



IN NOMINE™

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FEAST OF BLADES

AN e23 ADVENTURE
FOR IN NOMINE® FROM
STEVE JACKSON GAMES
FOR 3 TO 6 PLAYERS

By **S. John Ross**

Editing and Development by
**Steve Jackson
and Elizabeth McCoy**

Additional material by
**Eric A. Burns
and Elizabeth McCoy**

Illustrations by **Dan Smith**



Playtesters for e23 version: Chris Anthony, Genevieve Cogman, S. DiGiovanni, Meredith Katz, Jennifer Shih, Unni Solaas, Sirea Theyal.

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

– *Proverbs 23:1-3 (KJV)*

Feast of Blades is an *In Nomine* adventure for three to five celestials, angelic or diabolical. It could



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GURPS IN NOMINE

This adventure can be played with both the traditional *In Nomine* rules, or *GURPS In Nomine*. The converted characters have been only slightly “normalized” – they are straight conversions, using the rules in Chapter 9 of *GURPS In Nomine*. The only exception is in levels of Discord; in a normal conversion, an adapted Frequency of Submission table (pp. CI10-11) would be used. For simplicity, Discord has been taken “straight,” with the default *GURPS Basic Set* or *GURPS Compendium I* mechanics. Human characters have also been rounded or approximated in some cases.

Note that Songs have had the -5 applied for use outside the celestial realm. If these characters go to Hell or Heaven, they will have +5 to all Songs.

Extra Hit Points and Reduced Hit Points

Many of the converted *GURPS* characters have Extra Hit Points for physical, mental, and celestial combat. The physical advantage is written as Extra Hit Points for the vessel in question. Extra Hit Points (Mind) are bought with the -50% Limitation, “Only for mental combat,” and Extra Hit Points (Soul) are bought with the -20% Limitation, “Only for celestial combat.” Reduced Hit Points for Mind Hits and Soul Hits have the same

Limitations. See pages 27 and 28 in *GURPS In Nomine* for more information.

Power Investiture and Essence Control

The *GURPS In Nomine* advantages Power Investiture (p. IN27), and Essence Control (p. IN31) are both included in the Basic Celestial Template (pp. IN9-10). Non-player celestials are assumed to have the default 9 levels of Essence Control, and have allocated their initial Power Investiture levels to Power Investiture (Corporeal) 3, Power Investiture (Ethereal) 3, and Power Investiture (Celestial) 3. Any totals listed in the descriptions include these levels plus any additional purchased.

Page References

Rules and statistics in this article are specifically for the *GURPS Basic Set, Third Edition*. Any page reference that begins with a B refers to the *GURPS Basic Set* – e.g., p. B102 means p. 102 of the *GURPS Basic Set, Third Edition*. Page references that begin with CI indicate *GURPS Compendium I*, BE to *GURPS Bestiary*, and IN to *GURPS In Nomine*. For a full list of abbreviations, see p. CI181 or the updated web list at www.sjgames.com/gurps/abbrevs.html.


also be run for a group of Soldiers, but the GM may wish to tone down some of the conflicts to a level suiting mortals. Ethereals would be up against both sides if they chose to pursue the matter, but the prize might be worth the risk . . . The story may also be used as the basis for an adventure with a single player – or perhaps a cunning duo – and GM (see p. 21).

The plot involves many factions and conflicting motives, and should not be run without advance preparation. The GM should read the entire adventure beforehand, and familiarize himself with the

NPCs involved. In particular, read first the sections on Litheroy (p. 27), Alaemon (p. 32), Hamet (p. 45), and the Dagger of Bithynia (p. 36). That will provide vital background for the rest of the text.

It would be inappropriate for the players to read any of this text before having completed the adventure. Once *Feast of Blades* has been concluded, both Litheroy and Alaemon may be used as Superiors for PCs, if the GM wishes. (Or they may be added ahead of time, if the Game Master doesn't believe that would “spoil the surprise.”)





FEAST OF BLADES

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

– Ezekiel 7:5 (KJV)

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

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

STORY OVERVIEW

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

Act One: Plane Crash. The airport wait comes to a dramatic end as a Boeing 777 crashes onto a crowded major highway. Amid the wreckage and flames, the PCs spot a celestial (Aura/6), which draws them to the scene. Clearly the culprit (and

owner of the dagger they are instructed to obtain) has gone, leaving blood in his wake. They encounter others searching for the dagger as well.

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

Act Three: The Prince's Fair Feast. Alaemon's Duke, Hamet, already possesses the real dagger (see p. 36), and has all along. He uses it to create a "secret" area (see p. 37) that completely encloses Landridge House, the Prince's most valuable infernal Tether. The PCs must go there and confront Hamet before he can release a forgotten Demon Prince into the world.

FEAST OF BLADES AND 9-11

At first glance, *Feast of Blades* may seem dated. (It may also be even more potentially distressing than when first published. GMs should know their players and plan accordingly.) Certainly there are more security measures which would need to be dealt with by means of sorcery and other supernatural alterations.

Likewise, there is going to be a great deal of mortal fallout from Roberto Raposo's (p. 43) apparent easy access to weapons on a plane. Hamet's (p. 45) involvement as a Duke of Secrets will keep the mundane authorities from coming to clear conclusions, but anyone *else* who acts too suspicious around the crash may wind up on the "find and question" list of law enforcement agents with dark glasses. Those men in dark glasses will *definitely* want to find Raposo and his satchel (p. 12), to see how both man and luggage managed to thwart security scanners.



THE FATE OF FLIGHT 8081

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

Punishing the Guilty: Any crowd draws thieves and predators, and angels serving the more militant Archangels (such as Gabriel or Dominic) should find their fair share of shoplifters, pickpockets, and muggers. Furthermore, the huddled, anxious families will include everything from abusive husbands to drug-dealing children. The PCs could witness any number of sins and act to punish them.

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

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

A Little Slice of Suffering: Across the terminal, a lonely old woman could use a good scare. Over near the newsstand is a little boy out of sight of his mother. And look! That idiot technician won't notice when we pull this mobile stairway a few feet to the left . . .

Holiday fun abounds.

COMPETITIVE EDGES

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

Officer Amanda Kale, a Role of Eileth (p. 38), a Renegade Lilim Servitor of Alaemon (p. 32): A local city cop, Amanda Kale made a special point of being assigned to patrol the airport tonight . . . She wants the dagger to bargain for her safety, and decided the best way to do it is to stay circulating in the parking area, watching for disturbances (mundane or supernatural) while keeping the motor warm . . . if there's any significant trouble; she'll hear about it on the radio. The PCs will certainly encounter her later, but any disturbances (a rumble with Huzrael and his pack, for instance – see below) will bring her on the scene early. If the scene is *really* ugly, she might even resort to calling for police backup.

Kadris (p. 39), a Mercurian Servitor of Litheroy (p. 27): Kadris has just returned from Lisbon, where he watched the cat-and-mouse game over the dagger. He stayed clear of it in order to intercept the dagger on this side of the Atlantic, on his home turf. He is on the mission directly for Litheroy, having been charged with the task of locating the dagger, uncovering its history, and serving it up to Litheroy. Like Amanda (p. 38), Kadris is certain to pop up later, but may be noticed at the airport, dressed in a dingy hat and overcoat and watching just about everybody with a careful eye. (He's resonating anyone who seems particularly odd, too, as well as some other random people.)

Huzrael's Pack: An experienced Balseraph, Huzrael (p. 40), has angered Valefor, his Prince. Stealing the Dagger of Bithynia is his shot at regaining favor, but he's been given "assistants" to break in while he's doing it – four less-than-inspiring demon-lings, plucked from the catacombs of Stygia and given a chance to prove themselves on Earth. Huzrael resents the "whiny brat-pack of primping idiots" and would just as soon rip off their heads as lead them, but he wants that dagger *badly*.

Huzrael and his flunkies are likely to be trouble right from the start; see p. 9.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

The Dagger of Bithynia (further described on p. 36) is a small blade of bronze, a relic thought lost for 700 years. Its last known role in history was in Russia, in the late 13th century, where certain Orthodox priests employed it in the service of the Grand Prince of Moscow against Tver, Moscow's competition for central control of Russia. Moscow had the knife, and Moscow won.

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

reappeared.

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

Word leaked, somehow, or maybe the sorcerers went to their demons to demand power. Now, a Demon Prince or two knows about the blade, as well as the hosts of Heaven. A week-long game of

between angels and demons resulted. Nobody seemed ready for the fight, and the dagger kept slipping through fingers – not surprising, considering its potential for secrecy (see p. 37 for its powers). To add to the air of mystery, nobody *recognized* any of the handful of demons involved – not even other demons. Whichever Prince was behind it, he had taken care to use some fresh – or well-hidden – agents to do the job.

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

Character groups for *Feast of Blades* may be on either side of the War, since both sides want the dagger. It's currently being transported by an agent of Alaemon, Demon Prince of Secrets, to the city where the PCs dwell. Hamet (p. 45), one of Alaemon's favored Dukes, intends to collect the blade for his lord, and crack open its secrets . . . None of the other Princes owe Alaemon any *special* favors, and those who know that the blade is once again "in play" have their own agendas (see p. 25) that over-ride what fondness they might hold towards Secrets. Heaven, obviously, wants *none* of them to have it.

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

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





HIDDEN AGENDAS

The adventure will be most . . . *interesting* if the celestials in the party serve different Superiors, each with a different agenda. Here are the instructions that various Superiors may have given their servants with regard to the dagger, or would at least want them to carry out once they found out what was going on. (Of course, none of them are likely to object if their Servitors simply hand the thing over.)

At least one of the group's Superiors has some idea of the cargo the plane carries (see *What Has Gone Before*, p. 5), and has sent the PCs into the airport to detain the dagger's holder. (Alternatively, the characters may become involved only after the plane crashes (on *their* car?), Raposo goes on his rampage, or when the parade of Raposo, Eileth, Kadris, and Huzrael come dashing by.)

The following instructions assume that all the Superiors know the blade's history, but that none (save probably Yves and Kronos) is aware of its current twinned and damaged state, or its current occupant. Further, many may be unclear as to *how* powerful the dagger is – or isn't! Even Superiors can misinterpret the evidence.

In fact, many Archangels, and most Demon Princes, are still unaware that the knife is back in play. But word is getting out, and the GM may freely choose who knows and who doesn't. (Some may find out about Gebbeleth only after they've received the first dagger.) It's possible that some party members will have no more instructions than "Work with this group and find out what's going on!" And some may get new instructions during the course of the adventure . . .

Archangels

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

David – It is a foul relic, but before it is destroyed I would like to study it. Who could trap a Demon Prince in metal, and how? Can this knowledge be a weapon for Heaven? (*If he does not know of Gebbeleth's imprisonment, then he merely wants it destroyed.*)

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

Eli – Hey, that thing is very important and stuff. Look, have you tried the coffee in that diner over there? Great stuff.

Gabriel – The Light! The Light! The darkness is split in twain, screaming screaming screaming in the silence where no one hears. Get the relic to Dominic – bastard can use it, learn I'm loyal! Ah! The howling of the outer darkness! I am called! (*Whether or not Gabriel knows Gebbeleth is in the blade, she wants it delivered to Judgment. See p. 24 for her more understandable motivations.*)

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

Jean – Destroy the blade. (*Jean will be most pleased if his Servitors deliver it to him for personal destruction.*)

Laurence – Gebbeleth must not be freed! He would add greatly to Hell's power. (*Laurence is neutral toward the weapon – it's a blade, but not a sword – until he realizes its true nature.*)

Jordi – A wicked toy made to increase the power of wicked humans. Let it be lost for seven *thousand* years this time. Don't try to destroy it; let no one use it. Lose it. (*Once he discovers it houses a Prince, he will want the Prince killed. Jordi follows his Alpha, God. The Princes oppose God, so they must die. It's really quite simple.*)

Litheroy – Recover that blade, so its revelatory powers can be used by Heaven! And if harm or embarrassment comes to Alaemon of Secrets or his accursed servants, so much the better. (*If he is somehow informed of Gebbeleth's presence, his instructions become to capture it and **immediately** invoke him.*)

Marc – I don't feel strongly about this evil weapon, but my brother Janus seems to want it desperately. Help his servants. (*If he finds it contains a Prince, he will want to hold onto it himself for a while; see p. 24.*)

Michael – If Gebbeleth is freed, the power structure of Hell will be badly shaken up, and possibly Hell as a whole would be weakened. Certainly the Princes will be distracted for a while, letting us regain some ground on Earth. (*Michael is the Archangel most likely to have given sealed orders to*





this effect, to be followed once the dagger is found. Depending on circumstances and which weapon his Servitors(s) find, these orders may not make as much sense as he'd like.)

Novalis – The artifact is clearly governed by the Word of Litheroy, and he should determine its disposition. My servants will aid him.

Yves – The blade's evil nature outweighs any good it might do. It represents a temptation even to angels. It should be destroyed. *(It can be assumed that Yves knows the whole story about the Dagger of Bithynia, but his enigmatic nature prevents him from speaking on it unless he has the false blade in hand.)*

Demon Princes

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

Asmodeus – If I possessed that dagger, I could make *sure* the other Princes play by the rules, whether they like it or not.

Baal – I hate Gebbeleth. I want him destroyed. If it can take Alaemon down a few pegs in the process, so much the better. *(Unlike Michael, Baal can only suspect what happened to Gebbeleth. However, he doesn't like Alaemon either, and will originally wish to possess the weapon or destroy it, preventing Secrets from owning it.)*

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

Belial – I'd like to see my old ally Gebbeleth freed from bondage and returned to power, and this upstart Alaemon destroyed. *(Until Belial finds out about the prison of the blade, he will have his Servitors aid Baal's in acquiring it, since neither of them like Alaemon.)*

Haagenti – There's nothing here for me. Help Kobal get it. What's for lunch? *(If he finds there is a Prince in it, he will also want it, to add to his Digested Prince collection – but not if it means annoying Kobal.)*

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

Kronos – I have reason to think the blade will soon lose its value, and represents a danger even to a Prince. Observe carefully. If you acquire it, use it as bait to destroy angels, or trade it to Kobal or Valefor.

They both want it; let them fight over it and choke! *(It can be assumed that Kronos knows the whole truth about the artifact – but he's not going to say anything about it.)*

Lilith – Gebbeleth was a jerk, but he's imprisoned in that thing; he must be freed. And think of the favors he'll owe to whomever lets him out . . . Bring him to me if you think you can't handle it. *(Lilith, with her tendency to collect scraps of information, is the Princess most likely to make enigmatic comments regarding the artifact as containing someone, and guesses as to who. For the right price, if possibly an unofficial one, she'll be forthcoming.)*

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

Nybbas – It reveals secrets? Hah! Talk about *viewer share!!!* I want it. If I can't have it, let's make sure that whoever gets it, *uses* it. *(Once he finds out about the captive Prince, these orders become: "Don't let Gebbeleth out; if he gets out, the blade is gone, and so's the story!")*

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

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

Vapula – The Word of Secrets opposes mine to a great extent, and Gebbeleth was a more effective Prince than Alaemon, so I'd like the knife destroyed. Or at least in my vault where I can gloat over it! *(At the start of things, Vapula likely has no clue that Gebbeleth is **inside** the artifact; he merely assumes that it was created by the first Prince and is therefore more powerful than anything Alaemon could create. Once he realizes that the thing actually holds a Prince, he'll be wild to get his hands on it.)*

If any of the Superiors actually *obtain* the dagger, see p. 23 for suggestions regarding the likely fallout.

CANDID CAMERA

This scene takes place when one or more of the PCs are in or near the arrival gate for Flight 8081. If they have scattered themselves throughout the airport dealing with subplots, either lure them there or





wait until they arrive on their own before springing this on them. If only *some* of the searchers are inside (perhaps with others stationed on the runway in case the dagger's bearer makes a break for it outside), that's fine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Around that time, some uniformed representatives of the airline enter the arrival gate waiting area and begin making speeches for everybody to be calm.

What the PCs notice at this point depends on what they pay attention to:

The Crying Woman: Linda Pedroza is a U.S. citizen, born here in 1964 to immigrant parents from Spain. Her husband's grandparents, connecting with the Lisbon flight from Barcelona, were on flight 8081. Investigators may meet them later on (p. 12).

The Laughing Jerk: This is Tiny, a demonling with a sick sense of humor (p. 40). He can't stop his giggling, and the large bearded man (see below) is getting angrier and angrier.

The Large, Bearded Man: This is Huzrael (p. 40), leading his pack of rookie demonlings. The other three are stifling grins as Huzrael deals with Tiny (see above).

The Man with the TV Set: Sitting stunned with fingers barely clutching the tiny plastic set, Gary Hardesty was waiting for the return of his wife, a travel writer, from her recent tour of Portugal. On the screen, a police officer is walking carefully past a torn piece of metal, her face wearing an expression more of curiosity than concern. This is Eileth (p. 38), in her Role as Officer Amanda Kale. Unfortunately for her, her Aura/6 Discord (*In Nomine*, p. 87) is showing nicely . . . If the GM chooses to let this work through live media, any non-mundanes get an immediate Perception + 6 roll to catch on. Otherwise,

KYRIOTATES AND LIVE TELEVISION

The fastest way to get angels to the scene of the crash is by a Kyriotate exercising its resonance through live media. (See *In Nomine*, p. 57.) While taking over the reporter on the scene is unlikely to be a good idea – forgetting to report properly might harm the host, long term – there are enough firefighters and medical emergency people around in the background that someone will come close enough to the camera to possess. Kyriotates of Lightning, naturally, have even more opportunities to possess something, such as the microphone the reporter is holding, clothing, etc.





they'll have to get to the site to observe the supernaturally "glowing" celestial.

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

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

Huzrael, Tiny, and company are described on p. 40. Their shotguns are in their car, parked in one of the open outdoor lots with easy access to the highway.

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

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

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

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

Huzrael caught a glance of "Amanda" in the parking lot about an hour previously, but couldn't catch up to her to challenge her. He isn't sure if she's angel

or demon, but he's seriously upset that she's at the crash site before he is.

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

SCENES OF CARNAGE

Getting to the crash scene will involve dealing with more than Huzrael. Traffic on the highway where the plane "landed" (the GM should select a roadway appropriate to the airport used) was already bumper-to-bumper due to accidents and poor weather. The roads are icy, crowded, and cordoned off by the police as best as they can manage (they're still working on it). What little access there is has been clogged by curious onlookers, a few desperate families of the passengers, hordes of media, and a fleet of ambulance and rescue vehicles. Into this theater of revolving lights, blowing snow, and wails of misery walk the celestial investigators.

A Boeing 777 passenger airliner is nearly 70 yards long, and almost as wide, with both wings still attached. That isn't the case on the dark and snowy highway where the PCs will find themselves; Roberto Raposo (see p. 11 and sidebar) managed to shear off one wing neatly in the last dozen yards of his deadly slide across heavy traffic.

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





HUZRAEL

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

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

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

EILETH & KADRIS

There are few things as hazardous as a lone, determined Lilim Renegade. Eileth (p. 38) used to serve Alaemon, and knows enough secrets to be dangerous to him. The Prince wants her destroyed utterly, and she wants the dagger to use as leverage to buy her way back into Hell, preferably as a servant of a different and *saner* Superior . . .

Eileth made sure her Role was assigned to patrolling outside the airport, which would allow her to move quickly in any direction necessary to get the dagger. It worked. When the plane crashed, she was among the first to know, and ordered to the scene. Fine with her. She's still rooting through the wreckage, trying to see if the dagger has been hidden in any of the wrecked cars; if she needs it, she will use her Song of Shields to cloak her actions in flurries of snow. The baggage compartments of the 777 aren't going to be opened any time soon, but she *knows* it's

not in there. There's an echo, a dim resonance in the Symphony that anyone aware will notice, that says that something powerful has been *active* here . . . no normal relic would trigger such a lingering signature, but the dagger (even the flawed copy) is still very much the dying presence of a lost Demon Prince.


Unlike most celestial agents, she's easy to spot, because of her Aura (see her description on p. 38).

Kadris (p. 39) should be roleplayed as a gruff "Columboesque" detective (private, though – not police). This is his personality, not a Role; angels of Revelation don't take Roles. Kadris is a powerful angelic servant of Litheroy, and takes his mission very seriously. He'll be rooting around as much as Eileth, and as soon as he spots her, he'll move cautiously toward her, trying to figure out what to do. Spotting her could take a while; the wreckage is spread along a 300-yard swath of destruction, and is crowded with rescue workers and cops, among others.

Eileth and Kadris play special roles in the adventure; each is provided as a mouthpiece for the use of the GM. If the investigators are demonic – or *very* clueless angels – they should run into Eileth, who will latch onto them and seek to bargain for their aid (being a Lilim, she knows how to make a deal). She'll stick to her Role and keep looking on her own when the PCs finally leave the scene, but she'll give them a pager number and her number at the police station. For angels, Kadris serves a similar role. Unlike Eileth, he'll be open with what he knows and what he's doing, and appeal to the group's better natures. He'll likewise strike out on his own, leaving his cell phone number. Kadris has a particularly valuable power for tracking the dagger – his Sense of Significance makes him nearly immune to the dagger's most irritating property, the power to pervert any clues that its user leaves behind (see *Baron of the Vault*, p. 34). The attunement reveals such clues as "left behind by the perp, but misleading and tampered with in some way," which all by itself is a valuable piece of information.

By the same token, Eileth and Kadris are each provided as a *foil*. Demons will run afoul of Kadris's caustic wit, carefully-utilized Songs and, if necessary, his accurate handgun. Angels will run afoul of Eileth in a similar fashion. In both roles (mouthpiece





and foil), however, these two are meant more for dialogue than combat. For combat, use Huzrael and his brat-pack.

DIM POOLS OF SUFFERING

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

The following scenes are scattered around the crash site, lit by the flashing lights of emergency vehicles. These scenes provide the clues that lead to the Second Act of the adventure (see p. 14). While the scenes here provide an overview and establish the pattern, the GM may wish to improvise more. There are many, *many* more.

The Airplane

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

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

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

Plane Survivors: Any of the surviving airline passengers will tell a similar story (the GM should toss in the occasional error or contradiction in detail, though; these people are having a bad night). The flight took longer than it should have, because of the weather. There were gunshots (six gunshots; few passengers will get the number right if pressed); the plane started to drift. The passengers panicked. After about 10 seconds the plane seemed to be riding well

PANICKING PASSENGERS

Before Raposo entered the cockpit, he carefully worked several Suggestions (*Corporeal Player's Guide*, p. 37) into flight attendants and the fellow travelers near him. These rituals confused them, and hampered the efforts of would-be heroes in breaking down the door to get at him. He doesn't know it, but if he'd taken a few minutes longer "landing" the plane, the mere mundanes he sneered at would probably have rallied and thwarted the plans of sorcerers and demons, all on their own.

Then again, the plane might have crashed anyway.


It's very ineffable.

again, but with a sickening sensation of *downward* movement. Much more like a landing than a dive, but unexpected and somehow erratic. By the time most of the passengers noticed that they weren't heading toward a real runway, there was nothing but screaming.

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

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

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



tower tried to communicate with the plane; the cops know this, and that it was a fruitless attempt. They've found the bodies of the murdered pilots, and they're keeping security tight around the front half of the plane. The rescue people are all *very* busy, opening

THE BLACK TOTE-BAG

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

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

And, either by Hamet's intent, by contamination from the dagger within it, or possibly from both – it's a relic. Anything hidden within it remains hidden. This covers everything from metal detectors, to X-rays, to actually *finding* anything in it! (It takes 1 round per item within the tote-bag to find anything placed within it, unless the contents are simply dumped out helter-skelter.) Being a relic of Secrets, it can only be detected as a relic by touch, not on sight.

This is how Raposo got the dagger and gun through airport security. It also makes the item quite desirable to some types of characters. If the GM permits, a character may pay 12 character points to attune to it, either now or in the future. (See the *Liber Reliquarum*, p. 13.)

up cars, rushing bodies onto stretchers, and attempting to give aid to the injured right there in the snow, if it seems that moving them would be a bad idea. They'll be both irritated and disturbed by anyone asking them questions while they work; one has already punched a TV reporter who wouldn't let up.

The Businessman

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

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

The Pedrozas

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

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

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



WHAT ROBERTO DID

Roberto Raposo (p. 43) is a sorcerer, the leader of a tiny but long-lived cabal centered near Lisbon, Portugal. His group has owned the Dagger of Bithynia for many generations, and it was Roberto who instructed his fellow wizards to split the dagger's power into a duplicate.

Roberto had no idea that the "magic" in the dagger was the bound energies of Gebbeleth, the original Prince of Secrets. Thus, he never had cause even to think that it might be somehow harmful to tear a demon's very being in half (see *The Dagger of Bithynia*, p. 36).

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

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

few shots of vodka, in case he decided to chicken out. Hamet not only used his own powers to ensure that Raposo's weapons weren't detected, he even had some servants at the destination point make hotel reservations – but it was never Hamet's intent that the sorcerer reach the hotel.

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

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





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

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

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

The Babysitter’s Van

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

She can describe the attacks only partially; they happened too quickly and she has been traumatized by the event, huddling her remaining charges to her with desperation. Three children, slaughtered in maybe 15 seconds, right in front of her, and her sister slashed across the stomach when she tried to interfere. Maryann was too scared even to *try* to interfere, and she is in danger of going catatonic with guilt: repeating phrases, muttering to herself, and staring blankly into space.

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

Raposo’s Victims

What happened to Wyn Hardesty, wife of Gary, is one of the grislier murders, and the body is covered over with a snow-dusted tarp and guarded by a weary

police officer. Wyn Hardesty’s skull was beaten in with her own laptop, and her body is lacerated almost beyond description.

There are other victims, scattered along the scene. Raposo was bold, and stayed even after some of the cops arrived, simply by moving deep into the shadows where they hadn’t gone yet. When describing the random knifings, the GM should keep in mind that all physical clues left behind by Raposo will be misleading in some way (see *Baron of the Vault*, p. 34). This has no effect on eyewitnesses, but most of those who saw him up close didn’t live.

PAWNS AND ROOKS

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

- I Corinthians 9:24 (KJV)

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

The GM will need to determine which clues Eileth, Kadris, and Huzrael managed to find, and in what order they will investigate them. Eileth will automatically check the Shoreline (Hamet *always* uses that one), and will do so by late afternoon unless she has reason to believe she’s being raced there, in which case she’ll make a point of doing it sooner. She doesn’t really expect to find anything there, and if she sticks to her plan, she won’t (see *A Timeline*, p. 16).

This section describes what will happen if Raposo’s routine isn’t disturbed; a lot can be changed by busy hands. The GM should match challenges and style to the tastes of the players. If they’re fond of dangerous rumbles, keep Huzrael and his pack around for trouble. If they’re fond of explosive arguments, keep Eileth and Kadris popping up.

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





THE HOTEL: DELUXE ACCOMMODATIONS

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

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

Raposo's room is on the fourth floor. See the timetable, p. 16, for details.

THE CHURCH: PEDROZA'S HOME OF WORSHIP

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

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

By midday, Ricky will be at the police station with his wife, signing forms and identifying a body. The

kids have been left with a family friend, a few blocks away.

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

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

THE HOSPITAL

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

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

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





The GM can use the place in a lot of ways. For combat, though, few places will draw more attention than a hospital. If a fight breaks out, either side will try to move it to a parking garage, or someplace outside, to avoid attracting every celestial in town. (If a fight *does* break out within the hospital, peaceful Superiors on both sides are likely to be understanding about being invoked to settle matters.)

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

Veronica Davies, the babysitter who was slashed across the stomach, is stable, conscious, and gibbering in terror. The celestials won't have much trouble getting to her – the hospital is far too busy to question any next-of-kin claims, for instance – but they might have trouble getting much coherent out of her. (The Ethereal Song of Healing will help, as may other Songs.) Barring supernatural intervention, she stares off into space, looking at private demons that only she can see. She mumbles the names of the children she saw killed, and asks after her sister but doesn't hear the answer. The knife wound across her stomach has transformed into a series of shallow lacerations resembling an animal attack, in accordance with the dagger's power to disguise its effects (see *Baron of the Vault*, p. 34).

A TIMETABLE

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

5:30-9:00 a.m. – Having left the crash site behind and stolen a car to tour the city, Raposo wanders, difficult to locate without judicious use of informational resonances or the like. He will tour the city, committing the occasional random murder (the GM should feel free to improvise these, with eyewitnesses, if the PCs need to be put back on track). Owing mostly to the power of his dagger and partly to his own knack for devilry, he won't get caught. He's feeling sick, though; the dagger is finally taking its toll. Nobody's ever carried it on their person for such

an extended time. Around 9 a.m., he ditches the car a few blocks from the Shoreline, and walks to the hotel to check in and rest (he will have acquired a sling for his injured left arm by this point). His first order of business is to call down to the desk for a bottle of Stoli, a bucket of ice, and a soft-core film on the hotel TV.

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

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

11:30-Noon – Raposo has decided that his "servant," Hamet, lied to him in some way. Rummaging through the occult dust in his memory, he recalls a ceremony to summon a fresh demon, and attempts it. The GM should note that, before Hamet came along, Raposo and his fellows had had only occasional contact with real demons – and those were demonlings. They were a sick little cult with a tradition of secrecy, one of the most powerful relics on Earth, and such modest ambitions that they went unnoticed for centuries. The ceremony is bogus, and accomplishes nothing except a lot of torn sheets and a stained carpet. The clues will be meaningless (and altered at any rate), but it's an amusing way to catch Raposo in the act if the PCs pick this time to show up.

Noon-5:30 p.m. – Around noon, Raposo wants to head out for lunch. He can't sleep, he doesn't feel well, and the ceremony was a disappointment. He believes a good meal will make him feel better. Roberto gets the cab parked in front of the hotel – the cab that's regularly parked there – and keeps it, paying the driver in cash to stay around and wait while he visits restaurants, bookstores, antique shops, drugstores . . . taking everything he thinks might help him. (This is when Eileth gets around to checking the hotel, so naturally she finds nothing.) Eventually, he has the cabbie drop him off at the Home of Worship





Church and Mission, and pays him off. The cabbie goes home for the night.

One or two of the clerks at the Shoreline, if questioned properly, will remember Raposo taking the taxi, and they'll remember the taxi never returning, since they had to phone out for cabs more often. It's possible that an investigator could trace the cab and cabbie and find him at home. (If they start tracking earlier, some judicious use of supernatural influence might get the cab company to call their driver and ask his location.) The cabbie will describe Raposo: "He was a scary guy, seemed sick. Blew money around like he was dyin' tomorrow." The cabbie can provide a general overview of the route they took, and remembers the last stop.

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

tal. She didn't think to call the police, and won't until morning.

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


If the player characters haven't managed to catch up with him *by then*, Eileth will, after Rhonda finally calls the police. The Lilim will question the rapidly-fading Raposo in the hospital, then try to retrace his steps – he's too far gone when she gets to him to communicate where he last had the dagger, and the report doesn't say if the hostage-taking knife was *the* knife. Since Eileth is hardly inconspicuous, Huzrael and Kadris are likely to start following *her*, and if the PCs can't spot *that* parade . . .

MEETING ROBERTO RAPOSO

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

Generalizations are tricky; slow hunters might not catch up to the murderous Sorcerer until he's lying in





a bed at the hospital. Clever or lucky hunters might catch him in the hotel in the morning (if *that* happens, don't let them off so easy; let somebody else show up to fight for the right to question him first).

Raposo curses in angry Portuguese, and makes pathetic attempts to defend himself with his handgun if cornered. He's been preying on the weak all morn-

ing and isn't used to the concept of a fair fight, especially with one arm out of commission.

The PCs need to convince him that he was used; torture (which demons and some violent angels might think of) would also work, but be mixed in with enough lies, misdirection, and stalling as to be inefficient. Getting him to realize Hamet's betrayal is the fastest way to get him telling the truth, and telling it quickly. To be sure of this *themselves*, Raposo has to eventually open up about some details. With some coaxing (and a sympathetic ear or the closest equivalent), he'll eventually begin to talk about his exploits of the last day or so. When it finally dawns on Raposo that the "invulnerability" was a lie, he'll sit in stunned silence for a while, soaking up the fact that he crashed a plane and lived with no more protection than a small cup of vodka. He'll reach for a bottle to get more, and then be *livid*.

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

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

Hamet gave him one other thing, meant as a joke, a comic irony for the deceased. The sorcerer has a calling card for the address of "a fellow sorcerer" near the city: Gerald "Duke" Landridge, at Landridge House. Hamet's vanity and arrogance (combined with Raposo's stupid insistence on not dying in flames) provide the clue needed to find the *real* knife: Landridge House is Alaemon's principal Tether on Earth, and a party has raged there all day, hosted by demons and kept lively with human suffering.

SECOND-HAND INFO

In the chaos of such a dangerous investigation, things can happen that can't be predicted on the printed page. If things go so far off track that the GM fears the trail will be lost (or that Raposo will be killed), keep things consistent and fair, and use Eileth

YOU MEAN *HE* WAS OUR CLUE?

A trigger-happy PC or unlucky shot from an NPC might cut short the interrogation of Raposo. If the GM can fudge things to let him live long enough to realize he was betrayed – being dealt a fatal blow is hardly immortality – and gasp out information to ensure that Hamet is brought down with him.

Other options for saving his life include NPCs with the Corporeal Song of Healing, or a hasty invocation of a Superior. If Raposo has the knife on him, the Superior is likely to be reasonable about it. If the sorcerer does *not* have the blade, then only very useful information from Raposo will appease the busy Archangel or Prince, who will then order their minions to "go deal with that."

Or the GM may simply let the villain *die*. This will certainly make things more difficult for them, though with the number of humans vanishing to feed Hamet's party (see p. 19), *someone* ought to notice. Sources of information include the characters' immediate superiors or Seneschals, Eileth, Kadris, or even Huzrael if he thinks he can coerce the group into being his cat's paws or diversion. This means that the PCs will arrive at the scene of the party at the last moment, and may even find out what's going on only when Hamet flees the basement with the raging Gebbeleth in pursuit . . .



and Kadris to their full potential. Any of the above information can come from them – either bargained for or beaten out of them, if necessary.

On the other hand, if the GM wants either Eileth or Kadris out of the picture, he can (for instance) have them reach the hotel first, and meet corporeal death. Raposo is sneaky, murderous, and in pain; there’s no telling what might set him off. Alternatively, troubling NPCs could be caught up by minions from the Department of Homeland Security, or other shadowy agencies – delaying their re-entry into the plot indefinitely, or at least until a dramatic moment.

DECEITFUL MEAT

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

– Amos 5:21-23 (KJV)

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

LANDRIDGE HOUSE

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

Its history is a litany of secrecy. Presidents have been elected, in truth, in the foyer of Landridge House. Others have been assassinated without the

public ever knowing it . . . It has been owned by organized crime, by smugglers, by slavers, by plotters and conspirators of every stripe. And every new secret builds its aura of hidden power, and invites more. Alaemon has owned it for nearly 70 years.

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

Hamet himself has already used the power of the dagger there, surrounding the grounds with a curtain of secrecy (see *The Dagger of Bithynia*, p. 36). At midnight, he plans to crack open the dagger . . . Alaemon thinks it is to bind the power of the blade permanently to Landridge House and make it a Sapiient Tether (*Liber Castellorum*, p. 15), but Hamet has other plans (see Hamet’s description, p. 45) – to set Gebbeleth, the original Prince of Secrets, free into the world. (Possibly needless to say, Alaemon – if he really *is* an Impudite – will be less than pleased with Hamet for all the mortal deaths he indirectly inspired through Raposo. Yet another thing Hamet can avoid by freeing his former Prince.) Normally, that kind of ritual would make a terrifying screech across the blackboard of the Symphony. This way, it will be silent.

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

Anyone who arrives while the celebration goes on would be wise to steer clear and observe from a distance. (Any angelic Tethers around will be *happy* to hear about it, though suitable backup for the angels on the spot . . . will only arrive at a suitably dramatic time.) The demons within are still bringing in random humans for torture and slaughter, piling the bodies up in pyramids of dead or dying flesh, steaming





in the snow. The demons aren't powerful – but they are numerous, about 80 strong.

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

Daring players may wish to sneak into the house *during* the revelry. Demons may find this easier than angels, as they can use Helltongue to insist they were invited, but sufficient trickery can get even the Host within the walls. If the investigators find their way into the secret passages, they can remain undetected for some time. Hamet is too arrogant to be sufficiently paranoid about threats from inside *his* Tether. However, due to Hamet's Distinctions and power, the dagger will only be found on a suitable Intervention. (In the event of one, move up the timetable for the showdown appropriately.)

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

FINAL DANCE

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

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

Kadris is here for the dagger, and because he's *really* into the idea of exposing a Tether of Alaemon.

He also doesn't know Hamet is on the premises, but he's cocky enough not to care. He's sacrificed himself before in the service of his Archangel, and he's willing to do it again.

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

If conflict breaks out on the grounds, Hamet will appear at a window and watch. The PCs should notice this, even if the others don't. He'll be wearing a sharp, expensive suit and carrying himself with a dignified air – not at all his usual corporeal form. He is impersonating the real Gerald Landridge, who died in the arms, et cetera, of a pair of overzealous Lilim during the party.

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

FOUNDER OF THE FEAST

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

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

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

The place is riddled with secret doors and passages. Hamet, in any form, is nowhere obvious to be found. The PCs will find a quiet house of the old school, with parlors, dens, fireplaces, dining rooms,





a large galley-style kitchen, valuable plasterwork on the ceiling, and antique rugs on the polished oak floors. The place feels much more solid than it really is.

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

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

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

Either way, the PCs will have to find him. The secret door is simply a spring-closed false door inside the closet of the master bedroom on the second floor. By pushing on it, the diligent investigator will find a wooden staircase (noisy as hell) dating back to the Revolution, leading down through the first floor and into the basement where Hamet sits with his prize. (If a group has gotten to this location previously, then there are numerous secret hiding places where *they* can hide from *him*. Indeed, should they do such a thing and not leap out upon him quickly, the GM may have to play interactions of Hamet, Eileth, and Kadris while the hidden team plots their next move.)

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

tongues while twirling the blade carefully in the light of the candles on the table.

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

If Eileth reaches Hamet first, she will engage him in a Helltongue discussion at gunpoint, bartering what she knows (or can pretend she knows) for favors or Geases from him. If left to this, she will

A FEAST FOR ONE

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

Use the stats given on pp. 038-46 (for a pre-generated PC) or allow the player to create a new character that will fill the same role: a deluded human who thinks Hamet is his servant; a Renegade demon out to get leverage; or a dutiful agent of Litheroy, pursuing Revelation with the powers of a supernatural detective. Either option works well for a single GM and player. Likewise, there are enough non-player characters around that a pair of cunning beings might be able to play all sides off each other, and escape with the prize in the chaos.

The roles normally occupied by the PCs (the group of celestials) should be ignored entirely. Having both a group of fresh celestials, the Secrets/Revelation character *and* Huzrael and the pack on the scene would be overwhelming for a single being (not to mention the GM!).





cautiously throw in her lot with him – all the while planning to bail if it goes bad.

If Kadris reaches Hamet first, he will definitely try to find out what the demon knows (or what “Gerald” knows, in the unlikely event that he’s taken in by the disguise). Witty dialog is quite likely to please him.

If Huzrael and the brat pack reach him first . . . well, the brat pack likes to go in fighting, and by this time, Huzrael is frustrated enough to let them have free rein – possibly while he’s casing the joint and making off with valuables upstairs. If Huzrael has reason to believe that there will already be confusion, however, he’ll leave his mob upstairs and sneak down himself.

THE FINISH

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

- II Chronicles 32:6,7 (KJV)

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

In a less-perfect universe, the investigators are either tardy or early and stealthy enough that some or all of the NPCs arrive and act as their natures suggest (forcing the GM to play all the parts) until the group sees an opportunity to filch the dagger.

Assuming that luck or planning do not cut things short, Hamet laughs as the dagger splits open, and the Symphony begins to twist and scream as Gebbeleth slowly begins to take form. The PCs must fight hard to end the threat before they have a Demon

Prince to deal with. At the end of it all, they find books on the shelves that teach them the secret history of the blades, and confirms the truth: one blade is dying, the other *should* die.

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

Note that if they called in reinforcements, now is when they’ll arrive, with varying results. Angels could find themselves fleeing before the Windys use their stolen helicopter’s rockets on the Secrets Tether, or being rescued by Flowers Servitors. Diabolicals might find themselves fleeing the firebugs of Belial, or roughly escorted from danger by demons of the War.

GEBBELETH, FIRST PRINCE OF SECRETS

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

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

Hamet has made a significant error when hatching his plan (p. 19) to release the trapped Prince without Alaemon’s knowledge: he assumes that Gebbeleth will be *happy to see him*. This simply isn’t so. Hamet was a Captain back then, and helped set up Gebbeleth’s plot to spy on Heaven (see p. 5). Gebbeleth thinks – with what little brain left to him – he was double-crossed, deliberately trapped in the blade by the demons he trusted, and will attack Hamet on sight.

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





The PCs are mopping up: If Hamet's powers are insufficient to challenge the party, and they're cleaning up the floor with his face, then the dagger will split open, spilling a hellish cloud of green and purple light into the room. Gebbeleth will remain disembodied for a second, cursing Hamet aloud and ignoring the PCs. He will then *take over Hamet's vessel*, reviving it for a fresh fight (and beefing it up a little, if the GM feels it's appropriate). When the PCs defeat the refreshed "Hamet" (Hamet is dissipated violently into the Symphony), the fresh form (and fight) will prove too much for Gebbeleth, already terribly wounded when the knife was split . . .

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

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

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

It is, of course, possible that the group have been good – if misguided – little Servitors and proudly turned in the original dagger at their local Tether. If this is the case, their Superior has likely informed them that the blade has a twin; it's pretty obvious from a high-level metaphysical view. Said Superior may have granted the group the false blade with a variant Song of Ethereal Attraction to bring it to its

true mate, thus allowing the group to use it against the original Prince of Secrets. Said Superior might also have deemed the false dagger too dangerous to let into the hands of mere Servitors – in which case, the beleaguered celestials will have to hold off a maddened, dying Prince for long enough to have someone invoke their Boss. At least their own Prince or Archangel is probably listening for them . . . Give them a secret bonus to the invocation, due to circumstances.

WHAT IF IT ALL GOES WRONG?

Interventions Happen; this is a fact of life. A lucky Intervention could have the characters showing up on Hamet's doorstep long before he's ready to summon his old Prince. The GM could quite plausibly move the time-table up on that, and stall on any reinforcements the group might have called in, but then there's those pesky Superior Invocations to worry about. (This is especially likely to be a problem if the PCs are Servitors of Revelation, Lightning, or Secrets – those three Superiors either have a personal stake in the matter, or are micromanagers who *like* being called in.)

If the Game Master can spin matters on the fly so that Gebbeleth is released – and destroyed as a mad dog, more than likely – then all to the good. However, to avoid a situation where "what the players do doesn't matter," here are some suggestions.

IF THE DAGGER IS CAPTURED

The obvious thing to do is have the capturing characters suitably rewarded for following their master's bidding, and then either the Superior destroys the weapon and Prince, or Gebbeleth rages around (free or captive) until he dies in a few days. (At least





part of his problem stems from his weakness; the Forces he lost when the blade was “twinned” were the only things keeping him from becoming an adjunct of the fellow Prince with whom he’s sharing his Word. See the *Game Master’s Guide* for more about Words and the hazards or benefits of sharing them.)

If the GM wishes to have fallout from this, however, there are some options. Gebbeleth won’t die *immediately*, after all.

Archangelic Options

These all depend on which Archangel gets control of the Prince’s prison. David, Janus, Jean, Jordi, and Laurence will all destroy it quickly. David will keep it briefly, once he finds it includes a living being, due to his oaths and dissonance conditions. (Jean would consider the matter, and decide that a captive Prince is more dangerous – even if he could stabilize him – than continued Word-friction for Secrets merits.) As for the others . . .

Blandine will soon discover that Gebbeleth is dying, insane, and not a candidate for redemption, and sorrowfully eases him from his pain. She will take what Forces of his she can save, purify them, and create a new Servitor. (Thus fueling rumors that Gebbeleth was Beleth’s child – and her own.)

Dominic will attempt to stabilize the creature within the artifact, for a fair trial. Failing that, he will grant a swift and merciful death – and attempt to salvage the artifact itself. After being the prison and body for the Prince of Secrets for so long, the Dagger of Bithynia is unlikely to survive Gebbeleth’s passing . . . at least, not at full power. Judgment may well have a new artifact to lend to its triads. If it’s sufficiently damaged – i.e., down to the level that the GM will tolerate – the Most Just may simply award it to the angel who brought it in. The GM is encouraged to give it a few useful quirks, if using this option, and to remember that Servitors of Secrets might *still* want the thing.

Eli may or may not destroy the thing, but no one is ever likely to see it again in anything resembling its original state. A Servitor might eventually receive it back, vastly changed and without most of its old powers. (Or Prince.)

Gabriel will *probably* give it to Dominic. Probably. If she does, the official pressure upon Fire will be lessened, though not absolved. Gabriel’s hopes to the contrary, the Dagger of Bithynia is a thing of *Secrets* that, even while Gebbeleth lives within it, cannot prove her innocence in the Islam matter. Giving it to Dominic only indicates that she is lucid enough (at the moment) to wish to prove her loyalty *now*. (Dominic won’t believe it entirely; it could be a purely political move.) This official lessening of pressure won’t mean that the rank and file of Judges will be entirely friendly – there are too many hard feelings for that – but there may be some cautious politeness extended, and Gabriel’s Chamberlain, Soldekai, will insist that everyone be on their best behavior.

(The above scenario is potentially the greatest change that this adventure could have on the canon setting. Even if it’s not rewarded with high Distinctions, spiffy relics, or powerful Songs, any Servitor of Fire who lessened the pressure of Judgment will have great respect from the rest of the Flames of Heaven.)

Litheroy will attempt to redeem Gebbeleth, whether or not he can get any agreement from the Prince. This will probably only hasten the demon’s end, but the backlash to *Alaemon* will cause the remaining Prince of Secrets to go into deep hiding. If he finds out who delivered his “other half” into Litheroy’s hands, he’ll want revenge, and he’s *very* good at finding out things. But he doesn’t want vengeance so badly that he’d risk the Archangel getting involved, or anyone finding out how wounded he was.

(In other words, whenever the GM needs a plotline, some demon of Secrets can show up to make life difficult for the characters. This will usually be some new-fledged whelp trying to make a name for himself, or a Servitor in disgrace. Some may be redemption candidates. Some may be dangerous. Considering the nature of the recurring threat, the GM should endeavor to make each one a unique individual, lest the attacks become too tedious.)

Marc may try to extract information from Gebbeleth; this could be a source for any high-level plotting the GM desires, or it could simply mean the Prince hangs on a bit longer. (Marc would be trying





to stabilize Gebbeleth, as a Trade for information.) Agents of Alaemon are likely to show up and attempt to purchase the dagger, or arrange for a meeting of Superiors . . . with all the potential for problems with Judgment or the Game which that entails.

Michael will try to strengthen Gebbeleth a little, and then release him in the biggest Tether of Secrets he can find. If Gebbeleth doesn't head down on his own, Michael will be glad to brandish his axe and chase the Prince down. Then he hangs around at the top (probably) and listens for all the noise. PCs in the area may notice a large, smirking, celestial-formed Seraph hanging over a place that is eerily *silent*. (See *The Powers of the Blades*, p. 25.)

Novalis will do all she can to stabilize Gebbeleth and convince him to redeem. She'll also keep him on the corporeal plane, since his prior visit to Heaven is what hurt him so. If he breaks free, this will cause vast havoc, and might bring Judgment down upon her and her Servitors. (This could expose distressing secrets (see *Superiors 2: Pleasures of the Flesh*, p. 16), but after a brief turmoil in Heaven, Novalis would get off with a slap on the wrist for her bad judgment in keeping an unstable Prince around.) Gebbeleth will probably not be stabilized enough to survive, even if Novalis doesn't show up and regretfully acknowledge that violence is the only solution.

Yves will accept the dagger, thank his Servitors, and it will never show up again. Enigmatic GMs may have a young angel be sent down later, to be instructed in the workings of the corporeal realm.

Princely Options

As with the Archangels, some elements simply don't want a threat to the status quo at all. Beleth (for all that name-similarity suggests kinship) and Valefor will immediately destroy it, while Haagenti will dither for a day or so between giving it to Kobal or devouring it. (The urge to devour it will win out.) Baal will destroy it after trying to enhance the link between Gebbeleth and Alaemon, so that the younger Prince is injured.

Alaemon will claim the dagger with glee, reward the character(s) lavishly, and spirit it off, nevermore to be seen. Gebbeleth's ultimate survival or demise will remain . . . a secret.

Andrealphus, after exhausting the possibilities for a while, will sell the dagger to the highest bidder. This will probably turn out to be Valefor, after the Prince of Theft promises to let Nybbas film him destroying it, but Alaemon might find some secret and acquire it. The bidding war might result in Servitors running about, acquiring valuable things with which to bribe (or blackmail) Andrealphus.

Asmodeus finds Alaemon useful; he will attempt to bind Gebbeleth more firmly into the blade, while extinguishing the Prince's identity and life. The powers of the Dagger of Bithynia are potent, and Asmodeus would like to have them for himself. As with Dominic, above, he is unlikely to succeed entirely, but a moderately powerful relic might make itself known in the future.

Belial will do whatever he can to stabilize Gebbeleth and aim him at Alaemon. If Alaemon survives this, he'll be deep in hiding, and doing his best to avenge himself upon Belial and those who gave the dagger to him. As with the Litheroy scenario, above, this will provide some running themes that the GM should keep from becoming tedious, but with the addition that Belial will become Alaemon's Enemy and the Hidden Prince will start a secret war against dark Fire . . . which might well-please bright Fire, enough to have her Servitors offer succor to the Alaemish. That won't please Dominic, but *c'est la vie*.

Kobal is associated with Alaemon, and will only spend a day or so performing mischief with the blade before handing it to the younger Secrets.

Kronos will take the dagger, commenting that he is not pleased that his Servitors did not use it to foment trouble between Kobal and Valefor, and it will never be seen again. Rewards will be minimal, but present; at least it did not fall into Heaven's hands. The Servitors may later be asked to take care of a new-created Servitor of Fate who must be taught about Earth.

Lilith will attempt to bargain with Gebbeleth for his life, and if she can stabilize him, work out a deal that will best benefit her. (This may result in handing the dagger to Alaemon, or – if she could heal Gebbeleth enough to restore him to sanity – hand Alaemon to the dagger.) If she can't keep him from





dying, or from going mad, she'll quickly sell the blade to the highest bidder.

Malphas will also do his best to preserve the captive Prince's life, inflaming the Gebbelites within Secrets' organization into even more conspiracies and double-crosses, and then sending the trapped Superior back to Earth – the better to inspire everyone to run after it. This may well cause his Associated status with Alaemon to plummet, despite how well their Words work together.

Nybbas wants to run around revealing dark secrets and splashing them all over the press. (Litheroy will probably laugh himself sick, while Alaemon fumes.) Of course, he can't do this all himself – busy, busy, busy, you know – so he'll find some Servitors and hand them the ticking time-bomb dagger-prison of a dying, insane Prince . . . Are there any handy Servitors around? (If they are good and lucky, this

could be the opportunity of a lifetime. If they're unlucky . . . they're yesterday's news.)

Saminga likes the idea of Gebbeleth dying, hates the idea of losing such a great toy, and probably won't be able to keep it from breaking. He might turn it into a "vampiric" blade, though, much like the false dagger in both benefits and side effects.

Vapula wants to study it until the Prince is dead, and the only thing that will pry it out of his hands is some kind of technological secret from Alaemon. Any Alaemite Servitors will be sent to find, or broker, such secrets in return for the knife.

IF THE DAGGER IS LOST TO ANOTHER SIDE

Sometimes, Interventions happen that benefit someone *else*. In this case, the GM should go to that lucky so-and-so's motivations and abilities, see what *they* do with it, and apply the logical consequences. E.g., Servitors of Belial should be very upset if they discover that it's gotten into the hands of Gabriel . . . (Fortunately unlikely to happen, considering the given NPCs.) It is a failed mission, and Superiors will be cold, at best. (If they got one dagger, but not the other, some Superiors will be mollified, if disappointed.) Minor punishments will be handed out, such as the loss of Servants or mundane bank accounts. If something detrimental to their Superior happens later, due to the loss of the blade, *major* penalties may be in the offing: Discord, crippled or disfigured vessels, scut-work punishment jobs, all of the above, etc. See pp. 14-15 of the *Game Master's Guide* for more suggestions.





LITHEROY

SERAPH ARCHANGEL OF REVELATION

The world is waiting to be revealed, in all its glory.

Nothing can reach its potential until taken out of hiding, and light in dark places robs the shadows of their rest. Litheroy and his servants see to it that nothing remains concealed, and that darkness is never allowed to lie undisturbed.

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

Litheroy's angels are noted for their deep curiosity. They see themselves as an army in a very particular war – the war against the Labyrinth, the tendency of humanity to fold itself over and over in secrecy until everyone is paranoid and alone. They respect the concept of *privacy*, in an abstract sort of way, but must often have the details explained to them in their quest to shake humanity free from its desire for secrets.

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

DISSONANCE

Litheroy's angels keep everything aboveboard. They respect both the letter of the truth and the spirit behind it. It is dissonant for the Servitors of Litheroy to lie to anyone, for any reason. If they answer a question, it must be with the truth, eschewing tricks of language. They are not compelled to tell the *whole* truth, though a partial truth that implies a true deception is dissonant. For example, if asked if he is a police detective, the angel could reply "I'm investigating this case." This is the truth, but does not answer the person's question either way. He could not reply, "I'm assigned to this case" or "I'm working on this case," without qualification, because even if Litheroy assigned him this task, the answer directly implies the angel is a *police* detective. The one secret they cannot reveal is that of their Heavenly nature; this, they must remain silent upon.

Roles are forbidden to the angels of Revelation, because a Role is a lie not just to others, but to the Symphony itself.

CHOIR ATTUNEMENTS

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

Seraphim (restricted)

Litheroy's fellow Seraphim are among the finest detectives in Heaven. Whenever they invoke their Choir's resonance, roll d666 normally, and then the





DISSONANCE MYTHS

Servitors of Litheroy hate secrets. They hate hidden things. They hate not knowing things. They hate remaining silent when they are questioned, or even just sitting on the answers when they know someone else is ignorant. They *really* hate knowing, and concealing by silence, a secret that harms someone (anyone!) else. They have very little concept of what other people consider reasonable privacy. They are, in short, nosy and inclined to tell everything they find out, and Litheroy is the most nosy and open of them all. Enough of his Servitors partake of this attitude that it is frequently *believed* they become dissonant if they do not answer a question, or allow a secret to exist. Demons are the common sources of this misinformation – which a Litherite would be quick to correct! – but Servitors of Jean have been known to speculate on the topic as well.

player *decides* which of the three dice is the check digit. (Yes, the player could choose a low check digit, or to make a roll fail! However, deliberately choosing to *not* know something would be anathema to one of these angels, or even dissonant.)

Cherubim (restricted)

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

Ofanim

Masters of the chase, the Wheels of Revelation cannot be inconvenienced by locks or seals, provided they are in pursuit of something hidden, or of someone trying to hide something (including themselves). Locked doors will unlock at a touch, security systems will turn a blind electronic eye, and so on. They are, however, on their own for getting *out* afterward, and living beings may still opt to bar the angel's way.

This attunement extends to computers, so long as the Ofanite has enough familiarity with technology to get to the password-protected information in the first place. (The GM need not require Computer Operation skill, but an angel with no understanding of computers will be hard-pressed to even turn the thing on in the first place.)

Elohim

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

Malakim

The foes of these Virtues cannot hide. Once one has fought an enemy, he will always recognize that enemy in the future, even in a different vessel! (For concerned demons, redemption will probably cancel this effect . . .) Further, the Malakite can see through any cover his opponent hides behind and exploit any weak points it may have. This requires a successful Perception roll, and reduces the penalty by the check digit. Alas, the penalty cannot be reduced to 0.

Kyriotates

If Litheroy's Dominations are possessing animal predators (wolves, birds of prey, sharks, etc.), they automatically have Tracking/6, and are considered familiar with the territory they occupy. (This *can* be bought by other Choirs, but only functions while they are in vessels of animal predators.)





Bright Lilim of Revelation ***(Restricted)***

If Litheroy has any Bright Lilim, or acquires any, they also receive boons when the natures of Choir and Word co-mingle.

Like Litheroy's Seraphim, such a Gifter can choose which die is the check digit when she uses her resonance to discover any *non-obvious* Need (as per expanded resonance, p. 51 of the *Infernal Player's Guide*). If she attempts to geas someone to reveal a truth that was hidden, her Celestial Forces are an additional penalty to the target's resistance roll.

Mercurians (restricted)

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

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Sense of Significance

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

The Perception roll must be made in secret by the GM, and will pick up pertinent clues equal to the check digit. If the roll succeeds, the angel is informed as above. If the roll fails, the angel picks up *other* "significant" clues, equal to the failed check digit, for matters not related to his target – and does *not* get the reasoning why for any of them! (I.e., the angel will always know that at least two things are somehow important, but not know which one is important to what *he* wants to know.)

I Tell You Three Times

The angel may tell any secret he knows to any one person *and be believed*, even without proof . . . once he repeats the secret three times. (There is no time limit between tellings, either.) The hearer's further response depends on the secret; if he doesn't feel personally involved, he may well believe it completely but never act on it or repeat it. This costs the angel 1 Essence if he speaks to his subject in person, or 2 if he writes it down. Of course, the secret must be true!

DISTINCTIONS

Vassal of Inquiry

When these angels ask questions, they know if their subject is lying or being evasive. Indeed, they can detect hidden truths when they hear *anyone* speak. This power picks up outright lies, half-truths, and mis-directions – but the Vassal only knows "something is being concealed by these words." (It is akin, but not identical, to a Seraph resonance, continually operating at the check digit 1 level.)

Friend of the Quest

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

Master of Discovery

Those with this Distinction can look upon any living being and intuitively know what secrets they are





victims of. A woman whose husband is cheating on her; a spy with a posthypnotic suggestion planted in his skull; a child who is eating school lunches that were made with condemned food by the lowest bidder – all of them carry an aura visible and readable to the angel, who will know both the nature of the secret and those responsible.

RELATIONS

Litheroy is steadfastly against involving himself in Heavenly politics, believing it impossible to engage in politics without hiding something. So, while his company is pleasant, any Archangel with something to hide avoids him – which suits Litheroy, who is usually deeply engrossed in his latest mystery or quest. When he *does* mingle, he is one of the few of the hosts of Heaven who feels truly relaxed in the company of Dominic – at least, on his own behalf. Dominic’s all-concealing Cloak (*Liber Reliquarum*, p. 93) does tend to *perturb* Revelation.

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

Allied: No one

Associated: Yves, Michael, Laurence

Hostile: Jean, Janus (*Jean is Hostile to Litheroy*)

rites

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

Chance of Invocation: 2

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

- +1 Successfully guessing what’s in a wrapped gift.
- +2 Exposing a shoplifter or other petty criminal.

+3 Successfully *deducing* someone’s password or PIN code.

+4 A penitent man who “comes clean” about a secret despite the consequences.

+5 Exposing secrets that drastically change the reputation of a celebrated or significant historical figure.

+6 Publicly exposing a plot of international significance (or discovering one of the Prince of Secrets!).

GURPS POINT BREAKDOWNS FOR LITHEROY

Here are the bare-bones point breakdowns, providing the point costs for Servitors of Revelation. Consult the main text, p. IN44, for the descriptions of the effects. (Remember that check digits are replaced by degree of success, in *GURPS*.)

Seraphim: Litheroy’s Seraphim effectively have the Luck advantage (p. B21) when they make a resonance roll; it is not restricted to once per hour of real time. If they roll an Intervention (Divine or Infernal), they must stop rolling – even if they had one or two rolls left – and use that result. Naturally, they never get more than three rolls per a given use of resonance! 15 points.

Cherubim: Resonance enhancement, adding “or attuned is hidden” to a Cherub’s Danger Sense (p. IN46), reducing the limitation to -20% and adding 2 points; Resonance enhancement (Successes are critical, +60%; Failures do not burn out resonance, +30%; Only immediately after the attuned is hidden, -20%; Only once per hiding of the attuned, -20%) [18]. 20 points.

Ofanim: New power, loosely based on Remote Control (p. IN95). 40 points.

Elohim: Symphonic Knowledge: Reason for Hiding (No roll required, +66%; Limited scope, -40%) [38]. 38 points.

Malakim: Symphonic Knowledge: Enemy Recognition (No roll required, +66%; Limited scope, -30%; Must have fought subject, -30%) [32]; Symphonic Knowledge: Weaknesses of Cover (Limited Scope, -20%) [24]. (As usual, the check



digit is replaced by the degree of success; the penalty can never be reduced past -1.) 56 points.

Bright Lilim: As with Seraphim, a form of Luck applied only when using their resonance to discover a non-obvious Need; the penalty to uncover such Needs still applies [15]. Resonance bonus averaging +3 (Only added for contest to “set” Geas to reveal a hidden truth, -30%) [3]. 18 points.

Kyriotates: When in a predator host (or vessel, for other Choirs), these angels gain Tracking (M/A) [8], Area Knowledge [2], and Survival (Appropriate Environment) [2]. 12 points.

Mercurians: Resonance enhancement granting knowledge of who is sharing secrets (and who is not) with a degree of success of 6 or less, and knowing what those secrets are with a critical success (+50%). 15 points.

Sense of Significance: Symphonic Knowledge: Clues [30]. The number of clues is equal to the degree of success in case of success, or 1 + the degree of failure in case of failures. 30 points.

I Tell You Three Times: Symphonic Influence: Believe Truth (No roll required, +66%; Must repeat truth three times, -10%; Costs Essence, -20%) 41 points.

Vassal of Inquiry: Celestial Rank +1 [5]. Symphonic Knowledge: Hidden Truth (No roll required, +66%) [50]. 55 points.

Friend of the Quest: Celestial Rank +1 [5]; Symphonic Knowledge: Hidden Things (No roll required, +66%; Limited scope, -10%; Severely limited range, -50%) [32]. 37 points.

Master of Discovery: Celestial Rank +1 [5]; Symphonic Knowledge: Harmful Secrets and Those Responsible (No roll required, +66; Only secrets, -10%) [47]. 52 points.

Dissonance Conditions: As a Dissonance Condition [-5], Truthfulness [-5]; Zeroed (p. CI32) [10]; Taboo Skills of Fast-Talk and Acting [0]. 0 points for most Choirs, but 10 points for Seraphim!

(Seraphim already have Truthfulness as a Dissonance Condition.)

Rites: 8 points.

Invocation Base: 4 [10 points]

Total Servitor Cost: 3 points.





ALAEMON

IMPUDITE PRINCE OF SECRETS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(For GMs who don't believe a word of the above – why should Secrets reveal the whole truth? – Superiors 4: Rogues to Riches contains a hidden trove of Secret information.)

DISSONANCE

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





BAND ATTUNEMENTS

Balseraphs (restricted)

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

Djinn (restricted)

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

Calabim (restricted)

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

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

Habbalah (restricted)

The Habbalah of Alaemon can use their resonance to inspire *long-term* Paranoia (as per the *Discord, In Nomine*, p. 88) in a victim, without any risk of backlash (if the Will roll on the part of the victim succeeds, the energy of the attack simply dissipates). A paranoid will be convinced that every friend is just using him, that every stranger is a spy or an enemy,

and that everything he holds dear must be hidden away . . . this lasts a number of hours equal to the check digit. At the end of that time, the victim must make an unmodified Will roll or stay paranoid for another increment of the same duration. This process continues until the Paranoia finally wears off.

Lilim (restricted)

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

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

Shedim (restricted)

The Shedim of Alaemon not only make their puppets into repugnant sinners, they make a *point* of getting away with it, carefully covering their tracks. When the Shedite's possessed victim successfully gets away with something sinister, the Shedite gains 1 Essence, and that day doesn't count toward the victim's cumulative Perception bonus to shake off the demon. Especially strong-willed Corruptors have held single victims in thrall for *months*. If the puppet is *ever* caught and dealt with by the authorities (convicted by a judge or shot down by the cops – it doesn't matter), it generates a note of dissonance.

Impudites (restricted)

People who are themselves in hiding, or tortured by their secrets, are most vulnerable to the charm of



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

SERVITOR ATTUNEMENTS

Chalk Outline

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

Lucifer's Document Shredder

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

DISTINCTIONS

Knight of Hidden Doors

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

Captain of Private Chambers

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

Baron of the Vault

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

RELATIONS

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

Allied: *No one (And none consider themselves Allied to Alaemon)*

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

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

Enemy: *No one (And vice versa)*

RITES

- Cause a Servitor of Litheroy to experience any kind of death. (+2 Essence)

- Come to possess a secret worth at least \$5,000 (or any secret worth injuring or killing over) – this Rite can be used twice per day.



Chance of Invocation: 0

INVOCATION MODIFIERS

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

GURPS POINT BREAKDOWNS FOR ALAEMON

Here are the bare-bones point breakdowns, providing the point costs for Servitors of Alaemon. Consult the main text, p. IN59, for the descriptions of the effects. (Remember that check digits are replaced by degree of success, in *GURPS*.)

Balseraphs: Modified *Extended Duration* enhancement to resonance (+100%). 27 points.

Djinn: Symphonic Link [20] (Decaying link (-20%); subject need not be present (+25%); Djinn does not know what he is linked to (-5%)). 20 points.

Calabim: Enhancement to resonance (Subtle Damage, +50%). 10 points.

Habbalah: Modified *Extended Duration* enhancement to resonance (+100%), No Backlash (+20%). One Emotion Only: Paranoia (-50%). 15 points.

Lilim: Symphonic Knowledge: Secrets (Does not work on

recordings, -33%, Eye Contact Only, -20%) [14], Enhancement to Geasing resonance (Only for Secrets (not Needs), +0%; No Resonance Backlash, +20%; Preparation Required: 1 minute (or less), -10%) [3]. 17 points.

Shedim: Rite: Get Away With It [2], Enhancement to Shedite Dissonance Conditions (Get Away With It, +40%) [3]. 5 points.

Impudites: Resonance enhancement (Unresisted, +66%, No Resonance Backlash, +20%, Only versus secret-harboring humans the Impudite is "helping," -40%). 25 points.

Chalk Outline: New power. 50 points.

Lucifer's Document Shredder: New Power: 60 points

Knight of Hidden Doors: Celestial Rank +1 [5], New Power: Invisible Numinous Corpus, reducing opponent's Dodge by 2 [20]. 25 points.

Captain of Private Chambers: Celestial Rank +1 [5], Celestial Knowledge: Perfect Hiding Place (Against one opponent only, -20%). 29 points.

Baron of the Vault: Celestial Rank +1 [5], Symphonic Influence (No Roll Required, +66%) [50]. 55 points.

Dissonance Conditions: Code of Honor (Never give a direct answer to a direct question; always hold something back when replying to *any* question) [-5], Dependency on hiding something valuable (somewhat hard), daily (triple value), with 1 note of dissonance per day rather than 1 HT lost per hour for failing (one-quarter value) [-8]. As a dissonance condition, -18 points.

Rites: 8 points.

Invocation Base: 1 [5 points]

Total Servitor Cost: -20 points.

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





THE DAGGER OF BITHYNIA

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

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

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

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

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

Less than 20 years ago, Alaemon finally tracked down the secret order that owned the blade and assigned a minion to retrieve it. Hamet – the demon

so chosen – slowly wormed his way in as a valuable “servant” to the sorcerers.

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

The first blade, however, was dying. Gebbeleth was slowly unraveling, trapped and panicking. Alaemon, linked to the other Prince by their shared Word, realized *this*, too, and began to plot.

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

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





THE POWERS OF THE BLADES

The two blades have identical powers, but different dangers. Both allow the wielder – any intelligent being with Celestial Forces – to access the entire range of attunements available to demons of Secrets (including the benefits of Baronial rank, p. 34). The Essence required is torn from the Symphony by the stolen Forces of Gebbeleth.

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

A *secret* area hides disturbances in the Symphony. A Demon Prince can appear within a secret area, kill a hundred humans, and demolish a building . . . and it will not disturb the Symphony beyond the flaming wound in space. Furthermore, Songs, attunements, and resonances which give information *automatically fail* when the object of the question is within a secret area, even if there is no “normal” chance of failure.

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

The daggers may also be used in combat as small blades. They do only normal damage, but either one acts as a talisman (*In Nomine*, p. 42), giving its user +4 to Small Weapon (Knives) skill (*In Nomine*, p. 77).

As side effects, use of either blade creates dim, long-lasting reverberations in the Symphony, which

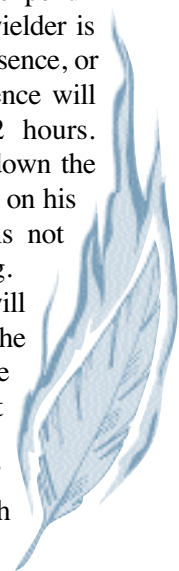
any celestial can hear. These echoes reveal that something powerful has acted, but not from which direction, or any other data. The blades will also disguise the wounds they cause when used as ordinary weapons.

THE DOOM OF THE BLADES

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

Both daggers still supply all the Essence necessary to fuel their powers, but the *false* dagger (the one Raposo carries) has grown hungry for living Essence, a maddened vampiric blade. The wielder must make a Will roll every 12 hours while holding the blade. Failure means the wielder will become aware of the blade’s hunger, and must either feed it 1 Essence from himself, or kill something with the blade, drawing all of the Essence from the victim. The normal restriction on human expenditure of Essence applies – if the wielder is human, he must give up *all* his Essence, or make a kill. Any amount of Essence will only appease the blade for 12 hours. Finally, the blade slowly breaks down the Forces of any being who carries it on his person for too long; the effect is not unlike massive radiation poisoning.

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





NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

EILETH

Renegade Lilim Captain of Secrets

Corporeal – 3	Strength 3	Agility 9
Ethereal – 4	Intelligence 10	Precision 6
Celestial – 4	Will 8	Perception 8

Vessel: Human/3, Charisma +3

Role: “Amanda Kale,” Police Officer/3, Status/3.

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

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

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

Discord: Aura/6.

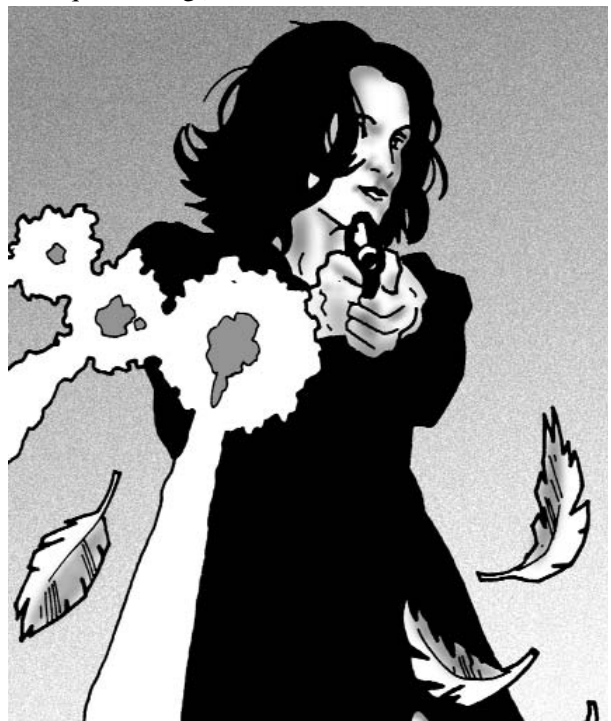
Eileth, at this point, is willing and eager to deal for her existence. She’s been Renegade for nearly a year, and is hunted constantly. She had an Aura problem before she went Renegade, and now she just screams “Demon!” to every angel within sight, and “Target” to the demons. Whenever a celestial sees her, they make a Perception roll, at +6 for her Aura (*In Nomine*, p. 87). Angels who make it will know she’s a Lilim.

Fortunately for her, she has a *lot* of loyal “friends” in Alaemon’s court. They feed her information and keep her posted on how well she’s hiding, ironically serving their Superior’s Word by keeping such an embarrassing secret from him. Alaemon may be

paranoid, but that’s okay; his servants *are* plotting against him.

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

Demons, even her Lilim sisters, she’ll deal with and try to blackmail into assistance. Angels, she’ll only deal with if she can get some juicy blackmail on them. Otherwise, she avoids them if she can, and seeks ways to throw them in jail or shoot them if they interfere with her. (Naturally, if she spots them kidnapping Raposo, she’ll try to do her duty as an officer of the law and rescue the poor man . . . for her own questioning.)





EILETH, RENEGADE LILIM OF SECRETS

908 POINTS

ST 8 [-50]; **DX** 19 [60]; **IQ** 22 [125]; **HT** 8 [-50].

Speed 6.75; Move 6.

Dodge 7.

Advantages: Basic Celestial Template [480]; Band (Lilim) [34]; Band Attunement (Lilim of Secrets) [17]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Distinction (Captain of Private Chambers) [24*]; Distinction (Knight of Hidden Doors) [20*]; Essence Control 11 [2]; Extra Hit Points (Mind) +3 [8]; Extra Hit Points (Soul) +3 [12]; Power Investiture (Ethereal) 4 [10]; Power Investiture (Celestial) 4 [10]; Role (Amanda Kale, Police Officer) 3 [15]; Servitor Attunement (Chalk Outline) [50]; Vessel (Human Female; Attractive Appearance [5]; Extra Hit Points +13; Voice [10]) [110].

Disadvantages: Aura Discord 6 [-30];

Disfavored [-30]; Heartless [-5]; Reduced Alertness -4 [-20]; Reduced Manual Dexterity -3 [-9]; Weak Will -4 [-32].

Skills: Acting-25 [8]; Area Knowledge (local city)-23 [2]; Computer Operation/TL7-22 [1]; Detect Lies-22 [4]; Driving/TL7 (Car)-20 [2]; Fast-Talk-21 [1]; Guns/TL7 (Pistol)-21 [1]; Sex Appeal-16 [14]; Singing-16 [32]; Stealth-17 [1/2]; Throwing-16 [1/2].

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal)-20 [4]; Charm (Celestial)-21 [8]; Form (Ethereal)-21 [8]; Numinous Corpus (Claws)-21 [12]; Shields (Celestial)-21 [8].

Languages: English (native)-22 [0]; Helltongue (native)-22 [0].

* Since Eileth is Disfavored, the celestial Rank of her Distinctions is not counted; only the special powers she gained from them.

KADRIS

Mercurian Friend of Revelation

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

Vessel: Human/2

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

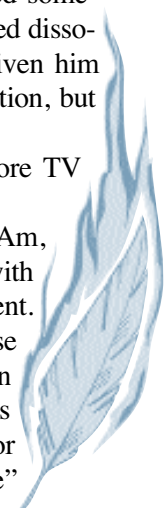
Songs: Attraction (Celestial/2), Healing (Celestial/6), Shields (Celestial/1), Tongues (Corporeal/3, Celestial/4), Wings/6

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

Kadris *loves* his job, and loves serving his Superior. He also loves teasing the subjects of his investigations – for a Friend of Revelation, he can be playfully dodgy at times. This has, more than once, earned him a chiding from Litheroy. And, less often but still more than once, he’s implied something that wasn’t quite true, and earned dissonance for it. So far, Litheroy’s forgiven him and rewarded his service and dedication, but Kadris keeps skirting the edge.

Basically, Kadris just watches more TV than is good for him.

He drives a beat-up 1985 Trans Am, and keeps a loaded gun in his coat, with extra bullets in the glove compartment. He has a distressing tendency to use some kind of clichéd speech-pattern when flirting with mortals and angels of the appropriate orientation – or when threatening “femme fatale” demons.





KADRIS, MERCURIAN FRIEND OF REVELATION

885 POINTS

ST 10 [-30]; DX 18 [45]; IQ 20 [80]; HT 10 [-30].
Speed 7; Move 8.
Dodge 8.

Advantages: Basic Celestial Template [480]; Choir (Mercurian) [10]; Choir Attunement (Mercurian of Revelation) [15]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Distinction (Friend of the Quest) [37]; Distinction (Vassal of Inquiry) [55]; Essence Control 11 [2]; Extra Hit Points (Mind) +3 [8]; Extra Hit Points (Soul) +3 [12]; Power Investiture (Ethereal) 4 [10]; Power Investiture (Celestial) 4 [10]; Servitor Attunement (Sense of Significance) [30]; Servitor of Revelation [3]; Vessel (Human Male; Extra Hit Points +8) [75].

Disadvantages: Reduced Manual Dexterity

-1 [-3]; Weak Will -4 [-32].

Quirk: Plays looser with the truth than he should [-1].

Skills: Climbing-19 [4]; Computer Operation/TL7-21 [2]; Detect Lies-21 [6]; Driving/TL7 (Car)-17 [1]; Escape-16 [1]; Guns/TL7 (Pistol)-21 [2]; Karate-17 [2]; Physician/TL7-18 [1]; Stealth-19 [4]; Running-12 [16]; Swimming-18 [1]; Tactics-17 [1/2]; Throwing-15 [1/2]; Tracking-22 [6].

Songs: Attraction (Celestial)-17 [2]; Healing (Celestial)-21 [16]; Numinous Corpus (Wings)-20 [16]; Shields (Celestial)-16 [1]; Tongues (Corporeal)-17 [4]; Tongues (Celestial)-19 [8].

Languages: English (native)-20 [0]; Angelic (native)-20 [0].

HUZRAEL

Balseraph Captain of Theft

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

Vessel: Human/4

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

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

Attunements: Balseraph of Theft, Captain of Corsairs.

Appearing as a large, bearded man with a big nose and a polite leer, Huzrael enjoys his work - usually. This time around, he's trying to curry favor with his

Prince by stealing a relic while acting as nursemaid to a pack of idiots (see below). He is not a happy demon, and will do his best to take it out on just about anyone who interferes with him. He drives a noisy old station wagon and depends mostly on his fists, lies, and Songs in combat. He also has a shotgun like those carried by his flunkies, mostly because he couldn't stand *not* to have one with them drooling over theirs.

HUZRAEL'S DEMONLING PACK

Tiny, Bug-Eye, Baby, and Drools

Demonlings of Theft

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



HUZRAEL, BALSERAPH CAPTAIN OF THEFT

1,330 POINTS

ST 26 [225]; **DX** 20 [80]; **IQ** 12 [-15]; **HT** 26 [225].
Speed 11.5; Move 14.
Dodge 13.

Advantages: Basic Celestial Template [480]; Band (Balsraph) [26]; Band Attunement (Balsraph of Theft) [4]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Distinction (Captain of Corsairs) [30]; Distinction (Knight of Kleptos) [7]; Enhanced Dodge [15]; Essence Control 11 [2]; Power Investiture (Corporeal) 5 [20]; Strong Will +4 [16]; Vessel (Human Male; Extra Hit Points +21; Zeroed) [140].

Disadvantages: Reduced Hit Points (Mind) -2 [-5]; Reduced Hit Points (Soul) -1 [-2]; Reduced Manual Dexterity -1 [-3];

Servitor of Theft [-13].

Skills: Acrobatics-17 [1/2]; Acting-14 [6]; Brawling-24 [16]; Detect Lies-11 [2]; Driving/TL7 (Car)-17 [1/2]; Fast-Talk-11 [1]; Guns/TL7 (Shotgun)-18 [0*]; Running-26 [4]; Stealth-20 [2]; Tactics-9 [1/2].

Songs: Attraction (Ethereal)-10 [8]; Charm (Ethereal)-9 [4]; Entropy (Corporeal)-10 [2]; Light (Celestial)-7 [1]; Numinous Corpus (Fangs)-12 [8]; Numinous Corpus (Horns)-11 [4]; Thunder-12 [8].

Languages: English (native)-12 [0]; Helltongue (native)-12 [0]; Spanish-13 [4].

* Default provided because he *has* a shotgun.





TINY, BUG-EYE, BABY, AND DROOLS, DEMONLINGS OF THEFT 344 POINTS

ST 8 [-50]; **DX** 11 [-20]; **IQ** 10 [-30]; **HT** 8 [-50].
Speed 4.75; Move 4.
Dodge 5.

Advantages: Basic Celestial Template [480]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Strong Will +2 [8]; Vessel (Human kid; Extra Hit Points +6; Zeroed) [65].

Disadvantages: Essence Control 6 [-6]; Power Investiture (Corporeal) 2 [-10]; Power Investiture (Ethereal) 2 [-10]; Power Investiture (Celestial) 2 [-10]; Reduced Hit Points (Mind) -1 [-3]; Reduced Hit Points (Soul) -2 [-8]; Reduced Manual Dexterity -1 [-3]; Heartless (unfledged celestial spirits) [-5];

Duty: Theft [-15].

Skills: Brawling-13 [4]; Driving/TL7 (Car)-10 [1]; Guns/TL7 (Shotgun)-12 [1]; Stealth-10 [1].

Languages: English (native)-10 [0]; Helltongue (native)-10 [0].

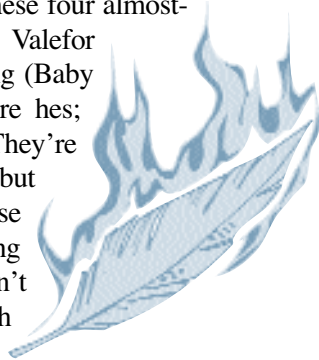
If the demonling pack is to be customized a bit, *Tiny* receives Stealth-14 [16] and Lockpicking/TL7-9 [1], raising his point total by 16 points. *Bug-Eye* gains Throwing-11 [4]. *Baby* has Brawling-15 [16], and Guns/TL7 (Shotgun)-14 [4], raising her point total by 15. *Drools* gains Diagnosis/TL7-9 [2], Physician/TL7-11 [6], Running-10 [16], and Surgery-7 [1]; he also has Move 6, and his point total is raised by 25 points.

Vessel: Human Kid/2.

Skills: Dodge/3, Driving/2, Fighting/4, Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/2 (Shotgun).

If you wish to individualize the pack a bit, add Move Silently/6 and Lockpicking/2 to *Tiny*. *Bug-Eye* adds Throwing/4 to the basic package. *Baby* is the nastiest of the pack, with Fighting/6 and Ranged Weapon/4 (Shotgun). *Drools* adds Medicine/5 and Running/6 to the basics. (None of them have taken all the Resources they could, for their Forces; the GM may assign extra ones, or – if letting them be *player characters* – have the players customize them slightly.)

Tiny, Bug-Eye, Baby, and Drools are the names that Huzrael gave to these four almost-fledged misfits when Valefor put them in his keeping (Baby is a she; the others are hes; they all resemble *its*). They're all okay in a fight, but nearly useless otherwise . . . and utterly irritating to their boss. They don't know any Songs worth speaking of; they've



spent most of their time brawling with each other and picking on damned souls in Stygia, back in the Pit.

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

The GM is encouraged to flesh out the personalities of the pack, and customize them, if desired, especially if more roleplaying than combat is expected from the PCs. In a continuing campaign, any of the pack who survive might appear again. (For instance, the Game Master should decide which ones are imps and which are gremlins. If they appear again, they may have fledged as full demons!)

If the GM believes demonlings are too wimpy, make them all 7-Force Calabim, giving them the Calabite of Theft attunement.

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





GENERIC POLICEMAN

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

Toughness: 1

Status: 3 (Police Officer)

Skills: Computer Operation/1, Detect Lies/2, Dodge/1, Driving/3, Fighting/2, Knowledge (City Area/3, Hobby/1, Police Procedure/3), Language/3 (English), Move Silently/1, Ranged Weapon/2 (Pistol), Swimming/1. In group of four or more policemen, there will be at least one with Medicine/2 and at least one with Ranged Weapon/3 (Shotgun) and a shotgun in the squad car.

(Skills include the "freebies" suggested on p. 24 of the Corporeal Player's Guide. The Hobby skill may be customized as the GM desires, or changed to an appropriate Language skill.)

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

If the crash draws more specialized attention, divide up to 3 points between Intelligence and Precision, and add 1 or 2 points to Perception (as suggested by *In Nomine*, p. 202). A single 6-Force mundane may also be appropriate if the players are

especially egregious in their dealings with mortal authorities.

ROBERTO RAPOSO

Sorcerer and Servant of Alaemon

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

Status: 2 (Cultist)

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

* Portuguese is Raposo's native language.

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

Sorcerous Skills and Rituals: Command/4 (Suggest, Command Minor Ethereal Spirit, Command Demonling), Focus/4 (Sacrifice for Essence, Store Essence, Siphon Essence**, Symphonic Awakening), Summon/2 (Invoke Hamet***), Sorcerous Initiation/3, various other rituals which do not actually work. (See the *Corporeal Player's Guide*, pp. 31-46 for details on the rituals listed.)

GENERIC POLICEMAN

15 POINTS

(This is a strict conversion. The GM may also choose to use templates from GURPS Cops, instead.)

ST 11 [10]; **DX** 11 [10]; **IQ** 11 [10]; **HT** 11 [10].

Speed 5.5; Move 5.

Dodge 6.

Advantages: Combat Reflexes [15]; Legal Enforcement Powers [5].

Disadvantages: Reduced Alertness -4 [-20]; Weak Will -4 [-32].

Skills: Area Knowledge (Local area)-12 [2]; Computer Operation/TL7-10 [1/2]; Detect Lies-9 [1]; Driving/TL7 (Car)-10 [1]; *First Aid/TL7-11 [1]; Guns/TL7

(Pistol)-12 [1]; *Guns/TL7 (Shotgun)-13 [2]; Judo-9 [1]; Stealth-9 [1/2].

Languages: English (native)-11 [0].

* See main text; not counted in total point cost.

In a group of 4 or more policemen, there will be at least one with a point in Physician, at least one with 2 points in Guns (Shotgun), and a shotgun in the squad car. If the crash draws more specialized attention, the IQ of each policeman may be raised by up to 6 (in other words, up to IQ 17). For the strictest of conversions, add one level of Reduced Manual Dexterity for every three additional IQ (round up).



ROBERTO RAPOSO, SORCERER

135 1/2 POINTS

ST 9 [-10]; **DX** 13 [30]; **IQ** 13 [30]; **HT** 9 [-10].

Speed 5.5; Move 5.

Dodge 5.

Advantages: Awareness (Symphonic) [15]; Essence Control 6 [16]; Power Investiture (Sorcery) [10]; Strong Will +2 [8].

Disadvantages: Delusion (I am a powerful sorcerer, immortality within my grasp!) [-10]; Reduced Alertness -6 [-30]; Reduced Hit Points -1 [-5], Reduced Hit Points (Mental) -1 [-2]; Reduced Manual Dexterity -2 [-6].

Skills: Computer Operation/TL7-13 [1]; Driving/TL7 (Car)-12 [1]; Fast-Talk-13 [2]; Guns/TL7 (Pistol)-12 [1]; Occultism-15 [6]; Savoir-Faire-13 [1]; Swimming-12 [1/2].

Songs: Charm (Corporeal)-15 [16]; Entropy (Corporeal)-15 [16]; Healing (Corporeal)-

13 [8].

Spells: Loyalty-15 [8]; Manastone-15 [8]; Sorcerous Initiation-13 [4]; Steal Health-15 [8]; Steal Strength-15 [8]; Summon Hamet-12 [2]; Symphonic Awakening (Infernal)-13 [4]

Languages: Portuguese (native)-13 [0]; English-12 [1].

* See main text; not counted in total point cost.

In a group of 4 or more policemen, there will be at least one with a point in Physician, at least one with 2 points in Guns (Shotgun), and a shotgun in the squad car. If the crash draws more specialized attention, the IQ of each policeman may be raised by up to 6 (in other words, up to IQ 17). For the strictest of conversions, add one level of Reduced Manual Dexterity for every three additional IQ (round up).

** *Siphon Essence is at a -1 to target number, and +1 to failed check digits.*

*** *The Summoning ritual is more like a "paging" ritual than the Summon Named Demon ritual it was originally based on.*

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

Raposo carries a revolver under his sweater, and keeps the "false" Dagger of Bithynia with him everywhere. His left arm is currently injured (from the crash), and most likely carried in a sling by the time the PCs encounter him – he spent at least 4 Essence already, and doesn't have enough to waste on the Song of Healing right now. He is sick, angry, and

confused, and not at all happy with his "servant," Hamet.

Like most sorcerers, Raposo believes that the infernal spirits he and his kind summon up are serving them. Like most sorcerers, he is quite deluded by the demon "servants" who manipulate their pet humans into damnation. Like some sorcerers, he has learned Songs and a few rituals from his invoked spirits.

Unlike many of his ilk, Raposo and his group are not directly controlled by Servitors of Fate. Instead, they are one of the many secrets of Secrets.





HAMET, BALSERAPH DUKE OF SECRETS

2,236 POINTS

ST 26 [225]; DX 28 [275]; IQ 20 [80]; HT 26 [225].
Speed 13.5; Move 13.
Dodge 14.

Advantages: Basic Celestial Template [480]; Band (Balsraph) [26]; Band Attunement (Balsraph of Secrets) [27]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Distinction (Baron of the Vault) [55]; Distinction (Captain of Private Chambers) [29]; Distinction (Duke of Secrets)* [35]; Distinction (Knight of Hidden Doors) [25]; Enhanced Dodge [15]; Essence Control 23 [14]; Extra Hit Points (Mind) +3 [8]; Extra Hit Points (Soul) +17 [68]; Power Investiture (Corporeal) 6 [30]; Power Investiture (Ethereal) 4 [10]; Power Investiture (Celestial) 5 [20]; Rite (Demon of Private Shame) [2]; Role (Little Old Society Lady) 6 [50]; Servitor Attunement (Chalk Outline) [50]; Servitor Attunement (Lucifer's Document Shredder) [60]; Strong Will +4 [16]; Vessel (Little Old Lady; Status 1, Wealthy [20]; Extra Hit Points +33) [215]; Vessel (Male; Extra Hit Points 18) [120]; Word-bound** [10].

* As a Duke of Secrets, Hamet's Invocation Base for Alaemon is 10, not 1.

** Word-bound grants Celestial Rank +2, as well as access to extra Essence Control and Soul Hits (purchased separately).

Disadvantages: Reduced Manual Dexterity -35[-15]; Secret (Plans to bring back Gebbeleth as Prince) [-30]; Servitor of Secrets [-20].

Skills: Acting-23 [8]; Artist-19 [2]; Chemistry/TL7-19 [2]; Detect Lies-22 [8]; Driving/TL7 (Car)-28 [2]; Escape-27 [2]; Fast-Talk-23 [8]; Karate-27 [2]; Savoir-Faire-23 [2]. Plus whatever other skill the GM sees fit, at the 1-point level.

Songs: Charm (Celestial)-20 [8]; Form (Ethereal)-21 [16]; Form (Celestial)-22 [16]; Motion (Corporeal)-21 [8]; Numinous Corpus (Claws)-23 [16]; Projection (Corporeal)-21 [8]; Projection (Ethereal)-19 [8]; Projection (Celestial)-19 [4]; Tongues (Corporeal)-20 [4]; Tongues (Celestial)-18 [2].

Languages: Arabic-19 [2]; English (native)-20 [0]; French-20 [2]; German-20 [2]; Greek-20 [2]; Helltongue (native)-20 [0]; Japanese-20 [2]; Latin-20 [2]; Russian-20 [2]; Sanskrit-20 [2]; Spanish-20 [2]. Further, add any other language the GM deems suitable, at the 2-point level.

HAMET

Demon of Private Shame

Balsraph Duke of Secrets

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

Suggested Word Forces: 8

Vessels: Human/3 (currently "Landridge," normally his spare vessel), Human/6 (sweet little old society lady)

Role: Society Lady/6, Status/5

Skills: Artistry/3 (Painting), Chemistry/3, Detect Lies/6, Dodge/4, Driving/3, Emote/6, Escape/3, Fast-Talk/6, Fighting/3, Knowledge/3 (in many fields), Languages/3 (all common ones), Savoir-Faire/3 . . . and any other skills the GM deems appropriate, at level 2. (Hamet is very old.)

Songs: Charm (Celestial/4), Claws/6, Form (Ethereal/6, Celestial/6), Motion (Corporeal/4),





Projection (Corporeal/4, Ethereal/4, Celestial/3), Tongues (Corporeal/3, Celestial/2).

Attunements: Balsraph of Secrets, *all* Servitor Attunements of Alaemon; Duke of Secrets (see below); +5 to call Alaemon

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

Hamet is a Duke, a Distinction which few demons reach. As a Duke, he has all powers from the first three Distinctions (Balsraph Knight, Captain, and Baron of Secrets). He also speaks all earthly languages and has all the Servitor Attunements of his master . . . and, more importantly, he has his master's ear. He has a +5 to invoke his Superior. He has served Secrecy longer than the current Prince has been a demon, rising gradually over the course of centuries, falling in and out of favor, his infernal potency waxing and waning. In the past 200 years,

his star has risen, and he was granted a Word at last. In all the time since, he has been devoted to imposing on humanity the belief that every secret should be dirty, horrible, and *guilty*.

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

Hamet knows the dagger very well; on more than one occasion before Gebbeleth was trapped, Hamet inhabited the dagger himself! Armed with this unique understanding, Hamet believes that he can open the blade, releasing Gebbeleth into the world. He intends that Gebbeleth will retake his "rightful place" as the Prince of Secrets, and that Alaemon will be toppled. He assumes that Gebbeleth will be very grateful. He's wrong (see *Gebbeleth*, p. 22).

Hamet is very, very smart and experienced, but not really a combat creature – he relies on his innate physical power more than his actual skill.



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