyguard (like the Action Hero's) is in charge of making sure that never happens.

### *Actual, Usually British, Actor Doing It For The Money*

**Corporeal Forces** – 1    Strength 1    Agility 3  
**Ethereal Forces** – 3    Intelligence 8    Precision 4  
**Celestial Forces** – 1    Will 1    Perception 3

*Status:* 4

*Charisma:* 2

*Skills:* Acrobatics/1, Artistry/4 (Acting), Dodge/3, Emote/5, Fast-Talk/2, Knowledge/4 (Classical Drama), Languages (English/5, Latin/4), Savoir-Faire/4, Seduction/4, Small Weapon/5 (Fencing Epee)

The Actual Actor took this job for the money, and regretted it when he read the script. The endless changes only made it worse; his performance, even though he sleepwalked through it, was recut because it made all the other "actors" look even worse than they were. He's resigned himself to the end of a grand career, and is drinking gin out of a large hip flask for the entire evening. When drunk, there is a possibility for him to

get adventurous – the GM may have him paw a nearby starlet, begin declaiming soliloquies from *Macbeth*, or start a stungun duel with security.

### *Vapid Rock Starlet*

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

*Status:* 4

*Charisma:* 2

*Skills:* Artistry/1 (Acoustic Guitar), Emote/2, Singing/1

She's not really involved in the movie, but her moaning ballad plays a major role in the advertising and anchors the CD of "music inspired by the hit motion picture." She doesn't really have a clue about the film itself, but she's glad her agent attached her latest song to the publicity. She will spend the adventure alternately confused by the plot, dazzled by the effects, and trying to catch the eye of the Flavor Of The Month – a quickie tabloid romance will push those album sales through the roof. If a lot of celestials start humming around her, she might start riffing on their melodies, making it much harder to be understood.



## ALSO STARRING, IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

As with any big night in Hollywood, the celebrities lucky enough to be on the latest “hot list” have been flown in to smile for their fans, show a little leg for the camera, and desperately milk another couple of seconds out of their fifteen minutes of fame. The GM is encouraged to use any especially annoying names and faces from this week’s *People* or *Entertainment Weekly* to fill out the audience as wannabes and has-beens. Any of the celebrities or other humans in the audience, of course, might be the servants of Nybbas’ Servitors – if they see something untoward, the GM is perfectly justified in having it get back to Nybbas’ perch in the balcony.

Another interesting element in the audience is the clump of hardcore fans of similar “sci-fi” extravaganzas. The movie’s publicist wanted a smattering of “lucky fans” in front-row seats to use in low-market TV commercials, and the “contest” that selected them was a key part of the film’s publicity campaign. (It also amused Haagenti by quintupling the sales of a truly appalling breakfast cereal, which used its boxtops as entry blanks.) Oblivious to the cynical calculation that brought them here, these tubby, bearded folks are dead certain that they’re going to love this movie. They’ve dressed up as Klingons, droids, and the like and they’ll be the envy of the Internet chatrooms when they post their glowing reviews. They make a cute visual for local TV coverage, a glaring contrast to the “beautiful people” filling the rows of seats behind them, and possible camouflage for skulking celestials.

## OUR FRIENDS IN THE PRESS

Nothing this big happens without press, of course. Klieg lights and minicam cables snake across the lobby (and can make entertaining obstacles in chase scenes). Blow-dried talking heads are doing *Entertainment Tonight* and *Access Hollywood* standups with the stars and the director; everywhere you look, someone is pointing a camera at someone else or speaking in oily, measured tones into a big foam-covered microphone with a logo on it. This is mostly just an annoying distraction for players; during the movie, the reporters are in the way and eager to pester anyone who looks like he’s in a hurry. A particularly enterprising telejournalist looking for an angle may try to interview the PCs – they’re obviously important to Kevin, who is Someone To Know. After the murder, the reporters will be dutifully repeating Kevin’s spin (see p. 100, “A Tragic Production”), tainting witness, and generally getting in the way.

## THE PRINCE OF ALL MEDIA

The arrival of Nybbas will be greeted by hordes of cameras and hangers-on; everyone in the theater will instinctively know that this grinning redheaded man is Someone Big. Kevin will show up right after the first cameras do, and Hollywood gossips will churn for weeks about the way the legendary producer “Kevin the Terrible” sucked up, kissed ass, and generally acted like everyone else. Nybbas will gleefully wave to his fans, pat a small girl on the head, sign autographs (which, when examined later, will read “Francis X. Bushman”), and generally act up big. He will give a big windy speech about how great this movie is going to be and allow himself to be ushered up the grand staircase to his balcony seat. After he has left, none of the reporters will think it at all unusual that they can’t recall his name.

Make no mistake, though – Nybbas is not the airhead he seems to be. He is *very* interested in making sure this movie works. If something starts interfering with his enjoyment (or with the movie’s reception, or with anything he wants), he will not hesitate to blast the offender with Hellfire and vaporize him utterly. (To onlookers, there will be a period of “snow” in their vision, and the annoyance will simply be “edited out of continuity.”) Not pestering Nybbas with a lot of gunplay, loud and boisterous miracles, or similar distractions should be a very important part of any celestial’s priorities. The GM may want to have Nybbas vaporize some NPC demon who gets out of hand early in the scenario just to make that point. Nybbas may also be another source of distraction – maybe he needs popcorn. Ideally, the notion of having a Demon Prince in the balcony will keep players nervous in and of itself.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

While the previews are rolling, the movie’s sweating producer disappears to do some coke in the bathroom. By an unfortunate stroke of timing, Frank, the Remnant Angel of Directors (p. 101), is there reading a copy of the original shooting guide. Some part of his former self realizes what an appalling hatchet job the producer did on the director’s original cut. Driven by a need for divine justice he doesn’t understand, Frank crams the shooting guide down the producer’s throat and leaves him in a stall to die.

The body is discovered by a hysterical fan, who is quickly locked in the manager’s office by the Hellsworn security men summoned by his shrieks. The security chief, no idiot, calls Kevin rather than the cops.

## A TRAGIC PRODUCTION

Kevin immediately has security seal off the bathroom, remove any evidence of murder, and set the stage for the “tragic and ironic death by brain aneurysm” of a young producer “who never lived to see his masterwork’s premiere.” Assuming everything doesn’t disintegrate into total chaos, the stars will be wearing black armbands in “a touching gesture of mourning” by the end of the night. The producer’s death will guarantee the premiere gets front-page treatment in every entertainment and lifestyle section in the Western world, if it’s spun correctly. Kevin isn’t a Baron of the Media for nothing.



## NOT A THREAT BUT A PROMISE

If the PCs are angels, Kevin will drag the lead angel into an alcove in the lobby and hold a whispered, angry conversation. “Look, halo. If the killer is not turned over to me by the end of the show, every angel in Los Angeles will be dead by Saturday morning if I have to Richter 8 the city to do it.” Whether Kevin can do it or not, no Seraph can doubt the seriousness of Kevin’s intention. It’s pretty clear that Kevin believes that even though he was the one who invited them here, he doesn’t think that this little glitch is a coincidence. No Archangel wants to be held responsible for the destruction of every last angel in L.A., regardless of any hidden agenda, so angels should cooperate with Kevin as far as possible.

If the PCs are demons, Kevin’s threat is less angry, but not much more subtle. “Find out who did this, or you’ll

wind up in a studio audience in *Perdition* so fast your horns will swim. Even if I go down tonight, you’re coming with me, *capisce?* Now, if you do good, and I look good, there might be something in it for you. Your choice.” Kevin has picked the PCs because they’re not immediately associated with him – if they screw up, he doesn’t look as bad, and if they deliver someone inconvenient, he can clean his hands of the whole mess.

## OUR FEATURE PRESENTATION

By now the celestials, demons or angels, should be strung as tightly as they can go. There’s a Demon Prince in the balcony, a murderer in the theater, and Armageddon in the offing. This, of course, is when the GM should start throwing in even more crises, diversions, and general craziness. It is important to keep the tone in mind; if the GM wants to run “The Premiere” as a farce, let things get a little out of hand before clamping down with a panicked cell phone call from Kevin or a glower from the Hellsworn “ushers.” If it’s being run as suspense, make every new emergency one more chance for everything to break open unless the tension is tightened again *right now*.

## THE MOVIE

The movie is an epic tale spanning five dimensions, involving armadas of spaceships, terrifying laser battles, a time vortex, luminous aliens bringing wholesale destruction, black combat armor, cute furry sidekicks, strong language, partial nudity, and no adult content whatsoever. Although the central storyline is presented as the contest of good and evil, the “good guys” win by mass slaughter, killing helpless enemies, deceit, and dumb luck; the “good” they serve is a watered-down mishmash of pseudo-Eastern philosophy, empty-headed pantheism, and vaporous platitudes. The bad guys have all the coolest armor, weapons, and spaceships – *Perdition* has worked overtime to sell this one to America’s ten-year-olds.

## PENDRAKE’S PETULANT PROTEST

The first minor crisis comes when the space armadas clash for the grand battle inside the nebula in the first reel. Pendrake (p. 66), sitting down front near the geeks, begins to murmur and complain. By the beginning of the first big laser gunfight on the spinning skyhook, he’s



openly carping. Around the time the spacecraft carrier collides with the comet and explodes, so does Pendrake.

“Eighty-five million for this digital gimcrackery? Ray Harryhausen could have done better work coming off a four-day drunk!” Everybody in the theater will hear that shout; Kevin will make it amply clear to the PCs that nobody had better hear another. Talking Pendrake down (over the unceasing “Shhh!” noises from the front row) will be a job of work for even the most tolerant celestial. He can be flattered back into silence, or given one of the model spaceships being sold as souvenirs to distract him. By the end of the adventure, the model may be flying around shooting miniature laser bolts at people, but Pendrake won’t be having any more outbursts.

## B.J. IN THE AUDIENCE

The other troublemaker in the audience is B.J. the scruffy Shedite (p. 47). He’s thoroughly enjoying causing problems for Kevin; he’s possessing increasingly important members of the audience and “encouraging” them to talk, throw popcorn, fondle themselves or their neighbors, and similarly act up. His presence should be hard to spot; there are a lot of Shedim (and possibly some Kyriotates) in attendance. If he’s not forcibly prevented, he’s likely to try reenacting the final love scene between the Action Hero and the Female Lead right there with no censors to edit the nudity and foul language. If he knows that someone powerful is onto his games, he’ll possess a security guard, hotwire Kevin’s BMW, and drive off into the night.

## ROUNDING UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS

There are two likely suspects for the killing, in addition to any of L.A.’s normal complement of celestials and Soldiers. Talking gossip and shop about the movie with anyone associated will (using Fast-Talk, Detect Lies, and other rolls as the GM sees fit) turn up both names – they’ve both been seen hanging around the production and they each have fine motives. Resonances, Songs, or other powers may also point out promising avenues of investigation.

### FRANK

#### *Remnant (Former Angel of Directors)*

**Corporeal Forces** – 2    Strength 4    Agility 4  
**Ethereal Forces** – 3    Intelligence 6    Precision 6  
**Celestial Forces** – 0    Will 0    Perception 0

*Vessel:* Human/3 (adult male); Charisma +2

*Role:* Second Unit Director/2

*Skills:* Artistry/5 (Film Direction), Detect Lies/3, Dodge/2, Driving/2, Emote/2, Fighting/2, Knowledge/5 (Film History), Savoir-Faire/3, Singing/2

*Songs:* Charm (Corporeal/2)

Frank was once Hezazel, the Angel of Directors. He got interested in the movie business during the silent movie days of Hollywood and became so committed to the creative process of this fascinating new art form that he petitioned Eli for his Word. He grew more and more disenchanted with the Hollywood scene as the century passed, and sometime during World War II he left for good, turning instead to the up-and-coming directors studying in film school or working on their own. He patronized independent filmmakers before it was trendy to do so, but he was enraged every time one of his protégés fell into the morass that is Los Angeles. Finally, he returned, bent on destroying his nemesis, Jurgen (p.102), Demon of Self-Indulgence. Sadly, Jurgen had grown strong in the fertile compost of Hollywood, and in the ensuing battle Frank lost his Celestial Forces, appearing back on Earth as Frank the Second-Unit Director.

Frank is at the premiere escorting one of the more serious actresses in attendance. She likes him because he is handsome and witty, but very different from the Hollywood norm. He is a definite character, and quite easy to manipulate, except on the topic of directing movies. This has turned him into a conversation piece at parties, but little does his companion know how serious he is about the topic.

## JURGEN

### *Demon of Self-Indulgence* *Shedite Captain of Gluttony*

**Corporeal Forces** – 3    Strength 8    Agility 4  
**Ethereal Forces** – 4    Intelligence 10    Precision 6  
**Celestial Forces** – 5    Will 12    Perception 8

**Skills:** Chemistry/3 (Pharmacy/Narcotics), Computer Operation/1, Dodge/3, Driving/3, Fast-Talk/2, Fighting/2, Lying/3, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol), Savoir-Faire/2, Seduction/4, Small Weapon/4 (Club)

**Songs:** Attraction (Ethereal/2), Charm (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2, Celestial/2), Tongues (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/2)

**Attunements:** Knight of Banquets, Captain of Cannibals, Consume

**Special Rites:** Jurgen gains 1 Essence after successfully encouraging a human to endanger his own or another's well-being through an act of self-indulgence.

Jurgen is in the right place at the wrong time. Although this theater and almost everyone in it are tributes to self-indulgence on a grand scale, he has been

heard to curse profanely the dead producer. Were it not for his hamhanded cuts, the Hotshot Director's epic vision would have been an example to hundreds of untalented hacks – creators in all genres would have been able to get the most ludicrously expensive and self-indulgent projects imaginable greenlighted. Jurgen would suspect his rival, the Demon of Self-Importance, of having had something to do with those cuts, but that worthy is safely in Washington, D.C.

Jurgen makes an excellent subject for a frame. He has a personal motive, and his patron Haagenti is not well liked by the other Princes. Jurgen is also a Shedite, and is therefore harder to alibi convincingly. It might be possible not only to frame Jurgen for the producer's murder, but to hang responsibility for B.J.'s disruptiveness on him as well.

## THE CLIMAX

The GM should interweave the hunt for the killer with enough distractions to keep the tension high. Once the celestials have selected a target (either Frank or Jurgen, or possibly someone else convincing), it's always fun to conclude with a grand chase sequence through the darkened theater, the crowded lobbies, up and down the grand staircases, and behind the hugely glowing screen.

If the celestials simply think to finger the guilty party (or Jurgen) to Kevin without all those dramatics, it's child's play for Nybbas to paralyze the offender with fascination at the screen and have security take him "somewhere safe." Kevin might also unleash Bang Man or Neck on the suspect, depending on how much help the PCs seem to need.

## THE CLOSING CREDITS

Angels will have the comfort of knowing that they've prevented a massacre and possibly sown a little discord within Kevin's empire of the sun. If they've managed to acquit themselves well and advanced their Superiors' agendas, they may get a good mark on their permanent record, or even support for their own next harebrained scheme.

Demons who have come out of this adventure looking good to Kevin may find themselves asked to do "other little jobs" for him; this could be the introduction to a long-running demonic L.A. campaign, if the GM and players so wish. If they've embarrassed Kevin in front of Nybbas, of course, then L.A. may not be where they wish to spend much more of their time – or perhaps they'll take a personal interest in "The Fall of the Malakim."



# FALL OF THE MALAKIM

AN ADVENTURE FOR ANGELS AND DEMONS



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FALL OF THE MALAKIM





“Fall of the Malakim” is an adventure for any manageable number of angels or demons. While the very nature of this adventure makes it difficult to run with mixed groups, it wouldn’t be too hard to rationalize celestials of both sides working together to solve their mutual problems – but only an extraordinary group of angels and demons would be able to

avoid killing each other once the smoke clears.

Surviving to the end of this adventure, and solving its puzzles, will take both sharp minds and brute force. Celestials lacking in subtlety or firepower may not make it. NPCs for both sides are provided, balanced heavily toward either wit or weaponry; they’re designed to be cannon fodder, with the hopes that the player characters will take the hint and correctly identify when a situation requires wisdom and when it requires beating the living hell out of something.

“Fall of the Malakim” also serves as a prelude to the events in *The Final Trumpet*. It is possible to run this adventure as a stand-alone, but its real purpose is to touch off the countdown to the Apocalypse, sending those caught up in it on a worldwide chase to prevent the end of the world as they know it.

## THE VIDEO

At first the video was grainy, but it eventually resolved into a solid image, crystal clear. The people in the video were an angel and a demon. Their skin shone with post-coital sweat.

The angel squeezed his eyes shut so tightly that the veins in his forehead throbbed blue and his skin burned red. Just before his face flushed completely crimson, his concentration broke and his shoulders collapsed into a hunch of defeat.

“I can’t take it,” the Malakite gasped to his lover. “I can’t take it anymore.”

“There, there,” the demon whispered, brushing wisps of hair from the angel’s forehead. “There, there, baby. I know it’s rough.”

“It’s not rough,” he moaned. “It’s unbearable. I – I have a hole. In my soul.” The demon laughed. Her lover gave her a gloomy stare.

“Sorry, baby,” she said, covering her smile with one

hand and caressing his shoulder with the other. “Really, I’m sorry. It’s just that, ‘hole in my soul’ – it rhymes. It sounds like a rock song.” She assumed a cockney accent. “See ’ere, sir,” she whispered. “I’ve got a ’ole in me soul.” While rubbing his shoulder, she murmured a Song of Charm, sapping his strength and, she hoped, soothing his anger. He slumped back down into his seat and stared at his hands.

“I want to kill you,” he confided. “I want to kill you so badly. I want to wrap my hands around your head and squeeze until my palms meet.”

“I know, baby, I know.”

“You’re a demon. I’m an angel. I’m supposed to kill you.”

“I know it, baby. But you’re strong. You don’t have to give in.”

“I want to,” he whined. “I really want to. I burn to give in, but there’s a hole, a hole in my soul.”

She narrowed her eyes, pushing away any affection.

“There is only a hole,” she said slowly, repeating the words as if promising they would work, “because I perceive there is a hole.’ Say that for me, Max.” The angel pinched his lips with fat fingers, avoiding her eyes.

“Say it for me,” she said sternly. “There is only a hole because I perceive there is a hole.”

“Th – There is only a hole . . . because – ”

“Why is there a hole, Maxie-baby? You know there’s not really a hole. Why do you think there’s a hole?”

“There is only a hole because I perceive there is a hole,” the Malakite said, staring forward blankly. His breathing slowed.

“Go on,” said the demon.

“There is only a hole because I perceive there is a hole,” he repeated, shoulders sagging even further. He swayed back and forth, eyes glazed and mouth slack, muttering the phrase over and over like a mantra. Then, suddenly, he stopped.

He seemed to surface from his reverie, surface all the way, climbing out of his protective haze and stupor, the alcohol and the discordant buzzing of the Symphony all around him. He looked at the demon and then his eyes opened wide as though he had just experienced a horrifying revelation.

“I did it again,” he said, his voice quavering with anguish. “I’m bad. I can’t stop myself. David was right, I’m drawn to evil. I can’t be a Malakite any more. If any of them saw me, they would destroy me. They would recognize me for the evil *thing* I am.” He looked down at his body as though he had never seen it before, feeling the physical evidence of his corruption, but then he jerked his hands free, slick with blood from the stigmata on his chest, red as the hands of a murderer.

“Hey, hey, easy darling – ” She touched him, trying to

## THE FIRST TRUMPET

In “Fall of the Malakim,” Kobal and Malphas have a lot of irons in the fire. They are trying to orchestrate two monumental feats of manipulation: first, cause a Malakite to Fall, and second, start Armageddon. Either one, alone, would seem impossible, but Demon Princes are nothing if not ambitious.

The prophesied sign of the First Trumpet is, “A great city shall be emptied of the children of Heaven.” Malphas and Kobal are betting that if they can empty all angels, and demons who were once angels, from a city the size of Los Angeles, Gabriel will have to blow her trumpet. Malphas has acquired information on the whereabouts of L.A.’s celestials from Hopscotch (p. 48), which he used to make sure all of them were gone, one way or another.

If the characters are in L.A. on the night the Malakite is seen to Fall, the GM will have to find a way to protect them from Scamper (p. 57), Scurvy (p. 58), Kobal and Malphas. Angels and demons can be called away by Superiors, visit nearby Tethers, or gamble in Las Vegas. If they are in L.A. and meet the criteria for the prophecy, at the very least their vessels will be destroyed.

Note that Lilim and demons born in Hell are not “Children of Heaven,” nor are Soldiers or undead. This does not mean that the two Demon Princes will leave them unmolested. However, if Lilim and hellspawn manage to escape detection and live through the night, the First Trumpet will still blow.

calm him as she had so many times before, but her touch increased his torment.

“Stay away from me!” he screamed, slapping her arm away from him. The violent motion unbalanced him and he staggered back, his feet tangling with his limp vestigial tail. He fell to the floor, shrieking with a mad rage so overpowering that Natalie finally realized she might be in danger.

“Nooo! I’m Falling!” He writhed in pain and terror, trying to rise and then collapsing in a pathetic heap on the floor. “I’m Falling! Natalie, help me!”

The demon hesitated for a moment, undecided, and then took hold of his hand to pull him off the floor. She resumed her soothing tone, as though talking to a child who is afraid of monsters.

“Come on, baby. You’ve just fallen down.” She had him halfway to his knees when he toppled over again like a rag doll.

“I’ve Fallen,” he moaned.

“Don’t be so silly,” she chided. “You haven’t Fa – ”

Suddenly he lunged up off the floor, grabbing her around the throat with both meaty hands. “It’s all my fault,” he said to her panicked face, shaking her ruthlessly. “It’s ALL MY FAULT!”

He swung around, lifting her as though she were weightless, then with an explosive movement more powerful than any human could produce he hurled her across the room. She smashed against a wall, her body thudding to the ground where it lay, utterly still beneath a rain of bloody plaster.

The angel sang, sprouting wings and lethal claws. Howling, he attacked the room, beating the air with his wings, smashing and tearing like a trapped beast. He unleashed a fearsome cry, shattering everything breakable that was still whole. Shards of glass tore his skin from the violence of the explosion and the pain whipped him into new heights of madness. He threw himself at the door, splintering it with the force of his fury. Then he disappeared into the City of Angels.

The tape ended.



Hours later, the body on the floor started to move. Natalie sat up slowly, shaking with pain and shock. “I thought I was dead,” she muttered.

“I thought so, too,” said a voice behind her. “Too bad he didn’t kill you. It would have saved me the trouble.”

Natalie’s eyes widened as she realized who was there. Paralyzed with fear, she could only whisper, “Master, please – ”

Malphas knelt down beside her, put his hand on her forehead, and said one word.

“Die.”

And she did.

## RECOGNIZING THE FIRST TRUMPET

Gabriel has not blown her horn since leaving Heaven circa A.D. 700. She has not blown a warning blast for the Apocalypse in an even longer time. Despite the fact that all celestials in all three realms can hear her trumpet blow, most of them will not recognize the sound or know what it portends.

All Superiors recognize the First Trumpet immediately for what it is. Any celestial who lived through the Fall will know the sound and that it does not bode well, but they may have to hear the Second Trumpet to figure out what is happening. Celestials who lived before Gabriel left Heaven would remember the sound (it is unforgettable), but may never have learned what it signified. Celestials who were created after Gabriel left Heaven will have no idea what they are hearing, unless they have done a great deal of research on the topic of Armageddon. The GM can give them an Intelligence roll, starting at -4 and adding 1 for every week the character has spent researching the topic. The check digit indicates how much information he remembers.

- 1 – That’s Gabriel’s Horn!
- 2 – Hmmm, that’s bad news.
- 3 – It hasn’t been heard since Gabriel left Heaven.
- 4 – That’s probably the First Trumpet we just heard.
- 5 – There’s a prophesy that goes along with the First Trumpet.
- 6 – The prophesy is, “a great city will be emptied of the Children of Heaven.”

The warning signs of the Apocalypse are a topic of much debate among Superiors. The prophecies about them are cryptic and frequently conflicting. Also, no one knows if the prophecies have to be fulfilled literally or metaphorically. Would removing the Children of Heaven from *any* great city trigger the First Trumpet, or must it be a particular great city? Malphas and Kobal were hoping for the former, and they seem to be right. Only God, in his ineffable wisdom, knows.

Two Lords of Darkness met. It doesn’t matter where. Their kind meet where they like, frequently with no one the wiser. One Prince laughed. The other did not.

“Have the tapes been sent?” Malphas asked.

Kobal nodded, the gleam of cold amusement in his eye. “When you want to fool the world, tell the truth.”

“Is everybody gone?”



“Oh, yes, I took care of mine. I always take very good care of mine.” This brought on a new burst of laughter. Malphas did not join in.

He looked at his watch. “Now we’ll see if we’re right.”

A few moments elapsed. Then a sound reached their ears, high-pitched and prolonged, a catastrophic forewarning of doom.

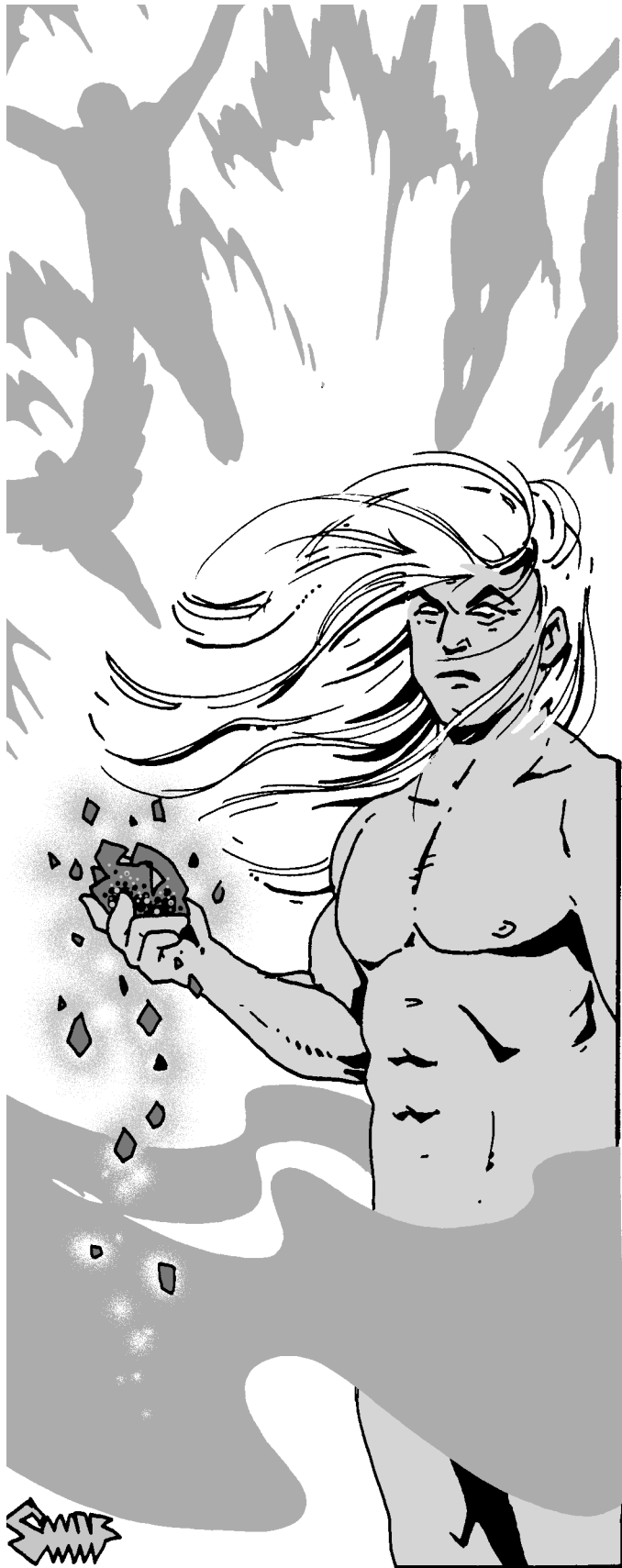
Finally, Malphas smiled. He pulled a cell phone out of his coat pocket. “Now,” he said into the receiver. “Yes, now.”

Copies of the videotape were sent via next-day air to an agent of Vapula, Demon Prince of Technology, in Austin and to an agent of Jean, Archangel of Lightning, in San Francisco. The return addresses were the same, a nonexistent estate in a nonexistent suburb. By the time the tapes hit the ground in their respective cities, the demon in the video was dead. As far as anyone could tell, the city of Los Angeles was empty of her kind – they were dead, too.

Every demon known to live in Los Angeles, and almost every angel as well, had been killed in a single night. When the videos were delivered, promptly at 10:30 a.m., that was the first that anyone heard about it. The Powers That Be had been too worried about the sound of Gabriel’s Trumpet to notice the silence from Los Angeles.

The demons would have had a head start on the matter if the demonic recipient, two hours ahead of California, hadn’t gone back to playing a video game after signing for the package. After the demon, Vilson (*Night Music*, p. 112), finally popped the unmarked tape into a VCR, he knew the rest of the day would be downhill.

It takes something really special to get the attention of a Demon Prince, especially a few hours after the First



Trumpet of the Apocalypse has been blown. Wilson sabotaged the breakers on the pharmaceutical testing facility where he worked, sending arcs of flame from every open socket and killing a third of the building's human inhabitants. It helped that the place where Wilson worked was a Tether, a gateway straight to Hell.

The technological accident aroused Vapula's interest. The videotape excited him. This much is widely known. Few know what happened after he mysteriously vanished, though it wouldn't be presumptuous to assume that he went to Hell.

Jean's agents are known for their efficiency. The angelic videotape recipient had her VCR plugged in and the clock set correctly before the FedEx van had left the premises. Jean responded promptly to his angel's page the instant she finished playing the arcane touch-tone song which, when performed properly, will never fail to attract the attention of the Archangel of Lightning. He didn't need to watch the videotape; a single glance told him the order in which magnetic charges had been applied to it, as well as what sounds and images they created when played through a VCR. With a grim scowl, he crossed the room and took the tape from the angel's hands in a smooth, swift motion. Then he vanished in a burst of light.

After that, everything gets a little confusing.

In Heaven, the Archangels were gathered in Dominic's cathedral for an emergency synod. Eli, Gabriel, and Janus were the only major Archangels not in attendance. Blandine was distraught over the loss of Mira Klein (p. 63), whose soul had been destroyed at some point overnight, but the threat of Apocalypse overshadowed even the loss of a rare Bright Lilim.

Marc, deep in thought, suddenly said, "I wonder if there's a connection. After all, she was in L.A., and I can't imagine a more likely place for the Apocalypse to start."

The gathering was just beginning to think Marc had a point when the Archangel of Lightning returned from talking to his servant.

Dominic grew highly agitated when Jean reported on the contents of the videotape. The Archangel of Judgment feared that he had made a gross error in not discovering the Malakite's corruption earlier. Laurence looked fierce and pale, but Novalis could sense the uncertainty masked behind the young general's brave facade. Now was not a good time to be a Malakite. The Archangel of Destiny was strangely quiet on the matter. He asked for time to reflect on the problem, and to contact his angel Jonathan (p. 68).

All eyes then turned to David, Maximilian's Superior, who did not seem at all surprised to hear that his servant was riddled with Discord.

David admitted that he had sent Maximilian to L. A. as a punishment for a heinous crime. He told the assembly that Maximilian had been ordered to “deal with” the dissonance of suffering an evil to live, which shocked and outraged the Archangel throng. However, their protests faltered when he presented them with the crystal shards of his Servitor’s shattered celestial Heart, falling through the fingers of his outstretched hands.

The Superiors looked at each other as they took in the ramifications of what David had told them. The most unthinkable, impossible, unbelievable event in all of Heaven’s history had just taken place. A Malakite had Fallen. A Truth had just been made false. The Apocalypse loomed, and just when Heaven’s finest and purest weapons were most needed, they had become fallible. Nobody voiced the fear they all shared: if the Malakim were no longer pure, what had happened to Uriel, one of the mightiest of Archangels, the first, purest, and best of all the Malakim?

### *Dominic’s Malakim*

**Corporeal Forces** – 6    Strength 12    Agility 12  
**Ethereal Forces** – 4    Intelligence 8    Precision 8  
**Celestial Forces** – 5    Will 11    Perception 10

*Vessel:* Human/6

*Skills:* Dodge/5, Drive/2, Fighting/5, Large Weapon/3 (Sword), Ranged Weapon/6 (Pistol)

*Songs:* Acid/4, Light (Celestial/3), Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3, Celestial/6), Thunder/4

**Attunements:** Malakite of Judgment, Master of Law, Heavenly Judgment

**Artifacts:** Holy Pistol/4

**Special Rites:** Kill Maximilian: Refill all Essence. This Rite is a one-time-only bounty.

Dominic decided that this problem called for drastic action, so he contacted Asmodeus while David outlined his contingency plans for dealing with the situation.

Although he looked stern and strong as ever, David’s heart felt as shattered as Maximilian’s. He had felt responsible when the Grigori Fell, believing that he should have spotted their weakness before it was too late. He didn’t know if he could stand being responsible for the Fall of another whole Choir. He had been sure that Maximilian could handle it. His servant was a Malakite, one of the Pure. David had ordered the trial by fire to temper Maximilian and make him stronger. It was the only thinkable outcome. As a Malakite himself, the possibility of Maximilian Falling simply hadn’t entered his mind. Worrying about Maximilian’s purity

would have been an insult to God and His divine plan. At least it had seemed so then.

Meanwhile, in Hell, Vapula went directly to Nybbas, reigning infernal power in L.A. The Demon Prince of the Media was furious, as his infernal green room was littered with the souls of his Angeleno Servitors, returned unexpectedly when their corporeal vessels had been dispatched. All of them suffered from Trauma, and were of no help in appraising the situation. Vapula himself had lost contact with his only Servitor in L.A. The Princes who could be contacted at a moment’s notice were quickly assembled; all who had servants in the Los Angeles area claimed to have found some of those demons huddled, Traumatized, in their respective Hells, and all of the others completely destroyed. No one had any eyes on the ground, or at least none they’d admit to.

The Princes themselves, all belonging to different factions, didn’t trust each other enough to allow one of their own kind to set foot in town, especially with Armageddon on the horizon. For example, Saminga knew that if he were to pop up in L.A. before order returned, nothing would prevent Nybbas from doing the same – especially since no one could be sure if the offensive had been mounted by forces of Heaven or of Hell. Regardless, if Heaven saw Princes appearing in a town recently swept clean of demons (and, some suspected, angels as well), nothing on God’s green Earth could keep Archangels from staking out territory either, and the situation would escalate into a chaotic battle capable of rocking the firmament.

When Asmodeus entered, announcing that he had been contacted by Dominic about the problem, all eyes focused on the Prince of the Game. All of them knew there was some cooperation between Dominic and Asmodeus, but this open admission was unprecedented. He said Dominic had told him that a group of angels would be making a quick foray into the city, taking care of the problem, and then leaving. Dominic had insisted that this was not an attempt to take over demonic territory; he had asked the Princes for a small amount of trust, in exchange for resolving a problem that was a threat to both sides. Asmodeus theorized that the angels of L.A. must also be dead, and that the Malakite in the anonymous video must be the threat Dominic mentioned.

The Princes agreed to allow Dominic’s strike force the room it would need to maneuver in Los Angeles, and reinforced among themselves the previously established rules of the town: the only celestials allowed to enter the city would be its former inhabitants as they came out of Trauma. After the meeting broke up, a good number of Princes summoned Lilith and requested that she, as a

more or less neutral party, discreetly send some Geased Servitors to Los Angeles to represent that facet of Hell's interests. These are the demonic characters; if all the PCs are angels, Asmodeus merely sends his own demons.

Meanwhile, David arranges an advance team of unbiased participants (read: *not* Dominic's angelic assassins) to race into L.A. first and get a handle on the situation. Dominic says that at sundown his Malakim will find the Fallen angel and dispatch his soul to the Symphony. David has about six hours to fix the problem. Several Superiors volunteer favored Servitors for duty; they are immediately torn from their corporeal duties to be pressed into an emergency team by the Archangel of Stone. These are the angelic characters; if there are no angelic PCs, then David merely sends a small party of his own angels.



Regardless of whether they are angels or demons, how much the characters know about the above information is at the GM's discretion.

## RECRUITMENT AND MOTIVES

Getting the player characters together for this adventure is a simple matter of applying pressure in the right place, whether they're angels or demons. Realize that practically no one in his right mind would take this job. Even discounting the increased political pressures and the very real danger of being permanently destroyed, there are far too many people with far too much power about to converge on Los Angeles.

Angels, as described above, are pressed into service against their will at their Archangels' recommendations. Demons are persuaded by Lilith herself to join in on the fun; she will either offer to exchange a powerful favor, or use a previous favor as leverage.

The situation can range from "together until death" to a more *Dirty Dozen*-ish adventuring party. The celestials are pressed into service by their Archangels or Princes regardless of their opinions on the matter. Those forced into the situation by Lilith may be particularly bitter about their lot.

The other primary way to recruit celestials is if they were new to the L.A. area and, for some reason, missed out on being slaughtered. Perhaps they were visiting Vegas, or the angelic Tether just outside town. Since they hold L.A. privileges, the unofficial rules of the area state that they be allowed free access to the city. As some of the only celestials left who know something about the city and its complex politics, they would automatically be drafted into the adventure.

Few celestials should be so naive as to enjoy the mission, and almost every character will have an ulterior motive, as outlined below.

### ARCHANGELS

Beyond helping detain or destroy the (alleged) Fallen Malakite, many angelic player characters have other missions to fulfill as well.

### *Blandine*

The shop that has turned so many children's dreams into nightmares, John Downing's porn studio, should be burned to the ground. Blandine will give her agents the address and insist they get some help in seeing it put to the torch.

## David's Malakim

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

*Vessel:* Human/6

*Skills:* Dodge/4, Drive/2, Fighting/5, Large Weapon (Sword/6)

*Songs:* Claws/4, Shields (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/4, Celestial/6), Thunder/6

**Attunements:** Malakite of Stone, Master of Celestial Integrity, Armor, Brotherhood, Cold Touch, Deep Gaze

**Artifacts:** Fiery Sword

**Special Rites:** Kill Maximilian: Refill all Essence. This Rite is a one-time-only bounty.

## David

Unknown to anyone but Yves and the player characters, David is sending in an additional four-member team, some Masters of Celestial Integrity, to watch the PCs and deal with the Malakite if things start to go wrong. If necessary, the Masters will sacrifice themselves in combat with the Malakite in order to weaken him so others may be able to take him down.

David's agents should stay close to the Malakite Masters of Celestial Integrity. There may even be a schism between PC angels of Stone and their usual adventuring companions, as David's Servitors feel compelled to remain in the company of their own kind, ignoring any other pleas for assistance in fulfilling side obligations.

The four Masters carry with them a small aluminum briefcase that's constantly dripping blood. They'll ignore any questions about it; if pressed, they'll refer to it as a monitoring device of some kind.

Inside the small piece of industrial luggage, folded and broken in several ways, is a Servitor of Asmodeus. The demon heals pretty quickly – not so slowly that he'll die within the course of the adventure, but not quickly enough to free himself from the situation.

If the Malakite is really just an extremely Discordant angel, as can be determined by the Masters (see Master of Celestial Integrity, in the Archangel David material on p. 14), then the angels of Stone are ordered to use their demonic captive's Dissonance Binding attunement to trap the poor celestial. This is David's theory, which he'll share

with the investigating angels before sending them off: the Malakite has trapped himself in a feedback loop of dissonance, which builds and builds before exploding out as some new form of Discord. Every half hour or so adds another level of some Discord. If you can tell how much dissonance a person has, you can watch it build up – when it's at its highest, right before it turns into Discord, the Servitor of Asmodeus will be forced to use his attunement to restrain the Malakite. Then the angel will be taken to one of David's catacombs for restoration (or, barring that, obliteration).

If the angel has actually Fallen, then they will do to him what Malakim generally do to demons. It is David's theory – and the other Archangels' hopes – that if Maximilian has Fallen, his elimination will restore the purity of that honorable Choir. As long as no Malakim are ever again pushed that far, Heaven is safe. Still, it would be unsettling to know that divinity has definite limits.





### *Dominic*

If any favored Servitors of Dominic come along, they'll be sworn to observe as much as possible, and in particular to interrogate the celestial inhabitants of Los Angeles to determine the truth of the situation. This investigation should encompass both the political climate of the city and any leads that might prove or disprove David's Fallen Malakite theory.

Ideally, the Servitors should resolve the situation before the arrival of Archangel Dominic's Malakim, the tightly clenched fists and anuses of the Heavenly Inquisition. They do not listen to reason. They will kill the Malakite first, and anything that stands in their way. Then they will begin to tear into any demons present, not stopping until their own corporeal vessels have been destroyed. (They won't go celestial for fear of having their souls torn asunder, but they will relish the fight until they can fight no further.)

### *Eli*

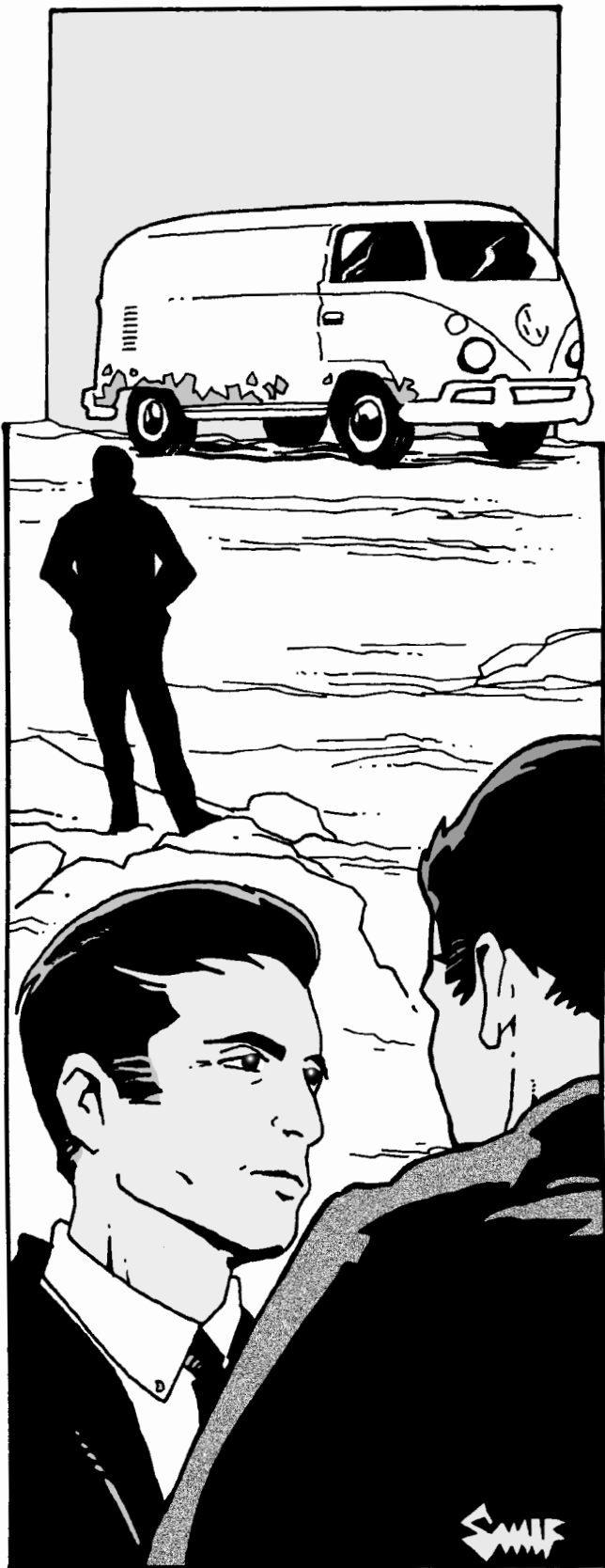
Eli's foremost priority is the restoration of his old Tether in Watts. If this can happen, then Heaven will again have a base in Los Angeles, and the demons will have been beaten back from the edge once again. To help this along, Eli is slipping an angel into place – Tomas, the Angel of Catchy Tunes (*Night Music*, p. 82). He's brought his friend, Lauren, Demon of Strippers,

ex-inhabitant of Los Angeles (*Night Music*, p. 86). They're to instigate and orchestrate carefully an impromptu gathering in Watts, creating a peaceful party atmosphere where for a single day everyone can hang out without fear of being beaten, shot, or otherwise injured for expressing themselves. If they keep the party going for a single day, then Los Angeles might have a home for a few more angels.

Every hour, *someone* on the scene – human or otherwise – must succeed at an artistic skill roll (dancing, singing, playing a musical instrument, etc.) with a check digit of 6. If this happens for seven hours in a row, the Tether should be restored. The more celestials helping out, the better the odds. Every celestial helping out adds 1 to the target number of a human's skill roll, and every celestial hindering the process subtracts 1 from the target number. It's sheer luck as to whether or not the Tether is actually restored; Eli won't be happy if the mission fails, but he'll be unhappy if no one tries.

GM: If you don't have *Night Music*, don't worry. Keep Tomas and Lauren out of violent conflict and fudge their stats if you must. In Austin, where Tomas and Lauren live, angels and demons tend to get along with one another. Lauren, unknown to her Superior, the Prince of Lust, has offered to help Tomas out, since she knows how to get in and out of town undetected. If it comes down to it, she can do the same thing for the player characters.





### *Gabriel*

While delighted at the chaos caused by the arrogance of Heaven's great heroes, Gabriel will instruct her angels to go along with whatever plan David has for rectifying the situation.

### *Janus*

Servitors of Janus are instructed to destroy the Fallen Malakite at the earliest opportunity. Also, Janus has received word that one of L.A.'s premier demons is on the verge of Redemption – which one, there's no telling. If this demon can be located and converted to the Bright side, it might remove some of the bad taste from memories of the day a Malakite first Fell.

### *Jean*

Jean sees this as a monumental opportunity to study the celestial condition. He and his angels will insist that the Fallen Malakite be captured alive so that further research may be performed. There are no other alternatives.

### *Jordi*

Angels of Jordi should be disgusted by this whole fiasco. They'll do what they're told without complaining, but won't restrain their contempt for the ills of civilization and the way it has tainted the angelic psyche.

### *Laurence*

Laurence, visibly shaken, will tell his agents to assume the Malakite has Fallen and to waste no time in destroying it. After that, they are to attack the city's demonic Tethers until the town is clean of them or they end up back in Heaven.

### *Marc*

Whatever Marc's servants do, he asks that they not assume the Malakite has Fallen. It would go against everything believed or known about Malakim and their natures.

### *Michael*

Michael, shaking with anger, will tell his agents to assume the damned Malakim aren't as perfect as they've always said they were, and to waste no time in destroying the creature once it's been found. Then they are to find out what the Hell happened in L.A. so it can be kept from happening again.



### *Novalis*

Novalis' Servitors don't lean toward violence. For once, the Servitors of Novalis and Jean are on the same page.

Any angels of Flowers who are chosen (or, as is more likely, volunteered) for this mission will insist that the Malakite, regardless of his nature, be captured. Also, angels of Flowers are expected to help out with the restoration of the Watts Tether (see "Eli," above).

### *Yves*

Angels of Destiny will earn the instant comradeship of Jonathan, desperate for someone of a similar mind. It's his theory that this whole affair is the misbegotten plot of a Prince to win power over the others. Since Jonathan

has met most of the demons in town, they'll be more likely to open up to him than to some strange celestial they've never met before. Add +3 to the target number of any L.A. demon's reaction roll toward a Servitor of Yves if Jonathan introduces them.

### **DEMON PRINCES**

Most of the demons are being ordered in as an "observation team," but, like the angels, most have their own schedules to keep as well.

### *Andrealphus*

Servants of Andre will be primarily focused on preserving Pico Plaza from attacks by Saminga's servants – oh, and from the angels, too.

And if Andre gets wind of Lauren (see "Eli," above) being in town, he might like to have a word with her.

### *Asmodeus*

Agents of the Game should be horrified if they come across David's Malakim (p. 110), and will be unlikely to cooperate with the angels in any way until their comrade is freed.

### *Baal*

While servants of Baal will want to take a brief pilgrimage to Mal's lair, they need to remain on hand in case the angels can't take care of the Malakite themselves. Help should be proffered if it's asked for, but only at a price.



### *Beleth*

Beleth has no real desire to meddle in the affairs of L.A., as long as Blandine doesn't earn any territory there. Her demons should monitor the suspected Fallen Malakite as ordered, and report back afterward.

### *Belial*

Beyond the observation mission, Belial will be happy if one of his Servitors can show enough restraint to be invited to live in L.A. on a regular basis. Protecting Kevin and his interests would be a good start. Aiding Saminga, while it might be fun, wouldn't help out the cause of getting more of Belial's demons into Los Angeles.

## 114 *Haagenti*

Taking out the Fallen Malakite is the primary order of business, once it becomes obvious that he was responsi-

ble for the death of Raul and Jurgen, two of Haagenti's favorite servants. If someone else was involved, then he'll pay, too.

### *Kobal*

Agents of Kobal will be instructed to mess up "crime scenes" clumsily with random mischief, arguing for and then against different possibilities as to what might have happened. If they are present when either of the fake Maximilians turn up, Servitors of Dark Humor should encourage immediate annihilation of the "Malakite."

In the end, they should lean toward the Fallen Malakite solution, with Saminga being behind it all. (A crafty demon of Dark Humor might suspect both of these things to be false from his master's behavior, but shouldn't be so stupid as to bring it up to Kobal's face.)

### *Kronos*

Agents of Kronos will act to support Hell's cause and observe the situation. They will not be particularly disturbed by the destruction of L.A.'s demons or by the demon in a suitcase. After all, everyone has a fate. However, they will do anything in their power to prevent the forces of good from getting a toehold in L.A.

### *Malphas*

Malphas is not to be found anywhere, and will offer no guidance to his Servitors.

### *Nybbas*

Nybbas has the most to lose in this situation, what with being the most powerful in the city. He strongly suspects that Saminga, out of jealousy, has set this whole thing up. His Servitors are ordered to balk anything that the Prince of Death appears to have going on, just short of outright war.

### *Saminga*

Saminga's servants in L.A. will be put at the discretion of B.J., whose existence they are not to acknowledge. He'll have them help with the invasion and crippling of Enfer Fleur and then Pico Plaza. After that, some may stay with Glug, guarding the bodies which contain the true power of Enfer Fleur, and others may play the hero by helping take out the Fallen Malakite.

### *Valefor*

Until Bang Man recovers from his Trauma, Servitors of Theft are instructed to help Nybbas (and, by extension, Kevin) maintain his position in Los Angeles. Once the Calabite awakens, it's open season on the city.

Anything goes! Maybe they should head down to Watts, where they can dance on the grave of Eli's Tether . . .

### *Vapula*

Vapula's primary interest lies in Hopscotch's Essence battery. His agents should ransack his place trying to find it, and any clues as to what happened to him. (It should be obvious what happened: his soul was utterly destroyed. The question is who did it and why? Was his experiment not a success?)

Vapula will be very interested in establishing another Servitor in L.A. since Hopscotch is gone. He will handsomely reward any Servitor who is asked to stay when the crisis is over.

## L.A.'S CELESTIALS

Most of L.A.'s celestials begin the game in Hell, in a state of Trauma. Angels and demons reenter Los Angeles as they regain their composure and return to the corporeal world.

For the GM's convenience, the celestials are listed in the order in which they will reappear in L.A. The first beings listed were not killed during the night. Next are those whose vessels were destroyed. Last on the list are the celestials who, for one reason or another, are dead for good. This list is not set in stone, so feel free to change it if it would help the game to do so.

## THOSE WHO LIVED

### *Jonathan (p. 68)*

Jonathan was out of town visiting Elshakeh during the massacre. Any angels coming into Los Angeles as part of David's hit squad should start by talking to the young Seraph. Though he's a bit haughty and pompous, he should be able to give the PCs a quick rundown on the city's most important inhabitants. He's the angelic counterpart to B.J. – he exists to provide any background information the PCs might not already have, as well as to encourage any worthy side ventures. He will only stoop to corporeal fighting at the last possible moment, but he will never back down or run away from conflict, even to the point of giving his life to ensure that the player characters' mission succeeds.

### *B.J. Cloud (p. 47)*

When the Essence started flying, B.J. possessed the first truck driver he could find and left town. When the dust cleared, he went back to Glug's domicile. The two Shedim of Death gleefully made their way to Enfer Fleur, where they slew its inhabitants and began destroying the place from top to bottom. B.J. possessed his usual priestly host. This keeps the two celestials out of much legal trouble, as the priest is known by many of L.A.'s finest boys in blue. Unless they catch him in the act, he should be able to explain away any strange behavior.

First to go was the pool. It didn't take much to put a crack down the middle; by midday, when the PCs hit town, the pool is half-empty. Then they started tearing



up the apartments, vandalizing the interiors and shredding any valuables. It will take them another three hours of searching – three p.m. – before they find the entry to Enfer Fleur’s underground temple.

Beneath the apartment building is a place of worship, originally consecrated by American Indians. Four mummified bodies sit cross-legged, facing each other around the dusty remnants of a 300-year-old campfire. They froze to death, trying to keep each other alive with entertaining stories. This was what originally drew a young Nybbas’ attention to the site that would become Enfer Fleur. The corpses cannot be destroyed by anything less than a Superior’s attentions, but can be moved. Unless one of the four bodies is on the grounds of Enfer Fleur, its power as a Tether is lost. Needless to say, this would annoy Nybbas. While internment in the La Brea tar pits won’t do the bodies any damage, it will protect them from any of Nybbas’ agents until someone throws Saminga a bone.

Saminga will put his agents in touch with B.J., though he’ll deny the illegal demon’s presence to anyone else. Any visiting Servitors of Death will be expected to help out this noble cause. Any visiting Servitors of the Media will be expected to balk these thieving criminals by whatever means necessary.

After Enfer Fleur is neutralized, B.J. will be glad to assist with removing the Malakite. He may be persuaded to help with the Malakite before taking up arms against Enfer Fleur, but it would have to be something awfully persuasive. If no one asks for his help, he’ll try to destroy Pico Plaza. In the political battle, he will balk both John Downing and Kevin, insisting that the demons of L.A. need not be controlled by a central figure.

### *Elshakeh (p. 79)*

The old angel plays no part in L.A. politics, but his Tether (p. 78) is a good place for angels to retreat if the heat gets too intense.

### *Glug (p. 73)*

The idiot tar celestial possesses the corporeal corpse left behind by Mira Klein (below), and helps B.J. (above)

tear down Enfer Fleur. This is his only priority; after Enfer Fleur has been neutralized, he’ll return to La Brea. Very little could persuade him to give up the mummified remains of the Media Tether’s original christeners, which B.J. has Glug guarding, but there’s probably something.

Glug rarely gets any visitors, and any attention focused on him will be welcome. If his visitors are willing to hang around and talk for awhile, he will show them his new vessel – the corpse of Mira Klein will rise up out of the tar and speak with them. While they may not recognize her immediately, they probably will later. (If Jonathan or B.J. are with them, both will recognize her; Jonathan will point this fact out, but B.J. will remain quiet unless speaking will earn him something.) Glug knows, and will share, that a Prince slew the angel and left her body with him, but he couldn’t tell which one.



### *Mal (p. 77)*

As they did with Glug, the two demons of Dark Humor avoided Mal in their mission. He won’t come out of his Tether unless a good fight may come of it, and he’ll demand proof before setting one foot outside his cave.

### *Neck (p. 54)*

Neck was supposed to meet Raul at the La Brea tar pits after their escape from the siege at Kevin the Terrible’s place. Raul never showed. However, Neck witnessed a strange exchange – a human being stood near the edge of the tar. He met with the angel Mira Klein, and questioned her about something she had done to an angel’s Heart. She addressed him as Malphas. He demanded a relic back from her, which she returned. Then he stripped her of her Forces one by one, leaving her corpse for Glug and taking one last Ethereal Force and binding it to a stray cat. Feline in hand, he left the tar pits, calling out to Neck that he’d be in touch later on.

When Neck finally tired of waiting for Raul and went over to the Gluttonous demon’s workshop, he found Raul dead, with a piece of parchment in his mouth. In exchange for staying quiet about what he’s seen, it read, Neck will made a powerful lieutenant in the armies of the Prince of Factions. (Maximilian’s hat was also there,



linking him to Raul's death. Neck leaves this evidence where it lies.)

He knows that if he takes Malphas' offer, he'll probably be sent on a suicide mission by his new boss. He also knows that if he doesn't take it, Malphas may kill him anyway. He's decided to take the offer.

This doesn't mean he won't share his knowledge with anyone whom he feels a need to confide in, but he won't verify the story to anyone else or offer any hard evidence. He's dead, but he's not stupid.

## THOSE WHO DIED

### *Sarama (p. 64)*

Sarama was dispatched in the night after a long chase with Scamper and Scurvy. He badly wounded Scamper, but was killed anyway.

Sarama is the first of L.A.'s celestials to wake from Trauma, seeing blood. He will insist that every demon he sees must be obliterated, in the most protracted manner possible. Only rumors of the jokesters' whereabouts will distract his attention.

### *Natalie Legras (p. 53)*

Natalie is the next to emerge from Trauma. Malphas allows her to have another vessel so she can return to L.A. Still, he tells her what he's done to Mira – even showing her the frightened kitten – and she knows it's only a matter of time before something similar happens to her.

Horrified and despondent, she goes down to the site of what used to be a Tether, in Watts, and starts to sing on a street corner. She sings about her fear and Maximilian's rage. She sings about dying and second chances and life. This trashed-out vintage clothing store escapee makes a strange sight in the predominantly black district, but a few passers-by drop money at her feet. Soon some homeless people, who had been actively begging for money from strangers, begin to imitate her in hopes of attracting cash themselves.

Several hours into it, the streets for two blocks are thinly spotted with singers and rappers of various sorts. Some old tap dancers appear, too – ancient vaudevillians hamming it up, getting more attention than they have had in years. They're joined by random gang members, outperforming each other in street dances. The people of Watts tap their feet to the beat.

Natalie will gladly fill in the holes in any celestials' plan of action, as long as they stay in Watts and help her keep the party going in the meantime. Afterward, she'll spill everything she knows, but refuse to come forward with her knowledge to a Superior for fear of being permanently dismantled by Malphas.

She doesn't know what she's started in Watts; she was probably hoping someone would kill her. If she thought she was going to rebuild an angelic Tether, would she have done it anyway? Maybe. Without celestial interference, she won't leave the impromptu block party before the Tether is reopened, which would kill her corporeal vessel instantly. To her surprise, she might not reappear in Hell.

Even if she gets away and remains a demon, she'll escape trouble for the time being. With Tomas (see "Eli," above) on the scene, no one will blame her for the Watts disaster, but she'll see it as the first step down the road to recovery. While she doesn't know the whole scope of Malphas' plan, she will insist that Maximilian's still alive, even after the "Fallen Malakite" is destroyed. The player characters would be lucky to get to know her, since she's shaping up to be an important player in the broader scheme of things. Forming an alliance now will benefit them in *The Final Trumpet*.

## CONSTRUCTS

Humanity's curiosity about its environment stretches as far back as its self-awareness. While questing inward to discover itself, humankind has simultaneously searched outward hoping to find solace in familiar companions.

When companions can't be found, humanity has been known to make them.

The Symphony contains many loose Forces, alone or in groups, raw potential of that which makes reality. These loose Forces are notorious for combining with others. Some humans are possessed of the rare ability to grow naturally by a few Forces. When a mummy is created, it is strengthened by the unnatural addition of a loose Force or two. A celestial, through his lifetime, may experience a growth of power such that he draws many additional Forces to his side. Archangels may make angels and Demon Princes may make demons, but life is another matter altogether. The spark of life, the ineffable something that can create a new, sentient being from nothingness by merely drawing a handful of Forces together, is a carefully guarded art. The way of the War would change radically were Superiors able to build animals – especially human animals – from whole cloth.

However, celestials can make artificial creatures to mimic humanity. These beings have had many names: homunculi, scarecrows. In Jewish stories they are golems. Among celestials who demand a sense of propriety about things, artificially created beings are called constructs.

### *Origins*

The earliest constructs were crude creations of the ancient Egyptians, servile flesh with a limited skill set. These early collections of electrically charged muscle were used by royalty for repetitious activity (such as lifting and fanning), but were too precious to be used widely. Celestials at the time overlooked in-depth development; in

the face of Saminga's undead army, it was a novelty at best.

A Greek named Epicles, traveling with Alexander's great army, discovered the secrets of Egypt's constructs long after the land's natives had forgotten them. He carefully translated the disintegrating papyrus into his own language, and improved upon the design to include Ethereal Forces. Now these automatons could be taught to think and to reason, but they were will-less (and ultimately soul-less) creatures.

While researching the descendants of Zoroaster, one of his favorite pupils, Archangel Eli ran into Epicles. The Archangel of Creation was floored by the Greek's household of tiny brass servants, and obtained the secret from the proud hermit in a single night of drinking. The Archangel saw how Celestial Forces could be added to the equation, and feared how dangerous this knowledge could be in the wrong hands. After the Greek died of nothing more sinister than old age, Eli carefully erased all traces of the great man's inventions – or so he thought.

Centuries earlier, the mysteries of construct creation had been smuggled out of Egypt by a Hebrew holy man. By passing the lessons down from generation to generation, and by keeping these secrets encrypted in kabbalist script, a select group of rabbinical scholars was able to keep the outside world from obtaining their knowledge. Improvements were made with each generation, until Ethereal and finally Celestial Forces were added to the makeup of these patchwork beings.

Constructs have been sighted in places as disparate as Eastern Europe, Africa and Australia. The ancient teachings have survived to the modern day, though they are still secret. Archangel Dominic suffers constructs, as they are a purely human creation, but his servants pay close attention to those known to be construct-makers. Plenty of people would like to get their hands on this knowledge, and many are less scrupulous than angels.

*Continued on next page . . .*

### *John Downing (p. 51)*

John was killed in the siege at Kevin's place. He saw Scamper and Scurvy come in, taking out demons right and left. He ran, leaving Bang Man to hold them off alone while he made his own getaway. Seizing the day, he stabbed Kevin the Terrible in the back with all the Essence in his being, killing the master of L.A. in three clean strokes. Neck and Raul beat John to a bloody pulp when they found him with their master's body. John tried to appeal to the seeds of loyalty he'd planted in Raul's brain, but Raul was having none of it. They beat him and left him for dead.

Before dying, Scurvy and Scamper came across him

while digging through the bodies. John told them that Raul and Neck got away. He then spilled everything he knew about Hopscotch's voyeuristic impulses, as well as admitting he had aspired to topple Kevin from his coastal throne. They gleefully videotaped this confession before disintegrating him.

His first priority upon returning to L.A. will be to recover that videotape, whatever the cost, and only then to take whatever actions he can to erode Kevin's power base in the meantime. He'll try to persuade all demons he runs across to join him in forging a new elite class of demon in Los Angeles. If he can't do this before Kevin gets back on steady footing, he may as well be dead.

## CONSTRUCTS CONTINUED

### *Building a Construct*

Many others have tried, but no one has ever perfected the manufacture of constructs to the degree achieved by the rabbis of old. These ancient creations do not age, and heal from damage twice as quickly as a human does. The instruments of the ancient masters were built well. Some remain alive to this day.

Constructs made of flesh need to eat and drink, but only once a week; they expel waste as infrequently, too. Golems of stone and other raw materials are well known, both in literature and among the celestials. They're much easier to produce and require much less discrimination when it comes to spare parts. The specifics of construct creation, naturally, are well kept secrets – how are the materials best acquired? how are organic constructs built, and how are their components preserved during their construction? – but it's known that putrefying meat is not acceptable. Also, it's difficult to make a construct from vegetable matter, though it has reportedly happened.

As a rule of thumb, it takes two months of preparation for every Force with which a construct is built. No construct may possess more than four Forces, nor may it possess more than one Ethereal or Celestial Force. Constructs may be made of almost any material, but they may not possess Celestial Forces (and, by extension, have no real will of their own) if they're not primarily composed of flesh. A construct will possess a number of Body hits appropriate for its composition. A nonfleshy constructs may only be repaired by its creator.

The only way to learn how to build a construct is to assist a master of the art in building one. It takes years of apprenticeship before one can even hope to build a construct independently – and there are few (if any) *complete* written records to study from. The master golem creators always leave something out . . .

As one of the final steps in giving life to a construct, the creator takes a strip of parchment and inscribes it with the name of the creature's master, which need not be the creator himself. However, the creator must be the one to inscribe the name, or the construct becomes unbalanced. The construct must always obey its master, even if the master isn't aware of his power. If the sign of command is destroyed or removed, and the creature has no Celestial Force, then the construct is destroyed as well. If the construct has a Celestial Force and its sign of command is destroyed or removed, then the creature gains its freedom. Rogue constructs are dead-

ly, and seldom live long; without a master to restrain them, they tend to lose any perspective on right and wrong and spiral down into destruction.

After the construct is complete and its sign of command properly crafted, all that remains is to imbue the creation with enough Essence to bring it to life: three times the creature's Forces.

### *Principles*

Part of the bonds of life that keep a construct's Forces together are the fundamental principles upon which it was created. For every Force with which a construct is composed, it has one principle which it must follow. These work very much like the oaths of the Malakim.

The most common principles are obedience to its master (through the sign of command), and deference to its creator. Other principles generally deal with matters of protection, justice, and other matters both concrete and abstract. If a construct violates all of its principles or its body is attacked and destroyed, it dissipates in a very striking way, somewhat similar in appearance to going celestial. However, it does not turn up in the Celestial realm. Its Forces are turned loose into the world, just as they were before the construct's creation.

### *Essence*

Like humans, a construct generates 1 Essence every day. It may spend this Essence at will, or at its master's discretion, but the creature doesn't have such control over its Essence expenditure that it could successfully transfer the celestial energy to another person.

### *Resources*

All constructs may learn skills. This is how they make themselves useful to their masters.

Constructs with at least one of each Force may learn Songs, but they're seldom in a position to learn them. A few constructs have been taught Numinous Corpus by their masters, though this is frowned upon by Superiors. Constructs cannot possess any attunements, nor may they be awarded the Distinctions of any Archangel or Demon Prince.

### *Disturbing the Symphony*

When a celestial is involved in the building of a construct, whether he built it himself or told a human how to build one, its actions disturb the Symphony. For this reason, Archangels almost universally frown upon the building of constructs, though most Demon Princes are thought to support it as long as it is discreet.

*Continued on next page . . .*



Luckily for him, he recovers from Trauma before Kevin does, but he only has one hour to achieve his goals before Kevin's return. John doesn't know this, however, so he will race against the clock, looking over his shoulder the whole time for his arch rival.

### *Kevin the Terrible (p. 52)*

Kevin fought to protect his mansion when Scamper and Scurvy invaded, but was cut down trying to keep peace between the elite demons and the scruffs. However, he wasn't cut down by Scurvy; he was cut down by John Downing, who felt it was the right time for a coup.

Upon recovering from Trauma, he'll do anything to maintain his position in Los Angeles – he may even assist the angels in dealing with the Malakite, leaning on every source of information he has available to him to get to the bottom of the disaster. If he can keep Pico Plaza and Enfer Fleur from being destroyed, he will have no problem keeping his power in L.A. If he loses Pico Plaza, he'll lose Prince Andre's support, which will then lean

toward John Downing. If B.J. is successful in crippling Enfer Fleur by moving its mummified corpses off site, Kevin will regenerate no Essence until they're restored. He can use his connection to the Tether much as a Djinn does to detect the presence of the corpses. Tracking them to La Brea might not be too hard, but persuading Glug to let go of them may be more difficult.

Nybbas will understand if the Watts Tether is restored, and will not blame his servant for the evils of Kobal's minions.

### *Absinthia James (p. 45)*

Absinthia begins the game in Trauma. Her corporeal vessel was destroyed by Scurvy and Scamper, armed with the experimental Essence battery that they stole from Hopscotch, Servitor of Technology. It was fully loaded with 120 Essence, and they used that energy first to kill her, then to lay siege to Kevin the Terrible's palatial estate, where many of the city's demons were converging for a Friday night party. When she returns to L.A., she'll do anything in her power to protect Kevin's position.

## CONSTRUCTS CONTINUED

If a construct is built by a human, it doesn't disturb the Symphony. It is integrated into its environment.

### *Construct Builders*

There are currently four known sources of constructs, and three suspected sources.

Eli is the primary source of constructs in today's world. He makes them very rarely – increasingly so as humanity's technology advances. Jean has always been envious of Eli's power to generate such powerful tools, but even the Archangel of Lightning cannot devise a way to fabricate the spark of life. Two of Eli's angels – Marius in Paris and Pendrake in Los Angeles – know how to create constructs, in a limited fashion. The Archangel of Creation only shared with them the knowledge of binding Corporeal and Ethereal Forces together, though (as illustrated in "Fall of the Malakim") Pendrake figured out how to add Celestial Forces on his own.

Jordi, long ago, was told by Eli how to make constructs. The Archangel of Animals used the knowledge wisely at first, but after the Purity Crusade he tried his hand at forming new beasts to repopulate the Earth with the extinct creatures of myth. After a conversation

with Yves behind closed doors, Jordi put aside his experimenter's cap and dealt with God's creation as it is.

Yves claims not to be privy to the secrets of construct creation, but admits that the original Egyptian papyrus, as well as its Greek and Kabbalah derivatives, are probably in his Library . . . somewhere.

Rabbi Daniel Israelstam – Israeli citizen, American expatriate, and one-time advisor to the Knesset (the Israeli parliament) – was the last known holder of the golem's ancient secrets. He disappeared during a late-night foray into Palestinian territory, and is assumed dead. However, Israelstam has escaped worse in the past, and shouldn't be counted out until a body is found.

A young rabbi in New York City, once a student of Rabbi Israelstam, is suspected of being the newest practitioner of the arcane art. These suspicions were given credence after some anti-Semitic protesters in the rabbi's neighborhood met a violent and mysterious end. Witnesses report having seen the men (and one woman) butchered in cold blood by a strangely garbed dwarf. Unfortunately, thanks to the bumbblings of the angels assigned to spy on the rabbi, he's been alerted to celestial interest in his life. If the ancient knowledge of golem construction has been passed on to him, it's unlikely he will attempt to use it while he suspects he's under surveillance.

### **Donna (p. 75)**

The Seneschal of Lust was going to be one of the last celestials visited by Scamper and Scurvy, but she surprised them by being at Kevin's house when they showed up there. Her infernal potency took them by surprise, allowing Neck and Raul time to escape. When the adventure opens, she's suffering Trauma (and a few other things) in her master's pleasure pits, in Hell's Principality of Shal-Mari. She will not recover until after the the adventure.

Her Tether is the easiest to destroy – one big fire and the warehouse is all gone. In fact, one big fire while the building was at maximum occupancy (more than 800 souls!) might well ravage the Tether to Lust and open a Tether to Death (or, depending on who consecrates it, Fire)! The destruction of Pico Plaza (p. 74) will destroy her as well; she knows this, and will stop at nothing to defend her Tether and her life.

### **Jurgen (p. 102)**

If the Demon of Self-Indulgence wasn't framed for the producer's death in "The Premiere," he was at Kevin's party and got blasted by Scamper and Scurvy. Since Jurgen is not a permanent L.A. resident, he will probably decide to return to Earth in a different, less dangerous, location.

### **Pendrake Carmichael (p. 66)**

Pendrake is killed by his own creation. When he awakes from Trauma in his master's mosque, he has a big decision to make. If he explains about the construct, Eli will be angry with his carelessness, Dominic will be incensed that Pendrake created a fake angel, and David will be furious that Pendrake was conspiring to lighten Maximilian's punishment. All in all, Pendrake is an angel in trouble.

He will also have to contend with the same problem the characters will face when they explain about the fake

Malakite. Janus will say that "his sources" told him this was all a demonic plot to assuage Heaven's fears, and that the Malakite really did Fall. Since some angels, including Jonathan, have already voiced suspicions about Pendrake's dealings with L.A.'s demons, Pendrake will not be believed. He will have to take some heat until the events of *The Final Trumpet* bear out his story.



### **Bang Man (p. 46)**

Bang Man was one of the first celestials targeted by Scamper and Scurvy, as one of the more physically destructive beings in the area. He lost his body in the siege at Kevin the Terrible's estate.

At the start of the adventure, Bang Man is in his master's Hell, suffering Trauma. He is the last demon to recover and return to his earthly home. If he makes it back to L.A. before everything wraps up, he'll try to hook up with any Servitors of Janus who may have come to town as part of David's hit squad. (He has realized his true calling is that of an Ofanite, serving the holy Wind.) If the angels fight him instead of accepting him as a candidate for Redemption, he'll grow bitter enough to rejoin his own side for the time being, denying that he was genuine in his original desire.

An urge for Redemption doesn't mean he'd do *anything* to balk Kevin's faction from reasserting its dominance over Los Angeles. Bang Man believes that only demons – honorable demons, not wretches like John Downing – can adequately control a city like L.A.

## **THOSE WHO STAY DEAD**

### **Frank (p. 101)**

If Frank the Remnant escaped the wrath of Nybbas during "The Premiere," his actress friend took him to a party afterward in Bel Air. During the evening, he was



seen talking to a handsome man who seemed to find Frank's conversation extremely funny. After that, the director disappeared and was never seen again.

### *Hopscotch (p. 48)*

Hopscotch made the videos that brought so much attention, giving them to Scurvy before being blasted into nothingness. Hopscotch is permanently dead and will not return to the story.

### *Raul (p. 56)*

Raul felt absolutely miserable. First he let Kevin get killed by John. Then he ran away from a battle, knowing full well that he and Neck wouldn't be back in time to save anyone from Scamper and Scurvy's sudden and inexplicable power surge.

Both Raul and Neck had other stops to make before trying to persuade Glug to help defeat the berserking demons. Raul made his, but while he was filling a bag in his office, Malphas paid him a visit.

"Nothing personal," said the Prince, as he stood before the astonished demon, "you just have to go. Oh, and by the way, your Master is a stinking, bloated toad."

Moments later, Raul's soul was annihilated.

### *Scamper (p. 57) and Scurvy (p. 58)*

Scurvy is the conspirator behind much of the evening's chaos. After Scamper filled the Essence battery over several weeks with the stolen Essence from his basement, Scurvy used it to obliterate Hopscotch and then went to join Scamper.

The two of them went to Kevin's house, where a huge infernal party was underway. After killing most of the partygoers or turning them against one another, they went out into the night to hunt down the stragglers. Most of them were scruffs, who welcomed the two demons of Dark Humor into their homes without realizing what the two jokesters had in mind.

They eventually took out everyone but Maximilian, Neck, and Mira, having been told by Kobal to leave them alone. They also ignored the Seneschals Glug and Mal, since they suspected the two old demons would make quick work of them, regardless of how much Essence they could pour into an attack. B.J. and Jonathan both escaped by being out of town.

Scurvy then killed Scamper with his own Essence, hoarding the rest of the battery's power for his own scheme. Scurvy actually thought the pickled people were hysterical, but disobedience cannot be tolerated even if it is funny. Also, Kobal had told Scurvy that he would remove his Discord if Scamper didn't live through the night.

Scamper does not reappear in the story. After returning to Hell, he was consumed by his dark master for having put the plan in jeopardy with the pickled singers. That little bit of improv cost him his existence.

Making a beeline for Pendrake's place, Scurvy hooked up with the old Servitor of Eli, who had spent the last year and a half working on his ultimate creation – a construct (p. 118) made to look exactly like Maximilian. Pendrake made the construct out of concern for Maximilian's soul: with the construct running errands and taking heat from the demons, Pendrake hoped that Maximilian could spend more time in Michael's Death Valley Tether, working off his frightening overload of dissonance.

Scurvy found out about the secret construction of Maximilian's double from Hopscotch, who was procuring the Essence needed to bring it to life. Scurvy knew he had to use the information for his profit, but instead of blackmailing Pendrake, the Knight of Dark Humor decided to add a little wrinkle to his master's joke.

Scurvy delivered the Essence battery to Pendrake, telling him that Hopscotch had sent it. Pendrake was suspicious, but was too excited by the completion of his project to be cautious. As he bustled about his shop, organizing the final touches, Scurvy took the piece of parchment with the construct's command sign out of its mouth. He replaced it with another parchment, naming himself as the construct's master. Unaware of the change, Pendrake installed the Essence battery and with it the creature came alive. Scurvy ordered the construct to kill its creator. It struggled between obeying its master and respecting its maker. Unbalanced from Scurvy's tampering, it gave in to his commands, but in killing Pendrake one of its principles had been broken and it went rogue.

The construct turned on Scurvy, killing him with its bare hands. Masterless, and having killed the hands which crafted it, the construct stormed out of the lab in which it was born, insane from mistreatment and ready to kill.

When Scurvy turned up in Hell, Kobal had a flash of brilliance. Why not have another Maximilian running around Los Angeles? Two Fallen Malakim – what could be more delicious? He put Scurvy in Maximilian's vessel, stripped his Servitor's Ethereal Forces until he became a drooling idiot, and sent him back to L.A. The fact that Scurvy will probably be annihilated by Malakim trying to win back their Choir's honor does not disturb Kobal. The fake Malakite was hysterical, but it wasn't in the plan, and, as Scurvy knew, disobedience cannot be tolerated even if it is funny. Besides, Kobal doesn't like his Servitors to be funnier than he is.

## AND THOSE UNKNOWN

### *Maximilian (p. 60)*

Maximilian is missing at the beginning of "Fall of the Malakim." If Natalie (above) can be found, she will insist that Malphas himself took the broken angel away, but she has no proof and the Prince of Factions will deny everything. Maximilian's fate remains unknown.

### *Mira Klein (p. 63)*

Mira's fate is less mysterious than Maximilian's, but still uncertain. Glug is in possession of her corpse, and Neck whispers that Malphas, Prince of Factions, holds her last Ethereal Force, bound into the body of a cat. Her final fate will remain a mystery until *The Final Trumpet*, the last book in the Revelations Cycle.



## AND YOU'RE OFF!

The trick behind making this a successful adventure lies in not giving the players a moment to think. If the GM spends enough time preparing, the whole adventure should take no more than a few hours, outside of combat. After all, it hardly takes six hours of time in the game world!

Push the characters from the outset. As the city's celestials recover from their Trauma, they should start frantically tackling their personal missions, entreating help from the player characters if appropriate. Few will care about the Fallen Malakite.

## THE MALAKITE CONSTRUCT

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

*Skills:* none

*Songs:* none

**Principles:** I will defer to my creator. I will obey my master. I will not harm any human being. I will aid the forces of good.

The Malakite construct has been brought to life in a disastrous way. Scurvy tampered with its sign of command, making it go rogue and kill both Pendrake and Scurvy. Having taken the life of its creator and master, the construct has broken two of its binding principles, is severely unbalanced, and no longer places any value on life. It will act out its pain and anger violently on any humans or celestials that get near it, and it has 55 Essence from the Essence Battery to back it up.

### TRACKING THE MALAKITE

Angels entering L.A. will do so through the Tether in Death Valley, where they will meet up with Jonathan. Radio Free Hell (see Janus, p. 83) will take them to the city. Demons entering L.A. will do so through Enfer Fleur and disperse from there. If Glug and B.J. have destroyed that Tether, Lilith will arrange for them to emerge from whatever demonic Tether is still functioning.

Once in the city, the investigating teams have six hours to do what they're going to do before mayhem truly ensues.

Angels will be sent off to different parts of the city in order to listen for disturbances more widely. Once they've spotted their quarry, they're to report it to David's Malakim, who will spend an hour spying on the being before making a move. (It's dissonant for angels of David to throw the first punch.)

Every time an angel moves to a different part of town, make a Perception roll. If the angel is in the same area of the map as the construct and makes the roll with a Difficulty of -2, then he has stumbled upon the construct – visually. Otherwise, he's merely picked up the disturbance trail, which he can try to follow to the most recent scene of mayhem, and track the construct from there. With all the Essence it has, it'll totally annihilate anyone who gets in its way. In fact, that's exactly what it's doing. It's killing almost everyone it comes across. It is

likely to remain in the warehouse district of East L.A., which is near Pendrake's lab. On a Saturday morning in an industrial area of town, it can rampage for a while before people begin noticing the bodies stacking up. The Symphony, on the other hand, is *very* noticeable.

Similarly, anyone who starts out at Pendrake's lab can make a Perception roll (with no Difficulty modifier) to follow the mild carnage straight to the creature's current location.

The construct holds all the hallmarks David's angels are looking for. It is insane and violent, and has no dissonance. Since Falling strips a celestial of dissonance, this will seem to be conclusive proof that the Malakite has been damned.

Scurvy, wearing Maximilian's vessel, is also wandering around L. A. Without Ethereal Forces, he doesn't have a thought in his head and is probably relatively peaceful. If the characters are in the same area of the map as Scurvy, they can make a Perception roll at -3 to see if they spot him. Of course, in his state of mind, Scurvy might get run over by a bus first.

### PERSONAL GOALS

Of course, time should be set aside for accomplishing the little personal goals that make this mission worthwhile. If any of them get accomplished, it should affect how harshly the celestials are dealt with in the evening, as they report back to their Superiors . . .

### THE AFTERMATH

There's no good way out of this adventure. The Fallen Malakite construct will end up destroyed by someone, whether it's the investigating celestials or Dominic's Malakim. The dead construct will dissipate entirely, as described under "Constructs" (p. 119), its Forces disbanding without a trace. That is, unless somebody damages the Essence Battery. In that case, the Essence will discharge all at once with an effect similar to the Song of Thunder. Either way, the construct is gone, leaving no evidence behind except a pile of bodies.

Scurvy will also be discovered, since he doesn't have the wit to hide. He may fight or he may not, but either way he will probably end up dead. He has Maximilian's vessel, no dissonance (as though newly Fallen), and no memory. Since he is a demon, he will just confirm what many already expect: the Malakite Fell.

No matter what happens, when the investigating celestials try to explain themselves, the trouble begins.



Middle East as angelic Outcasts, but there are certainly worse trials to prove one's divinity.

## DEMONS

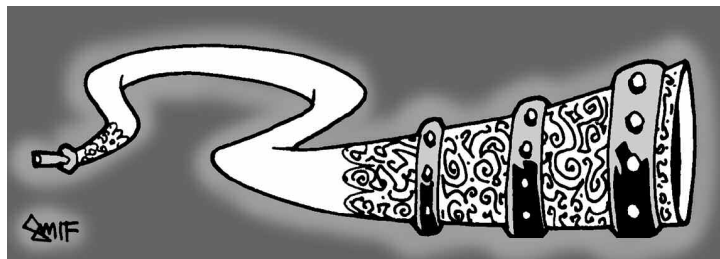
If they so much as whisper a word to their Superiors about the events which occurred in L.A., without any concrete proof about the conspiracy of Malphas and Kobal to shatter Hell's stranglehold on L.A., or about the falsehood of the Fallen Malakite (which they may have witnessed with their own eyes), their Superiors let them know that Malphas himself wants to have a word with them. When Malphas wants to have a word with you, you don't usually end up walking out of his chamber – especially if you're accusing one of the Inferno's most powerful Princes of conspiracy against Lucifer, with no more evidence than hearsay. The demons' respective Princes are too busy preparing for the Apocalypse to get involved, so they give the characters

a choice. Shatter their hearts and go Renegade while they find a way to prove themselves, or throw themselves upon the delicate mercies of Malphas. One of the Princes, most likely either Kronos or Valefor, will offer a slim shard of hope to one of the demons as they make their way out of Hell: seek shelter with the dangerous and unstable Khalid, Archangel of Faith, for he's on the verge of Falling. If he can be turned to Hell's side, the Renegades will have gained a powerful ally against Malphas' machinations and have helped accelerate Hell's victory against Heaven when the Final Trumpet is blown. Whether or not this would be a good idea, or if other evidence might be acquired to clear the Renegades' names, is not to be answered here.

## ANGELS

If the angels cry that the Malakite was faked, they will be asked, "Which one, why, and how do you know?" With nothing to prove it was a fake Fallen Malakite, and demons swarming back into Los Angeles, the mission is considered an absolute failure. Janus will report that he's heard word from "his sources" that the fake Maximilian is infernal rhetoric, fed to the investigators by the demons of L.A. and designed to lull Heaven into a sense of false security. The Archangels believe that the Choir of Malakim now exist in the Symphony as imperfect creations that can Fall if pushed the right way. Dominic himself will insist that the investigating angels be made Outcasts, and the other Archangels will go along with it, however grudgingly. They are too worried about Armageddon to coddle disgraced Servitors. The only angels who will escape this fate are the ones who helped Tomas restore the Tether in Watts, if they were successful.

The Outcasts have only one hope of clearing their names (and, incidentally, of unveiling the mystery behind the "Fall of the Malakim," single-handedly pulling the celestial world back from the precipice of "The Final Trumpet"). That hope is given to one of the Outcasts in a furtive whisper from his Superior – or, if it makes more sense to the GM, from Yves or Janus – as he turns his back on his loyal Servitor: seek shelter with the dangerous and unstable Khalid, Archangel of Faith. It will be a perilous trek, making it from California to the



To be concluded in *The Final Trumpet*.

# FALL OF THE MALAKITA TIMELINE



## THE DAY BEFORE

Maximilian mows Kevin's lawn and gets his legs blown off by a landmine. Absinthia James grows them back with the Song of Healing.

Maximilian works for John Downing, "fluffing" at the porno studio.

Jonathan arrives at LAX, where he is met by Maximilian. Raul and John look on.

Maximilian tells Jonathan about the L.A. demons.  
Jonathan meets Mira Klein and Pendrake.

## THE NIGHT OF

Malphas calls in his Geas on Mira. He gives her a special artifact and tells her she must use it to shatter Maximilian's heart that evening.

The adventure "The Premiere" takes place.

Kevin the Terrible holds a party at his house.

## DURING THE PARTY

Kevin meets Jonathan and begins his initiation.

Unable to intervene, Maximilian gains more Discord and grows a tail.

Natalie, Maximilian, and Jonathan leave the party.

Jonathan gets a ride to Death Valley from Radio Free Hell, intending to interview Elshakeh.

Hopscotch videotapes Maximilian as the Malakite insists that he has Fallen, attacks Natalie, and rampages out onto the streets of L.A.

Scurvy picks up the Essence Battery and the video of Maximilian's confession from Hopscotch, then obliterates Hopscotch with a blast from the Battery.

Scurvy FedExes copies of the videotapes to the Servitors of Jean and Vapula.

## BACK AT THE PARTY

Scamper and Scurvy crash the party, using the Essence Battery to wipe out everyone present. They kill Donna, the Seneschal of Pico Plaza, and Bang Man.

John Downing uses the diversion to kill Kevin.

Raul and Neck beat John to a pulp and leave him for dead. Before he dies, he confesses his plots to Scamper and Scurvy, who videotape him.

As Scamper and Scurvy work their murderous way through the celestials of Los Angeles, B.J. realizes something is wrong and leaves town for a few hours.

When they are nearly finished killing everyone, Scurvy uses the Essence Battery to blast his underling to Hell.

Scurvy takes the Battery to Pendrake, who has been building a construct to take Maximilian's place on occasion. Scurvy tampers with the construct. When Pendrake uses the Essence Battery to bring the construct to life, Scurvy orders it to kill its creator. It then turns on the demon and strangles him before rampaging out onto the streets of L.A.

The real Maximilian disappears from Los Angeles.

## MALPHAS

Natalie recovers from Maximilian's attack, but is killed by Malphas.

Malphas meets his former Servitor by the LaBrea Tar Pits, observed by Neck, who is in hiding. Mira returns his artifact and tells him his favor has been discharged. Malphas strips her Forces, gives her vessel to Glug, and binds her last Ethereal Force into a cat, which he takes with him.

Malphas kills Raul and leaves a note in his mouth for Neck to find, offering him a job. The Prince of Factions also leaves Maximilian's hat by Raul's dead vessel as evidence.

## THE FIRST TRUMPET

Los Angeles has been emptied of the Children of Heaven.

Gabriel blows the First Trumpet.

## KOBAL

In Hell, Kobal destroys Scamper.

Kobal puts Scurvy into Maximilian's vessel, stripping the Impudite of his Ethereal Forces before transporting him back to Los Angeles, where he is left to be discovered by Heaven's clean-up crew the next day.

## THE DAY AFTER

B.J. returns to L.A. He and Glug gleefully attack Nybbas' Tether, Enfer Fleur.

The Superiors are in a frenzy about the First Trumpet.

The Servitors of Jean and Vapula receive copies of Maximilian's confession video.

Vilson doesn't look at his.

Jean's Servitor does look at hers. She immediately informs her master, who informs Heaven's Superiors.

## HEAVEN'S RESPONSE

David explains what Maximilian was doing in L.A. The other Superiors are horrified.

David shows them Maximilian's shattered Heart.

Yves goes to contact Jonathan and to consider the situation.

Dominic consults with Asmodeus about cleaning up the mess. The Archangel of Judgment will send in a team of Malakim at sundown to wipe out the Fallen Malakite if he is still alive by then.

Secretly, David assembles a group of observers (possibly the PCs) to enter the city and find out what really happened to Maximilian and L.A.'s celestial population.

## HELL'S RESPONSE

When Vilson finally watches the video, he summons Vapula, who tells the other Demon Princes what happened to Maximilian.

Asmodeus enters and explains Dominic's plan to destroy the danger in L.A.

The Princes decide to take out some insurance, so they get Lilith to force some geased celestials (possibly the PCs) into keeping an eye on the angels.



## BACK IN L.A.

The celestials of Los Angeles reappear in the order they are presented starting on p. 115. Sped through Trauma by relics or their Superiors' power, they are generally only "dead" for about 24 hours.

*Mayhem ensues.*



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# WELCOME TO LOS ANGELES, CITY OF DEMONS

L.A. is run by the forces of Hell, and any angels there exist at the whim of the demonic elite. But the demons are about to find out what happens when you push a Malakite too far . . .

*Fall of the Malakim* is Book Four of *The Revelations Cycle* for the *In Nomine* roleplaying game. In addition to an in-depth look at Los Angeles and its celestial denizens, *Fall of the Malakim* contains extended Superior write-ups for David and Lilith, introduces the rare Bright Lilim, and contains two complete adventures, "The Premiere" and "Fall of the Malakim."

**First Edition - Published July 1998.**

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

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



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