

W A K E

THE SECOND CREED OF PANDEMONIUM

Wake up, and strengthen what remains before it dies.
I find that the sum of your deeds is less than complete.
– Revelation 3:2



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It's about heroes who protect innocent people from supernatural horrors. It contains adult subject matter and descriptions of explicit violence. The theological content in this text is inspired by real-world religions but has been modified for the purposes of horror-action role-playing.

I do not condone the use of violence. I do not encourage the pursuit or study of the occult.

THIS IS JUST A WORK OF FICTION!



DEDICATION

To my beautiful wife, Bridget, who gracefully shines a light on the darkness of my imagination.

To my two sons, who are both divine and maddening.

To the whole Doom Patrol, for over two decades of time well spent.

To Rafael, for his amazing support and encouragement, and his even more extraordinary patience.

To all the members on the Neoplastic forums, for giving me a reason to write this
and for giving me a lot of helpful advice along the way.



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FOREWORD

BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

You never know what you're going to get when another Curhadac starts playing with your scalpels. Sure, it'll be art (why wouldn't it be?), but what kind, exactly?

Christopher Peter's **Wake** is a fascinating glimpse into someone else's cosmology and vision for the Books of Pandemonium. It's a world where terrorists work to bring about the apocalypse, where consuming ground-up demon flesh grants telekinetic abilities, where Cabals tear through city streets in vehicles tricked out with demon claws and teeth. But that's not the worst of it. Here, angels are benevolent and God is kind. Truly, this is a strange new world.

Nearly 150 pages long, **Wake** is packed with all kinds of information for players and directors alike. It includes horrific enemies, strange allies, intriguing possibilities, and a wealth of setting information. Better still, it also features mechanisms for welding Dread and Spite into a single entity, stitching both into a brutal and mirthless tapestry.

Christopher's been busy. This sourcebook is nothing like what I expected, save that it's a great resource, and guaranteed to take your game into horrid new directions that none of us could have predicted.

And isn't that what art is all about?

Pax vobiscum.

Spaniard out.

It didn't matter how long I did this. It didn't matter how many times I had seen it. There's just something about the appearance of human bodies that had been turned inside out that was, I don't know... distinctive among my experiences.

I did mention that I had seen this many, many times, right?

But there they were. Decorating an office space that looked like it had been set on fire. The walls and floors were charred and black, carpets had been torn up and stained, ceiling tiles were broken and hanging down. And dead people. Moist piles of entrails and organs loosely connected by pulled tendons to blobs of skin, blood-drenched bones cracked and at odd angles, no skeletons recognizable for what the mounds of wet once were. But the faces. The faces always gave them away. Eyes, whether staring and vacant, or crushed and flattened, still in their proper places on inverted faces stretched out on the damaged floor. None of the bodies were burned; whatever did this, the fire and the inverted office workers were two distinct phenomena.

Whatever. I know what did this. A demon did this. No: correction. Based on the carnage here, lots of demons did this.

But that's why me and mine are here. We're Disciples. We're the last line of defense between Hell and the human race.

My Cabal had been on this case for over a week now. That's, like, a lifetime in Disciple-time. And this is just one of a half dozen scenes we'd come across like this. The details differed but the basics were always the same: crowded places in the heart of the city were turned upside down, people eviscerated, ripped apart, partially eaten, turned inside out. Sometimes combinations of these. Sometimes it was obvious that these people had done this to each other. And then the room or the building was destroyed, as if a cataclysm had occurred that left all the mangled remains untouched. It possessed a bizarre ghoulish artistry, but what it lacked was a series of consistent clues that could tell us what we were up against. All we knew was that it was serious.



All of us are getting on each other's nerves. I haven't slept all week. Not a wink. But the case hasn't seemed to bother Blue. Every day, she sooner or later crashes out on us and falls asleep. Must be nice. Sure, she wakes up screaming after about an hour or so and can't remember a thing. But still: I'm thinking an hour of nightmares would be better than the sleep deprivation psychosis that's surely waiting for me any minute now.

Suddenly, we all jumped at a noise. Subtle, quiet. Not like a scream or the howl of some hell beast. Footsteps approaching from down the hall. Sounded like more than one person too.

And then they appeared. A group of people not unlike ourselves. It was creepy, like looking in a fucking mirror. There were four of them, just like us. They were armed with guns that they had no legal right to be carrying, just like us. They were dirty and looked pissed off and like they hadn't slept in a week, just like us.

After a fraction of a second sizing each other up, one of them spoke first, "You guys the Gardner Cadre?"

What the fuck is he talking about?

Gates responded. "What's a Gardner Cadre?" The strangers looked at each other and then looked around the room we were in. Again, there was something creepy about the fact that they decided to talk to us before registering a moment's concern about the viscera their boots were slipping in. They looked like Disciples, but I didn't recognize them.

Deitrich took the plunge and put our lives on the line. "Our Cabal has been investigating this case for a week now. You can help if you want, I guess, but we got it."

I wasn't convinced that any of us really felt that way, but whatever.

"'Cabal'?" their spokesman asked. Another one, a woman about five-foot-nothing with dirty blond pixie hair, stepped over to her companion. She smirked at us, and not in a good way.

"Demon hunters," she said. "They're demon hunters. We heard about these guys a couple months ago." Pixie turned to us and used about the most fucking patronizing tone of voice I had ever heard. "You fucktards can go now. The professionals are here."

I stole a glance at Bishop as his internal mechanisms went all ape-shit. Bishop is our one-man wrecking crew and doesn't take kindly to being talked down to. Still, Blue sidled up alongside him and touched his hand and he restrained himself.

Deitrich continued, all diplomatic-like. "Okay. You seem to have us at a loss. If you're not Disciples, what are you?"

The man who had spoken first responded, "You can call me Seth. And we're a Cadre of Zealots. I guess you hunt demons, we hunt angels."

Well, if that don't beat all.

Pixie continued her unpleasant streak of bitchy aggression. "We've been following all the signs that have led us here. Horrible shit happening all week. Getting worse. Any second now, we expect an Ophan to manifest here. You know what that is? It's a big fucking angel the size of this building and it isn't going to stop killing until thousands and thousands and thousands die. Now, I'm all about making new friends and sharing and learning, but I'd rather find a good position to wait for this thing so we can take it down quick." Well, I guess I could admire her commitment, whatever the hell she was talking about. Still a total bitch, though.

Then we heard a rumbling, matched a split second later by a shockwave that rattled the building we were in. Piles of flesh shuffled back and forth as ceiling tiles fell down around us. A crack appeared in the floor. This building wasn't going to hold up much longer.

"Too late," one of the other Zealots declared.

Without further conversation, all eight of us ran to a window in an adjoining room and that's where I first saw it, a few blocks away.

Inside, my soul screamed and then I think it might have died altogether.

The monstrosity lived up to the hype: a building-size collection of oozing flesh, scabrous sores, wide-open eyes, and flailing tentacles. As it undulated slowly, buildings were smashed open, cars were picked up and thrown, and the not-so-distant screams of the city's inhabitants woke up the night. I regained enough of my composure to look at the rest of the Cabal. They were as stunned as I was. Then I turned my head to look at these Zealots. They weren't stunned, but I still knew the look on their faces: fear.

Since I was picked up from the dregs of my utterly failed life by Sindy, our Mentor, I have never failed to respond the way I was supposed to. Follow the demon's trail, locate where it's hiding, draw it out, kill it. Takedown.

But this "angel," this "Ophan"? This was too fucking much.

Then things got weirder.

The burn marks on the floors and walls around us began to smolder, and then they kicked back up into flames. The mangled and mutilated piles of flesh began to coalesce. And they began to cry. Not like the sound of the people they once were, but the sound of babies crying.

We readied our weapons to fight our way to a safer place, but I caught Gates still staring out the window. As I glanced over quickly, aware of the viscera-zombies moving ever nearer, I noticed it wasn't just our building. Outside, in the city, the building across the street sprouted huge gaping wounds. Terrible torrents of blood wept down to the streets below, splashing impressively. The street itself had torn open and giant gouts of flame shot forth, leaping high, high into the air.

I could no longer turn away from what was happening outside. The Ophan was getting closer.

The continuous sound through the streets was the same as around us: millions of screaming, crying infants. I swung my axe wildly at the animated dead around me, but my mind was on motherfucking Armageddon.

My Cabal and the Cadre of Zealots retreated to a stairwell. We took stock of ourselves and caught our breath. Things outside were not going to get any better. We needed to be out there. I had no idea what to do against an Ophan, but I guess I could follow the Zealots' lead. But I didn't want to. I really didn't want to.

My internal self-pity party was interrupted by rapidly moving footsteps from below. The Zealots immediately recognized the man as one of their own. "Banner! Where the fuck you been?"

"I got separated from you when the Rephaim attacked. I took care of them but not before the Ophanim showed up."

"What do you mean Ophanim? There's just one out there." A pause. "There's just one out there!" Pixie screamed this last part at Banner, clearly showing a small crack in her armor.

"No, there's two." Banner looked down and became aware of a massive bloodstain on his shirt, right over his guts. He looked at it, more annoyed than anything else. But he did suddenly look very, very tired. With a sigh, he turned and headed back down the stairs. We all followed until we hit the streets.

Chaos. Cars were swallowed up by the rents in the pavement. The heat from the flames was intense. Gates got drenched by the thick ichorous blood from the one of the building's gaping wounds. Nearby, another building shattered and exploded as the Ophan's tentacle tore through steel and concrete.

And then we saw the other one. Banner was right. Two building-size monsters ripping through this city. This definitely qualifies as a new distinctive experience for me.

Blue was looking at the second Ophan, staring at it, like she was in shock. Bishop was behind her and he reached his hand to touch her shoulder, trying to center her, like she did him. Weird relationship they had.

"That's it," Blue said.

"What's it?" Bishop responded.

"When I've fallen asleep like a damn narcoleptic this week. That thing is what I see before I wake up screaming." We all looked at it. It was a monstrous thing, more humanoid in shape than the other, composed of dark iron and fire, covered in spikes, sharp angles on it's body gleaming with razor's edges. Amongst the fire, small, black shadows dripped off the beast like sweat. It was the source of the screaming in the city. The small black shadows; they were shaped like babies. The thing dripped charred babies.

Banner looked up at the second Ophan too. After a moment, his face registered total confusion. "That's not an angel."

For just a second I was totally confused, but then I felt it. Being a Disciple, you start to develop some sort of sense about the demonic. And that's what it felt like. That fiery, spiked, razor-edged, baby-sweating monster was a demon. Not an angel. A really big, fucking demon.

Demons the size of buildings. The sucky job of being a Disciple just reached new levels of suck.

All of us were looking around, trying to find avenues of attack, getting into position, avoiding falling debris. And then the gigantic angel and the equally gigantic demon seemed to notice one another. How they didn't notice one another before, I have no fucking idea. But they seemed to get real angry about the fact that the other one was there.

Tentacles tore through the air, fire and blood rained down to the streets, buildings crumbled, the corpses of the dead shattered on impact with cars, street lamps, torn apart as they crashed through windows.

But that's how it is. Most of us were going to die tonight. Demons, angels, Disciples, Zealots, whatever. We were called to protect these people, and we were doing a piss-poor job of it, standing around with our terrified thumbs up our asses. So we found our resolve, remembered who we were, and took one last glance at one another.

We leapt into the fray.



I N T R O D U C T I O N

With the advent of Spite, the world of the Books of Pandemonium has expanded in amazing new ways beyond what was imagined in the setting of Dread. Now, the stories of Disciples can be expanded by the stories of Zealots, and nightmarish encounters with demons can compare to the horrors of angels.

Furthermore, Spite represents a significant upgrade over Dread in the quality and options contained in the fun and flexible Disciple 12 game system. This upgrade is especially apparent in the rules for making characters in each of the games. Zealots have far more options than Disciples. In the rules as they presently exist, there are three basic character builds in Dread. By comparison, in Spite, there are 90!

Some of the rules contained in Dread have also been improved in Spite. The combat system has been enhanced, the Cash system has been re-done, and the Discipline of Lore has been significantly improved. And these are just some of the changes.

Besides all of these changes and advancements in the rules, perhaps the biggest enhancement is to the setting itself. It seems reasonable to conclude that a person reading about the world of Dread would not have anticipated the angels of Spite! And these angels are not just new demons with the serial numbers filed off. There are several different kinds, with different motivations, different power levels, and different means of fighting them.

But if you're reading this book, you probably know all this already. The problem with all the changes brought about by Spite is that unintentionally some of the luster has been scratched off of Dread. Zealots have more powers than Disciples. Angels are scarier than demons. Spite's rules are smoother than Dread's. Yet Dread is what brought many of us to Spite in the first place. Wake aims at bringing the two games more fully in line with one another, thereby expanding options and story possibilities further than either game by itself.

This book can be used in many ways. There are sections in here that clarify all of the places in which the rules of Dread and Spite are not fully congruent with one another. There are new options specifically for Disciples to bring them up to par with the power level of Zealots. There are new spells and new demons to use them on. Finally, the last chapters of the book contain a whole host of new ideas to complicate the backstory, metaphysics, and cosmology of the world of Dread and Spite.

Each group can decide for themselves how much they want to integrate the two settings. Wake can be used with either one of the games exclusively, though there is more material for Dread in here than Spite and the main purpose of the book is actually to integrate the two games for more exciting and dynamic campaigns.

Throughout this book, there are frequent references to the "world of Pandemonium." This phrase specifically refers to the shared worlds of Dread and Spite (and any subsequent books in the Pandemonium line). It includes the setting material found in each book, as well as the additions to the setting included in *Dire: The First Creed of Pandemonium*.

With all of the material available up to this point for the world of Pandemonium, now including Wake, long-term campaigns can be played that go far beyond "monster of the week" storytelling. There are more options to create new and interesting character types. There are antagonists of differing power levels on both the human and the supernatural sides of the equation. There are weapons and tactics for beginning characters, and there are high-powered options for more experienced characters. And most importantly, there is story material to allow your group to start in the back alleys of the city and progress around the world and beyond participating in the most significant event in all of creation: the Last War. So wake up and fight!

I looked around the abandoned apartment that had been my home for the past six months. We were all awake and ready, because Deitrich got a call from Sindy telling us that we had to have our shit together. Sindy used to be around a lot, but since we had more than a couple successes under our belts, she pretty much just made sure that information found its way to us and trusted us to do the rest. This meant that the fact that she was calling us to tell us that she was coming meant that it was bad this time.

It's weird: I've literally entrusted my life to the people in this tiny little living room for months now, and as I looked around at their faces, all of us sitting in silent anticipation, I realized that I didn't really know anything about these people, except for one thing: how they hunted and killed demons. When it came to that, we were like a friggin' machine.

Bishop was actually the first one of them that I met after I was dragged across the Black Line. He's a pretty big guy, but I've seen him kill even bigger guys. I know that killing people was what he was into even before Sindy picked him up.

Some people change a lot when they become Disciples; Bishop didn't. He was a total whack-job head-case psycho before he met a demon and he just ran with that afterwards. Before meeting this man, I couldn't imagine a guy more in love with straight up violence. He scared me so much when we met. I was actually afraid to be alone in the same room with him. It didn't help that he has an annoying habit of staring at people rather than talking to them.

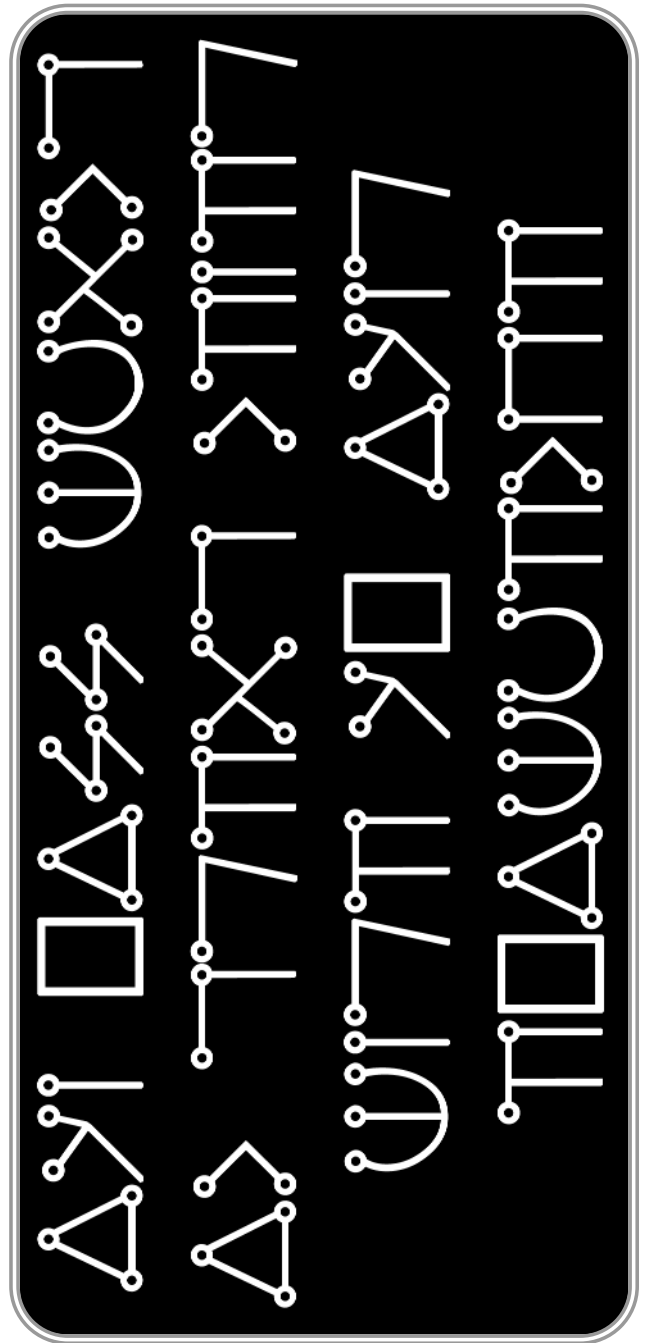
Six hours later, I felt the fetid breath of my first hunter demon on my neck, felt its stinging drool corrode my flesh. When I was sure that my career as a Disciple was going to be brief, Bishop jammed his thumbs into the demon's eyes from behind, pulled its head away from me and tore its jaws apart with his bare hands. He stared at it as it slowly faded away. I became a little less scared of him after that.

Deitrich was the next one I met. A hell of a contrast from Bishop. I imagine Deitrich was one of those guys who, in a different life, was the president of his fraternity, the hot young exec at the company, and yet still willing to come help you

move on the weekend. Shades of that were there when you talked to him, but you could also tell that life had already taken the best of him. Guy isn't that old either. If there was anyone in this Cabal that I'd like to have known in a different life, it would be him. He still hasn't opened up to us about what happened to him. But the past doesn't matter. That's what he's always telling us. Like, at least once every case. It's one of those annoying lines that always sounds a little cliché, but when Deitrich says it, at least I want to believe it.

Even though he was the third person to join the Cabal, Deitrich has kind of become our unofficial leader. He doesn't try to order us around, but when he talks, things seem to make a lot of sense. When we listen, we tend to survive. So that counts for something, I guess.

Our boys' club dynamic changed when Sindy dropped Blue off at our place. I remember that first night well. It was like someone dropped off a whipped and cowering dog to whimper in the rain. She was such a mess. It took a long time for that to change too. It still hasn't gone away entirely.



Blue was in a classically bad relationship and had been there for a long time. She was used to being beaten, used to being used. Turns out her boyfriend was a monster, and he was being manipulated by another one, a real one. She smiled for the first time when we made sure she was the one who dealt the killing blow to the thing.

It was after that case that Blue and Bishop made their weird connection. Bishop has this way of making Blue smile, a real cute smile that actually makes me forget how much our lives suck for a second. And she has this way of centering Bishop. She touches him in this subtle, loving way and he becomes human. He thinks more clearly, he thinks before he acts, he acts civilized. I'm positive that Bishop will never let Blue die.

We did have a fifth member of our Cabal for awhile. Jake came to us around the same time as Blue. Cindy cut him down from the rafter he had hanged himself from. He had actually been dead for a couple minutes. When he was revived, he found the sundered remains of the demon that had compelled him to off himself all over his room.

Sindy gave him the speech, but nothing she said really moved him. Whatever. Lots of Disciples need time to adjust.

But then he went with us on his first case and he was like a man possessed. OK. Bad word choice. But he just jumped into the action like he was a total convert to the demon-killing way of life. And he was like that on cases after that too. We tried to figure him out, but Jake just put up this front like he was totally into what we were doing. That was the first sign for the rest of us.

Jake never wanted a second chance. He wanted to finish what he had started. It was only a matter of time before a demon did it for him. And it did: all over the roof of a van we had been using.

Different ways of doing the same thing. And yet I still don't really know who these people are. A knock on the door. Time to go to work.





CHAPTER 1: CHARACTERS

The rules for generating characters in Spite are far more robust than those contained in Dread. Zealots have multiple powers and multiple choices of powers. They have better defined roles in their Cadres. When one of them Retires (as they inevitably do), there is a much better chance that their replacement will not be just another version of the same character with a different name and face. All of this makes conceptualizing and playing Zealots more fun and interesting than the poor Disciples.

But this is a war between Heaven and Hell. It's time to level the playing field.

This chapter contains rules that bring Disciples into line with Zealots on the level of powers, stunts, and cash. Chapter Two contains rules and options to expand the magic abilities of Disciples to bring them up to par with Zealots, and Chapters Five and Seven include new opponents that will require this juiced-up sorcery.



1.1. Personae

Like Zealots, Disciples have five different choices for Persona. Unlike Zealots, their choices are not quite as “heroic” (using the term loosely here). The Personae of Disciples reflect the personality archetypes that draw Mentors to seek and choose Disciples in the first place.

The Persona choices for Disciples are: the Beast, the Death Wish, the Nemesis, the Penitent, and the Victim. Each of the Personae presents two powers for a player to choose from. Using these powers requires the expenditure of a point of Fury.



Why Not Just Use The Personae From Spite For Disciples as Well?

Sure, go ahead. There is nothing that says you can't do that. However, with the possible exception of the Leper, the Personae of Spite contain a focus that is just a touch more noble than many of the choices contained here for Disciples. Even the core personalities of some of the Disciple Personae have counterparts among the Zealot Personae, but their powers reflect their demonic origins more readily. If you can't decide which you like better, you could always just use all of them and expand the choices for both Disciples and Zealots to ten.

Do Disciples Need Personae?

Not necessarily. You could run the game so that the Persona powers of the Zealots are a special aspect of crossing the White Line. However, this definitely puts the Disciples behind in the power curve, especially if you are running a game that frequently involves Disciple/Zealot crossovers. One possibility for a compromise position in this case is that while Zealots have a Persona power, each use costs two Fury rather than one. This allows the "generic" story of those who have crossed the Black Line to more easily manifest in bloody violence (i.e., Stunts in combat) rather than in quasi-magical abilities.

Personality Test

Much like the Personality Test provided in Spite, the following test may give you an indication of what Persona is most appropriate for your Disciple.

Your Mentor contacts you and tells you of a case involving a demon that will surely kill several of you. How do you respond?

"This fuckin' demon thinks it's scary. I'll show this motherfucker a hell he never knew before." (Beast)

(Sigh) "Finally. It's about time. Maybe I'll get lucky this time." (Death Wish)

"Alright! This is the reason I was re-born. Let's do this!" (Nemesis)

"I understand. I need to do this. It's the least I can do." (Penitent)

"If I have to go, I'll go. It's not like I have a choice in the matter." (Victim)

1.1.1. The Beast

“I’m going to tear this thing’s head off and shit down its throat! I’m a fired-up, pissed-off tool of lethal impact!”

Charged up by crossing the Black Line, the Beast indulges in the power of being a Disciple. Full of ultra-violence, often indulging in the grosser aspects of black magic, the Beast is motivated by a desire to fight demons with all the hellish power at his command. He is an uncontrolled force for the Cabal.

As a Fighter or a Sorcerer, he serves as a front-line combatant, but even as an Investigator, his analysis is aimed squarely at locating the demon quickly so the takedown can occur. He is brutal in temperament, often delighting in the unease he causes in others.

The Beast dislikes the approach of the Death Wish. If he is so eager to end it all, why doesn’t he just do it already? Still, the Beast’s enthusiasm to be first into the fight often has the side effect of depriving the Death Wish of what he so ardently wants.

The Nemesis is eager to drive back the forces of Hell, so he and the Beast can find common ground. Their methods may align or they may not, but where they differ most is in their motivation for the fight. The Beast’s primary motivation lies in exulting in his power, while the Nemesis fights for his own version of a higher purpose.

Similarly to the Death Wish, the Beast does not really understand the motivations of the Penitent. If there was ever something to regret, thinks the Beast, that time has past. Still, the Penitent is dedicated to the mission, unlike the whining Death Wish.



The Beast may feel protective of the Victim or may feel annoyed by her inability to rage against her circumstances. The constant questioning of the Victim may provide a sense of calm and balance to the Beast’s vigor or, depending on their specific personalities, might also fire him up to new levels of anger and hatred.

Powers

Ugly Joy Ride: Due to the brutality and unrelenting terror of the Beast’s personality, he is capable of shocking acts of violence. When he rolls to attack, if he succeeds, he does damage normally. If he fails, damage is calculated as if the opponent had succeeded on an attack and the opponent suffers the damage anyway. This is the same as the Disciple stunt Middle Wayne, but without the two extra dice.

The Blackest Line: The Beast has fully embraced cathexis and has mastered the art of black magic. Whenever he rolls a Magic roll, he may roll two extra dice.

1.1.2. The Death Wish

“I understand that this is important work... for somebody. But I’m just clocking hours until one of these monsters finally finishes what I started so long ago.”

The Death Wish was definitely on her way out when she was attacked by a demon. Maybe she was in the middle of trying to commit suicide, maybe she just hadn’t gotten around to it yet. But a premature death was definitely in the plans. Now she has been saved by her Mentor and she’s torn between a nominal sense of responsibility to help others who don’t share her wish and her own desire to check out early.

The Death Wish can’t really understand what the Beast is so excited about. Maybe the Beast found some new reason to live after crossing the Black Line, but the Death Wish didn’t. On the other hand, staying as close to the Beast as possible is a good way to die fast.



The Nemesis is also hard to understand, but at least there occasionally seems to be something almost noble about his motivation. The Death Wish just wishes that the Nemesis wasn’t so concerned about making sure everyone in the Cabal always gets out alive.

The Penitent and the Death Wish are far more alike. Neither thinks that they necessarily deserved to live, but the Penitent has found reason to carry on. This provides some temporary peace of mind for the Death Wish during the infrequent quiet times of a Disciple’s life.

Despite their different ways of understanding their situation, the Death Wish and the Victim also tend to work well together. The Victim encourages the Death Wish to question why she survived, either by her words or by her own way of carrying out her mission. In addition, the Victim’s own unique form of self-loathing awakens a sense of compassion in the Death Wish, incidentally giving her reason to carry on.



Powers

Wish Fulfillment: Before an attack on an ally is rolled, the Death Wish may activate this power by throwing himself in harm's way. In addition, the Death-Wish may declare that he will voluntarily suffer damage from this attack regardless of the result, announcing a specific amount of damage before the attack is rolled, with a limit equal to the character's remaining Life. All damage from the attack that the ally would have suffered is inflicted on the Death Wish (which may be zero if the attack failed), along with any additional damage that had been declared beforehand. Each point of damage that had been declared beforehand also does one point of damage to the attacker automatically.

Example: Gates is a Death Wish. His ally Bishop is about to be attacked by a hunter demon. Before the attack is rolled, Gates activates Wish Fulfillment and further declares that he will take 3 additional damage. The demon attacks and does 6 points of damage to Bishop. As a result, Bishop takes none of that damage, Gates takes 9 (6 plus the 3 he declared beforehand – ouch!), and the demon takes 3. Had the demon's attack failed, Gates still would have taken 3 points of damage, as would the demon.

Suicidal Tendencies: In any situation in which a roll is made to determine damage against the Death Wish that is not the result of a direct attack (physical or magical), the Death Wish can re-roll the roll, and add the second result to the first result.

Example: Thrasher leaps through a plate glass window on the 20th floor of a building to escape from a demon. He must make a Strength check against difficulty 12. He rolls and gets a 4, resulting in 8 points of damage. This would Retire him, and despite his death wish, would also mean the certain death of his Cabal. In a rare moment of selfless heroism, he activates Suicidal Tendencies. He rolls again and gets a 6. The new total is 10; still a failure, but at least he survives to fight on.



1.1.3. The Nemesis

“The people of the world have become victims of powers they couldn’t begin to understand. I don’t know why I was picked to fight them, but I’ll keep killing them until my last breath!”

The Nemesis is a little like the Crusader Persona of the Zealots. What distinguishes the Nemesis from the Crusader is the relationship between bringing the fight to the enemy and protecting one’s partners. The Crusader strives to achieve his mission at any cost, keeping his Cadre safe in the process. By contrast, the Nemesis’ first priority is the destruction of the enemy. He may genuinely care for his companions, but the takedown is always the priority, followed by maintaining the unity of the Cabal.

Passion for the hunt and the kill creates a bond between the Beast and the Nemesis. The Nemesis sees the value in the Beast’s approach and supports him. The Nemesis also serves as a “translator” of sorts to explain the motivations of the Beast to the other members of the Cabal.

The Death Wish is confusing to the Nemesis. On the one hand, the Nemesis appreciates her eagerness to leap into danger with little encouragement, but he often wishes he didn’t need to stop his own vigorous killing to drag the Death Wish out of terminal danger.

Similarly to the Beast, the Nemesis and the Penitent have a lot of common ground. Both believe that they should have died, and both are committed to the mission. However, the Penitent is convinced of his need to atone for his past, while the Nemesis considers his re-birth to be a full absolution of what has come before.

The Nemesis feels protective of the Victim. In whatever way the Victim expresses her confusion about the world she now lives in, the Nemesis sees a potential new Nemesis, or at least a potentially powerful resource against the forces of Hell.

Powers

Blitzkrieg: The Nemesis is an expert in teamwork fighting. For each ally of the Nemesis that is attacking the same opponent, the Nemesis rolls one extra die on his own attack (with a maximum of 12 dice on a single attack). Multiple Nemesis Personae can aid one another in this way (though each must spend Fury to use Blitzkrieg).

Example: A Cabal of four Disciples is attacking a demon. All are targeting it, as it is the only opponent still standing. Deitrich, the Cabal’s Nemesis, uses Blitzkrieg and gets three extra dice on his attack.

Third Eye: Some Nemesis Personae possess a supernatural sense for locating their quarry. When this power is used, for the duration of the Cabal’s time at a location (subject to the Director’s approval), the Nemesis will be drawn automatically to all clues and evidence present at the scene, even if that material is hidden. It does not grant the Disciple any ability to get to the evidence. For example, the Nemesis may know there is evidence behind a wall, but he would still need to find a way to get to it.



1.1.4. The Penitent

“I’ve been given a second chance at my life. If facing death by the claws and slaving jaws of some terror beyond imagining is what I have to do to make up for the mess I made of my first chance, then I embrace it.”

The Penitent is a common Persona among Disciples. The circumstances of many of their lives before they were attacked by demons and saved by Mentors demand a careful taking stock of what went wrong. Unfortunately, their new lives are not really conducive to quiet contemplation. So instead, the Penitent lives out his desire for redemption with an axe in one hand and a shotgun in the other.

The Penitent and the Beast both aggressively pursue the mission, although for entirely different reasons. The Penitent finds the Beast to be a little unhinged and way too excited by what he has to do, but he is also a model of what he is afraid he could become.

To the Penitent, the Death Wish is essentially a failed Penitent. Rather than seeing her new life as a second chance, she continues to pursue the destruction she previously failed to attain. Because of this, the Penitent often tries to help the Death Wish to see new ways of looking at a situation.

The Nemesis is often seen as an inspiration. If the Death Wish is a failed Penitent, then the Nemesis is a model of what the Penitent wants to be. Therefore, the Penitent often supports the plans and actions of the Nemesis.

The Victim brings about sympathetic feelings from the Penitent. The Penitent wishes to protect the Victim and support her role in the Cabal, as he sees her as a chance at his own redemption (whatever that may mean).

Powers

Satisfaction: Once per scene, the Penitent may use this power on a single ally. In combat, it can only be used at Range 1. As an action, the Penitent touches the target and intuitively knows what to say or do to re-invigorate and/or heal the target and restore his morale. As a result, the target regains 4 Life. The Penitent may not use this ability on himself.

Atonement: The Penitent is empowered by willingly suffering what he knows he deserves. This ability is used before an opponent’s attack. For each point of damage that the Penitent suffers, he receives an additional die on his own attack on the following round (maximum 12 dice). If, however, the opponent’s attack is unsuccessful or does no damage for any other reason, the Penitent loses two dice on his next attack instead.



1.1.5. The Victim

“I never asked for this. I never had a choice. I became a Disciple because... well, that’s what I had to do, I guess. At least I have new friends. Except they keep dying. That part kinda sucks.”

The Victim became a Disciple because the circumstances of her life and near death got away from her. When faced with her Mentor, she accepted the life because it was what was offered to her. It seemed a much better alternative to what had nearly happened. Now, she fills a strong support role for the Cabal, using her skills to close cases and her attitude to provoke her teammates to think about how to be better at what they do.

The Beast often frightens the Victim. Despite his undeniable success at fighting demons, the Victim has a hard time distinguishing between the actions of the Beast and the actions of the horrors they face. As such, there are not many strong relationships between Beasts and Victims.

The Victim has compassion on the Death Wish. Despite her own inability to make decisions for her own benefit in the past, the Victim is saddened by the Death Wish’s inability to see potential for the future. More than any other Persona, the Victim believes she has something to offer the Death Wish.

The Nemesis is the hero of the Victim. The Victim overlooks the focus and narrow perspective of the Nemesis and instead sees a leader or even a knight in shining armor. The Victim is a particularly strong support for all of the Nemesis’ efforts, even when they may not be the best for the Cabal.

Finally, the Victim sees in the Penitent another kindred spirit. While the Penitent may not agree, the Victim sees in him someone else who has been manipulated by forces beyond his control. Because of this, the Victim is likely to confide in the Penitent.

Powers

Innocence: This power may only be used once per scene. It is declared before an opponent attacks, and the Victim may not attack in the same round. Instead, the Victim offers herself to her opponent helplessly. As a result, the amount of damage that would be inflicted against her is the amount of the Victim’s Life that is healed instead.

Asylum: Either before a combat begins or even as a combat rages on around her, the Victim can project her victimization to all those near her. This counts as the Victim’s action for the round. After it occurs, all hostility immediately ceases; opponents are unable to attack one another. However, as soon as the Victim or one of her allies attacks an opponent directly or indirectly, or even threatens to attack, the effects of Asylum immediately end. This power only works on human opponents.

1.2. Attributes

In Spite, Zealots are created by distributing nine points between the three Attributes. This is the same as in Dread; however, in Spite, one’s Class is defined by one’s highest Attribute, which may be a 4, 5, or 6. In Dread, a character’s Discipline (the equivalent of Class) is determined by placing either a 5 or 6 in a single Attribute. It is recommended that the option to have one’s highest Attribute be only a 4 rather than a 5 or 6 be included for Disciples as well as Zealots. This increases the variety of character concepts with really no negative effects elsewhere in the rules.

1.3. Classes

The Classes in Spite correspond to the three Disciplines in Dread. However, Spite introduces variety in Classes by the introduction of new powers: a Zealot may choose one of three powers listed for his Class. In Dread, each Class has a unique power, but these powers are not necessarily equivalent to one another, nor do the Classes permit any choice. This section seeks to address this imbalance by allowing the same options to Disciples as are available to Zealots.

Do Disciples Need to Have Access to The Zealot Class Powers?

Yes and no. The three specific powers of the Dread Disciplines function basically well enough on their own. Given the arguably more difficult lives of the Zealots, perhaps the Director might decide that Disciples don't need new power options to do their jobs. Or perhaps the Director wants to keep Dread character generation simpler by limiting choices. For whatever reason, the recommendations contained here can be largely ignored. However, in the interest of overall play balance between the two games, the following clarifications and/or changes are especially recommended.

Fighter/Discipline of Combat: The default Disciple ability to attack multiple opponents by splitting one's Combat dice is equivalent to the Fighter power of Multiple Targets in Spite. No change is necessary here.

Investigator/Discipline of Lore: Numerous playtesting comments have noted difficulties with the Discipline of Lore as presented in Dread. In general, the power is often considered unintuitive as a rule and not nearly as much fun as the other two Disciplines, even if it is recognized as helpful, even necessary, in the normal flow of a Dread story. It is highly recommended that the Discipline be wholly replaced with the Investigator's Analysis power, including the ability to recognize creatures for what they are on sight (see Spite, p.59). For more on Lore and Analysis, see the separate sidebar below.

Sorcerer/Discipline of Sorcery: This Discipline's default power is the ability to also learn exorcisms in addition to normal spells. This ability is not even considered one of the three power choices for Sorcerers in Spite, but rather just a feature of the Class. As such, all Disciples in games without choice of a Class ability should be considered to have one of the powers listed for Sorcerers in Spite, chosen by the Director at the beginning of the game.



For convenience and consistency, the language of Disciplines in Dread can be replaced with the Classes from Spite. Unlike the Personae above, Disciple Classes do not have different powers from Zealot Classes. Each of the three Classes has access to the same three choices. However, this also means that certain abilities listed for the Classes (Disciplines) in Dread need to be changed or removed.

Fighter/Discipline of Combat: Disciples can no longer automatically split their Combat scores to attack multiple opponents. This ability must be chosen as the Class power Multiple Targets.

Investigator/Discipline of Lore: The Discipline of Lore is no longer used at all. If an Investigator wishes to have such an ability, he should choose the Analysis Class power. Furthermore, they can now automatically identify a creature on sight, as described in the box text of Spite, p. 59.

Sorcerer/Discipline of Sorcery: No changes are necessary for this Class. Disciples with this Class simply receive a new power that they never had available in Dread.

If these guidelines are being used to convert an existing Dread campaign, it is up to the Director to decide whether or not there needs to be an in-game justification for these changes. Perhaps the Cabal's Mentor instills them with new levels of magical power for their mission. Perhaps new Class powers are the result of applied experience learned in the grungy battlefields of the Disciples' existence. Or maybe your playing group just wants cool new powers. Whatever works.



The Discipline of Lore And The Power of Analysis

There are two aspects of these powers that need to be decided for your playing group.

The first is whether these abilities represent magically instilled encyclopedic knowledge, extraordinary deduction skills, supernatural intuition and insight, or some combination of the three. While the game effects of the abilities do not need to be any different based on your group's answer to this question, it does give additional material for enhancing your game's narrative.

The second aspect that needs to be determined in your group is whether Disciples have lore about angels and whether Zealots have lore about demons. This is especially important in mixed Disciple-Zealot groups. If a Zealot finds foul black seepage at a location, should she be able to determine that a Daemuil demon is at work? The simple answer is to keep an equivalence between the two groups, so that each half-breed soldier is equally competent with both sides of the war. However, this diminishes the uniqueness of Disciple Investigators and Zealot Investigators when they are working together on a case.

Here is a rule to help establish the difference between the two Investigators. When locating a clue about an opponent from "the other side" of one's normal cases, the difficulty to succeed on an Analysis roll is increased to 11. Furthermore, the Investigator must find five clues rather than three to net his team a bonus against the opponent, and the Investigator's personal Analysis pool ignores the first two clues obtained before accumulating dice.

If a Cabal, Cadre, or mixed group has multiple Investigators, they can pool their successful Analysis checks for the purpose of netting their group a bonus, but their individual Analysis pools are based on their own Analysis checks. When combining Analysis results, a mixed group needs five successes rather than three to get the group benefit, unless all the successful results are from the appropriate hunters (i.e., Disciples for demons and Zealots for angels), in which case only three are necessary.

In general, multiple Investigators can each make Analysis rolls for a single piece of evidence. If successful, each Investigator can add the success to their personal Analysis pool, but a single piece of evidence only contributes one success to the three successes needed (or five, if applicable, as noted above) to achieve a group benefit for her Cabal or Cadre.



1.4. Stunts

Dread and Spite each contain nine stunts. However, there are four of them, Hardcore, Killshot, Second Chance, and Bullseye, contained in both games. Each of these is simple and useful in every game. The remaining ten stunts allow different ways to manipulate the dice, usually in combat, by rewarding clever (and brutally violent!) narrative descriptions of one's actions.

When combining Dread and Spite, your group must decide whether all stunts are available to all characters, or whether the stunts in Dread are solely for Disciples, while the stunts in Spite are solely for Zealots.

The simplest rule, and perhaps the most fun for most groups, is to simply combine the lists into one master list of stunts for all characters.

However, an interesting case can be made for maintaining the exclusivity of the two lists. After all, would the forces of Heaven encourage a Zealot to Cock Punch his opponents or engage in a "brutal, merciless maneuver that's worthy of a sociopathic serial killer" (Middle Wayne)? Would a Mentor encourage a Disciple to engage in the self-sacrifice that is the Organ Grinder? In the world of Pandemonium, yeah, probably. But if your group wanted to further distinguish the tricks and tactics used by Disciples and Zealots, keeping the stunt lists separate would be another way to do this.



1.5. Cash

The Cash system in Spite is simply more useful than the one in Dread. While the gamble involved in the Dread system adds a nice bit of flavor to represent the ebb and flow of Disciples' financial opportunities, it could also easily punish a character when a player's dice fail him. Two starting characters, ostensibly equal to one another, could be drastically different from one another. The first might have ceramic plate armor, an assault rifle, and a pickup truck, while the other might have a rusty wrench. Even permitting a certain random element to the system, this is a bit extreme.

Furthermore, given the frequency with which Disciples and Zealots empty out their guns and have holes torn in their armor, Spite's Cash system works better at allowing a regular re-loading of essential gear, with the occasional addition of other useful (less disposable) items.

Thus, all characters should use the Cash system in Spite instead of the one in Dread. There is no real need to "convert" the gear belonging to Disciples in existing Dread campaigns, unless the Director feels there is a real disparity among the Cabal members.

The Cash system also has another purpose beyond equipping characters at character generation and

between cases. A Cash roll can also be used to determine if the Cabal or Cadre has enough money to make a necessary purchase during a case. The Director can set the difficulty for this roll. The cost of the desired item divided by \$50 can be used as a rough guideline for the difficulty of the Cash roll. This should probably only be permitted once per case. If one balks at the idea of only a single Cash roll per case, with an upper limit of a mere \$600, one would do well to recall that Zealots and Disciples are supposed to be kicking down doors to lob grenades at terrifying beasts from Heaven and Hell, fueled by all the dark magic at their command... not shopping at the local mall.

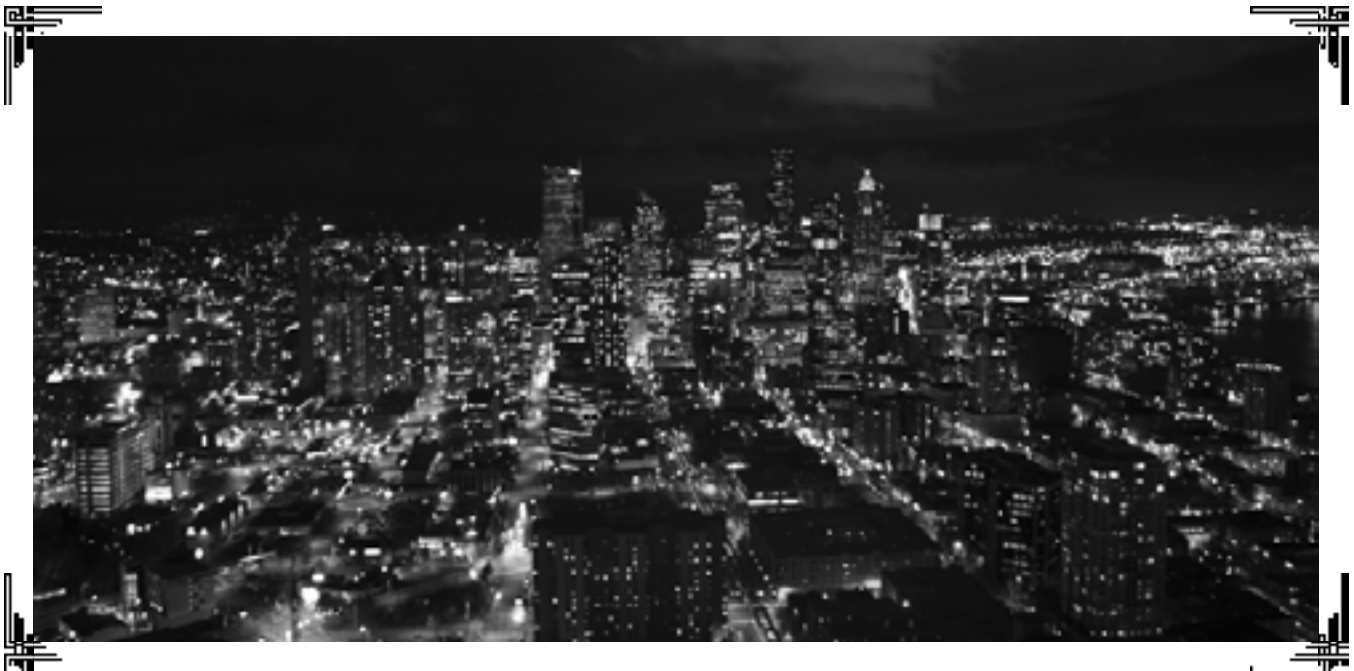


Off in the distance, there was a black shape. It resembled a city, perhaps a fortress. Even from here, I could tell its walls were blasted and worn, as if it had been through a thousand sieges. Behind those ramparts were a garrison used to horror and bloodshed.

But I knew that I would never reach that fortress. That wasn't the point. The point was to be aware of it, to keep my sights on it as a goal. I also knew that the wretched badlands between here and there would try very, very hard to kill me.

And just as soon as I thought that thought, the ground burst asunder in front of me. As the rocks and dust tore into the air, there was a sound accompanying it like the roar of a giant beast. The dust hung thick in the air, but I could still make out distant fires burning deep in the rift in the earth.

No time to contemplate the scenery, though. The creatures came out of the hole fast and angry, wielding wicked blades to complement their powerful forms and fanged jaws. I went to work doing what I was made to do.





Even though I hadn't been here in a long time, some things you just don't forget.

Some of their weapons made contact - I watched my blood arc impressively through the air, felt the weakness invade my body. But my spirit soared. I was more alive in this place than I ever was back there. I fought on, effortlessly tossing my foes aside, tearing limbs from their bodies, cracking their backs and their skulls.

As I mounted the pile of corpses, the horrors kept pouring from the gash in the landscape. Off in the distance, I could still make out the iron city through all the haze and the blood.

But there were too many of them this time. I felt my life start to ebb. My knees buckled and I slid partway down the mountain of carnage I had created. As I faded away there was a moment of blackness.

And then sharp, focused pain, accompanied by a furious yell. "No! Not good enough! Not strong enough! You are not concentrating!" I was back in the apartment, still strapped to a broken chair, Sindy leaning over me.

The smell of her frustration was strangely attractive, but mostly I was terrified. I spat out a tooth.

It had been months since I first experienced cathexis, the cruel mental torture that Sindy imposed on us to learn magic. It was a weird kind of meditation where we found ourselves brought to an awful place. As we fought there, our minds, our souls I guess, were opened to new possibilities. I wasn't exactly sure what this lesson was supposed to be teaching yet. Sindy had just insisted that she give us more power. At the time, "more power" sounded kinda cool. Now, it just kinda sucked.

"Go back in." I did as she commanded. I closed my eyes and threw myself past the pain and frustration I was feeling. That part was easy; within a moment, I found myself on that blasted plain again, the iron fortress, always my destination, still off in the distance.

I began walking, now more wary of potential attackers. Inevitable attackers. But instead, I walked a long way. And still, the fortress never seemed to be closer. Then, the rumbling began again.

It was worse than before, so I steeled myself for an even greater fight.

Once again, the ground exploded. But as I kept my attention on the eruption, the shrieking hordes never emerged. Instead, something huge came out. It kept coming, and coming, and it seemed like it would never end.

I found myself staring up at an incomprehensible terror a hundred feet in the air. Every part of me wanted to run, to cry, to beg for a moment of mercy. I lost all sense that I was still in that chair in that apartment. I knew all too well that I could die here and now.

But as my insides raged to flee, I refused to listen to them. Instead, I roared - roared my defiance at the demon in front of me, roared out my fury, driving me towards the fiend's utter destruction.



That's when I felt the extraordinary, miraculous rush of power flow through me. As the triumphant sound issuing from me echoed through the entire landscape, the demon crumbled into oblivion, as I was exalted to a new level of being.

The moment passed and I was back in the apartment, drenched in sweat. The power I felt in that other place was still in me now. Cindy looked pleased.

Then it dawned on me: what the fuck do I need that much power for?



CHAPTER 2: MAGIC

Dark magics are without question among the most powerful weapons available to both Disciples and Zealots. Through the use of magic, people are persuaded, obstacles are circumvented, and especially, enemies are slaughtered. In Dread, Disciples cast spells and exorcisms. In Spite, Zealots cast Sacraments and Anathemas. So the question becomes: is there a difference between these magical effects? Or are they essentially the same thing, just with different names? Do spells affect angels? Do Sacraments affect demons?

And there is the question of the Zealots' Imprecations. Is there a need for Disciples to learn Imprecations? Are they different in any way? Is there any sort of new target to use the Disciples' Imprecations on? The answer to this last question will have to wait until Chapter Five.

This chapter addresses the rest of these questions, providing options for different campaigns about how to understand the relationship between magic across the Black and White Lines.

2.1. The Relationship Between Spells And Sacraments

In games involving both Disciples and Zealots, your group needs to decide whether the magic of one form of half-breed affects the opponents of the other (and also whether the characters themselves are aware of this). The default presumption in the rules is that the magic of Zealots affects demons and vice versa. However, that option may not be the best one for all campaigns. Here are three different options to consider.

2.1.1. Complete Equivalence

The easiest way to handle magic between Zealots and Disciples is to assume complete equivalence between the two systems. Any magic that the Disciples would use against demons is fully effective against angels and vice versa. This requires no adjustment to the rules whatsoever. However, what it possesses in simplicity it also lacks in flavor.

2.1.2. Complete Separation

This is the opposite of the first option. In this scenario, no spell cast by a Disciple has any effect on an angel and vice versa. Therefore, if a Cadre of Zealots suddenly finds themselves facing a demon, they have their awesome combat skills, high-powered weapons, and all the Fury they want to kill, but no magic to use against them. In some cases, this could become especially significant, as the Anathemas of the Cadre would not free a skell possessed by a Defiler demon.

The advantage of this option is that it really highlights the differences between Cabals and Cadres and can encourage cooperation between them to solve especially difficult cases. Perhaps a case follows a wrong lead, leading Disciples to encounter an angel. Underequipped to deal with the problem without magic, the Cabal needs to seek out Zealots who would be willing to assist them. Getting the Zealots to agree to help might be a challenge all on its own.

At the same time, this option could stall a story or lead to the massacre of the characters if they suddenly find themselves unable to deal with the menace behind the mayhem. In campaigns using this option, the Director needs to strike the right balance between presenting interesting and challenging scenarios and putting the player characters in a situation with no chance of success.

2.1.3. Limited Effect

A compromise position between the previous two options is to allow limited effect from those across the opposite line. Instead of magic having full effect or having no effect at all, any Magic roll to affect the opposing force suffers a two die penalty. So, if a Zealot with a Magic score of 6 tried to cast Canticule on a demon, she would only roll 4 dice against the demon's Sense score, instead of 6.

This option possesses the best elements of the previous two. It still maintains the distinctiveness of the magic of Disciples and Zealots, while allowing a greater variety of magical tactics to use against demons and angels. Furthermore, this option recognizes the similarities between the source of the magic of Disciples and Zealots, and perhaps the similarities between demons and angels as well.

New Spell

In campaigns where magical effects between Disciples and Zealots are not equivalent in effect, this new spell provides an opportunity for the caster to temporarily wield magic against a "non-typical" opponent with full effect. This spell is unique in that it is available to both Disciples and Zealots (though they know it by different names). It should probably be available to all characters, but if the Director wishes, he could restrict its availability solely to Sorcerers.

Flux/Metanoia

Duration: Special

Range: 1

Target: Half-Breeds

Disciples call this spell Flux, while Zealots refer to it as the Sacrament of Metanoia. When this spell is cast, the target's body bursts into white-hot flames. While he is burning, his skin bubbles, peels, and chars, and he is in extraordinary pain. But for the duration of the spell, all of a Disciple's magic that would affect demons has full effect on angels, and all of a Zealot's magic that would affect angels has full effect on demons. This effect lasts for a number of rounds after the casting of this spell equal to the caster's Soul score. When the spell ends, the flames go out and the burn wounds heal quickly, albeit not instantaneously.

Gameplay: Deitrich realized too late that they had read the clues all wrong. There was no demon responsible for the evisceration of those hookers. Now he found himself alone in the ruins of a destroyed strip joint, his friends dead around him as the bestial angels closed in. He knew from a previous case that his magic was ineffective against them, but he had a new trick: he cast Flux and burst into flames. Screaming in agony as his body melted, he pushed out spell after spell at the circling opponents. Vengeance.

2.2. Imprecations For Disciples

Without question, two of the coolest new additions to Spite are the Ophanim and the Imprecations used to fight them. But why should the Zealots have all the fun? Disciples should get their chance to fight building-size monstrosities capable of killing thousands too. But without access to Imprecations, even in a game in which magical effects are equivalent, Disciples would be hopelessly outmatched by an Ophan.

That is, until now.



The remainder of this chapter contains 18 new Imprecations, solely available to Disciples. All of the normal rules for Imprecations (Spite, p. 114) apply, including the restrictions by Class. However, Disciples do not cast Blasphemies, Desecrations, and Maledictions. Instead, Disciple Fighters cast Invocations, Disciple Investigators cast Consecrations, and Disciple Sorcerers cast Benedictions.

In order for Mentors to teach these Imprecations, they need to access the power of Heaven in order to affect the worst creatures of both Heaven and Hell. As most Mentors no longer have a right to such power, they steal it and give it to their Disciples. Consequently, when a Disciple uses an Imprecation, the effect on the world around them is often drastic and tragic as they egregiously violate the very laws of creation.

All the rules that apply specifically to Blasphemies (Spite, p. 119) apply to Invocations. All the rules that apply specifically to Desecrations (Spite, p. 123) apply to Consecrations. All the rules that apply specifically to Maledictions (Spite, p. 127) apply to Benedictions.

Introducing New Imprecations

If the new Imprecations from this supplement are to be added to an existing campaign, some thought might be given to how the Disciples will learn about these new spells, why they need to know them, and how they actually learn them.

Perhaps their Mentor has a special meeting with them and reveals that Hell has raised the stakes in the Last War. The Mentor tells them that they will need special training for what's about to happen. Then, the characters can choose to learn Imprecations when they have the opportunity to learn new spells.

Or maybe the Mentor has nothing to do with it. When a character has enough Advancement Points to learn a new spell, the player chooses a new Imprecation and narrates a sudden influx of unbelievable power and the equally sudden realization that this power is going to be needed for something huge.

Or maybe you just want to have cool new spells to use against city-destroying demons and you couldn't care less why these spells suddenly appear in the game. That works too. In fact, if you really want to get to these demons right away, allow the players to edit their present characters and trade out existing spells for a few Imprecations. Have the Mentor explain that he needs to adjust the power he has given them and then let the cataclysm begin. Whatever works best for your group.

2.3. Invocations

2.3.1. Agape

Duration: 1

Range: 1

Target: Self

When this spell is cast, the Disciple's body is lifted high into the air as he is instantaneously crucified on a huge cross. The pain is immediate and intense. Meanwhile, a seemingly endless shower of sharpened nails, metal hooks, and jagged thorns rains down upon the Megid. Any humans who see the crucifix fall to their knees and weep uncontrollably at the sight of such agony. When the spell ends, the cross disappears and the Disciple plummets to the ground. The rain of the tools of suffering provides an armor rating of 3, an attack bonus of 5, and a defense bonus of 1.

2.3.2. Ardor

Duration: 1

Range: 1

Target: Self

When this spell is cast, the Disciple's body is wrapped in pulsing flesh, shot through with purple veins. Around this flesh encasement, he is further entwined by coils of thorny vines. Humans in the area are rent apart by sudden bloody gashes across their backs and thighs that don't heal for days. When the spell ends, the thorns disintegrate, and the flesh burns away with the smell of baking bread. The pulsing flesh provides an armor rating of 6, an attack bonus of 1, and a defense bonus of 2.

2.3.3. Berit

Duration: 1
Range: 1
Target: Self

This spell causes a whirlwind of thick, rich swirling blood to erupt out of thin air and then circle around the Disciple to a height of 30 feet (9m) in the air. The whirlwind fends off attacks aimed at the Disciple as well as ripping open targets it contacts. Humans in the area begin to be consumed by fires burning within them, causing lasting internal damage. When the spell ends, the whirlwind explodes in all directions, covering the area in blood. The bloody winds provide an armor rating of 3, an attack bonus of 2, and a defense bonus of 4.

2.3.4. Caritas

Duration: 1
Range: 1
Target: Self

When this spell is cast, the Disciple's whole body is transformed and suffused with divine power. A mortal shell cannot contain such energy, so the body bulges and distends to inhuman proportions, while popping veins and pores liberally sweat blood. Any humans in the area suffer residual effects from the power, buckling and stumbling around as they vomit blood. When the spell ends, the energy flows out of the Disciple, disrupting and destroying electrical equipment in the area. The supercharged god-flesh provides an armor rating of 5, an attack bonus of 2, and a defense bonus of 2.

2.3.5. Furor

Duration: 1
Range: 1
Target: Self

This spell summons an immense war machine from the Heavens that forms around the Disciple. It is a giant clockwork orb-shaped chariot, 25 feet (7.5m) in diameter, covered in golden wings, living eyes, unusual weapons, and blasting forth seemingly random bursts of flames. Humans in the area are unable to face the machines of Heaven and flee in terror from the sight, even to their own harm or death. When the spell ends, the machine falls apart and disintegrates in bright golden light. The gears and weapons of the divine war machine provide an armor rating of 3, an attack bonus of 3, and a defense bonus of 3.

2.3.6. Spero

Duration: 1
Range: 1
Target: Self

When this spell is cast, the Disciple is covered in polished gleaming steel and chrome. The armor is covered in sharp edges and blinding light reflects off its surface. Humans in the area feel an immense weight of gravity pressing down upon them, cracking bones, and driving them to their knees. When the spell ends, the armor disappears in a burst of lightning. The Disciple's new steel form provides an armor rating of 7, an attack bonus of 1, and a defense bonus of 1.

2.4. Consecrations

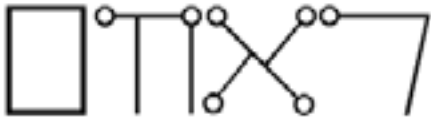
2.4.1. Beatitus

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim

The Disciple draws upon the spirit of self-sacrifice from all the people in the area. Then the sky darkens and huge burning meteors fall down from the heavens and rain hell on the target. The meteors are accompanied by a sound that resembles the screams of a thousand oppressed souls. When the spell ends, the spiritual energy returns to most of the people, but some never recover. Their hearts are full of hate, and they act out in violent and sociopathic ways before flaming out in brutal acts of self-destruction. The Disciple gets an attack bonus of 4.



2.4.2. Eruditis

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim



When this spell is cast, the spirit of rebellion present in the hearts and minds of all the people in the area coalesces into the form of a huge demonic creature. Its aspect plainly displays the same spirit of rebellion that ignited the fires of Hell in the first place. When the spell ends, some people remain dead inside, afflicted with profound apathy or passivity for days. They wander around, subject to the suggestions of anyone who tries to manipulate them. Some people instead become catatonic and never recover. The caster gets an attack bonus of 3 and a defense bonus of 1.

2.4.3. Eulogia

Duration: 1
Range: 3
Target: Megiddim

The caster speaks forth a single word, a word not heard in any of the world's languages. This is the same word that originally sent the demons into perdition. The earth-shaking power of this word affects all those who hear it. Demons are momentarily stunned by the reminder of what they lost, and then are driven mad with renewed hate. Many humans who hear it are struck deaf, while others are driven insane by trying to comprehend the word they have heard. The Disciple gets an attack bonus of 4.

2.4.4. Fortunatus

Duration: 1
Range: 3
Target: Megiddim

This spell taps into the spirit of hope and the virtue found in the hearts of the city's inhabitants. This energy manifests as a huge physical shield wielded by the caster. The exact appearance of the shield is up to the caster. When the spell ends, the virtuous energy is returned to the city, but some of it never finds its way back. Those people feel profound feelings of despair, and some of them turn to lives of vice or crime to try to recapture a sense of self. The caster gets a defense bonus of 4.

2.4.5. Sapientia

Duration: 1
Range: 3
Target: Megiddim

The Disciple draws upon the supernatural faith of those around him. This faith is made manifest in the form of a huge being that attacks the Megid. The being is vaguely angelic in appearance with several sets of massive wings, multiple eyes, a powerful form, and wicked looking weapons. When the spell ends, the spirit of faith is restored, but not for everyone. Some people lose all sense of their place in the universe, living the rest of their days in confusion and despair. Some commit suicide. The Disciple gains an attack bonus of 1 and a defense bonus of 3.

2.4.6. Zohar

Duration: 1
Range: 3
Target: Megiddim

The Disciple summons forth a swarm of thousands of strange creatures. The creatures resemble dog-sized collections of wings and huge mouths filled with fangs and gnashing teeth that attack the Megid. When the spell ends, all the normal animals in the area suddenly drop dead and begin to immediately decompose. The site of the spell causes discomfort in both humans and other animals for years to come. The caster gets an attack bonus of 2 and a defense bonus of 2.

2.5. Benedictions

2.5.1. Araboth

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim

When this spell is cast, the Disciple calls upon the soul energy of all those who have died from abuse, neglect, or brutal dehumanization. Their energy surrounds the caster as a dark purple field, intersected by black veins of force, protecting the caster from attacks. Most of the souls return to peace after the spell ends, though some fail to find rest. Instead, they infect people in the area, turning them into ghouls (Spite, p. 351). The spell gives the caster a defense bonus of 4.



2.5.2. Caelum

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim

This spell transforms the Disciple into a giant form. While still superficially resembling the caster, the new form of the Disciple is twice as tall as a normal human, covered in gleaming brass, with eyes of blazing fire, and an immense sword blade issuing from his mouth. The spell fires up humans in the area with rage and indignation. When it ends, some of them are transformed by their anger into spectres (Spite, p. 353). The spell gives the caster an attack bonus of 2 and a defense bonus of 2.

2.5.3. Empyrean

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim

This spell only works when both the caster and the Megid are outdoors or can see the sky (which will usually be the case). When cast, the sun or the moon in the sky enlarges and brightens until the light is blinding to all humans in the area. The light emanating from the celestial body burns all things demonic. When the spell ends, the energy released drains away the life force of some of the humans in the area, transforming them into vampires (Spite, p. 354). The spell gives the caster an attack bonus of 4.

2.5.4. Elysium

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim



The caster summons away all the anger and hateful feelings of everyone in the area. This vicious emotional energy is shaped into the form of a monstrous beast covered in bristling fur, sharp spines, immense claws, and multiple rows of teeth in a massive maw. The beast launches itself at the caster's opponent. When the spell is over, the violent urges bury themselves in the hearts of some of the people in the city. These bestial urges erupt, turning the victims into werewolves (Spite, p. 354). The spell gives the caster an attack bonus of 3 and a defense bonus of 1.

2.5.5. Ouranos

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim

When this spell is cast, the earth erupts in front of the caster. A huge crater forms, a hundred feet across (30m) and far deeper. Fire bursts forth from the hole and anyone looking into the crater can see dark humanoid shapes with glowing red eyes clamoring towards the surface. The edges of the crater move to interpose themselves between the Disciple and his opponents. When the spell ends, the bodies of the dead burst forth from the torn earth, spilling into the streets as zombies (Spite, p. 355). The spell gives the caster an attack bonus of 1 and a defense bonus of 3.

2.5.6. Shekinah

Duration: 1

Range: 3

Target: Megiddim

The Disciple brings forth an extraordinary revelation to all those in the area. Everyone gets a momentary glimpse at the whole of creation, suddenly aware of the disruptive effects of sin and evil on it. The natural world looks diseased and decayed, buildings are blackened and ruined, and humans display horrific wounds and sores all over their bodies. The truth of the revelation damages the Megid. When the spell ends, not everyone returns to normal. Some people remain as twisted, broken, and corrupted as they appeared during the revelation. For these broken souls and broken bodies, use the statistics for mummies (Spite, p. 352). The spell gives the caster an attack bonus of 2 and a defense bonus of 2.

Vouzires! Not one - two of them! This case seemed a little off to start and now we knew why. So here we were, running our asses off, trying to find a better place to make a stand.

It's not like we hadn't fought one of these fuckers before. But man, they were rough. Deitrich's MP5 jammed back in the children's ward - further evidence that the power of Hell was arrayed against us for sure. Blue had taken a good hit before we fled, but she was running pretty well for a girl whose leg was probably broken a few minutes ago. Bishop had stayed behind, tossing a dumpster in the way to try to buy us a few more seconds.

So here we were, catching our breath at the end of an alleyway. Two abandoned buildings on either side of us, chain link fence with barbed wire directly behind us, drunken homeless guy forty feet away, broken crates, trash. Not a lot to work with. We heard them coming.

"I hit one of them pretty good before we got away. I think I can finish the job." Bishop pulled out his last grenade. Blue was reloading her Glock. "I'll stay here with you, Bish. You two get over the fence." As she said this, Deitrich was already scaling the links, wire cutters in one hand. I

moved to follow.

The shrieking was close now. One of the demons paused at the homeless guy. Damn. There was nothing we could do about him now. A cry, a yell, and a sickening wet sound.

Blue caught sight of one of the Vouzires and opened fire, drawing its attention. The huge creature leapt up, bounced off one wall, and soared through the air towards us. Bishop sized up the distance and tossed the grenade, timing it to explode in mid-air. Estimating the distance between them, Blue muttered, "Shit, this is gonna hurt."

Bishop's aim was true - the grenade went off right next to the first demon. The shrapnel ripped through its unholy flesh, tearing it apart. Unfortunately, it was close enough to rip through my Cabal as well. I turned around to see metal tear through Blue's face and one of Bishop's arms. Deitrich paused. For just a moment, we were flush with victory and then it dawned on us: where the hell was the second one?

We all cleared the chain link fence and moved slowly and quietly across the ragged basketball court. An open expanse of pavement: even less to work

with. Our weapons were at the ready, eyes scanning all around us. A Vouzire is actually capable of being really quiet when it wants to be.

But it didn't sneak up on us. Instead, it materialized right in front of us. Right in the middle of an empty lot. Nowhere to go. Deitrich acted on pure instinct and launched a solid hook to the demon's neck, but that did nothing. Still, it gave us a moment to move into position.

We went into motion, following our usual protocol. Without speaking, we were confident that we would get through this. It would hurt and there would be blood and broken bones and probably some vomiting, but we'd finish the case.

Then things got strange. I had backed away from the demon to clear up some space for Bishop to do his up-close-ultraviolet thing, maybe secretly happy to be away from the demon's formidable claws too. The Vouzire had its back to me; I was lining up a shot straight into the back of its skull. Then two long, fleshy knobs erupted from the base of its thick neck. At first they were like two ugly tumors, but within seconds they lashed out as twenty-foot tendrils, tipped with hard bone spikes.

I wasn't prepared for that, so one of them caught me right in the groin. Painful and embarrassing at the same time. I felt the warm blood run down my leg. My stomach did a flip-flop and I buckled for a second. I lost the shot.

Quickly regaining my mental balance, I rolled out of the way of its next attack, reloaded my clip, and squeezed off a few rounds that hit true. Chitinous pieces broke off from its carapace and black blood oozed. Blue's Cancer spell inflicted a deep, bleeding wound in the demon's side. Deitrich jumped back out of its range and readied his shotgun.

But the Vouzire still had other tricks up its sleeve. It opened its mouth and a thick, noisy cloud of insects poured forth all over Deitrich, each biting vermin resembling a tiny little Vouzire on gossamer wings. Deitrich fell back, swatting the swarm away, red welts swelling all over his body. He dropped his gun.

The demon was limping on shattered limbs, blood pouring from multiple wounds. We would close the case, but how many more new attacks was this thing going to pull out before it died? Would any of them take any of us along with it?



CHAPTER 3 : COMBAT

The rules governing combat differ little between Dread and Spite; both Disciples and Zealots are extraordinarily competent at snuffing out the life of their opponents, usually with impressive displays of supernatural prowess and even more impressive displays of viscerally-charged bloodshed. As such, this chapter on combat is brief.

However, there are a couple rules sections that deserve clarification between the two games, as well as a couple optional rules to consider in your own group. The first section concerns the rules for range and movement in combat. The second concerns a pair of fun rules that are contained in Dread, which were dropped from Spite, yet perhaps deserve to be re-instated.

The rest of the normal combat rules apply in both games, including all of the additions introduced in Spite, which include Group Attacks, Grappling, Area Attacks, Knockout Blows, Taking Cover, and Sniper Fire (Spite, pp. 141-144).

3.1. Range And Movement in Combat

Both Dread and Spite use the same simple three Range category mechanic. However, there are a couple of unclear points in the system. The first is a discrepancy between the Dread and Spite rules. In Dread, attacking 1 Range beyond normal incurs a penalty of two dice and attacking 2 Ranges beyond normal is impossible without spending a round moving towards the opponent, thereby closing the Range to 1. In Spite, attacking 1 Range beyond normal incurs a penalty of only one die and attacking 2 Ranges beyond normal incurs a penalty of three dice. The rules from Spite should take precedence.

These Range rules also contain implied movement rules. If an attacker is using a Range 1 weapon to attack an opponent at Range 3, the three die penalty includes the movement of the attacker. Thus, on the following round, the attacker is considered to be at Range 1 from her opponent.

At the Director's discretion, the attack penalties for closing the distance could also be used to retreat from an opponent. Thus, to reverse the above example, if a Zealot was swinging a machete at an angel and then realized that discretion was the better part of valor after his non-machete arm was ripped from its socket, he could take a three die penalty on his next attack and then he would be considered at Range 3 after the attack.

This rule needs the Director's adjudication, however, to avoid somewhat silly running battles, constantly imposing three die penalties on all combatants as they strike and run away. This would drag out combat, as well as miss the thematic action intended by the world of Pandemonium. As an alternative, a Director could permit this rule and also use the rule in the following sidebar to prevent its abuse.

Expanding Attacks And Movement For Demons And Angels

The default presumption is that the attacks of demons and angels are all Range 1 and are thus modified according to the normal Range rules. However, if so desired, imagination and horrifying narrative could expand the options and powers of demons and angels by entirely eliminating the Range rules, the implied movement rules, or both.

By eliminating the Range rules, demons and angels gain new attack forms by being able to attack at any Range category without penalty. Perhaps they use their wicked bladed forearms at Range 1, a leaping attack landing on their opponent with their spiked insectile legs at Range 2, and projecting venomous blades from their scorpion-like tail at Range 3. One of the strengths of the Disciple 12 rules is their emphasis on narrative over specifics in many cases, especially in combat. Thus, one doesn't need to create new statistics to add abilities to existing demons and angels. Instead, the Director can just add new powers on the fly in combat as he sees fit. This even corresponds with the results of the Investigator's Analysis power, which takes into account the specific differences between individual members of a demonic or angelic "species." Perhaps the clues reveal to the Investigator that this particular Vouzire projects poisonous thorns from its forearms, but the Director is not obliged to make all future Vouzires do likewise. Perhaps the next one will instead vomit forth clouds of corrosive gas.

In a similar way, demons and angels might be exempt from the implied movement rules. Rather than suffering penalties for range or using the above rule to create new attack forms, perhaps demons and angels possess extraordinary movement abilities, such as the ability to sprout demon-

ic wings, teleport accompanied by the sound of screams and the smell of brimstone, or burrow through the ground to erupt underneath unsuspecting Disciples and Zealots. The game effect is essentially the same as the above rule: the demon or angel suffers no Range penalties. However, it is understood in this case that the creature's normal attacks are Range 1, and anyone attacked by the beast is then at Range 1 until someone (or something) moves away.

A Director could even combine these two rules, adding whole suites of new powers to his demons and angels. When these rules are combined, the Director can describe the attacks and movements of his creatures in a huge variety of ways, creating beasts that move with extraordinary versatility and display numerous ways to tear, eviscerate, pierce, and crush their half-breed opponents. In mechanical terms, combining these rules means that angels and demons never suffer Range penalties and can dictate both the Range at which they attack and their Range away from their opponents after they attack.

Any of these rules needs to be carefully balanced with the power level of the player characters and the play styles of the players and Director. The player characters will often suffer a three die penalty on their attacks, while the demon or angel will not suffer at all. Combined with the multiple attacks available to some demons and angels through Wrath and Grace, as well as the use of angelic Benisons, this may be too much. If the Director wanted to allow his demons and angels to do the tricks presented here while still maintaining some sense of balance, he could impose a cost of 1 Wrath or Grace to use an attack beyond Range 1 or to use free movement, or instead to use 2 Wrath or Grace to enable both in the same round.

3.2. Blowing Shit Up

The simple yet evocative rule for Blowing Shit Up found in *Dread*, p. 117, was inadvertently left out of the rules for *Spite*. There's no real good reason to not include it in either games of *Spite* or in combined games. Zealots should be able to one-shot 18-wheelers full of fuel as easily as Disciples do!

Furthermore, in *Dread*, vehicles that reached Body 0 always exploded (*Dread*, p. 116), because those are the rules in the action genre. Your group needs to decide if vehicles should always explode or not, but there should probably be at least a slight preference in favor of more explosions in most games. If a vehicle does explode, make sure to apply the Area Attacks rule from *Spite*, p. 142.



When Multiples Attack, Part 2

While both *Dread* and *Spite* contained the rules for counting multiples on die rolls, *Spite* offered significant clarification of the possible levels of cascading multiples, especially in larger numbers of dice. In general, this raises the numbers universally across game play, so even in established groups that may not have previously realized the allowable extent of counting multiples, incorporating a correct understanding of this rule should have little actual effect on game play.

However, the increase in roll results can have an effect on a rule such as Blowing Shit Up. That rule requires a difficulty 13 to achieve. In theory, this seems like a moderately difficult roll: rare enough that a Combat 2 will not likely try it, yet common enough that a Combat 6 isn't necessarily wasting an attack opportunity in attempting it. But a correct understanding of cascading multiples suddenly makes the prospect of rolling a 13 more common. It remains a high enough number to be a real long shot on two or three dice, but it becomes a much easier result to roll with six or seven dice. Whether or not this is an issue in your group is up to you to decide. If you like things exploding, then there's no problem whatsoever.

This was going to be so fucking cool if it actually worked. I mean, we had no reason to think that it wasn't going to work, but it just seemed so wild.

We were all in the abandoned garage a few blocks from the equally abandoned apartment where we lived. For the past couple weeks, we had been working on an Escalade we got on the cheap from a chop shop guy that Blue knows. Really, it was a lot sweeter ride than we had any right to. And we had to go and do what we did to it.

After a few meetings with some other shady characters we had earned favors from over a number of cases, we had acquired a pretty fine piece of hardware: a surplus .50 cal, but we also got some metal that we had reworked into armor plating and additional reinforcement on the bumpers. It took us a while to get them attached and working and still have the beast drive right, but I was pretty handy around a car before I became a Disciple, and I welcomed the opportunity to use those skills again. Eventually, the SUV drove fine, but we couldn't take the thing out in public unless we were going to make sure we didn't leave any witnesses behind.

But we had just gotten started.

On the past couple cases we did, we had started playing trophy collector. We laid out a Curhadac demon and took its skull. We stalked a Khorepta and took its shoulder tentacles when we were finished. We ran down a Laradina and cut off its tail. We did all this because Sindy told us to. I'm a little bothered that I also got kind of a sick, twisted thrill out of it too.

After installing the gun and the extra metal on the truck's frame, we went to work painting the symbols that Sindy had implanted in our minds. We put them on the frame underneath it, under the hood, and other places that they wouldn't be seen too easily. I suppose that that was kind of unnecessary really.

Bishop grabbed up the demon parts we had stored in an industrial refrigerator we had scavenged. We had no idea whether or not you needed to keep demon parts on ice, but better safe than sorry. As he dragged them over, we touched them to the body of the Escalade and they stuck. Just like that. So far, so good.

When they were all over the thing, we stood back and looked at it.

Moment of truth. We paused and concentrated, going to that place inside each of us where we knew magic flowed, just like Sindy had taught us.

In only a moment, we noticed a cold fog rolling into the garage. It didn't take long before the whole place was filled with a thick cloud. We couldn't even see each other as we shivered, trying hard to maintain our concentration, afraid of what would happen if we didn't. I could have sworn I felt things floating around me, caressing me, hissing malevolently at me. In the darkness of the fog, there were the sounds of distant screaming, cries for help, choked sobs.

Then I became aware of something huge, hostile, and alive with us in the garage. I could hear the monster's breathing, feel its heat on my face. In a moment of panic I didn't even realize that the fog was drifting out as rapidly as it filtered in, the sounds of distant horror fading away, replaced by the immediate menace of the beast before me.



We opened our eyes to see the Escalade transformed before us. It was still the armored high-end luxury monstrosity sporting a machine gun on its roof, but its familiarity ended there. Its grill had been replaced with massive snapping jaws. Long tentacles flailed along either side of it and a scaly, muscular tail swept behind it, trashing the tools in the garage. It was alive, angry, and felt like it had some shred of bestial intelligence gleaming from within.

It was so fucking cool.



CHAPTER 4: ADVANCEMENT

The Advancement rules in Dread almost seem like an afterthought: there is a single paragraph that provides rules for a very modest increase in power after a year of weekly play. This was not wholly inappropriate: if Disciples survived 13 cases without dying, it could very well seem that the Director was doing something wrong. But Spite introduced a new emphasis on campaign play (and provided a far richer world in which to play) and with it, a more thorough system for advancement.

The Spite rules not only allow more options for character advancement, but advancement itself is substantially faster. In the same year of play, characters in Spite can expect to have two to four times as many advances as characters in Dread. Because of the new options now contained in the world of Pandemonium, the Advancement rules from Spite should be considered the default rules for both Disciples and Zealots.

Among the most interesting new options for Advancement introduced in Spite were the new gear options of Aspergilia, Osteons, and War Machines. This chapter introduces new options and new ideas, many specifically for use by Disciples.

4.1. Athame

As Zealots can invest some of their power into magic weapons called Aspergilia, Disciples can invest their power into magic weapons called Athame. The core mechanics of the two types of weapons are the same: a Disciple transforms an ordinary melee weapon into a magic weapon by first spending 13 Advancement

points to create the Athame, and then spending 3 Advancement points and a single action at any time to add an ability to it. Each ability has a limited number of uses before more Advancement points need to be invested in the Athame.

The abilities presented here are new and intended especially for Athame. However, with the Director's permission, these could be considered new abilities for Aspergilia, and/or the abilities of Aspergilia could also be included in an Athame.

Rebel Spirit

Charges: 3

Trails of red energy flow from the weapon and linger in the air. Any attack that comes near the caster is intercepted by the weapon, which draws itself into the path of the attack. For the remainder of this combat, the caster receives three extra dice on defense.

Abyssal Vigor

Charges: 3

The caster's body becomes infused with infernal power. His skin darkens and his eyes glow with a cold, unholy light. The caster receives 4 Life, which can temporarily bring the caster's total above 12. Once the combat ends, any temporary Life remaining dissipates. The transformation effect lasts until the end of the combat or until the 4 extra Life are lost.

Chastisement

Charges: 1

Runes in angelic script suddenly appear and cover the striking surface and handle of the weapon and glow an electric blue. If the caster's next attack hits a demon, the attack does an extra 6 damage. This has no effect on any non-demon, including angels and skills possessed by demons. The charge is used regardless of whether or not the attack is successful.

Judgment

Charges: 1

Electricity cascades all over the striking surface and handle of the weapon, casting light all around and shedding showers of sparks onto the ground. If the caster's next attack hits a human, the attack does an extra 6 damage. This has no effect on any non-human, including half-breeds. A skill possessed by a demon does suffer this extra damage. The charge is used regardless of whether or not the attack is successful.

Hate Wave

Charges: 1

The weapon seems to dim the light near it as it is moved around. At the caster's mental command, a bolt of black energy blasts forth from the weapon. This allows the weapon to attack at Range 3 without penalty. This effect lasts for one combat.

Nightmare Fetter

Charges: 2

When this weapon strikes a human or half-breed, they suffer damage normally. After this, they collapse into a coma that lasts for a number of minutes equal to the damage suffered. While unconscious, the victim suffers horrible nightmares. A half-breed can resist this effect by making a Soul check against the damage done. Demons and angels suffer normal damage, but no other effect.

Tyranny

Charges: 1

When this weapon strikes a human or half-breed, they suffer damage normally. After this, they lose their will to resist the one who wields the Athame. They are subject to the wielder's control for a number of rounds equal to the damage suffered. While dominated, they fully realize that they are being controlled. They will not injure themselves, but they will attack allies or do things they would normally not be willing to do. A half-breed can resist this effect by making a Soul check against the damage done. Demons and angels suffer normal damage, but no other effect.

4.2. Osteons

There is no reason that the rules for Osteons can't be used by Disciples as well. The only difference would be that Disciples would wield the body parts of demons rather than angels. However, in the interest of distinguishing Disciples from Zealots, Osteons could be restricted to Zealots, and instead Disciples could make use of Sarx.

4.3. Sarx

Sarx is a specialized concoction created through the inherent magic ability of the Disciples given to them by their Mentors. By harvesting demon flesh, grinding it up, investing it with 7 Advancement points, and consuming it as food, the Disciple can gain temporary access to new powers. The investment of Advancement points prepares the Sarx. It can be held and used at a later time; it does not need to be used immediately. Once prepared, a regular human who ingests Sarx dies immediately as his insides rot away and tumble out of his orifices.

It's not harmless to Disciples either. When ingested, the Disciple most roll two dice. If the first die comes up one, the Disciple takes 6 points of damage as the demon flesh corrupts his system. If the second die comes up one, the Disciple is taken over by the overwhelming desire to murder humans in horrifying ways. This isn't a berserk rage; this is a calculated urge to torture and murder. This urge lasts for a full hour or until the Disciple has brutalized and killed another human (or half-breed).

If the Disciple ingests another dose of Sarx while still under the effects of a previous dose, the chances for the above two rolls increase by one. That is, the Disciple suffers damage on a one or two, and has a desire to kill on a one or two. This effect is cumulative if the Disciple decides to take three or more doses of Sarx while still under the effect of any single dose.

The effects of Sarx depend on what demon is used to prepare it. For each of the three demon types, there are two possible effects. The specific effect of a dose of Sarx must be determined at the time of the investment of Advancement points and cannot be modified later.

Hunters

Once ingested, the effects of the Sarx last for 24 hours, or until discharged by using its effects in combat.

Hunter Sarx can be used to allow either an extra attack during a round at the attacker's full normal amount of dice, or the attacker can make a normal attack with six extra dice. Either of these effects last for the duration of a single combat.



Stalkers

Either of these effects last for one hour or until the Disciple launches a direct attack of any kind. As the Disciple attacks, his form reverts to normal.

Stalker Sarx can allow the Disciple to change his form to any other person he has at least seen a photograph of or he can turn invisible.

Defilers

These two effects have differing durations.

Defiler Sarx allows the Disciple to make a telekinetic attack with objects in the area. This attack is three dice per point of Fury killed, to a maximum of 12 dice.

The ability to launch telekinetic attacks lasts for the duration of a single combat. There is no direct way to determine that the Disciple is the source of the attack.

Alternatively, the Disciple can become insubstantial, rendering him immune to human attacks and able to move through walls. Demon and angel attacks still have full effect however. This effect lasts for 10 minutes or until the Disciple launches a direct attack of any kind.



4.4. War Machines

Cabals can build War Machines of their own, using the rules presented in *Spite*, pp. 156-157. A Circle (see Chapter Six) can also combine resources to build a War Machine. There is a specific option for Disciples building War Machines: with additional effort, a Cabal can turn a War Machine into a Baphomet.

4.5. Baphomets

A Baphomet is a War Machine that has had more than just armor and weapons attached to it. The Cabal also gathers raw materials from the corpses of the demons they defeat and attaches the choice parts to the vehicle, fusing them into a biomechanical weapon of the Last War. A Baphomet might be an

SUV with a heavy machine gun mounted on the top, flanked by flailing tentacles on either side, and vicious mouths mounted on the doors. As a Baphomet has more demonic material added to it, the vehicle itself begins to change: grills change into giant snapping jaws, tires become studded with claw-like spikes, or the body may begin to take on a scaly appearance.

The basic process of making a Baphomet is the same as a War Machine, except that the Cabal inscribes a special pentacle on the vehicle to make it receptive to demonic grafts. Instead of costing 7 Advancement points and 4 Cash from everyone, the Baphomet costs 9 Advancement points and no Cash from each member of the Cabal. All demonic grafts described below require harvested parts. A single demon provides enough material to add a single item to a Baphomet or to improve an existing item.

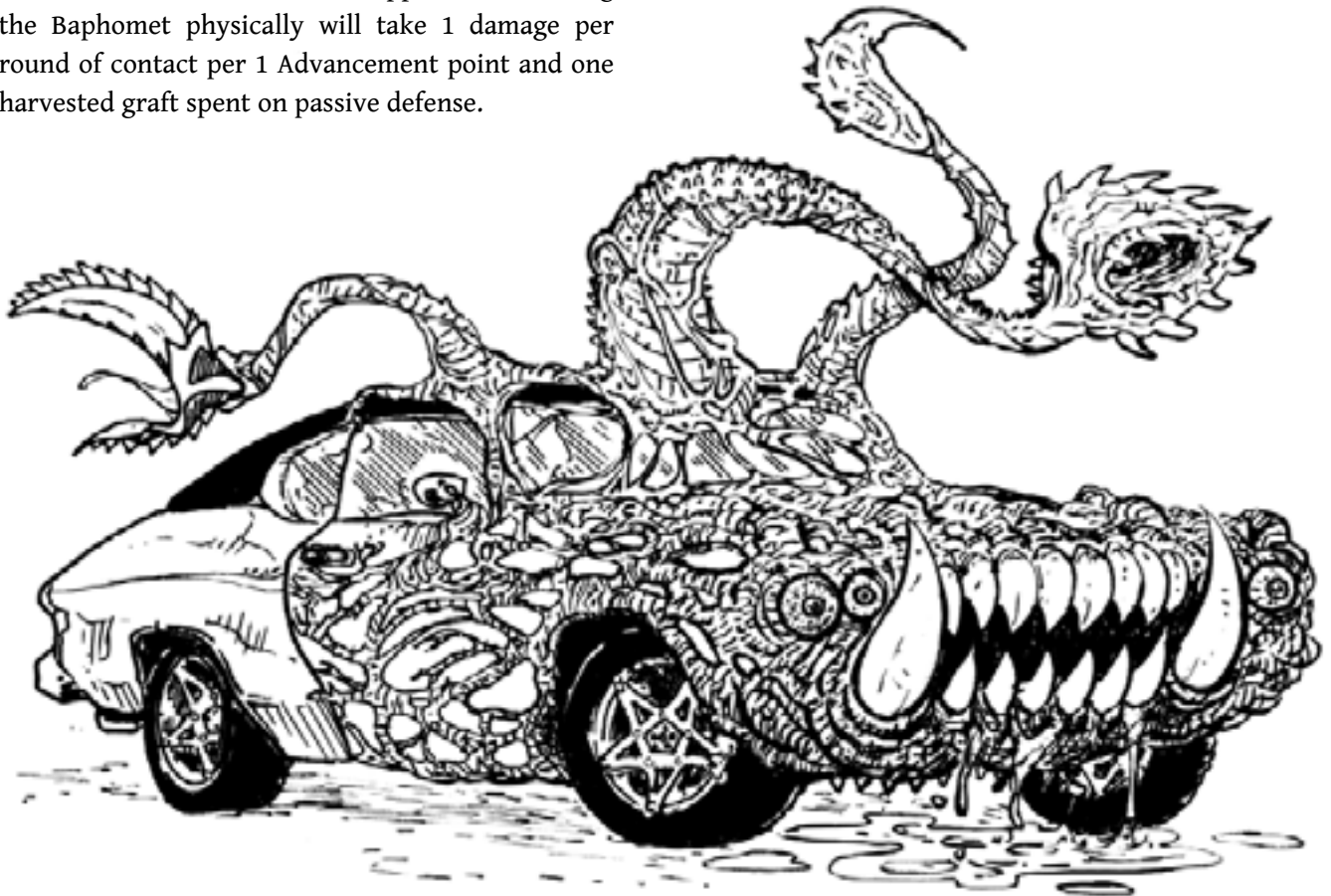
Once the Baphomet has been created, weapons can be added to it at the normal cost in both Advancement points and Cash as for War Machines. In addition to weapons, however, demonic grafts can also be added as melee weapons. These cost Advancement points equal to twice the damage of the attack (maximum 4) as well as harvested demon material, but no Cash.

Demonic grafts have Range 1, so they can only attack targets near the Baphomet. They operate independently, unlike vehicle weapons, which need operators. They act according to the rage and violence they feel around them, so their attacks are equal to two dice lower than the highest Combat score in or on the Baphomet.

Demonic grafts can also be used to enhance the Baphomet's Ram score at a cost of 2 Advancement points and a harvested graft per point of extra Ram damage. Grafts can be added as passive defense systems like barbed wire as well. Opponents attacking the Baphomet physically will take 1 damage per round of contact per 1 Advancement point and one harvested graft spent on passive defense.

Harvested material can also be used to add armor or Body to the Baphomet. Each Advancement point provides 2 points of armor or 1 point of Body, with no maximum (unlike normal War Machines).

There is no limit to how much can be invested into a Baphomet in terms of Advancement points and demonic material. As a narrative element, the more demonic material is added to a vehicle, the more it begins to take on a life of its own. While a Baphomet will never become fully sentient or rebel against its Cabal, it may develop interesting "personality quirks" at the Director's discretion. Furthermore, after a couple grafts, few Baphomets can really pass as normal vehicles, even as normal vehicles with weapons attached all over them.



I regained consciousness in utter darkness. The tension on my wrists meant that I was still hanging from manacles. It was still hard to breathe and my whole body was wet: I'd lost track of what was sweat, blood, and all the rest.

Dammit. Last time I went out, I'd really hoped I was dead.

I remember breaking out of our normal routine to follow up on a case that seemed too horrible to ignore. About 20 miles outside the city, a quiet little town had been obliterated. A lot of the people had just vanished, but there were plenty of corpses to tell the tale. There were survivors too, but the glassy, wide-eyed stares, incomprehensible gibbering, and bloodied and abused frames revealed little beyond a creeping dread of what we were going to discover.

But we never did discover it; it found us first.

We were shocked at the thing's size, its speed, every horrible thing about its appearance. Its stench in particular stood out: like every bad smell from the worst toilet of the world's seediest strip club.

It was on us fast and its stinger ripped open our backs, our chests, and then the poison did its work and we fell into paralytic stupors.

Helpless, we were dragged to the basement of some house. Its limbs were surprisingly dexterous as it hung me in chains, crucified Bishop, and strapped Blue down on a wooden table. Deitrich had been lost somewhere along the way.

The demon went to work on us. Each time I thought the hellspawn had exhausted the creativity afforded by its singularly disgusting shape, it manifested new sharp edges, new mouths, new tentacles, new ways to get them into our bodies. It occasionally spoke to us while it did this, clinically explaining each violation before it occurred.

Eventually pain took over and I fell into blessed unconsciousness.

But now my heaven was over, and I found myself still trapped in hell. "Are you awake to see what happens next, meat?" The demon had spoken again for the first time in maybe an hour.



Its voice was unnerving. Distinctly masculine, yet without the horrid bass one might have expected, like some sort of satanic cliché. There was a kind of reverberation effect, as if the voice were coming from someplace else; it clearly was not speaking out of its mouth. But what was so frightening was the shockingly mundane quality of the voice, combined with its utterly flat affect. It seemed almost bored by what it had done to us, as if it were absent-mindedly making small talk with a stranger.

It continued. "It is always fascinating to see the interplay between pain and the flesh in you bags of shit. As if the desecration of your bodies is the worst horror you could imagine. Even the wretched Son of the Most High allowed his human body to become a tapestry of pain for the sake of you inferior beasts." It paused to make a wet, disgusting noise that might have been a snort of disgust. "You don't know pain. You don't know suffering. You don't know degradation." It started to shuffle its frame closer to where Bishop had been crucified. "But since your bodies seem to matter so much to you..."

Its voice trailed off as it drove its front tentacles into his shoulders. As Bishop belled a roar of pain and rage, the demon's razor claws opened up his chest cavity. Soon he lost the ability to yell and just started to gasp for air.

The wretched basement in the middle of nowhere, stinking with all the fluids of the human body, suddenly became very quiet. I didn't hear Blue. I didn't hear Bishop. I only heard the demon shuffling its way over to me.

It was so close now. I didn't want it to be. The tears started streaming anew as its tentacles starting swaying around me, in front of my face, around my waist, in back of me. They came closer and closer. My eyes were wide open in stark, naked terror. I knew what was coming next.

I tried desperately not to scream. I failed.

That was the very moment in which I would have utterly sworn that my life was over, and even if it wasn't, after what had just happened to me, I really wanted it to be. But it was only a moment. My eyes cracked open just a touch to see movement behind the demon's bulk.

It was Bishop.

Despite the violence he had endured, the Last War evidently wanted still more out of him. Black magic had stitched his wounds back together and while the horrid beast had been working on me, Bishop had torn himself free from his crucifixion. His arms and legs still bore the grisly wounds of his self-imposed stigmata. With a sudden roar, he smashed the demon hard with an old 2x4.

It broke on impact, but not without creating a wretched bruise on the demon's hide.

The faceless nightmare turned from me to respond to Bishop, its back again arching horribly to bring the poisonous stinger into a striking position. Bishop ducked a couple of times, but it was frighteningly obvious that his wounds were slowing him down.

Then another roar brought a light like the dawn of a new day: a shotgun blast. At the foot of the basement stairs stood Deitrich, horribly mangled from the encounter where he was left for dead, but very much alive. The shot hit the creature in its rear flank and as its flesh tore open, Bishop and I were liberally sprayed with blood and excrement. A second blast brought a second flood, and I tell you I have never been so happy to be covered in shit in my entire life.

Deitrich's sudden re-appearance gave us a moment to rally. Bishop unstrapped Blue from the table while the demon edged toward Deitrich. In turn, Blue unlocked my manacles. Four Disciples, one demon. Much better odds.

While Deitrich kept sidestepping and pulling the trigger, we all looked around for anything that could be used as a weapon. Blue found a beat-up old hacksaw. I found a power drill. Despite the abuse he had already suffered, Bishop pushed through Malvado and found new appreciation in pummeling the beast over and over again with bone-spurred fists.

That minute seemed like forever, as the whole Cabal experienced one of the hardest take-downs in our entire career. The demon's sharp-edged claws ripped open bloody new wounds. Its many limbs batted us around. The demon continued to squirt a seemingly endless stream of foul out of its prolapsed rectum. But at the same time, I gleefully drilled gushing wounds into its bulk while Blue, now radiant under the effects of Capaneus, masterfully worked a rusty blade into tentacles that had violated us only an hour before. Bishop finally got a hold of the demon's front limbs and drove his combat boot over and over into the thing's mouth. A final shotgun blast and it was over.

We looked at each other, covered in blood, sweat, shit, and God only knows what else. We were panting, paralyzed with exhaustion, yet happy to be alive.

And then we realized it wasn't quite over yet.

Without warning, the carcass imploded, ripping a hole in time and space. OK. That part was new - never seen that before. We looked at the hole and saw a place on the other side that my conscious mind has happily blotted out. The basement started to be pulled into that hole too, like a tremendous vacuum. Everyone grabbed whatever we could to hold ourselves back. I grabbed the manacle chains and held on tight. Fucking irony. Then it stopped. The rip closed and we were left in the filth-drenched basement.

I fucking hate demons.



CHAPTER 5 : DEMONS

There are several sources for demons in the Pandemonium setting. Aside from Dread, new demons have been provided in every supplement released to date except for Spite. However, all of these demons are the same on a fundamental level. While they are variously Hunters, Stalkers, and Defilers, they lack the variety of the angels in Spite. They also don't readily correspond to the angel types. Demons are generally stronger than the Rephaim, but they are not as powerful as an average Seraph. Seraphim can attack twice a round without expending Grace, and they get the advantage of a Benison every other round as well.

Demons do not need to be made stronger so that they are equivalent to Seraphim (though some ideas for making both angels and demons more dangerous are contained in Chapter Three). However, the world of Pandemonium can be enhanced by introducing new kinds of demons. This chapter suggests new ways to use the "monsters" found in Spite, and then introduces two new classifications of demons: the monstrously huge Megiddim, who correspond to the angelic Ophanim, and the dangerous and unique Abaddim, who loosely correspond to the angelic Erelin.

5.1. Monsters

Spite introduced some generic "monsters" on pp. 348-355. It is specifically noted that these creatures are not part of the canon of Pandemonium, and in some cases, this seems especially appropriate (e.g., aliens and eradicators). Furthermore, it seems that a tongue was planted firmly in cheek when some of these descriptions were being written.

However, many of the monsters could serve a useful purpose in a "canon" game of Dread or in a combined game of Dread and Spite. These creatures can function as a sort of "demonic Rephaim," i.e., low-level opponents to use as support opponents for a demon or as the primary antagonist in a simple case. In particular, ghouls, mummies, spectres, vampires, werewolves, witches, and zombies work thematically well in this capacity. With some creative imagining, gargoyles, globs, and maybe even sea monsters could be included in the same category. Aliens and eradicators do not seem to make sense even in the context presented below, but that shouldn't stop an enterprising Director from making them work in their own game.



5.1.1. Demons and Monsters

On May 14th, 2007, the Black Gate to Hell was temporarily opened and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of demons spilled out onto Earth. Extra-dimensional portals between the terrestrial and the spiritual don't just open without causing massive ripples in the material world. It wasn't just that demons entered the world; the very presence of Hell entered the world. If the world was a bad place before that date, it was surely worse afterwards.

These supernatural ripples are explicitly described regarding the presence of angels in *Spite* on p. 220. There's no reason similar effects can't be used in the presence of the demonic. Among the specific manifestations of demonic energy in the world is the transformation of the dead.

The demons love to mock and abuse that which is distinctly human, such as the fact that we are spiritual beings with bodies who have respect for death and the dead. Thus, a graveyard or funeral home is a rich playground for demonic energy. This energy infuses corpses with new life, or "unlife," if you will, as well as with new hungers and hatreds.

Thus, all of the undead monsters, ghouls, mummies, spectres, vampires, and zombies, are manifestations of "Hell on earth." Ghouls, spectres, and zombies are less intelligent or unintelligent creatures and thus are likely nothing more than animated corpses or even "quasi-corporeal" spirits.

Mummies and vampires are different cases. Mummies should generally be used to represent the particularly long dead and are thus infused with a special malevolence. The creation of vampires may not even be a result of demonic energies afflicting the dead. Instead, the influence of the demonic may

have actually effected a transformation in the souls and bodies of especially "Hellish" people, draining their life away and replacing it with vampiric existence.

Witches and werewolves also require a different explanation. The stats for witches serve very well for any human who has mastered some low-level black magic. Thus, they could be actual cultists or just people whose ambitions line them up with Hell's agenda and who gain power as a result from it. Werewolves can be explained similarly to vampires: brutal and angry humans become infected (possessed even) by spirits of destruction and violence and thereby become some sort of new creature. In these ways, the monsters remain thematically in tune with the rest of the game. After all, there are other games out there that allow you to meditate on the angst-filled existence of a lonely night stalker, or to obey a cosmic mandate to use your bestial powers to protect humans from evil spirits. The Books of Pandemonium are not those games.

There is no reason that the monsters in *Spite* can't be re-tasked for canon purposes in the default Pandemonium setting. Played properly, they can add a new dimension of horror to a Cabal's normal caseload and can provide a new level of challenge to an experienced Cabal. Sure, a demon backed up by gun-wielding cultists is more dangerous, but one backed up by Strength 7 monsters with 8 Life each is a lot more so!

Okay -- Make Them Work for Me

It is noted above that not all of the monsters work as well in the official canon of Pandemonium. But that doesn't mean that, with some proper tinkering, they can't be made to fit.

Gargoyles can be removed from their origins as living statues and actually be turned into very low-level demons. These demons, coincidentally resembling traditional notions of the demonic from their activities throughout history, occasionally cut loose and terrorize and murder humans before being forced to retreat and hide. Perhaps even more so than the undead creatures described above, gargoyles can become the "demonic Rephaim."

Globs are described as a military project gone wrong, but perhaps that has nothing at all to do with their origin. Many demons leave various goopy fluids behind: blood, ichor, slime, mucous, or more heinous things. The same evil that permeates the world since the demonic invasion might occasionally transform these patches of fluid into something else: Globbs. These semi-sentient remnants of demonic presence continue to hunt and murder humans following the essential nature inherited from their source.

Sea monsters are more of a stretch. Rather than considering the traditional long-necked dinosaur-like monster, perhaps sea monsters are more unearthly in appearance, with eyes and tentacles instead of fins and fangs. These, like the gargoyles, are also lesser demons (albeit giant in size). They represent the primordial chaos before the world was formed and this is why they dwell deep beneath the oceans, threatening any who would dare intrude in places man is too small and pathetic to dominate and rule.

Can the same methodology be used to permit aliens and eradicators into a more traditional game? Probably, but you will have to decide for your group how that might work.

STAT BLOCKS

On the next few pages, you'll see the following abbreviations used in the descriptions of various entities:

St - Strength

Sn - Sense

Sl - Soul

Lf - Life

Wr - Wrath

Fr - Fury

Ar - Armor

5.2. The Megiddim

The rules of the Last War changed on 8/8/8. The perceived treachery of Hell led to a premature counterstrike from Heaven, and then Heaven's soldiers went off mission in a major way. All of a sudden, in the span of a couple of years on Earth, the timetable of the greatest confrontation the universe would ever know had advanced much more quickly than even the warriors of Heaven and Hell could have imagined.

And Heaven spared no effort. Not only did it send legions of Seraphim to Earth, but it even unleashed the power of the awesome Ophanim, monstrous angels specifically tasked with the destruction of the cities of man. If these 13 angels were let loose on the world at once, millions and millions of humans would die, and very few people could hope to stop them.

Whatever the motivations of the angels who had assaulted the Earth, Hell was not to be outdone.



After all, since the very beginning of time, the fires of Hell had been ignited by the flames of the demons' hatred against humankind. Millennia of resentment and anger had been built, aimed solely at the utter desolation of the human race during the Last War. Far be it for the demons to let the angels take away their moment of bloody glory, just because they had suddenly decided that maybe the demons had been right about the human race all along!

Forged in the deepest and most infernal fires, the Megiddim are the Armageddon Engines of Hell. They are living weapons of catastrophe, prepared for the moment when they would be unleashed upon the Earth to bring terror, slaughter, chaos, and the cruelest depravity. Since the angelic invasion, that time has come early. Any day now, the world will be plunged into utter darkness, as the Megiddim are released to destroy creation, bringing hordes of demons and monsters in their wake.

Good thing there are some Disciples out there to stop them.

In game terms, the Megiddim are a lot like the angelic Ophanim. In particular, the Megiddim are unique. If a Cabal destroys one, it would take centuries in Hell for the demons to create another, and even then, it would be a new creation, not another version of the one that was destroyed. Like the Ophanim, a Megid is an immensely powerful opponent, suitable only for experienced and very well prepared Cabals. Most especially, a Cabal will need to have access to the new Imprecations contained in Chapter Two, and maybe some of the new gear options contained in Chapter Four, in order to level the playing field against these creatures.

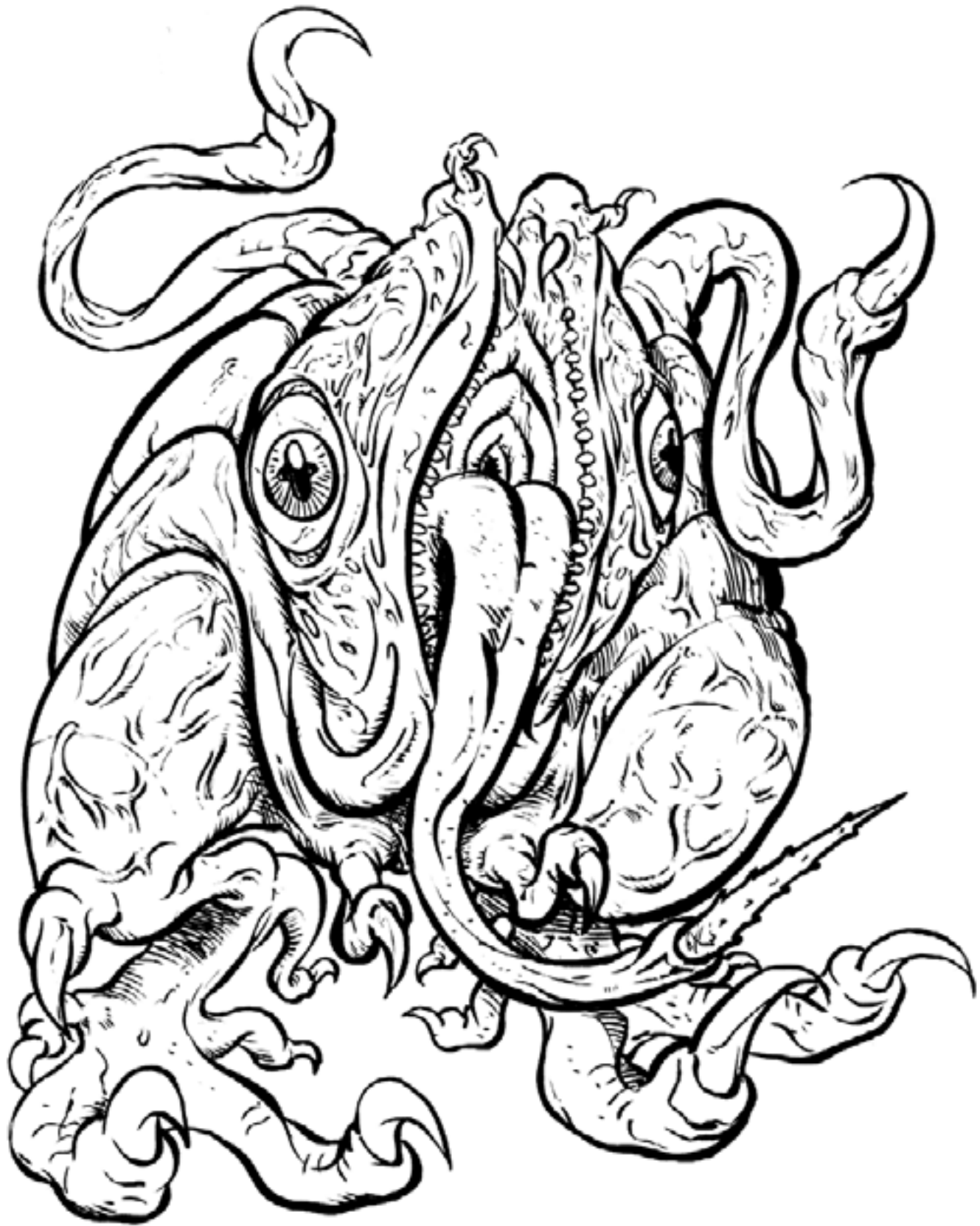
All of the options available to Ophanim are also available to the Megiddim. The Megiddim attack twice per round. The first attack is physical and

against a single opponent, swiping the defender's highest die to add to its own pool. The second attack is supernatural in some way and affects the entire Cabal, forcing each member to re-roll his highest die on defense (and keeping the latter roll even if its better). The Megid can use Wrath to heal itself, or it can use Wrath to invoke other interesting supernatural effects at the Director's discretion to attack individual opponents. Each point of Wrath spent in this way generates an attack of four dice, with a limit of 16 dice maximum. This attack may represent telekinetically-flung debris, causing nearby property destruction to fall on the Disciple, nameless demonic beasts rising from the rubble to rend and tear at the Disciple, jets of poison, acid, or fire shot from a tentacle or mouth, or whatever else the Director can dream up.

Also like the Ophanim, the Cabal cannot technically hunt down Megiddim. There are signs and portents of their coming, and the Disciples might be drawn to investigate, or they might be sent by their Mentors. It should be noted, however, that many Mentors remain curiously quiet about the existence of the Megiddim, and seem hesitant to send the Disciples against them. No one knows exactly why this is the case.

Once the Cabal does arrive to investigate, however, their presence will further exacerbate the supernatural signs of the Engine's coming: demons will be more prevalent, monsters may appear spontaneously, and people begin to experience feelings of profound despair, suicidal impulses, and murderous rages when in the vicinity of the Disciples.

And then it finally arrives. Unlike the Ophanim, there is usually little subtlety in the Megid's arrival: it appears, people start to die, and those that might survive will never be the same again.



5.2.1. Ber-Resheph

St 18, Sn 4, Sl 7, Lf 44, Wr 18, Ar 11

Ber-Resheph is a monstrous beast towering a hundred feet tall. Its shape is vaguely amphibian, though its legs inspire images of a dinosaur, right down to the vicious claws. The horror's flesh is slick and wet to the touch, with colors that resemble purple bruises and dark red flesh. Its veiny, knobbed haunches take up most of its body as it edges forward on its wide splayed feet. Two huge tentacles rise up from somewhere behind the demon's head, each ending in a huge spike. Instead of front legs, it has two more single spikes. Its most notable feature, however, is its grotesquely large head, which is split down the middle. Its mouth resembles a vagina, ringed with teeth. A long, flexible tongue protrudes from within its mouth, tipped with a barbed spike as long as a truck. It makes few noises aside from the sounds of its thunderous steps and a continuously wet sound emanating from its mouth. The creature smells of rank bodily fluids of various kinds.

Ber-Resheph's role in the Last War is to remind the human race that the natural world is not a friendly place. It is the personification of the natural order, now broken and re-constructed in a darker image by the sins of humanity. It is the consequence of our irresponsible stewardship over all creation. This does not only include "nature," but also the very idea of what constitutes natural behavior among human beings.

In the days leading up to Ber-Resheph's arrival, there will be strange signs in natural phenomena, especially in regard to animals and weather patterns. Domestic animals will suddenly turn vicious, normally docile wild animals will attack humans, and predatory animals will actually hunt them.

Insects will grow unnaturally in size and their poisons will become more virulent. The weather will become unseasonable, with blizzards in the middle of summer, tornadoes and hurricanes out of season, and even strange deluges of frogs, scorpions, and acid rain.

People suffering from disease or illness will find their symptoms worsening and their conditions rapidly declining. Death rates in hospitals will soar. Traditional treatments for lesser ailments will prove ineffective, as those same ailments suddenly turn lethal. People inclined to engage in socially marginalized behavior will find their impulses increasing to an uncontrollable degree. Sexual predators will become more careless and more vicious. Incidences of rape will increase, as will other forms of sociopathic and violent criminal behavior.

On the day of Ber-Resheph's arrival, the weather will be a storm of extraordinary magnitude, but it will stop just as suddenly as it manifests. The demon will slaughter indiscriminately, consuming souls in its giant maw. All around it, vicious animals attack and weak-willed people turn on one another in frenzies of violence and perversion. It attacks with its claws and lashing, penetrating tongue. Out of its mouth cavity it emits a noxious stream of foul-smelling fluid that is sticky to the touch. Those covered by the filth find themselves rapidly contracting infections of various kinds in and through their bodies. Biting, stinging insects are drawn to the scent, magnifying the pain.

When its attack is ended, the ground beneath it opens in a giant maw of teeth and labia, and Ber-Resheph slides back into the earth until it manifests someplace else.



5.2.2. Dagon-Nur

St 19, Sn 5, Sl 7, Lf 43, Wr 17, Ar 12

Dagon-Nur is a monstrous creature of indeterminate shape. It has several mouths where its head might be, but its actual head tops its long, dinosaur-like tail. Its body shares characteristics with an armored dinosaur, a crustacean, and an arachnid. Covered in massive plates of chitin, the demon is basically bipedal, though its bulk relies heavily on its long, thick tail for balance. The top of its body contains four protrusions of various sizes. One ends in a series of interconnected mouths, while another contains a plant-like pod that unleashes long flagella. The third contains a broad mouth with huge teeth, ringed with sharp blades. The final protrusion contains a long stinger. Each of these extensions of its body is remarkably flexible. The tail (or neck, depending on one's perspective) is edged with more sharp blades. At the end, the demon's actual head leers at its prey, a monstrous visage that vaguely resembles a skull with gnashing, grinding teeth. Its color ranges from orange to brown and it smells of sewage and dead fish.

Dagon-Nur is one of the oldest of the Megiddim. It is an incarnation of blasphemy and a manifestation of the primal chaos that predated the act of creation. Speaking a thousand languages at once, it utters continuous blasphemies against the will of Heaven.

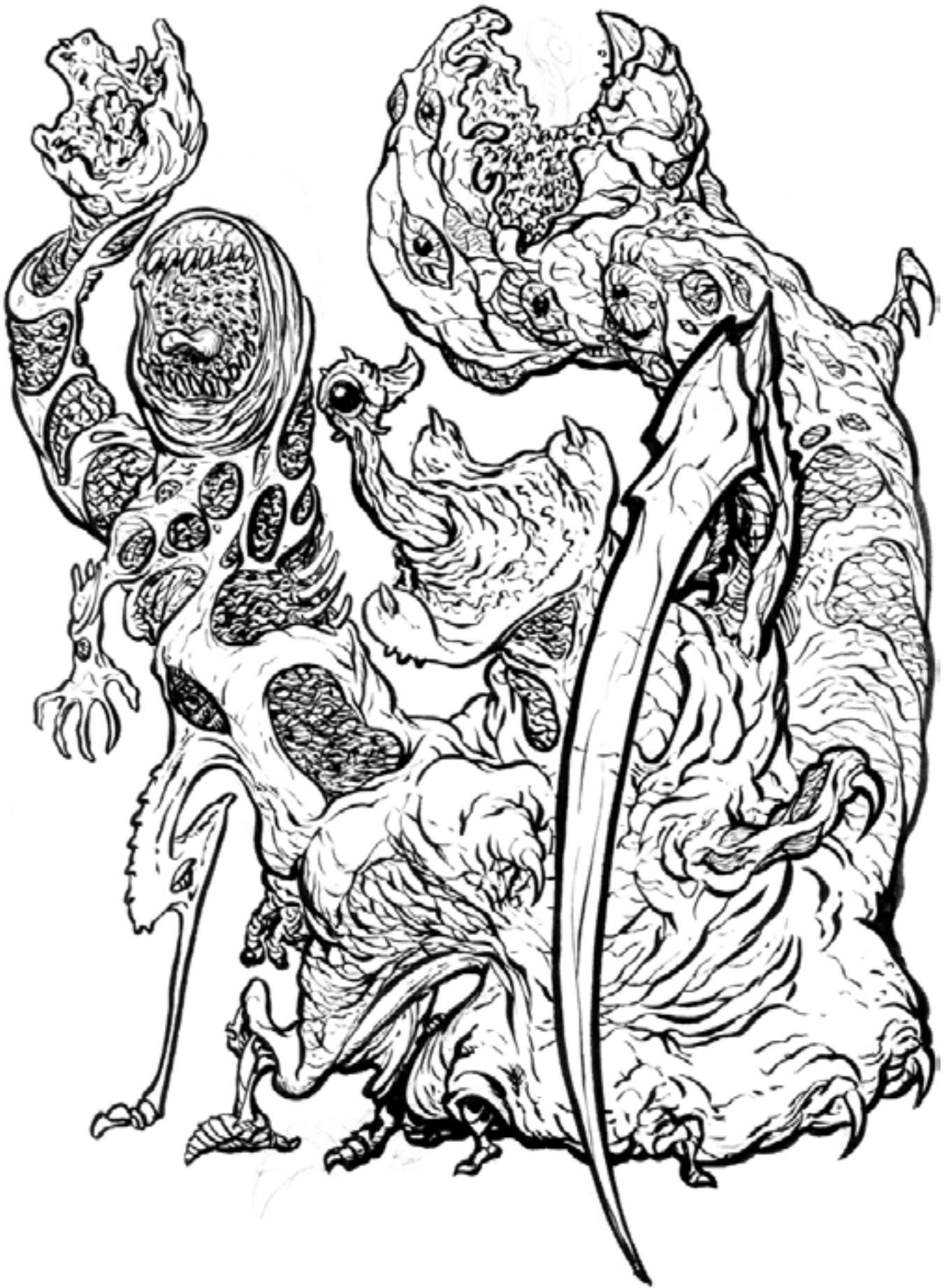
In the days leading up to the manifestation of Dagon-Nur, things start to fall apart, especially within the minds and hearts of human beings. On the most basic level, machinery breaks down or acts erratically. This causes chaos, as traffic lights fail to work properly, hospital machines stop functioning, and computers randomly dump immense amounts of data.

Then the chaos escalates. From simple malfunctions and breakdowns, the world becomes actively hostile to human beings. Manufacturing machines trap and mangle people. Vehicles swerve off roads to ram pedestrians. Planes fall from the sky. Occasionally, machines inexplicably explode in flaming conflagrations.

But the most significant effects occur in the psyches of the people. Trust erodes and relationships fall apart. Prejudice increases and people automatically think the worst about others. Most dramatically, faith in the transcendent suffers, and people turn away from their religions and life philosophies. Without this mooring, many give themselves over to their repressed base impulses, while others give in to despair and suicide.

On the day of Dagon-Nur's manifestation, the city is unusually quiet. Machinery goes completely quiet and the relationships between people have broken down so much that no one speaks to anyone else. Then, suddenly the Megid appears. In a coastal location, it will roll in on a tidal wave or a flash flood. Away from the water, it appears in a massive fireball falling from the heavens and impacting where it will kill the most people at once. Around the demon, things continuously fall apart. Its very proximity to buildings, even skyscrapers, causes them to collapse. It attacks with its tendrils, claws and mouths. All throughout its carapace, it projects sharpened pieces of chitin that explode into flame on impact.

When Dagon-Nur is finished with a city, it melts into a gigantic fire, setting ablaze anything still standing as a reminder until it manifests again.



5.2.3. Illuyanka-Ephah

St 18, Sn 6, Sl 9, Lf 41, Wr 18, Ar 10

Illuyanka-Ephah is the largest of the Megiddim, capable of towering over 400 feet in size. Its shape is completely asymmetrical, composed of three vaguely defined "torsos" atop a muscular bulk carried along by pointed, tick-like legs. The largest torso arches "behind" the creature. At its great height, it possesses several gleaming eyes and a huge mouth-like opening at its very peak. The second largest of the three torsos has no eyes, but a tremendous maw with pointed teeth. It has two arms, one not unlike a tentacle with some form of additional mouth at its end, while the other is comparatively tiny and hangs in front of the demon. The second torso is also held up by an insect-like leg. Its skin appears torn in places, revealing rich, red muscle underneath. The smallest of the three torsos seems to be the heart of the demon, possessing a single black eye that never seems to blink. On the left side of the torso is a massive arm shaped like a scythe. The blade measures almost 200 feet in length. Illuyanka-Ephah is a motley assortment of colors, even shifting hues as it moves. It reeks of mold and decomposition.

Illuyanka-Ephah is the Armageddon Engine that best represents the designs of Hell. It is a mockery of the divine design of life, and it is a personification of the power of death, which is Hell's greatest contribution to the human race.

In the days leading up to the demon's arrival, death stalks the city. People who are suffering from illnesses suddenly drop dead, even from illnesses that are not normally fatal. Random people who are otherwise healthy fall dead in the streets, with no apparent cause of death. People who suffer accidents find themselves suffering from unpredictable coincidences that escalate minor injuries into major ones, and major ones into fatalities. As the death toll rises, those

paranoid enough to take extra precautions find themselves receiving extra attention from the power of death, victims of increasingly bizarre circumstances.

As the days pass, the world begins to shift form in subtle ways. Places inexplicably disappear – not whole buildings, but out of the way places like alleys, back roads, and abandoned storefronts just vanish. Eventually, new things take their place: sex clubs, alleys that seem to summon the mad and the violent, butcher shops that don't seem to have animals hanging in the back.

On the day of Illuyanka-Ephah's arrival, the transformations become drastic and immediate. Tall buildings are transformed into hellish citadels of otherworldly black stone, complete with inhuman legions. Parks and vacant lots are turned into battlefields littered with corpses. Skinless humanoids erupt from sewers to grab people and drag them screaming to their doom below the streets. The architecture of the city itself seems to turn malevolent, as if it were designed to frighten, imprison, or injure humans. In the center of the city, a giant black egg-like shape rises from the earth, amidst dancing flames. The orb cracks, and Illuyanka-Ephah spills out into the world of man. As it scuttles towards the fleeing crowds, it kills everything it can reach. Tentacles grab up people to throw into its many maws, while any organized resistance meets the sharpened edge of its massive blade. All around the demon, reality bends to conform to the realities of Hell. Unidentifiable creatures of all shapes appear out of nowhere to attack. The Hellish environment itself lashes out at anyone nearby.

After the cities of man have been given a tiny glimpse into the tortures awaiting them when Hell comes to earth, all of the demonic creatures suddenly swarm all over the bulk of Illuyanka-Ephah, tearing it asunder at the same time as it consumes the swarms with its thousand mouths. Nothing remains but the dead in the streets.



5.2.4. Iraia-Nirgali

St 16, Sn 6, Sl 8, Lf 48, Wr 16, Ar 10

Iraia-Nirgali is a tremendous form defying easy description. It is variously octopoid, or slug-like, shifting shape as it shuffles along through the streets of man. It does not have a recognizable head, though it has several faces. At the core of its bulk, there are a series of eyes surrounding a round mouth ringed with teeth. Protruding from this mouth are small whipping tentacles. Behind its eyes, the top of what might be its head opens in another, larger mouth. A huge bloodshot eye glares from within. The rest of the body is a mass of tentacles, some occasionally cracking open at the ends or the middle to reveal new eyes or mouths or both. All over, the monster's hide is covered in sharp, bony stubs. As its tentacles propel it along, its colors shift through shades of green and red. Its eyes pulse and bulge, as if they were going to burst at any moment. Its presence is accompanied by the smell of candles and burning incense.

Iraia-Nirgali's presence reminds the human race of how little it actually knows about the nature of the universe and especially of the transcendent. It is a living symbol of humanity's ignorance combined with its pride that it thinks it knows everything. The demon's form is an embodiment of the fear of the unknown that lurks in the hearts of all.

The coming of Iraia-Nirgali is subtler than some of the other Megiddim. The days leading up to it are characterized more in the behavior of people than in overt supernatural events. People begin to feel a distinct spiritual unease, as if their comfortable place in the world had been taken away. A rare few might be inspired by these feelings to seek comfort in some form of faith, but the vast majority of people will do

their ample best to distract themselves by any means available. People become obsessed by work, or seek out pleasure through any outlet that presents itself, or drug themselves into oblivion to stop the feeling. Whole neighborhoods, even cities, cease to be viable communities as everyone turns inwards to try to fill all the nothing they feel inside.

This is not to say that there are no supernatural signs announcing the demon's coming. In places of faith such as churches, disruptions will be noted. Statues of angels and saints will become leering, inhuman monsters. Holy symbols will bleed, while religious art will burn. Near altars, people will hear inexplicable sounds of weeping. Old religious structures might just suddenly collapse into rubble.

When Iraia-Nirgali finally manifests, the effects cease to be at all subtle. Holy sites literally explode, as fleshy tentacles burst forth from the rubble, crushing any nearby who survive. Anywhere near the demon's presence, fleshy pseudopods erupt from the dark and shadows to grab and torment terrified humans. Giant bloodshot eyes appear on the sides of buildings, which the creature can use as remote points of perception. Iraia-Nirgali fights with its multiple limbs and mouths, simultaneously attacking all nearby. It then uses one of its tentacles to attempt to throw someone into its giant top maw, to face whatever is attached to the huge eye within.

After its work of destroying the confidence of man, it dissolves into a giant pool of sludge and then proceeds to creep off into alleys and basements as a thousand horrid slugs, hiding until humanity needs to be terrorized again.



5.2.5. Mar-Anat

St 17, Sn 6, Sl 7, Lf 43, Wr 17, Ar 10

Mar-Anat is one of the smaller Megiddim, standing a bit less than one hundred feet in height. It is also the only winged Megid, with a full 250-foot spread when its bat-like wings are unfurled. It has a face with three, huge black eyes, but no mouth. A single antenna flicks about on its forehead, its purpose unclear. Its torso is covered in long, loose flaps of gray skin and knobby protrusions. It stands on two small legs, balanced by an equally small tail. These unimpressive limbs are a sharp contrast to its primary arms, which end in enormous claws big enough to crush buses. Sharpened hooks tip its wing arms. Its flesh is a shifting contrast of grays and dark shadows and it smells of blood. While it possesses no apparent mouth, it makes terrible noises that seem to echo in the very depths of the listeners' beings.

Mar-Anat is the embodiment of sadness, loss, and bitter disappointment. The movement of its wings provokes waves of sadness and to look into its eyes is to fall into the deepest depression. As human beings wallow in despair, Mar-Anat's black soul glows with sinful joy at the suffering of others.

In the days leading up to the manifestation of Mar-Anat, the world becomes a gray place. The weather becomes gloomy, the sun fails to cut through the clouds, and even colors seem muted. People become morose and the smallest disappointments become occasions for sitting in the dark, sullen and alone.

This pall of gloom continues to get worse as the days pass by. The city becomes quiet as people stay indoors, alone with their thoughts. Crime rates drop, as people can't be bothered to victimize one another, but on the other hand businesses begin to

fail as people refuse to work. City infrastructures begin to fall apart on the organizational level.

As the city remains silent, nighttime becomes a time of terror. Everyone suffers from horrific nightmares. For some, these are dreams of their own troubles getting worse, while for others, their dreams are haunted by a horrid shape in the night sky. Many of the morbidly depressed take their own lives during this time just to escape their own imaginations.

On the day of Mar-Anat's manifestation, the quiet of the city is broken. Dozens, even hundreds, of people, moved by the profound emptiness felt in their hearts, climb to the high places in the city. Then, moved by the demon's imminent arrival, they plummet to their deaths, screaming horribly. As the screams are replaced with the sickening thud of bodies against the pavement, Mar-Anat flies into the city, targeting anyone in sight. The city is shaken of its gloom, only to be replaced by stark, raving terror. Mar-Anat attacks with its tremendous claws, crushing its foes under its feet. Its wings can produce pummeling winds, kicking up debris towards everyone around it. They also provide it with far more mobility than the other Megiddim, which it uses to leave behind aggressors in order to terrorize more innocents.

After thousands have died, Mar-Anat flies high into the skies, disappearing from sight until the next time. In the meanwhile, mankind is left to dwell on the reality that there is no joy in this world.



5.2.6. Molech-Sorouh

St 19, Sn 4, Sl 8, Lf 52, Wr 20, Ar 12

Molech-Sorouh is one of the oldest and most powerful of the Megiddim. Due to its humanoid shape, it has been recognized as a god in the dreams of madmen for millennia. It is an iron giant almost 200 feet tall. It is covered entirely in plates of black iron, each scale edged to razor sharpness. Its head is a mask of infernal majesty, its mouth filled with giant teeth. In the palm of each massive hand, a huge eye observes the carnage brought about by the demon. Its entire form is shrouded in brilliant flames, leaping and dancing seemingly of their own volition. The smoke billowing off its frame fills the air for city blocks, choking all within. The only noise it makes is the harsh grinding of metal on metal as it moves. Beyond all this horror, however, is what Molech-Sorouh sheds: the charred corpses of infants. As these embers continuously fall to the ground, the city is filled with the sound of babies screaming in pain. The demon smells of charred flesh.

Molech-Sorouh is a powerful demon of blasphemy and the shameless abuse of the gift of life. Its jagged edges are a metaphor for the cruel distance humans keep between themselves and the divine. Its flames are a reminder of how all creation will end. Its excretions are innocence lost.

Prior to the coming of Molech-Sorouh, people become apprehensive about how others think and feel about them. Family dynamics become tense, organizational communication suffers, and any excuse for hostility increases. In particular, violence against anything that reminds someone of lost potentiality increases. Children are a common target for such violence.

As the days continue, anger and hostility escalate. More and more children are brutalized by people close to them, while even adults that are in any way perceived as "innocent" also become new targets of hatred. The surest path to safety in these days is for one to be forthright with mistrust and hatred towards others.

Violence begins to take specific shapes to match the motifs of the demon itself. Arson becomes much more common. Humans set other people, animals, and themselves on fire. Murders with bladed weapons increase. Personalities susceptible to "cutting" behavior advance to full-scale self-mutilation. The number of abortions and infanticides in the community increases. The sound of a crying child, no doubt common, can drive a mob into a murderous rage.

One final sign precedes the immediate arrival of Molech-Sorouh: the bodies of the dead rise up and attack the living around them. Then, despite the Megid's impressive size, its coming is marked by silence. It simply appears in the city and begins to destroy everything around it. The demon attacks with its claws, throwing the full force of its bladed body at its surroundings as it fights. The flames surrounding the beast occasionally leap off, seemingly with a life of their own, instantly charring almost every living thing they contact.

Eventually, the devastation comes to an end. Molech-Sorouh leaves one final testament to despair as its mountainous girth collapses to the ground, shattering into thousands of charred infant corpses.



5.2.7. Mot-Ahriman

St 17, Sn 4, Sl 8, Lf 45, Wr 15, Ar 12

Mot-Ahriman is a huge centipede-like beast. It crawls forward at extraordinary speed on 10 legs, while holding up a vaguely humanoid torso. The torso has four arms. The two lower arms are shorter, composed of sharp blades. The two upper arms end in three flailing tentacles, one of which ends in two wicked spikes. The demon's wedged-shaped head is covered in nine eyes. Its mouth is circular; its gums pull back to reveal edged, grinding teeth. Out of the center of its mouth it exudes more tentacles, each dripping with caustic acid. Mot-Ahriman's tail ends with a massive club, covered in spikes. The demon is the color of bile and smells the same. It is one of the smallest of the Megiddim, measuring only about 75 feet in length.

Mot-Ahriman is also one of the most primitive of the Megiddim. It is not an embodiment of any particular hellish "ideal," but rather a simple brute force of destruction, created to destroy all the works of man. By its unrelenting aggression, it brings fear to the human race, and with fear comes doubt about the fundamental goodness of creation.

In the days leading up to Mot-Ahriman's manifestation, the world will seem to become a less stable place. Small structural problems in buildings and houses will suddenly magnify, leading to full-scale collapses. Unstable earth conditions will lead to landslides and sink holes. The weather might remain seasonally appropriate, but will change rapidly in a matter of minutes, often in the most destructive way possible. Tornados and storms with hail several inches across become commonplace. The heat will become oppressive and the cold will plunge well below sub-zero temperatures.

This instability will also be noticed in people as well. People under a lot of stress will find themselves at the breaking point and will express themselves in extreme ways to find release. Patients under psychiatric care will decline in mental health rapidly, giving themselves over fully to their illnesses. Tenuous relationships between people will shatter. Wounds received as a result of interpersonal violence will be more severe. People in general will find themselves filled with nameless dread; while they sleep, they will be afflicted with nightmares and phantasms haunting their homes.

On the day of the demon's arrival, a total eclipse of the sun will occur and the area will be hit by a tremendous earthquake, even in regions not normally prone to such. Mot-Ahriman will pull its long body out of a huge crevasse in the earth and immediately head to the heart of the city, where crashing skyscrapers will cause the most death and devastation. The demon is remarkably agile for its size, climbing along the sides of buildings to reach even higher targets. Its primary attack forms are its scything arms, its massive clubbed tail, and the acidic tentacles emanating from its mouth. Additional goutts of acid randomly spray from the fleshy tissue along the front of the demon's body, as well as additional orifices locating all along the demon's trunk. This acid is powerful enough to dissolve anything with which it comes in contact.

With the destruction of humanity's confidence in divine providence, Mot-Ahriman crawls back into the earth through the same hole from which it came, until it is needed to destroy once again.



5.2.8. Saar-Lotan

St 19, Sn 5, Sl 9, Lf 40, Wr 16, Ar 11

Saar-Lotan is a massive spider-like demon over a hundred feet across. It has six long legs for movement and two more small ones on its front tipped with sharp claws. Peeking out from a fleshy opening on the creature's "face," there is an unblinking eye, as well as an extended snake-like tentacle with yet another face. The demon has another opening higher on its body with another snake-like tentacle covered in more eyes protruding from it. The bulk of the demon's body is rough and stony. Floating around and behind Saar-Lotan is an ominous black void, shaped like a series of tentacles. Malevolent eyes randomly appear out of the darkness. The very presence of the demon is chilling to those around it. It radiates such cold that it has no discernable smell and it is blue-gray in color.

Saar-Lotan is the manifestation of the dreadful unknown. It represents the primal forces harnessed by the order of creation, now rebelling against their chains. In this way, it is similar to Dagon-Nur, but as Dagon-Nur is representative of primal chaos, Saar-Lotan is the rebellion against the divine plan. It is the personified desire to return everything to nothingness.

The coming of Saar-Lotan is not at all quiet. The first sign of its coming is a lightning storm of impressive magnitude. The clouds are so thick that night comes and lasts for days. The rains bring floods, tidal waves, and mudslides. Strange signs appear in the skies as well: comets previously unknown to astronomers shine through the darkness, as well as malevolent shapes in the clouds. People see demonic faces and claws reaching down to earth.

For those creatures brave enough to face the weather, the normal food chain is perverted. Plants and

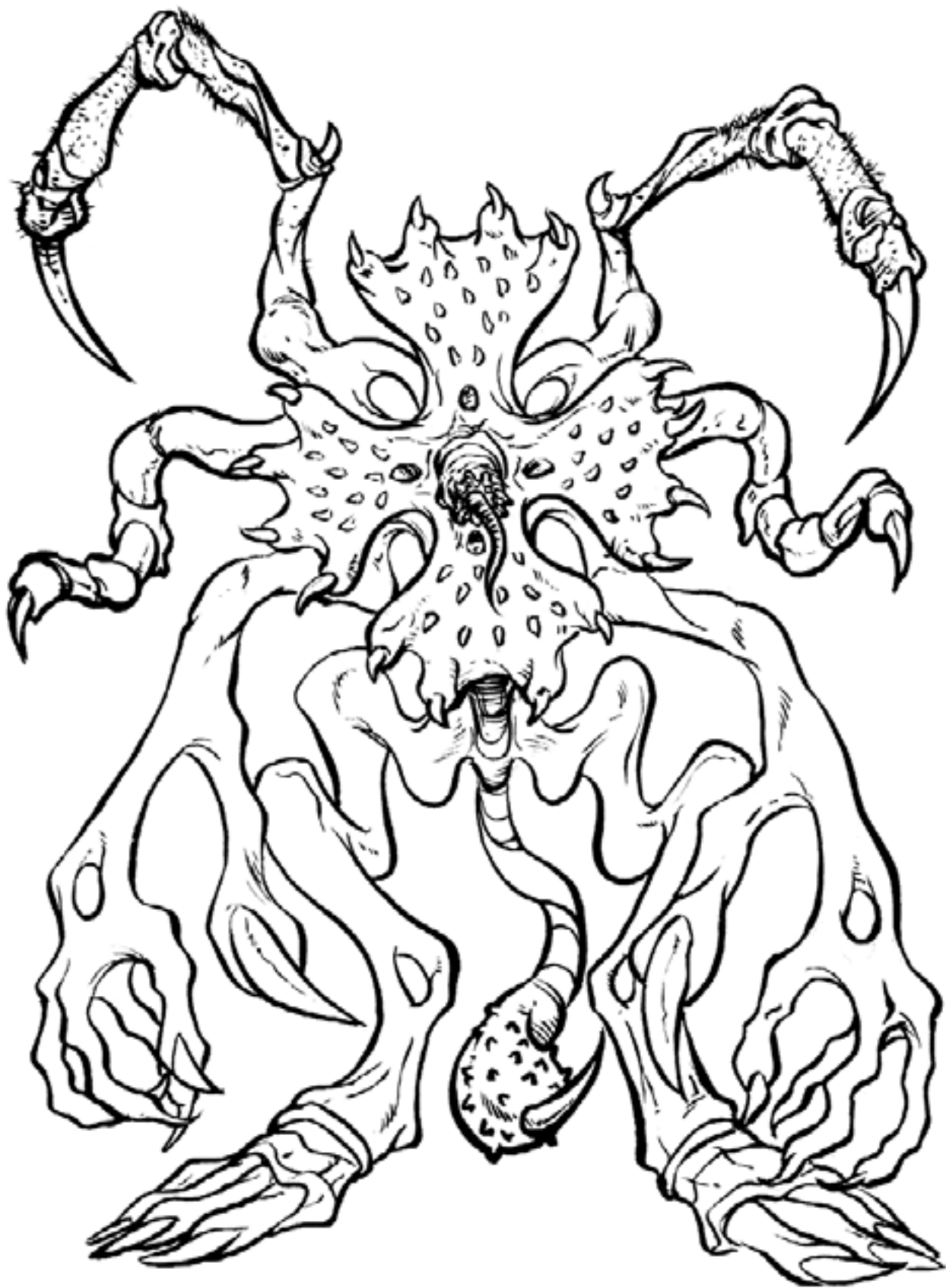
harmless animals sprout claws and teeth and aggressively defend themselves. All natural life becomes hostile to human beings in particular.

Even on the genetic level, forces rebel. Spontaneous mutations occur, creating horrid still-birthered monsters and disadvantageous effects on other people, as they contract illnesses and physical deformities. Some people suffer supernatural mutation as well, literally turning into monsters, driven to rage by their pain.

For a few hours before Saar-Lotan actually manifests, the skies will clear up and the city will suffer a total blackout. As people gaze up at the suddenly quiet sky, they will realize that they do not recognize any of the stars, as if the entire world had been transplanted to somewhere else in space.

Then the clouds roll in as a giant beast filling the sky, its low growl the sound of returning thunder. The peace is shattered as the lightning storm returns, even more violent than before. As hundreds of lightning bolts strike the earth, Saar-Lotan appears in one of them, accompanied by an awesome clap of thunder. With an otherworldly roar, the demon begins to attack everything near it, helped by the fury of the storm. All around it, people and animals warp and devolve into primitive unrecognizable forms of animal life. Other victims are sucked into the void that circles near the demon. It attacks with its claws and teeth, and it is also capable of shooting out a barrage of electricity from anywhere along its body.

When Saar-Lotan has finished its mission of destruction, it will be sucked into the void that surrounds it and vanish with a tremendous sonic boom. The clouds will instantaneously roll away, leaving the feeble human race to reflect on their insignificance in the universe.



5.2.9. Shani-Adramelech

St 16, Sn 5, Sl 9, Lf 43, Wr 15, Ar 11

Shani-Adramelech is one of the most humanoid-looking of the Megiddim. Standing almost 200 feet tall, the demon's shape is some combination of insect, yellowed bone, and tough fibrous plant. Its arms end in 50-foot long claws on remarkably dexterous fingers. Out of its shoulders, four protrusions like insect legs extend out as additional arms. Each of these arms is tipped with a spike that is as sharp and as hard as heavy metal. The creature possesses a tail, which moves with a flexibility that could not be bone, despite its appearance. The end of the tail has three more finger-like appendages. There are no eyes on its face, which appears like a huge open flower made of mottled purple-red flesh and tough, rigid muscle. The skin of the "petals" is covered in cactus-like barbs and each edge is ringed with razor sharp spikes. The center of this "face" has a tongue-like extension ringed with teeth. The demon reeks of oppressively strong perfume scents that cause people's eyes to water and their stomachs to retch.

Shani-Adramelech is the perversion of what is good and beautiful. In its vaguely humanoid appearance, flower-like face, and overwhelming scent, its familiarity to things with positive connotations covers its cruel hatred and indifference to everything around it. It is vanity and selfishness incarnate.

In the days leading up to the revelation of Shani-Adramelech, natural beauty goes wild. Flowers bloom brightly, parks take on a luminous quality, and the air seems clean and fresh. People in the area might initially think that good weather and good times have come upon them.

This changes abruptly within a day or two. The scent of flowers becomes cloying and disgusting. Grass and moss becomes sharpened and toxic. Trees reach

out with their limbs to attack passersby. Any attempts to remove or trim the plant life results in even faster growth and greater hostility as well.

During this time, human beings become more superficial. People become obsessed with their appearance, and even more obsessed with others' appearance. Mobs begin to beat and kill people deemed ugly, while the most beautiful become either mini-tyrants over those around them, or the victims of violent abuse from those jealous of their looks. Infants, the elderly, and the infirm are ignored as people become totally self-absorbed. Unattractive buildings and artwork are set on fire or torn down and destroyed.

Finally, Shani-Adramelech appears, growing from the earth like a giant carnivorous plant. For a moment, the beauty-obsessed humans stare in stupefied wonder at the "beautiful" manifestation, but those cries of joy soon turn into cries of terror as the demon begins its destruction.

The wild growth continues as the demon attacks the city. Plants not only reach out with roots and limbs, but those limbs sprout spikes and thorns. Flowers and tree trunks develop mouths lined with needle-sharp fangs. The demon attacks with its massively powerful limbs, tearing with its claws and shoulder stalks. It is powerful enough to tear apart buildings with ease. From its face, it continuously spews spores all around it. Any organic material doused in these spores immediately sprouts fat spiked worms that burrow out of their incubation, leaving humans a bloody mess.

When the attack is over, Shani-Adramelech explodes in a final burst of malignant spores. While many alight on the survivors, increasing the carnage, some are borne aloft on a supernatural wind until the beast appears again.

5.3. The Abaddim

When the truth of the treachery of the Chraleddim reached the Kharasiai after the angelic invasion, the lords of Hell immediately planned their vengeance. But despite the fact that demons turned on their own, the anger of Hell could not ignore their special hatred for the human race, and chose them instead as the object of their wrath.

The Chraleddim are not the only breed of archdemons. The Kharasiai keep a very small group of demons known as the Abaddim chained in the worst pits of perdition. In the days of the Last War, the Abaddim will be the elite of the demonic army, sent to strike down the most important of foes. The Abaddim are the assassins of Hell.

But rather than serve the purpose that millennia of torture had groomed them for, the Kharasiai decided to release them from the pit earlier than their destined time, specifically to punish those humans that would attempt to intervene in a war they had no right to fight in while using weapons and resources they had no right to use. To the point, the Abaddim are sent to kill half-breeds, especially Disciples.

The Abaddim are extremely good at what they do. They are capable of killing normal humans at the speed of thought and they have no shred of mercy or decency. They do not taunt their foes with their superior prowess in a display of pride and arrogance. Instead, they appear from the darkness and torture and kill.

Much like the Megiddim, the Abaddim are intended for experienced Cabals. These demons are capable of killing even a Disciple in a single attack and an unprepared Cabal could be wiped out in seconds.

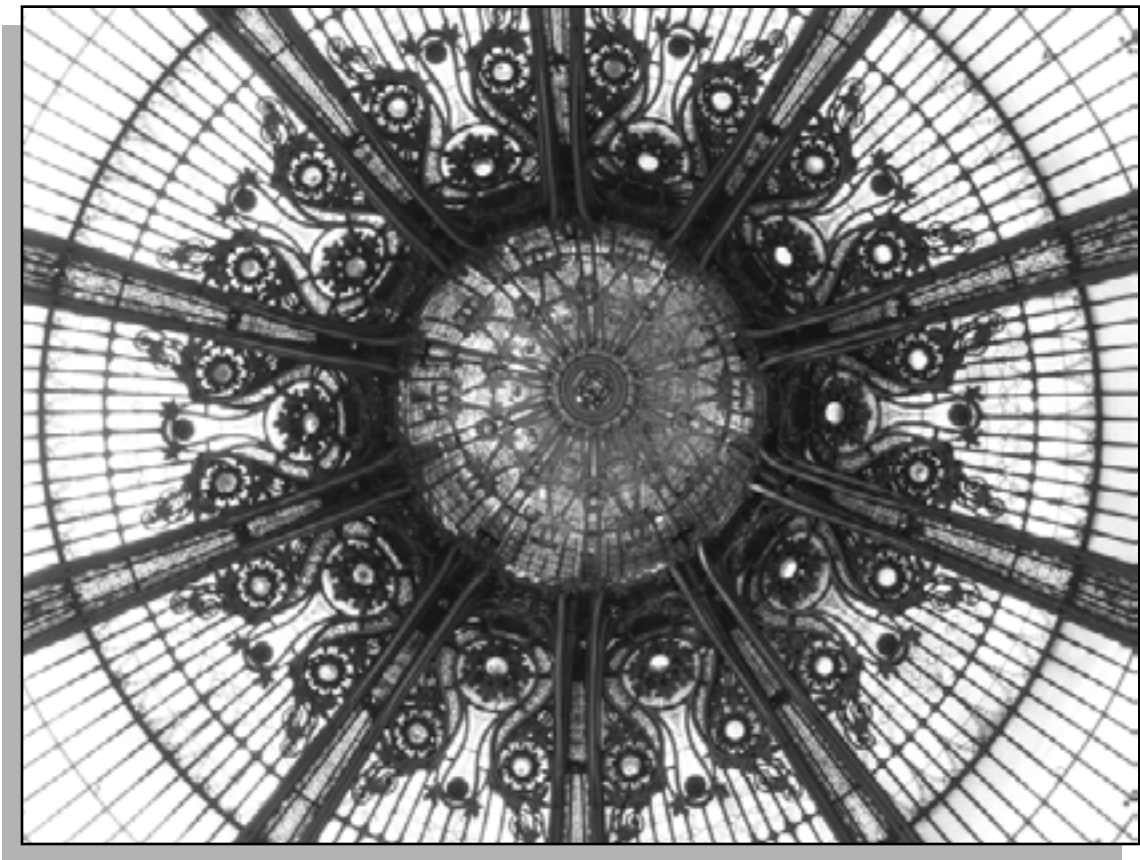
Unlike the angelic Erelim, the Abaddim are not a series of demonic breeds. Each of the six Abaddim is a unique demon. If they were to be destroyed, the lords of Hell would need to "train" new demons to take their place, a luxury they no longer have the time to do. Also unlike the Erelim, the Abaddim are eager to involve normal humans in their mission to slaughter half-breeds. Such is their contempt for the human race that they will coldly arrange for scenes of mass murder in public forums, saving some to tear apart slowly in shockingly imaginative displays of degradation.

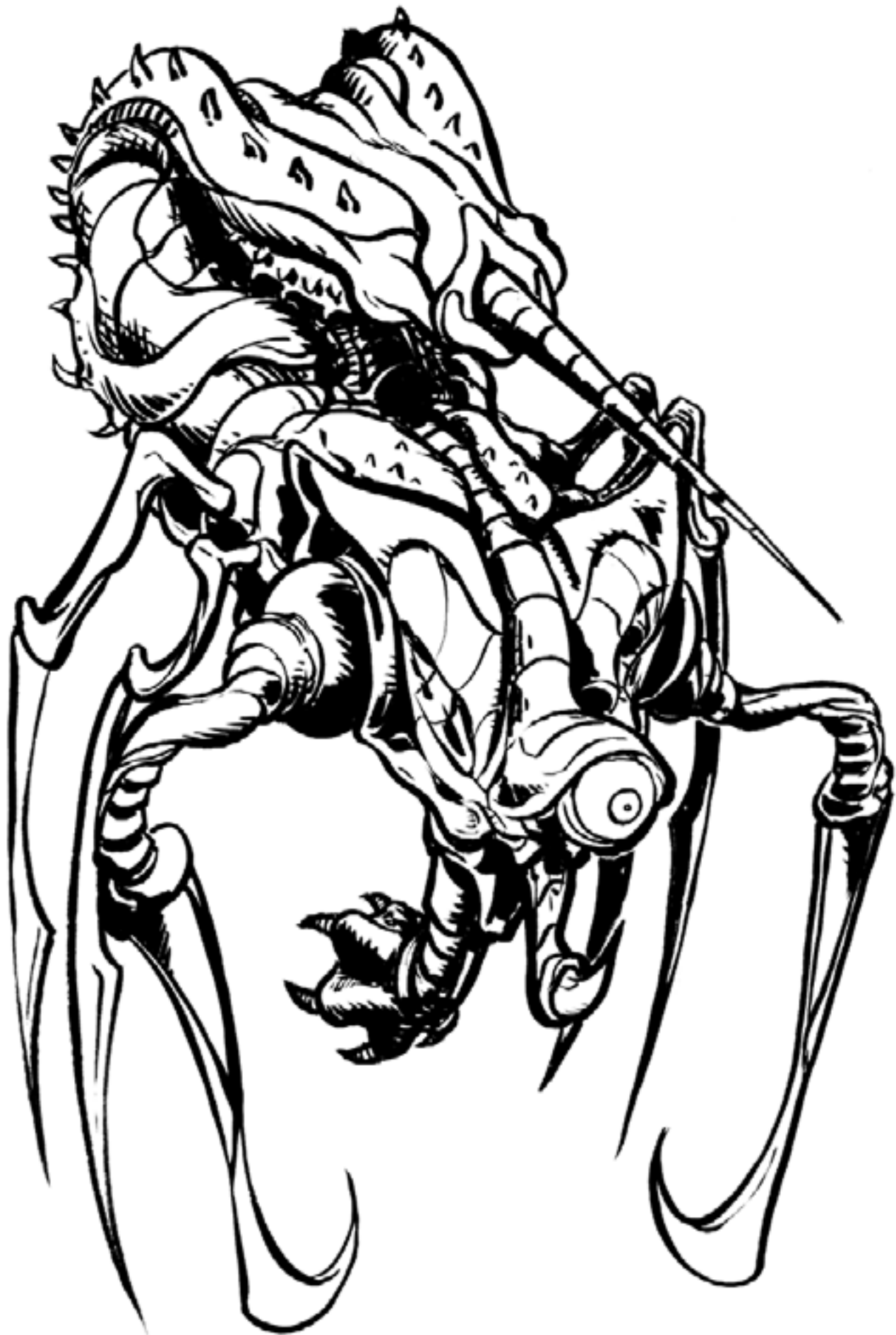
Most Cabals know nothing of the Abaddim, and most Cabals that do manage to learn something about them don't live long enough to share what they know. The Mentors are terrified of the Abaddim, though it is unlikely that they would show this to their half-breed charges. Whether the Mentor works to get his Cabal to safety or instead hides until the carnage is over depends on the individual Mentor. Disciples will likely never get the chance to hunt an Abad; they will only get to react.

In combat, an Abad can kill a point of Wrath to recover two points of Life, just like the Erelim. They can also kill Wrath as the Erelim kill Grace to get an extra attack: one point of Wrath equals two dice for this bonus attack.

The two greatest dangers posed by the Abaddim in combat are their inherent ability to attack normally three times every round, as well as a particularly lethal fourth attack each round with an attack form unique to each demon. Details of these fourth attacks are included in the descriptions of the six Abaddim.

Finally, when an Abad is destroyed, it tears a hole in space and time that draws its immediate surroundings to some dark place in Hell from whence it was awakened. Anyone within Range 2 of the demon when its Life reaches zero must make a Strength check against Difficulty 12 or be drawn into an especially bad sub-dimension of Hell. Whether or not a victim of this incident can be rescued is up to the Director, but would certainly involve an epic and dangerous mission.





5.3.1. Badariel

St 15, Sn 5, Sl 7, Lf 34, Wr 18, Ar 12

Badariel appears as a bizarre cross between an arachnid and a crustacean. It is a six-legged thing, seven feet long, covered in overlapping plates of armor. A single glaring eye fixates on its targets. On its backside, it possesses an orifice in the middle of a flexible knot of muscles. When attacking, the demon unsheathes a huge stinger from the hole, measuring almost three feet in length and dripping with a shiny, clear fluid that smells vaguely of sugar. Its front legs end in long, hooked blades. Underneath its "face" is another limb that it uses to adhere to living prey. It is a dull gray in color with silver highlights at the points where its chitin overlaps, allowing the light to play off it before it lunges from the darkness to attack. The demon smells of iron, or perhaps blood.

Badariel is a horror that exists to do nothing more than to return some of the torturous agony that was inflicted on it in its creation. It is a manifestation of terror and primitive violence. It is utterly consumed by its mission to slaughter Disciples and is therefore even more direct than other Abaddim. It actively hunts Cabals and is willing to brutally murder innocents publicly and on a large scale to attract their attention. It prefers to hunt at night, lingering near places with large numbers of people, striking at the right moment to create the greatest horror.

Not only will Badariel use fear and bloodshed to attract the attention of Disciples, it will also follow up on any other demonic activity in the area. It will kill people associated with the actions of another demon, confusing the other demon's pattern and evidence. As the Cabal flounders around, trying to figure out what is exactly going on, Badariel will

attack swiftly and viciously, relying on its power to take down as many of the Disciples as it can. When the Cabal regains their footing and offers a concerted counter-attack, Badariel will retreat. Its next step is to engage in an even more public and more horrific mass killing. It fully indulges in brutally open displays of the supernatural to bring about more fear in the human race at the same time that it hinders the actions of many Disciples, who often live beyond the law. When the Cabal comes after it, it fights with extraordinary vigor.

Special Attacks

Ravaging Transfixion

Range: 1

Damage: 7

Badariel is a fast-moving and powerful combatant. However, its signature attack involves grabbing its prey, wrapping its legs around the target, and then piercing the target with its immense probe. This attack requires Badariel to successfully grapple the target first. Vile fluids run along the length of the probe, infecting the victim's blood. Aside from the massive damage inflicted by the piercing wound, the infection causes thousands of tiny insects resembling the demon to instantaneously gestate inside the target, only to burst out a moment later. Few targets survive. The newly born creatures swarm around the battle, terrorizing other combatants.



5.3.2. Ertrael

St 11, Sn 5, Sl 9, Lf 40, Wr 17, Ar 11

Ertrael is an advanced form of Defiler demon. It manifests through its skull, horribly mutilating the body in the process. Ertrael doesn't exactly burst out of its human host; more appropriately, it vomits out of every part of the person. Flailing cilia crawl out of the host's mouth. Legs are torn open as tough, fibrous limbs emanate, topped with eyeless biting mouths. Out of the host's eyes, arms, and face, long, rigid insectoid arms shoot forth. The body cavity splits open from chest to groin, entrails taking on a semblance of independent life as they sway about, while eyes on flexible stalks grow from the remains. Once Ertrael is fully manifest, it turns the skull upside down and crawls forward on the limbs protruding from the eyes and arms, while the leg mouths snap and bite. All throughout its existence, the host does not completely die, for Ertrael will not let it. The demon constantly emits a whining, crying noise like a muffled scream, which is exactly what it is.

Ertrael prefers to hunt Disciples that pride themselves on their interpersonal skills or their special concern for others. It is especially fond of targeting those Disciples that have too easily forgotten how horrible their lives were previously, who have fooled themselves into believing that they are some kind of heroes. It is a far more patient assassin than the rest of the Abaddim, willing to wait several cases to find the perfect host to put an end to the confidence (and the lives) of an altruistic Cabal. Of course, being an Abad, it will occasionally engage in surreptitious torture and murder to slake its anger in the meantime.

The demon hunts Disciples by following them on cases. It gets used to their patterns, especially the

way they interact with the people the Cabal is trying to help or protect. Once it has learned enough, it plans its attack. Hearing of a new case, Ertrael will insinuate itself among the people involved, preferably before the Cabal even makes contact. Then it possesses one of the people seeking help. It lies dormant in the skull and acts its part perfectly, even helping the Cabal to locate the demon involved in the case, as it possesses no love or loyalty to its fellow demonic ilk. When the situation seems most dire for the Cabal, when they seem to be at their weakest or most vulnerable, perhaps when they are trying to catch their breath or rest at a "safe" place, the demon attacks.

Special Abilities

Ertrael can possess a human host. Unlike a normal Defiler demon, exorcism spells and anathemas cannot drive it out. However, if an exorcism or anathema is "successful," it does force Ertrael to manifest, essentially killing the host. Furthermore, in its manifested form, Ertrael can detach its eyes from their stalks and let them roll around freely. It uses these eyes as remote points of perception for stalking and terrorizing its prey.

Flailing Impalers

Range: 2

Damage: 4

In its normal form, Ertrael moves incredibly fast. It can turn rapidly in any direction and walk on walls and ceilings as easily as on the ground. The range of the attack represents its ability to close with any opponent and the damage is from impaling its target with its limbs.

5.3.3. Kaspriel

St 10, Sn 6, Sl 9, Lf 45, Wr 15, Ar 10

Kaspriel is an advanced form of Stalker demon. In its natural form, it is short, about five feet tall. It is shaped like a round fungus. Its texture is similar to a toad, rough and rubbery and covered with small knobby tumors that drip thick ooze. It has a tight, muscular mouth with large sharp teeth. It waddles on tiny legs, flailing even tinier front arms. Along its sides, it possesses two fast striking tentacles tipped with jagged blades. The demon's color is of pasty pink flesh, engorged and pulsing with blood. It smells of sweat and urine.



Kaspiel is distinctive among the Abaddim in that it most often appears in a non-horrific form. It can appear as either male or female, but it usually appears as a beautiful woman with an arresting figure and a base demeanor. The demon provokes strong feelings in its chosen target (and similar residual feelings in other viewers), provoking him with an immense desire to use and debase the woman. This is exactly what Kaspiel desires.

Kaspiel prefers to embarrass and murder those Disciples who have become too jaded into thinking that all demons are either simply fearsome beasts or deceptive fiends who possess helpless innocents, unlike themselves (after all, Disciples themselves are immune to possession). It thrives on destroying expectations just as it thrives on destroying Disciples themselves.

The demon begins its hunt when it first becomes aware of a Cabal of Disciples. After observing them for a short time, it will choose a victim. It will stay hidden but in proximity to the target, especially while he sleeps, giving him increasingly powerful erotic dreams. The Disciple, familiar with the demonic, may suspect something is wrong, but he won't be able to deny the power of the visions. In these dreams, the demon will appear as a beautiful woman, subconsciously attuned to the dreamer's personal preferences.

After the Disciple is worn down by these dreams, Kaspiel will appear in its human-seeming form. Its presence will be wholly distracting to the victim, who will feel compelled to seduce the demon. After a short time feigning falling victim to this "seduction," the demon will allow itself to be degraded in any way the victim wishes. When the event is over, the full weight of the victim's conscience comes crashing down as, for just a moment, the victim sees Kaspiel as a helpless and formerly innocent young

woman, weeping over what has just occurred. Before the victim can decide how to react, Kaspiel shifts into its demonic form and attacks.

Special Abilities

Kaspiel possesses the abilities of Stalker demons to kill Wrath in order to change its form or become invisible. Manifesting as its human form does not cost Wrath, but it is still impossible (short of magic) to determine that the creature is a demon.

Purity Defiled

Range: Special

Damage: Special

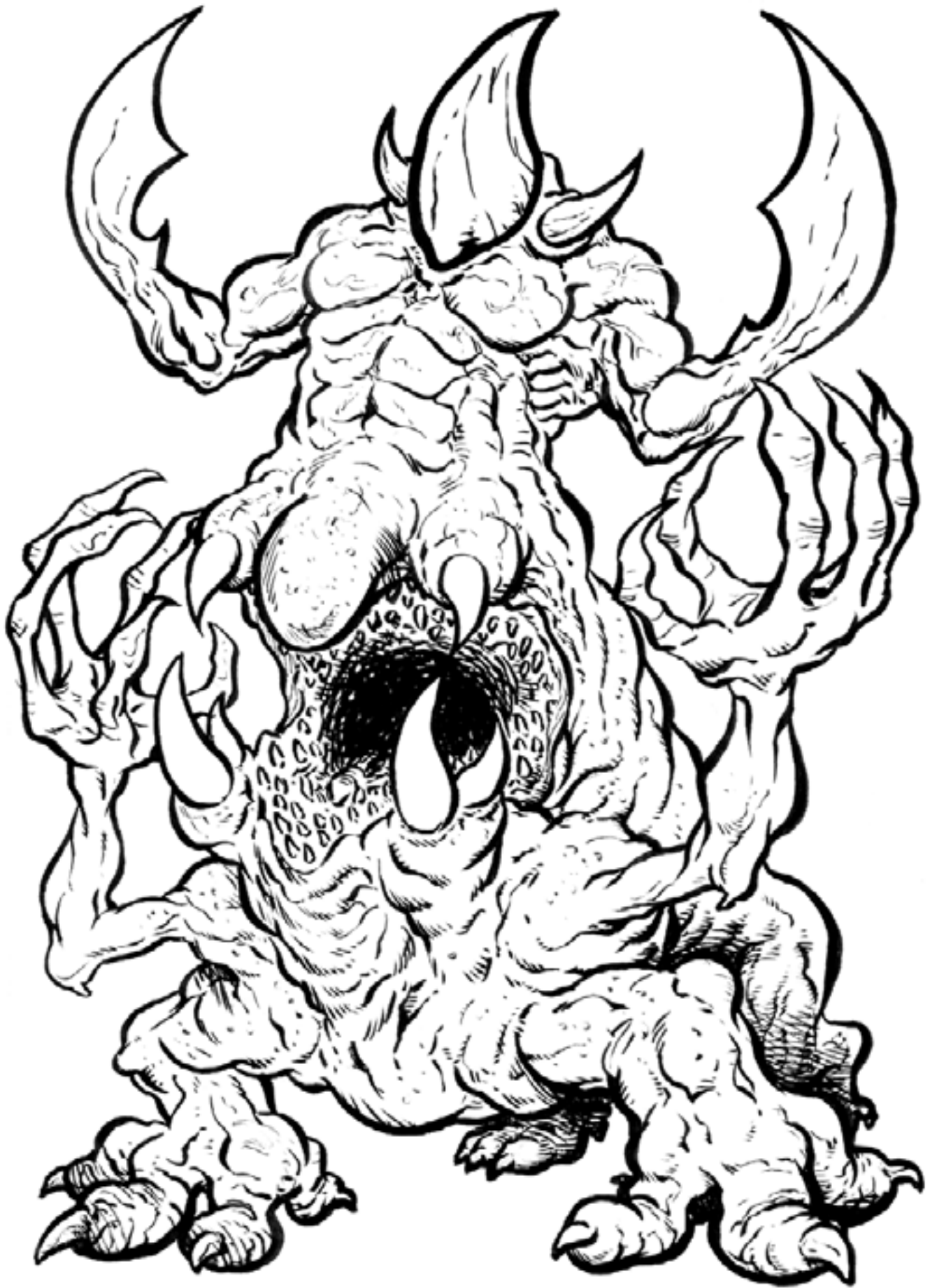
How the seductive abilities of Kaspiel are played out is up to the discretion of the Director and the play style of the gaming group. If the player of the targeted character is willing to role-play appropriately, then no specific rules are needed. However, since this seduction places the character alone in a very dangerous situation, and because many players may be uncomfortable with the nature of Kaspiel's attentions and what it causes their characters to actually do, the Director can require a contested Soul roll with the demon. If the character wins, he is tempted and probably distracted beyond reason, but he maintains control. If the character fails, he gives into temptation and, after a venereal session best left to the imagination, finds himself at the mercy of Kaspiel's surprise attack. It should be noted that Kaspiel can also appear as a man.

Vile Ejaculation

Range: 3

Damage: 2

When in its natural form, Kaspiel is capable of covering its foe with a chunky, pasty white vomit that smells so foul as to cause its victims to retch and heave. It is capable of projecting this bile from its mouth or from any of the stubby pustules along its body. The disgusting excretion burns flesh.



5.3.4. Sargiel

St 14, Sn 4, Sl 8, Lf 32, Wr 19, Ar 12

Sargiel is a fearsome beast 13 feet tall and almost as long. It possesses a powerfully muscled humanoid torso atop a thick quadruped form. The arms on the humanoid torso end in huge scimitar-like blades. The demon's body also possesses another pair of arms that end in wicked claws. It is covered in thick ripples of muscle. Its head is a thick animal horn, flanked by two smaller horns. In the center of its body, it has a huge mouth, constantly moving, gibbering, and drooling. The demon appears to be breathing heavily when it is not moving. The mouth has four huge fangs and dozens of bony ridges inside. Above the mouth is a hard, fleshy protuberance. The demon never speaks. It is the color of bronze and rust and has an acrid smell.

Sargiel dwells on the confusion and doubt of some Disciples. When a Disciple spends too much time dwelling on his failures, when he questions the reason for his mission, when he doubts whether he can go on or whether he can even believe the Last War is real, Sargiel is drawn to his existential questioning. Despite its size and its love of death, the demon is willing to dwell in the shadows, frightening innocents, occasionally murdering a few, watching as the Cabal's doubts fester. When the Disciples drag their feet in the performance of their mission, Sargiel's sudden appearance drives them to sudden action.

Thus, a Cabal will encounter Sargiel when the demon wants them to. In order to encourage their despair, Sargiel will not only engage in random slayings of innocent people surrounding the Disciples' current case, it will also dig up the dead bodies of people the Cabal failed to protect, or innocents that they themselves accidentally killed, and leave them where the Disciples will find them. If any one of them breaks off from the group, Sargiel will pursue them, deliberately trying to terrorize his prey before actually engaging in combat. Sargiel is not afraid of engaging multiple opponents, but it prefers one-on-one combat. If fighting multiple opponents, it will use the environment to separate one from the rest and go after that one, hunting and terrorizing the Disciple before killing him.

Special Attack

Rage Devourer

Range: 1

Damage: 6

Sargiel can grab an opponent with its extra hands and throw them into the toothy maw in its center. The tremendous damage from this attack is calculated normally; however, half the damage done is subtracted from the target's Fury instead (the remainder is taken off Life as usual). If the target doesn't have enough Fury to lose (or has no Fury at all), the excess is doubled as additional Life lost. After the attack is over, a still living opponent falls out of the demon's mouth. A dead opponent is ground up and swallowed, remnants of the body falling out of the sides of the demon's mouth.



5.3.5. Uziel

St 12, Sn 4, Sl 8, Lf 42, Wr 20, Ar 10

Uziel is a disgusting abomination measuring 12 feet in length. It resembles some sort of cross between a slug and an insect, bearing all the colors of viscera. Its tail possesses a huge bladed stinger, while underneath that, it appears that its rectum has prolapsed and exuded thin, flailing tentacles. The demon constantly exudes excretory fluids as it moves along. Sprouting from its back are four more tentacles with phallic heads ringed with cilia. The front of the demon has a vertical mouth that constantly drools chunky yellow fluids. Two more huge fleshy tentacles extend over the top of the beast, each tipped with a barbed spike. The demon pulls itself along on short, bladed legs. The stench of the monster is unbearable.

Uziel expresses the discomfort some human beings have with their nature as embodied creatures. It is a manifestation of disordered sexuality, as well as of bodily functions in general. It does not have a favored target among Disciples, though it does delight in disgusting human

beings. Uziel is especially inclined to engage in prolonged torture of innocents to attract the attention of a Cabal. When the Disciples finally arrive on the scene, the demon will have made sure that there is at least one survivor, barely sane, who can recount the detailed violations that had been performed on the victims. After this first demonstration, Uziel will slink off to repeat the process, confident that the Cabal will be following it.

Thus, unlike many of the Abaddim, Uziel is willing to set itself in a position to let the Cabal find it, rather than hunt them down. It enjoys depraved torture so much that it will wait for its primary targets to come to it. Once the Disciples arrive, it will watch as they attempt to rescue the survivors. When they are occupied and distracted, it will begin its attack. Its first plan is to paralyze as many of them as possible, though it will not hesitate to kill one that is proving too difficult to capture. Ideally, some of the Cabal will flee, leaving Uziel to inflict the most depraved debaucheries on the paralyzed victims, utilizing all aspects of its distinctly disturbing physiology. When the survivors regroup and return to rescue their companions, the victims may be alive

or dead, but if they are alive, they are sure to never be the same. And worse: Uziel will be waiting to do it all over again.

Special Attack

Violator Thorn

Range: 1

Damage: 5

Uziel can arch the back of its horrid form like a scorpion, bringing the piercing blade at the tip of its back to bear as an impaling weapon. Before Uziel attacks, it can decide to attack with lethal force or attempt to paralyze the opponent. If it tries to kill the target, damage is simply calculated normally. For a paralysis attempt, the target must make a Soul check against a Difficulty equal to the damage done. If the target succeeds, he suffers damage equal to half the amount rolled (round down) and suffers no other effects. If the target fails, he suffers half damage (round down) and is then paralyzed for an equal number of hours.



5.3.6. Zagiell

St 13, Sn 6, Sl 7, Lf 34, Wr 16, Ar 11

Zagiell is a creature of blades and bone about the size of a horse. It is brown and yellow in color and smells of decomposing flesh. It is an asymmetrical shape composed of four bony legs, each ending in a series of tentacles that are surprisingly flexible. It walks on the tips of these tentacles, giving its movement the character of gliding through air. It also has three arms, roughly corresponding to a humanoid shape's normal arms, with the third projecting from the small of its "back." Each of the arms ends in a scythe blade, backed by a long jaw like an alligator's. Each of these jaws slowly opens and closes as the demon moves, until they snap in a vicious attack. Zagiell's face provokes despair in its viewers. It resembles a human head, covered in thin, wispy hair. Its mouth has huge teeth, its bleeding, oozing gums plainly visible. Out of its mouth is a thick pointed tongue. Worst of all, however, is the three empty black eye sockets that seem to plunge into infinity.

Zagiell thrives on despair and the death of the innocent. While searching for Disciples to kill, Zagiell will sneak into small towns and silently snuff out the life of everyone in them. Its preferred target among Cabals are those that have had a rough run – those that may have lost members recently, or who have perhaps survived but have failed to save any innocents. It delights in demonstrating the failure of Disciples to protect the human race. Supernaturally-sensitive investigators may be haunted by visions of Zagiell's face, its eyes suggesting the endless void all of their efforts are continuously falling into.

A Cabal may come into contact with Zagiell after it has terminated a small community. It will even go so far as to commit a scene of mass murder in the normal hunting grounds of a Cabal that has fallen on hard times to attract their attention. As they begin their investigation, it will stealthily follow them, looking for a moment to strike. Zagiell has no problem attacking an entire Cabal at once, but if it can cause more terror by killing them individually or in smaller numbers, all the better. If members of the Cabal should survive and flee, Zagiell will not vigorously pursue them. It will let them escape – and then it will arrange an even more elaborate and gruesome mass murder. If possible, it will align circumstances to cast the Cabal in the worst possible light in the eyes of others. Sooner or later, the Cabal will need to put a stop to the demon's impressive body count, or they will die trying.

Special Attack

Soul Eraser

Range: 3

Damage: 4

Zagiell can project black, ghostly clouds from its three eyeholes. These demonic clouds seek out the living. As the clouds embrace a human being, the target begins to rapidly fall apart: skin falls off bones, followed by muscles dropping in bloody chunks, and then bones disintegrating into dust. It is said that areas that have been affected by the soul eraser remain haunted by the tortured spirits of those killed by this brutal attack.

It rained blood in India yesterday. It was there, plain as day, right on page seven of the paper.

It's the kind of thing that I probably wouldn't have noticed before, or maybe I would have made some stupid joke about it. But that was before the damn Nestorian Codex showed up.

We were following up on a series of dead bodies in this university neighborhood. All of them were philosophy students, all of them had had their brains brutally torn from their skulls, and all of them had accessed the same book from the rare books archive in the school's library. So, of course, we had to take a look at the book in question, this Nestorian Codex.

It turned out to be a 10th century treatise written in Latin. So, that was a stumbling block. Fortunately, Deitrich had a contact at another college. This professor was able to translate enough of the text to tell us that it was some sort of handbook for reading the signs of the end of the world.

As soon as we knew what the text actually said, things started happening. Weird things.



Really vivid dreams for Blue. Bishop started hallucinating without his usual chemical enhancements. Deitrich became really edgy; he couldn't sit still or concentrate. And me? I couldn't stop thinking about the passages the professor read from that damn book.

Everywhere we looked, whether we were awake or asleep, it seemed like at least one of us was fixated on the Apocalypse. We saw things, heard things, imagined things. We drove by a church and a crucifix laughed at me. Christ laughed at me!

Two days ago, we managed to hunt down the demon eating the philosophers. It was an ugly fight, but nothing really out of the ordinary. I figured that was that, and things would just go back to normal.

But things didn't go back to normal. The dreams kept coming. The visions kept happening. And yesterday, it rained blood in India. Book 17 of the Nestorian Codex describes the deluge of blood. It said it would begin as a sign and end as a torment. The sign happened yesterday!

What else did that damn book say? I tried calling the professor without Deitrich knowing about it, but he wasn't there. His secretary said he was out of town at a conference. He wasn't out of town - he was dead! I know it! He had revealed too much to us and some dark power had torn him limb from limb!

What was happening to me? Would all of us go mad before the world finally came to an end? The Codex! I have to get my hands on it again!





CHAPTER 6: DIRECTION

This chapter is a short collection of ideas for ways to use the characters, rules, and setting of Dread and Spite together. It includes a few optional rules to create more dramatic encounters for mixed groups, as well as some guidelines for using more explicitly theological themes in the Books of Pandemonium.

6.1. Combining Dread and Spite

Upon first reading this section heading, you might conclude that it is unnecessary. After all, Disciples have guns and magic, Zealots have guns and magic, and demons and angels are both scary and dangerous. How complicated can it be?

To a certain degree, such an assessment would be correct. It doesn't have to be complicated. But there may be some issues that haven't been considered that could make for more interesting play.

For example, in your group, do Disciples and Zealots even know the other exists? Are the "others" rumors or urban legends? Or have the characters not even been lead to believe that their opposite number would be necessary? This might be especially so for Disciples: "What do you mean there are people that hunt angels? The angels should be on our side, right?"

And when the two groups meet for the first time, what are their reactions? Do they regard one another with suspicion, outright hostility, or simple

curiosity? When they show each other their tricks, is it to mutually improve their hunting abilities or is it because they are using them on one another in a fight?

Regardless of what happens in that first meeting, the real drama can begin when the two groups establish some sort of working relationship, no matter how tenuous. Chapter 13 of Spite notes that the proliferation of types of opponents creates opportunities for



an increasingly complicated Mexican standoff. When the unique enemies of Disciples and Zealots are combined as potential opponents, those opportunities suddenly multiply. And from the perspective of having a great game, this is a good thing.

6.1.1. Circles

As the Last War continues, it is inevitable that attrition will take its toll on the ranks of Disciples and Zealots. This problem will be magnified since the Seraphim were originally tasked with the destruction of Mentors and Monitors, and the Erelim and Abaddim are specifically sent to kill Zealots and Disciples. With fewer humans being empowered to defend the world against the depredations of Heaven and Hell, the divide between Disciples and Zealots will need to be addressed.

Already some half-breeds have seen the writing on the wall and have begun to band together. These groups are mixed groups of both Disciples and Zealots working together, led by a tenuous partnership between a Mentor and a Monitor, or sometimes by merely one or the other if the partner has been destroyed by angels. These new units in the Last War call themselves Circles, as they represent the full circle of the forces involved in the conflict.

Many of the new rules and options contained in Wake work especially well in a campaign based around a Circle. The Personae for Disciples and the modifications of Disciple Class powers means that they will be on equal footing. Each half-breed has their own unique approach to magic. It is recommended that magic not be fully equivalent in a Circle campaign, so that each type of half-breed can contribute valuable resources to the completion of cases. The number of different character options available makes Circles an especially good choice for larger gaming groups.

A Circle could also incorporate other elements from the world of Pandemonium as well. Aside from Disciples and Zealots, perhaps a FATES operative goes rogue and decides to fight on the side of humanity. While generally less powerful than full-fledged Disciples and Zealots, these additional character choices keep things fresh over the long haul. For a high-powered game, a group of experienced Disciples and Zealots might be joined by a Nephilim and a rogue Kenite (both from Chapter Seven). The Circle in many ways becomes the primary "character" of the campaign: characters are introduced, characters Retire, and new characters are introduced, sometimes with shocking frequency. But through it all, the unorthodox relationship of the Mentor and the Monitor keeps things moving forward.

The climax of an established Circle campaign should be truly epic. The mixed group runs numerous missions, coming to realize how deeply the Last War has affected the world, facing off against not only angels and demons, but also FATES operatives, ANGELS operatives, Misericorde, Perfecti, among stranger things still. As they advance in knowledge and power, they have to fend off attacks from both the Erelim and Abaddim, until they finally face their greatest challenge: the simultaneous arrival of both an Ophan and a Megid in the same place. That would be an Armageddon to remember!

6.2. When Angels and Demons Meet

When combining Dread and Spite, it is inevitable that cases will arise involving both angels and demons (if this isn't so, then why bother to combine the two games?). A few guidelines for this are already provided in Spite, p. 217. In those guidelines, it notes that despite the antipathy between these two cosmic forces, their mutual hatred of half-breeds would cause them to stop fighting one another to destroy the human interlopers. This idea contributes well to the overall themes of the Books of Pandemonium.

But perhaps the situation should be slightly more complicated than that. After all, demons and angels are cosmic forces, defined by their need to enforce Heaven's will (even if that means bending it to their own desires) or rebelling against it. This primal mandate predates the existence of human beings. Thus, does it necessarily make metaphysical sense for these two drastically opposed forces to suddenly align for the purpose of killing some fleshy meatbags that both sides consider to be beneath them anyway?

In a mixed game, the Director should encourage situations in which the Circle finds themselves in the same place at the same time as both an angel and a demon. Not only is this delightfully complicated and obscenely dangerous for the characters, it also provides them with an opportunity to witness a little Heaven vs. Hell throwdown. It seems to make good sense that when angels and demons meet, they would be eager to destroy one another.



However, rather than having the angel and the demon immediately band together to fight the Circle, the conflict should become a three-way conflict (and if more forces can be brought to bear, all the better!). The angel and demon can individually attack one another or the Circle.

So what's the danger for the Circle here? At worst, one of their opponents will be invariably weakened by the other, and at best, one of the opponents might do the Circle's work for them. This is true; because of this, an additional rule is recommended for these kinds of scenarios. When a demon delivers the killing blow to an angel, the demon's Wrath immediately increases by an amount equal to the slain angel's full Grace score. This can temporarily increase the demon's Wrath above its starting amount. The same is also true in reverse: if the angel delivers the killing blow to the demon (which, in many cases, is the more likely scenario), the angel's Grace increases by an amount equal to the demon's full Wrath. Thus, the Circle cannot sit back and let the demon and angel fight it out, for the winner will become much more dangerous. Best to get into the fight right away and make sure neither one is at full strength when the other is defeated!



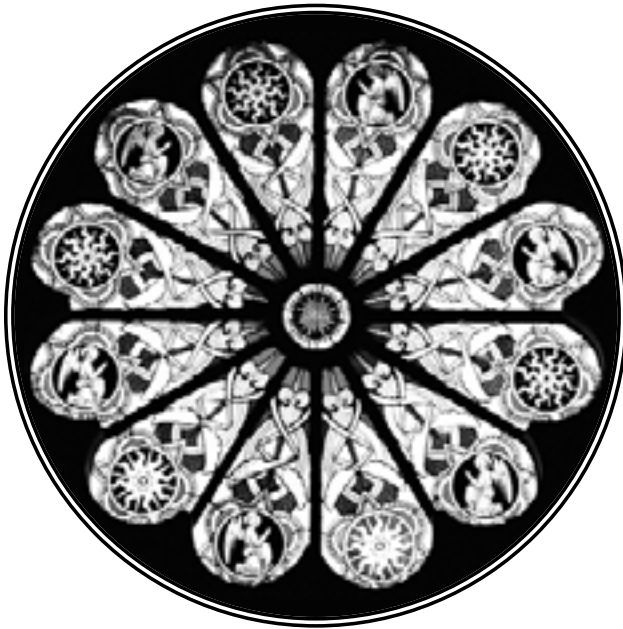
6.3. Alternative Themes for Pandemonium

At its core, Dread and Spite are hardcore action games about hunting down and killing supernatural monsters. While they deal with corrupt cops, shady politicians, cultists, criminals, and terrorists, Cabals and Cadres generally don't spend their time poring over dusty old tomes or witnessing the worldwide mobilization of armed forces against invading cosmic beings. But that doesn't mean these themes can't be used in your games.

The general pattern of many horror role-playing games begins with investigations into the past or into the unknown. The player characters spend time seeking out obscure lore long hidden from the world, chasing down leads, and slowly learning the horrible truth. This is contrary to the pattern of Pandemonium, where the characters know a considerable amount about the "big picture" from the outset and they don't really need to know anything more than which end is the business end of a shotgun.

As a different way to approach stories, however, the Director can take a page from traditional horror games. Instead of or in addition to the normal search for evidence, a case may require research into ancient texts or the pursuit of long-lost cultural artifacts from the far corners of the world. These new forms of evidence can be subject to the same rules for the use of the Analysis power or, more appropriately, the difficulty for these Analysis rolls can be reduced based on the antiquity or occult significance of the clues, thereby thematically focusing the story on the value of these specific kinds of evidence. Perhaps they can even be worth more than a single "clue" in the case.

Including material such as this can change the tone of a campaign, increasing opportunities for more complicated stories, more exotic locations, more extensive campaign backgrounds, and especially, new ways to intrigue and potentially unnerve players. In time, the player characters may develop from being people thrown into the Last War against their will to being seasoned scholars of the Last War with an indispensable role to play in the End of All Things.



There is another theme that can be included in a campaign to drastically change the feel of the game. The world of Pandemonium is loosely based on the end time theology of the world's monotheistic religions. Mostly this is present in the simple idea of angels and demons walking the earth, fighting over and against the human race. But the theological idea of the Last War is much bigger in the worlds' religions – it represents the beginning of a change in the very nature of the world. As the Last War continues, the world becomes more aware of what is happening.

This theme can be introduced into Pandemonium as well. Instead of Disciples and Zealots carrying out a secret war in the back alleys and forgotten places of the cities, maybe these stories are just the first phase of the war.

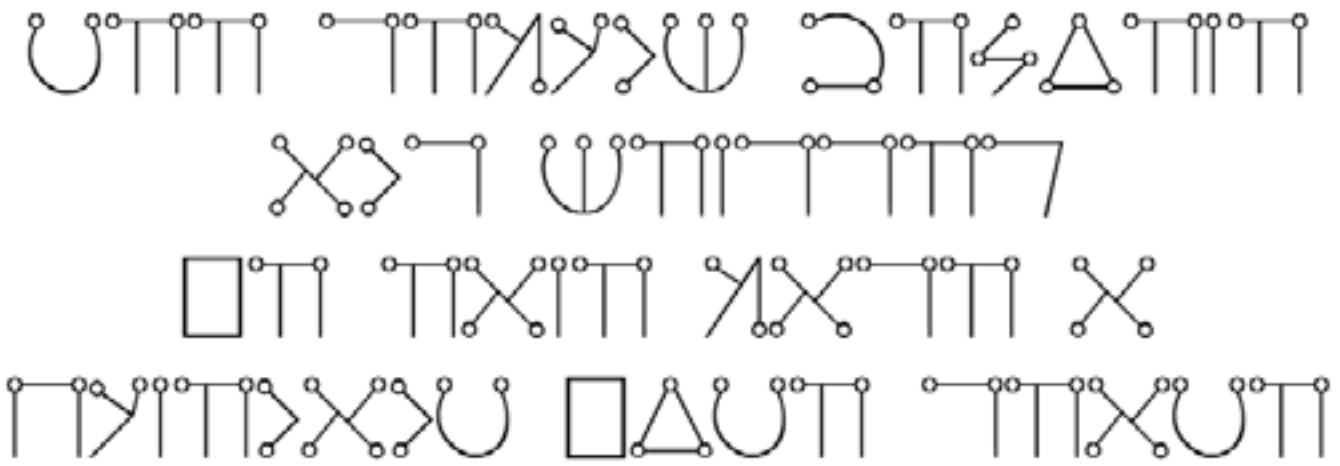
As this type of campaign progresses, the nations of the world will not be able to ignore what is going on. The next phase of the campaign may include secret government operations working the same cases as the Cabals and Cadres. In addition to demons and angels, the player characters will need to avoid government agents. But even this is not all that different from a typical Pandemonium campaign.

The final phase of the campaign, however, would be much different. In time, the world at large will become aware of what is happening. Likewise, the forces of Heaven and Hell will step up their offensives. Displays of supernatural power will become frequent and obvious. No one will reasonably be able to doubt that the End of Days is at hand. In the major cities of man, both Ophanim and Megiddim walk, opposed not only by the specially chosen of demon or angel, but by the armies of the nations. Sharp knives and shotguns get upgraded to assault helicopters and main battle tanks. Cases hunting down a single demon become defensive actions protecting apartment buildings from squads of ravenous demons, whose tactics are far more difficult to prepare against than those of the most accomplished terrorists.

Obviously, such a campaign strays far from the traditional pattern of Dread and Spite. But it represents a logical development of the basic ideas contained in Pandemonium. The Last War is plainly here; how fast it progresses and what that means for the campaign is up to your group.

I Adjure You by The Living God!

With additional theological elements in the campaign, the power of faith can actually be included in the game. If the Director permits it, demons and angels can be held off by the power of faith and the brandishing of a holy symbol. In this case, the human must actually possess some faith in the idea that a Power is in control of the Last War. The character rolls a Soul check against the demon or angel's Soul check. If the human succeeds, the demon or angel loses their action for the round. To limit this power, the demon or angel gets an additional cumulative die in defense every time it falls victim to this effect in the same scene. Demons lose their actions because they are reminded of the terrible judgment that awaits them. Angels lose their actions because they are reminded of how far "off the reservation" they really are.



6.4. Role-Playing Demons and Angels

Spite contains guidelines for Directors regarding the nature of angels (and, by extension, demons) on p.197. It is noted that these otherworldly beings are essentially creatures of instinct. But as is also noted, they are not animals. They are very intelligent.

In traditional angelology, Thomas Aquinas commented on the intelligence of angelic beings (on either side of the War). To paraphrase the medieval theologian, as spiritual beings, the dumbest demon still possesses a far more powerful intellect than the most intelligent human being. The reason for this is that spiritual beings do not learn and relate to reality through material creation. Thus, their intellection is more pure.

Of course, this does not conform perfectly to the world of Pandemonium, as angels and demons do have physical forms. But this metaphysical difference is easily hand-waved away. What remains, then, is the extraordinary intellectual power of angels and demons.

So, what does this mean for the game? The Director should not treat demons and angels solely as creatures of instinct. It is important to maintain the patterns based on their types; the Death Spiral story structure is conditioned on the fact that these creatures conform to patterns of behavior. This is why they can be discovered in the first place. But these patterns are not instincts; rather, they are manifestations of the very essence of these creatures. Their patterns are expressions of their very being.

But that doesn't mean that demons and angels have to make stupid or tactically unsound choices, even brutal hunter demons and vengeful judge angels. These are creations that have existed since the very beginning of the world, with literally millennia of experience in dealing with the human race. The Director should be willing to treat that fact with some respect, and the player characters will inevitably have to do likewise!



It was all getting to be a little too much to handle. I've been a Disciple for almost two years now. To the best of my knowledge, our Cabal might actually be one of the longest running since this damn "last war" began. And this present case... hell, I can't call it a case anymore; it's become my whole friggin' life. This case has been open for months and I'm not sure I can believe what's going on, and I'm not sure that we can handle it if it's all true.

It started a long time ago with a demon. Just like it always does. But then an angel showed up too. We expected the two of them to get all in each other's faces or whatever, but it turns out that they were working together. We ran from that encounter, but as we re-grouped to take them both out, we learned that there was some sort of conspiracy with a lot more demons and angels working together.

We backed off. At least for a while.

Several days later, a different angel came to Blue. Blue's sweet and all, but she's no Virgin Mary.



And this angel didn't try to tear her apart and eat her. It told her a story that we couldn't follow about what was actually going on between Heaven and Hell and then it asked us to save another angel. Our heads swam. But we did it - this thing was, I dunno, awe-inspiring. Even though we had no idea what the hell it was.

Several profoundly shitty days later, we had saved another friendly angel from a group of not-so-friendly angels, with an assist from a self-righteous group of Zealots we had encountered along the way. In response, the first angel told us that this conspiracy we were looking into was actually the work of one man: Anthony Baxter. The information was helpful, but honestly, at the time, a little anticlimactic.

Then we started doing our research. Anthony Baxter was among the richest men in the world as well as one of its greatest philanthropists. He had the ears of some of the most powerful politicians and corporate heads and a careful look at his movements suggested that there could be plenty of interesting skeletons in his closet. But surely nothing we dug up, if we could dig it up, would stick. And what the hell did this have to do with angels and demons working together for the downfall of the human race?

But we tried anyway. We went way beyond our comfort zones as investigators and found the stench of the supernatural around everything this guy touched.

Sometimes that stench had claws and fangs and tentacles attached to it. We took out horrid monsters, and yet we weren't directly "saving" anyone. As far as our mandate as a Cabal went, we were far off the reservation and no one, including Sindy, tried to get us back on point.

As it became increasingly clear that Anthony Baxter was a genuine "person of interest" to our work, we kept digging. That's how the story became even more complicated.

While we were investigating Baxter's recent visit to a refugee camp in the Sudan, we met a new stranger: a tall and annoyingly handsome man (hey, Blue said it, not me) named Julian. He told us that Anthony Baxter's real name was Bertrand Rohm and that he was born in the middle of the 18th century. When we asked Julian how he knew this, he said he was there when Rohm first appeared on earth. Now, look, a few months before we met this guy, we would have just walked away. Bishop might have killed him. But we had seen too much, heard too much. Frankly, we were freaked out. So we listened to him.

Turns out Julian was from some extra-dimensional race that was neither angel nor demon. I can't believe I can say something like that without flinching. Even freakier was his implication that Baxter or Rohm or whoever wasn't human, but wasn't whatever the hell Julian was either.

After our conversation with the mysterious stranger, we flew to southern Europe on the trail of Baxter. He had a meeting with high-level personnel in the Vatican. We did our best to try to follow him, but we had long since learned that our kind don't do well around churches, and well, St. Peter's is a big church.

So while we were failing to follow our mark, we became aware that someone in turn was following us. We tried to lose them and we got lost in the back alleys of Rome. Before we knew it, we were looking down the barrel of a big gun held by a big priest, backed up by a few more beefy priests. More fucked up shit.

Once we convinced them to put the guns away, we had another confusing conversation about an order of monks or whatever that were eager to put guys like

us -- "hell-infused slaves," I think they called us -- out of operation. But then we mentioned Anthony Baxter and we were suddenly best friends. We took that as further confirmation that we were on the right track.

These monks said that they would let us leave Rome if we promised to not lose Baxter's trail. We didn't know why they were invested in him, but we said sure. They told us that Baxter was on his way back to his ancestral home at some castle in Germany. So we continued an extensive pattern of credit card fraud and caught a plane north. We found the castle and even managed to sneak inside. It was empty.

The dungeons beneath the castle revealed nothing more than dust, dirt, and old stuff. As we stealthily looked for something to help us make sense of all this, we were completely blindsided by some Eurotrash in a really expensive suit. He didn't attack us; just startled us. But there was something about him that kept us from just offing him right then and there.

He questioned us about our interest in Bertrand Rohm. At this point, we didn't really even know what to say. Amused by our apparent stupidity, he decided not to wait for our response. He told us that we were not prepared for what we had become involved in, that he would tell us all about Rohm because we were powerless to stop him, and that we would soon be dead anyway.

Our mysterious host said that Rohm wasn't born in the 18th century, but rather that he simply came to earth at that time. He also said that he was a manifestation of the true power in the universe, the rebellious force against the power of the so-called God, the one that would bring an end to everything.

So he was telling us that Rohm was the fucking Devil? We asked him exactly that.

The man smiled a slick smile that made a momentary chill run down my spine. Who was this guy? He said that the concept of the Devil was far too small to encompass what Rohm was. He said that Rohm's plan would make the world burn, that all of creation would come un-done and return to chaos.

At that moment, the shape of the man changed and suddenly Anthony Baxter was standing before us. The room changed too: a centuries-old stone dungeon suddenly became a slaughterhouse, images of fresh gore and terror assaulting all of our senses. A roiling sense of utter contempt flowed from Baxter in wave after wave. In that moment, we somehow knew we would die if we stayed there, and that the pain would continue even after our bodies had been torn apart. We ran from the castle, the malevolent laughter of Baxter echoing in our minds, haunting us all the way home.

Since that incident, we've been practically paralyzed. We don't care about the fuckin' demon-angel conspiracy anymore. All we can think about is destroying Baxter. But we have no idea how to do that.

It's all just become too much to take. Even after everything I've seen and heard, I still don't know if I believe in God. But I fuckin' better start believing in something.



CHAPTER 7: SETTING

**EVERYTHING
IN THIS CHAPTER
IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE**

OR MAYBE NONE OF IT IS

This chapter contains numerous additions and complications to the setting information found in the Books of Pandemonium. The material is deliberately intended to be absolutely true or false, as fits the needs of your campaign. It is assumed that anyone reading this material is familiar with the revelations contained in the Director's Sections of both Dread and Spite.

Most of the remaining sections in this chapter begin with "The Truth," a short summary statement. The main body of the section then contains additional details for your consideration. Many new game elements are also included here, including new opponents and new classes for player characters.



7.1. The Rest of the Angelic Choirs

The Truth: The angels that are presently preying on the human race and the Malakim who claim to oppose them are not the only angels in existence.

In the standard angelology of both religious and occult traditions, there are at least nine different classifications of angels, often referred to as "choirs." However, Spite only introduced six classes: the Rephaim, the Seraphim, the Ophanim, the Erelim, the Malakim, and the twelve Exousiai. Even if the three separate castes of Seraphim are reckoned as separate classes of angels, that still only brings the total up to eight.

There are some involved in the Last War, angels, demons, and humans, who teach that there are still more angels in the universe. These angels remain wholly faithful to the will of Heaven, which means that they are opposed to both the demons and the angels professing to do the will of Heaven, but who in fact have lost sight of their true mission. These faithful angels are essentially benevolent towards the human race, but that doesn't mean that they are not thoroughly alien in their outlook and still terrifying to mortal beings. They can be recognized as belonging to two different categories: the Hashmallim, those that punish, and the Ishim, those that offer mercy. These angels are capable of taking on corporeal form, but only as long as they are needed on earth. Unlike the demons and angels of Dread and Spite, these angels have not actually passed through the Gate; their earthly existence is tethered specifically to the will of Heaven.



7.1.1. Those That Punish

The first classification of benevolent angelic beings are those that are arranged to wage war on behalf of Heaven. These angels were waiting for the Last War to begin, but have now had to step up their engagement, as Hell and some of the angels started things earlier than originally ordained. Thus, there are fewer of these angels presently involved in the events of the War than might be useful for the human race.

The appearance of these angels is awesome to behold. Despite centuries of artistic representation of angels as basically humanoid beings with wings and gentle demeanors, when the true warriors of Heaven assume corporeal form to wage war, they defy human expectations. No two Hashmallim look exactly alike, but most of them appear as powerful beings, possessed of many eyes and wings, representative of their knowledge and their swiftness to execute Heaven's will. While fully capable of defeating opponents with their natural forms, some appear to wield frightful melee weapons, which are in fact an extension of their own being rather than actual weapons.



The sudden manifestation of a warrior angel is cause for terror. Appearing in an explosion of lightning and blinding light, all creatures, demon, fallen angel, human, or half-breed need to make a Soul check against Difficulty 12. Failure to do so means the target falls to its knees (or whatever) and cowers at the sight. A new roll may be made each round. Once successful, no additional rolls are necessary. The rules of engagement for the Hashmallim are clear and immutable: demons first, rebel angels second, half-breeds third, and humans fourth. Despite their power, these angels will not use lethal force on human beings (this does not include half-breeds). They do have an additional power to chastise humans, however (see following page).





Hashmallim

Strength: 10

Sense: 6

Soul: 8

Life: 30

Grace: 20

Armor: 12

Like Seraphim, Hashmallim are capable of attacking twice per round and using Benisons every other round. They may make a third attack each round using Grace, just as a Judge angel. When fighting Ophanim, Erelim, Megiddim, or Abaddim, they may also spend Grace before an attack to directly increase their Strength score on a 1-for-1 basis. This is only for attacks, not for defense, and it still has an 18-die maximum.

The attack forms of a warrior angel depend on the individual angel. At the Director's discretion, they may be able to attack at Range 2 or 3 without penalty. Even though some appear to carry weapons, their attacks have no additional damage bonus. The angel uses non-lethal force against human beings. In this case, no matter what the attack form, even when using, for example, a fearsome blade, it will not draw blood on a human. Instead, the weapon passes through the target, burning them down to their very soul. The rules for this are the same as for doing Knockout Blows (Spite, p. 143), though without restriction on attack type. The angel may choose to do this to half-breeds as well.

When a Hashmallim successfully subdues a human or half-breed, there is an additional effect: the target disappears from the scene. The person re-appears somewhere else, at the angel's discretion. However, it will almost always be far away, the target will be completely naked, and he will be outside of his comfort zone (e.g., either in the middle of nowhere or in a country with which he is unfamiliar). The angel will never place the target in a lethal situation. The point of the re-location is not to kill the human; rather, the point is to require the human to rely on the charity of others to get back. For some targets, this journey is the beginning of a spiritual transformation. For others, it's not. Such is the way of free will.

7.1.2. Those That Offer Mercy

The second classification of angels that have mercy in mind for the human race are those whose specific mission is to offer protection, comfort, and support to those human beings who desperately need it. Their charity is not given to those who "deserve" it or even those who necessarily ask for it; these angels simply respond as they understand their orders.

Even though they have the help and support of the human race in mind, these beings are still angels. As such, just like the Hashmallim, the Ishim do not readily conform to comfortable standards of angelic appearance. Also, like the warrior angels, there is no absolute consistency in their appearance, but almost all of them radiate a warm, golden light. Their voices are ethereal and otherworldly, but at the same time pleasant to hear. Their presence denotes a mystery, but not one that provokes fear or anxiety. Ishim never appear to wield weapons, but they are still fearsome warriors in their own right.

The sudden manifestation of an Ishim causes activity to stop. Appearing in a sudden glow of warm light, all humans (including half-breeds) need to make a Soul check against Difficulty 12. Failure to do so means the target drops whatever they are holding and stands in awe of the angel, unable to act. A new roll may be made each round. Once successful, no additional rolls are necessary. Merciful angels are unlikely to appear in the middle of a fight; their mission is to bring comfort and aid. However, if they find themselves in a conflict (or if one suddenly erupts around them), they follow the same pattern of attack as Hashmallim.

Ishim

Strength: 6

Sense: 10

Soul: 10

Life: 15

Grace: 24

Armor: 10

Like Seraphim, Ishim are capable of attacking twice per round and using Benisons once every other round. In addition, a merciful angel can heal any creature by expending Grace. It can heal itself with Grace as usual as well. When healing another, however, two points of Life are restored for every point of Grace spent. An Ishim can also spend a point of Grace to temporarily imbue any human with the equivalent of any skill at eight dice for a single skill check. For two Grace, they can re-instate the effect of their initial appearance (described above), requiring targets who have already resisted to roll again anew. Ishim are also gifted with inspirations in the form of information that human beings need in their current circumstances (this effect is intended to be a plot device for the Director).

When needed, the attack forms of a merciful angel depend on the individual angel. Their ability to fight humans and half-breeds is exactly the same as the warrior angels, including the ability to relocate defeated foes.

7.1.3. The Anointed

After some time of the Chraleddim and Malakim imbuing human beings with the power to fight the Last War on the side of Heaven or Hell, the remaining forces of Heaven realized that they needed to be involved in this arms race. However, it was against the will of Heaven that a human being should be given such power and then entrusted to use it for the purposes for which it was granted. In a short time, the sudden existence of Apostles, Saviors, Antinomians, and Hellions demonstrated that free will, that which so equated the human with the likeness of the divine, was not always used for its best purpose: to help develop the very divinity of the human person.

So the faithful angels received permission to entrust only certain human beings, specially chosen after observation in trying circumstances, with the power to fight on Heaven's "official" behalf in the Last War. These humans become Anointed.

Those who become Anointed are not necessarily people who have been nearly killed by a demon or angel, but usually they are people who have struggled through extraordinary hardship in life and managed to persevere with their integrity intact. When the angels decide on such a one, an Ishim will visit the person and physically anoint him or her. Sometimes, the angel will place a burning ember against the lips or forehead of the Anointed. Other times, the person will be literally anointed with holy oil as the mission is explained to them. And what is the mission? To send back every demon and angel that walks the earth against the will of Heaven.

Creating an Anointed Character

An Anointed character is a variant form of Zealot. Technically, they are Zealots, as they were chosen by the angels, but their Monitor is never a Malakim, but rather always an Ishim. Their "Anointed" status replaces their normal choice of Class, though their choice of Class power more or less corresponds to the three normal Classes anyway. The Anointed can choose one of the following three powers.

Powers

Chastening: The Zealot's Combat score improves by 1, or by 2 when fighting demons. Furthermore, once per combat, after damage is determined, the Anointed can double the damage done to the target. This power can only be used on demons and angels.

Infused Knowledge: The Zealot gains the Investigator power of Analysis. However, the Analysis check is successful on an 8 or higher, rather than 9. Furthermore, the Anointed's Analysis pool accumulates two dice for each successful Analysis check, rather than one. These benefits are due to the infused knowledge provided by the inspiration of the Anointed's angelic benefactors.

Miracle Worker: The Zealot can choose Anathemas as part of spell selection. Furthermore, his Anathemas work equally well on both angels and demons. In addition, any magical effect against a demon is calculated as if the Anointed's Magic score were two points higher.

If an Anointed accidentally kills a human (or half-breed who the Anointed was not permitted to kill), his powers remain until he is in a safe place (Director's discretion), and then he loses all access to Persona and Class powers and all spells until he has atoned for his failure. What this entails is up to the Director, but should involve making amends for what he has done or, if that's impossible, showing his contrition in some way that reflects the gravity of his offense.

If an Anointed deliberately kills a human (or half-breed who the Anointed was not permitted to kill), he is immediately and permanently stripped of his powers and spells and is re-located as if he had been defeated by a Hashmallim (see above).

Whether or not the Anointed cooperate with Disciples and/or Zealots will really depend on the personalities involved and the standard operating procedures of the warriors in question. In most cases, such a relationship will be tenuous and probably not very long lasting.



The "Paladin's Code"

What constitutes an accidental or deliberate killing of a human being should be based on the circumstances and intentions of the character, but also with due consideration for the circumstances and intentions of the player as well. If an Anointed's player regularly uses his Combat 7 to swing his battle-axe at humans, trusting that once they reach 1 or 2 Life he will then punch them into unconsciousness, the Director might rightfully call into question the deliberateness of the killing.

The restriction enforced on the Anointed is akin to the infamous "Paladin's Code." But unlike that classical problem in role-playing group dynamics, this is not just a mechanical enforcement of a specific style of play. There is very little ambiguity in the command of the angels, and so this "code" should not be a source of acrimonious debate around the gaming table. The truth is, the Anointed are overtly heroic characters in the world of Pandemonium, and will definitely not be suitable for all groups or all campaigns.

7.1.4. The Life Spiral

In the Books of Pandemonium, the default story structure is known as the Death Spiral. Aside from being thematically appropriate for the nature of the games, it is also an elegantly simple way to construct stories that have a specific direction without seeming excessively "railroad-y." Spite continued the idea of the Death Spiral with the introduction of the Campaign Spiral: the same principles invoked on a larger scale.

This section of Wake posits the idea of a conflict on the level of the angels themselves, and with it, another modification of the Death Spiral suggests itself. In a Death Spiral scenario, there may be any number of secondary objectives involving the protection or liberation of certain persons, but the bottom line is always the Takedown. The destruction of the angel or the demon signals the end of the scenario.

The Life Spiral scenario is conditioned on the Cabal, Cadre, or Circle being involved specifically in the internecine conflict of the angels of Heaven. The basic structure of the scenario is the same: a collection of locations and battlegrounds containing evidence to drive the plot forward.

The difference in a Life Spiral scenario is that the Takedown is not the conclusion of the story; rather, a Takedown, or perhaps even several Takedowns, are secondary objectives. The main objective is instead the liberation of an allied party. Perhaps a Cadre of Anointed has been captured by a troop of demons. Perhaps an Ishim is being tortured by other angels. If your group is using some of the alternative ideas from Chapter Six, maybe a Hashmallim is pinned down while protecting a scholar of angelology who has discerned something critical for the progression of the Last War.

The Takedown is replaced by the Liberation, but that doesn't mean there isn't unrelenting violence in the final scene. This is still the world of Pandemonium, after all! Whoever is being liberated is no doubt being guarded by dangerous forces. The difference is whether the characters succeed or fail in the mission. In a Death Spiral scenario, if the characters fail at the Takedown, it means they're dead. In a Life Spiral story, the characters may survive, but the object of the Liberation may be dead instead. At that point, it is up to the Director to determine the short-and/or long-term ramifications of the group's failure, but there should definitely be consequences, and not just for the player characters themselves.



7.2. Angelic Redemption

The Truth: Some of the angels that have been ravaging the human race have re-discovered their true mission and have returned to the fold.

The actual motivation of the angels as described in the Director's Section of Spite is not fully clear. It appears that the terms of the Covenant permitted the angels to hunt down and destroy the Chraleddim and to enact justice against the Disciples they had created.

But somewhere between receiving their marching orders and arriving on Earth, most of these angels came to understand their profound disdain for the human race, so beloved by the will of Heaven. And so the horror began.

Now that some time has passed, some of the angels that were first aligned with the human race, and then turned against the human race, have come to understand the complexity of the Last War, the depth of the duplicity perpetrated by the demons, and the mystery and even nobility of the human race. As a result, they have turned their wills back towards Heaven once again. They have remembered their mission: to kill demons and half-breeds. (Many of these angels still make provision that Disciples are exempt from the "no dead humans" rule of the Hashmallim and the Ishim.)

A Cabal might run into an angel on a case that seems particularly eager to kill them rather than following its normal pattern. A Circle might run into an angel that only seeks to kill the Disciples and/or actively assists in dispatching demons they encounter. A Cadre might actually run into an angel that refuses to kill them. Any of these can become intriguing complications to a story. As the angel finds more of

its original purpose restored, its actual appearance changes. Some who claim to know suggest that the horrific form of the angels of Spite has everything to do with their rebellion against the will of Heaven. Simply put, they look demonic because they are, in a sense, demonic. But as an angel "finds its way back," its frightful demeanor begins to change, slowly becoming more akin to the awe-inspiring Hashmallim and Ishim. The Director can choose to use this phenomenon and the change in behavior to thoroughly confuse his players.

7.3. The Nature of Heaven

The world of Pandemonium is exceptionally grim: demons do horrible things to the human race, angels do horrible things to punish the human race, the efforts of Disciples and Zealots seem to ultimately be in vain, and yet cries to Heaven seem to go unanswered. Even if there are no definitive answers, one can at least speculate.

But First, A Disclaimer

This section considers not only the nature of Heaven, but also the role of God in the Pandemonium setting. The default setting prudently chooses to ignore this direct question, but the answer to it can have interesting ramifications for an ongoing campaign.

However, not all players want to consider theological questions as part of their gaming. Before using anything in this section, the Director should have some idea about the comfort level of his players.

That being said, however, a long-term campaign should eventually get around to the question of what "God" is doing as the world falls apart. These are some possibilities.

7.3.1. The Divine Plan

The Truth: The violations of the Covenant do not matter. Everything that is happening is all part of the divine plan.

This is the simplest answer to the question of what Heaven is doing during these first days of the Last War. The demons of Hell believe they have snuck through the Gate to abuse the human race. The Chraleddim believe they are stalling the beginning of the end. The Seraphim believe they are enjoying a brutally violent vacation while they ostensibly hunt demons and Disciples. The Malakim believe they are intervening on behalf of the human race by recruiting Zealots.

All of these beliefs are fundamentally wrong.

It is impossible for mere creatures to make a choice that exists outside the mind of God. While God respects the free will choices of his creatures, his omniscience and his eternity mean that his plan encompasses all these choices.

In other words, everything is going according to plan. This is not really the Last War. This is just a really bad time for the human race.

This answer requires a lot on the part of Zealots and especially Disciples: it requires faith that everything is working towards a (presumably) good end. However, in the worst parts of the city, trudging through the worst of humanity's choices, facing brutal murderers both natural and supernatural, it can be hard to have faith in goodness.

7.3.2. Waiting for an Answer

The Truth: God never went anywhere. He patiently waits for the human race to seek him once again. Until that time, he lets his creatures live and die by their choices.

Other people suspect that the present events are also part of the divine plan, but that the divine plan is much different than imagined by all the religions of the world. Rather than working all choices into a single divine tapestry, all choices come down to one essential question: does the human race want God?

By this perspective, God keeps himself at a distance from the human race. Individuals ardently pursue him and they receive blessings from him, but the world could actually become hell on earth in the meanwhile. There may or may not be such a thing as individual salvation or everlasting happiness in death; no one can know. But the world as a whole will rise or fall by the collective intent of the whole human race. If God's creatures cry out as one to Heaven to be saved, maybe God will act.

But as long as human beings continue to dwell on their own self-interests, while they remain the gods of their own worlds, while they wonder why everyone else is so much worse than themselves, God will remain distant. He will respect free will. And in the meanwhile, the demons and the angels are free to do to the human race whatever they wish.

7.3.3. Game Over

The Truth: The current harrowing of the human race is step one in God's plan to eradicate all life on earth. Everything must die.

Those who hold to this hypothesis contend that God has not intervened to save humans from the claws of demons and angels because he is presently culling them from the earth. This is not some sort of Armageddon, nor is it some prelude to a beautiful new world. It is quite simply the end of all things. When everyone on earth has been killed, then the entire universe could be destroyed. And there's nothing that anyone can do about it other than to go down fighting.

Why would God do this? Much like the Deluge that destroyed the earth in mythical history, once again God has decided to despoil the earth because of the actions of its inhabitants. The human race simply has not demonstrated that it is worth saving. This is a strange mercy on the part of God, as he saves the human race from itself by eliminating them.

Is there another stage to God's plan? No one could possibly know. But what can be known now is that all life must die; there will be no survivors for some new age yet to come. And such a drastic conclusion surely demands a response from every creature in creation.

The 2012

In the year 2000, a group of historians, scholars, scientists, and religious leaders concluded that the end of time would not be occurring in the year 2001 as some of the millenarians had predicted. Instead, following various trends in climate, ecology, politics, and astrology, this group concluded that the ancient Mayan calendar regarding the end of days was cor-

rect. Thus, they planned on the end coming on December 21st, 2012. Not only was this the end of the world, but it was the birthday of a glorious, enlightened new age.

At the time of its formation, the group, dubbing itself the 2012, considered themselves little more than consultants, curious scholars watching the signs of the times. Everything changed when the two Gates opened however. Most notably, the minds of the intelligent, rational, enlightened leaders of the intellectually curious 2012 snapped at the outright horror of what the Last War was going to look like.

Within a year, both the leadership and the mandate of the 2012 had radically changed. Now no longer content to predict the signs of the end, the 2012 became devoted to the ideal of helping to bring it about. No longer a research group, they had become an anarchic terrorist organization. While their public activities have been few so far, they have become infamous for their impressive death tolls. When the 2012 appear on the scene, buildings crumble, bridges tumble down, dams burst, and people die. 2012 is not the birth of the New Age: it is the date when the world will finally stop turning, a burnt out cinder orbiting the sun.

What no one could possibly conceive is that the leadership of the 2012 have been possessed by both demons and angels working in conjunction with one another to bring about the end of the human race on their own terms. When teams of 2012 terrorists go out on a mission, Hunter demons and Judge angels occasionally are found in the same area, the result of a curious "coincidence." In truth, this is actually the tactical planning of the 2012 leadership, using demons and angels as shock troops in their surgical strikes. These facts mean that the 2012 often come in contact with the efforts of Disciples and Zealots.



2012 Terrorist

Strength: 3
Sense: 2
Soul: 2
Life: 6
Armor: 6
Skills: Crime (Terrorist) 4
Weapon: Shotgun (2/2/2)

Terrorists of the 2012 live in a world of their own. When they go out for a public display, they are not concerned about subtlety or the intervention of law enforcement. They overtly wear armor and favor heavy weapons like auto shotguns, assault rifles, and grenade launchers. While they don't deliberately target innocents, their conscience is not at all bothered by "collateral deaths." And these deaths are inevitable, for the 2012 usually seek out massive property damage as a display of their belief in the inevitable collapse of the world. True to their terrorist ideology, they are brave unto martyrdom, and will loudly preach their ideology to anyone with a camera.



7.3.4. Armageddon

The Truth: The Last War is here. Everything that is happening now is just the beginning of the end. It's going to get much worse.

This perspective is a modification of the first idea. There is a divine plan in place and there is a good conclusion to the story, but there is no question about it: the Last War is in full effect.

To many Disciples and Zealots who take the time to think about such things, this perspective makes a lot of sense. While there doesn't seem to be a helpful step-by-step guidebook to the End of Days, and the events that have been occurring don't seem to easily correspond to any of the teachings of the world's religions, there is no question that this is the Last War.

If the Director wishes the campaign to literally be based around the idea of Armageddon, then there are ample opportunities to showcase additional signs and events beyond the increase of activity on the part of demons and angels. There is no shortage of resources for signs and events that could indicate the coming of Armageddon: signs in the sky, mysterious strangers with prophetic messages, massive climatological changes, natural disasters, war, famine, disease. Any or all of these could be included in the backdrop of normal cases to remind the characters that things are getting worse. And they should definitely keep getting worse. An Armageddon storyline would also be a good opportunity to use some of the alternative campaign themes contained in Chapter Six.

And how does this all end? With a brand new creation. Those angels, demons, and human beings who believe in Armageddon also believe that God will have a brand new world on the other side. Not that



any of the characters will be around to see it.

7.4. The Adversary

The Truth: There is an ultimate evil in the universe that has designs on the human race in the Last War.

Some human beings question the place of God in the universe. Given the circumstances of the Last War, it is reasonable to question the very idea of goodness. It is for that same reason that other humans wonder about the place of ultimate evil. Some have come to believe that there is an Adversary of the human race. Some say that this idea corresponds in some way with the idea of "the Devil." For others, the Adversary is an even bigger concept than a mere fallen angel. Regardless of its origin, the Adversary clearly has a master plan of its own. However, believers in the Adversary disagree on what that plan is.

7.4.1. The Ultimate Deception

The Truth: The Adversary started the Last War.

Perhaps the most commonly held opinion about the Adversary is that the Last War was its plan all along. The Adversary is the reason that the demons made it through the Gate in the first place. It then inspired the Chraleddim to seek out and stop the demons from "kick starting" the Last War.

The next step in this deception was to let the forces of Heaven know that the demons had supposedly violated the terms of the Covenant, which prompted a response from Heaven. En route from the Gate, the Adversary inspired the minds of the angels descending to earth. It drove them to jealousy for the human race and turned them aside from the pursuit of demons and Disciples and instead to the task of slaughtering humans.

After this, the Adversary approached the Malakim, and encouraged them to intervene on behalf of the human race, contrary to the will of Heaven. The Malakim, moved by pity, fell victim to this temptation.

So everything that has happened so far has all been the result of one creature in the universe: the Adversary. But if this has all been its plan, what is its motivation? There are two prominent theories in this regard.

Unending, Everlasting Hate

The Truth: The Adversary intervened in the affairs of both Heaven and Hell for no other reason than its hatred for all of creation.

The first theory is that the Adversary is a being consumed solely by unrelenting hatred for all of creation, including the demons, and potentially even including itself (if it is in fact a created being). Possessing the desire and the drive to see the destruction of everything, the Adversary merely lacked the means. Thus, it used its considerable powers to manipulate the most powerful cosmic forces in the universe and the eternal laws that govern them in order to achieve its desire.

The Adversary has no sense of its own self-preservation. While it does not actively seek its own destruction, its desire consumes its very existence. The origin of the Adversary is lost, but some speculate that it is a primal force as old as the very will of Heaven itself. It was tamed during the creation of the universe, transformed from a being embodying primordial chaos into a force of entropy in the universe. But its chains could not stifle its true nature. So it watched for millennia until it conceived of a plan that could destroy everything. Now that plan is in full effect. It will continue to manipulate whatever factions are necessary to keep the Last War raging.



The Liberation

The Truth: The Adversary's plan to start the Last War is a bid to liberate the human race from the tyranny of Heaven.

The second theory is that the Adversary has started the Last War as a bid for the ultimate liberation: not merely the freedom to do whatever one wants, but the freedom to define oneself apart from the will of the creator in Heaven. This has long been the plan of the Adversary. Its own desire to be free from the rule of Heaven is what led to its position as the Adversary in the first place. Now it seeks to show the human race that what it has accomplished, they can do likewise: to feed them the illusion that they too can be their own gods.



The Adversary has a certain nobility of intent, but ultimately this is a lie. It has not actually achieved its own liberation, but it is powerful enough to appear that way to a mere human. Furthermore, it does not even understand the fact that its own self-proclaimed liberation is not wholly true. It is moved by the desire to free the human race, not for altruistic motives, but ultimately to be overlord over the universe in Heaven's place, to make of Hell a new Heaven in its image. The beginning of the Last War is the beginning of the Adversary's invasion of this world and when the War is over, it intends to be victorious over the surviving remnant of the human race while Heaven burns.

7.4.2. Archons

The Adversary is not just a demon. It is the most powerful force opposed to the will of Heaven and the human race in the whole universe. Therefore, from the point of view of Disciples, it is essentially a god. As a god-like force, it is beyond traditional game statistics; a Cabal does not fight the Adversary. But by the same token, it cannot easily operate in the fullness of its power. It seems to be constrained by some force, or else for reasons of its own, it chooses to act in a subtle manner. Thus, it projects its control and power through manifestations called Archons. In theory, any number of these Archons can be operative at any one time. Each of them is working a particular scheme against the human race, who the Adversary hates with an unending hate.

The nature of these plans varies widely. In some cases, an Archon may construct an elaborate scheme to lure humans to their torture and eventual death. In this way, its behavior may not differ too much from other demons. But in most cases, the Archon aims at higher goals towards the disruption and destruction of the world of man. An Archon might insert itself into a highly placed politician's office in order to manipulate the formation of laws that will ultimately lead to the suffering of a particular group of people. It may pose as some form of relief worker in a 3rd world country to make sure that aid never reaches people in need, or worse, that that supposed aid is actually harmful. An Archon might even insinuate itself into a military command structure to gain access to weapons of mass destruction. In general, their plans involve invoking their wrath on many targets; they seek to do the most harm to the most people.

The appearance of an Archon varies. However, the superior intellect of the Archon usually manifests in a more or less humanoid form. Regardless of whether it looks almost human or violent and bestial, its most consistent defining characteristic is a peculiar sense of malevolence that surrounds it. If it is trying to be subtle or persuasive, people near the Archon will feel an indefinable dread in its presence. If it is trying to be fearsome or intimidating, the target will feel an overwhelming sense of enmity flowing directly from the Archon. There is no specific game effect related to this presence, but the Archon is certainly powerful enough to make its threats very real.





Archon

Type: Special

St 10, Sn 10, Sl 10, Lf 20, Wr 30, Ar 10

The Archons are exceptionally powerful demons. While in reality the Adversary is likely more powerful than the Kharasiai, its Archons contain only a fraction of its total power. Still, as manifestations of the Adversary, they transcend the traditional categories of the lesser demons and are far more powerful.

An Archon is not considered to be a Hunter, Stalker, or Defiler demon. Rather, it is considered to be all three. Therefore, it can spend Wrath to utilize any of the powers of the three types of demons: it can make multiple attacks, it can manipulate crowds, change its appearance, turn invisible, and use telekinetic attacks. It can also possess humans.

In theory, there is no particular power that an Archon can't manifest. In particular, it favors powers of misdirection and manipulation. So it is not unreasonable that an Archon could mentally control a human without necessarily possessing them. It is really up to the discretion of the Director, though any use of a power should probably have some sort of cost in Wrath. Other examples can be found in the Kenite powers section below. Even if the player characters cannot defeat the Archon, they may be able to drive it away by forcing it to use all its Wrath.

In addition to all of the above powers, perhaps the most dangerous powers of the Archon are its inability to be utterly destroyed and its complete lack of a pattern. If an Archon is defeated in combat, the body disappears, because it is not an actual body: it is merely a projection of the Archon's will. Not only does this leave no evidence, but it also means the Adversary can seek revenge at a later date through a new Archon (and it most certainly will). In addition, when it is pursuing its purposes, it is not beholden to a pattern as other demons are. Therefore, it can use its full immense intelligence to confuse and distract hunters. A case involving an Archon should be a major event in the lives of a Cabal or Circle and even if they are successful, it will not be the last time they face off against the Adversary.



The Serpent-Seed and the Kenites

The Truth: The Adversary has half-breeds of its own, possibly its literal descendants.

Some hypothesize that in the very beginning of the human race, man lived an idyllic existence in Paradise. Then, a serpent, one of the Adversary's Archons, seduced the first human beings and convinced them to turn away from the will of Heaven. In traditional Western religion, this is the story of the Fall in the Garden of Eden.

But there is another, slightly different, version of this story. The seduction of the first humans was not merely a matter of persuasion, but of actual sexual experience. In this version of the story, the Archon impregnated the first human woman. Their child was Cain, the son of the Adversary and the first murderer of the human race. While the human race continued through the line of Seth, the second son of the first man and woman, the children of Cain remained the oldest creatures of human blood on the earth.

Over the millennia, these children, known as the Kenites, continued to exist hidden among the history of the human race. When necessary, the Adversary would send another Archon to impregnate a human woman, to provide a fresh infusion of the demon's blood into the human race and to strengthen the Kenite bloodline.

With the advent of the Last War, the living Kenites have felt an irresistible pull to become involved in the events as they unfold. Sometimes they are in league with demons, sometimes they are opposed to them. But regardless of who they work with or against, they maintain a special hatred for other half-breeds. The sharing of demonic and angelic power with the human race is a particular affront to

the Kenites, who consider themselves to be the original "half-breeds." The personalities of many Kenites are not always well suited for a team dynamic, but some do band together for support in either hunting down groups of other half-breeds or working to advance the plans of an Archon.

Creating a Kenite

Kenites are another form of half-breed, different from Disciples, Zealots, Meiga, and the Anointed. They are intended to be opponents for the Cabal, Cadre, or Circle and are not really suited as player characters.

Kenites are basically created as Disciples or Zealots. However, they begin with both 15 Life and 15 Fury. They choose spells as if they were Disciples, and their magic should always be considered equivalent for its effects on both demons and angels.

A Kenite chooses a Persona, but their choices are limited to the Beast and Nemesis off the Disciple list, and the Crusader, Messiah, and Sinner off the Zealot list. They do not choose a Class; instead, they choose one power from the following section. Experienced Kenites may have more than one Power. Unlike normal Class powers, the Kenite's Class power always costs Fury to use.

Powers

Infernal Weaponry: Some Kenites always travel unarmed, because their bodies and souls are infinitely flexible weapons. A Kenite with this power can spend Fury to manifest any weapon or offensive power desired. The Fury cost is 1-3. Each point of Fury spent provides 4 Infernal points. These points must be split between Range, Damage, and Duration, and at least 1 point must be put in each category.

Furthermore, an attack can be made an Area Attack for 3 additional Infernal points.

Here are a few examples of possible infernal weapons. For 1 Fury, the Kenite could manifest a sword for 1 round (Range 1, Damage 2, Duration 1 round). For 3 Fury, the Kenite could shoot jets of black flame for several rounds in a row (Range 3, Damage 4, Duration 5 rounds). Or, for 3 Fury, the Kenite could unleash a cloud of poisonous gas (Range 3, Damage 4, Duration 2 rounds, Area Attack).

The variety of attacks is limited solely by the Director. If the Kenite is using attacks with durations longer than 1 round, he can create weapons that have concurrent effects (for example, having a high-damage melee weapon and a lower-damage ranged weapon operative at the same time), though he can only create one weapon effect per round. Creating a weapon is a free action; the Kenite can manifest a weapon and use it on the same round.

Tongue of the Serpent: For 1 Fury, the Kenite can manipulate a listener in conversation. In order to use this power, the Kenite must talk with the target for at least one full minute. The Kenite rolls a Soul check against the target's Soul. If the target wins, there is no effect and the target is unaware that the Kenite was trying to manipulate him. If the Kenite wins, the target gives over to his selfish and/or sinful impulses. While the Kenite cannot control what those impulses might be, he can direct them somewhat for his purposes. The effect lasts until the target has performed one task for the Kenite (what constitutes "performing a task" is up to the Director).

Legendary Hunter: The Kenite can mark a target in order to pursue it relentlessly. If the Kenite can see the target, the cost to do so is 1 Fury. If the Kenite cannot see the target, he can still mark the target if

he has access to some other item that connects him to the target. In this case, the cost is 3 Fury. Once marked, the Kenite always knows roughly where the target is in the world. If they are in the same general place, the target will be unable to hide from the Kenite without the use of magic. The effects of a mark last for only 24 hours, but the Kenite can automatically renew it for another 24 hours for a cost of only 1 Fury.

Glory of This World: For 3 Fury, the Kenite can create remarkably realistic phantasms. These images confuse all the senses of another, as they are "real" as long as someone believes they are real. The Kenite rolls a Soul check vs. the target's Senses. If successful, the target interacts with the phantasm in every way as if it were real, and can be hurt or killed by it as well. Anyone else interacting with the phantasm (which usually will involve more than just looking at it) must also roll to see if they are affected by it. This is an unconscious action: even if the target has no reason to disbelieve, or actually wants to believe, the roll is made anyway. The effect lasts until someone realizes its ephemeral nature, at which point it disappears. The Kenite cannot create phantasms for himself and then use them by "believing" it. For example, the Kenite could make a phantasm of a sports car to use as a bribe and the target might even drive away in it, but the Kenite could not make a car for himself.

Light Bearer: The Kenite has remarkable control over light and darkness. For no Fury cost, the Kenite can mentally turn existing lights on or off in his immediate area. For 2 Fury, the Kenite can produce searing light or supernaturally dense darkness, invoking a two die penalty on a single target or a one die penalty on every non-Kenite in the immediate area. The effect lasts for one full scene or combat.

Mark of Cain: The Kenite is protected by the Mark of Cain. At the beginning of the round, the Kenite can spend 1 Fury. For the remainder of the round, if anyone does damage to the Kenite, the attacker takes twice as much damage himself. If this would be enough to kill the attacker, the Kenite regains the point of Fury spent for the round. Kenites with this ability are often willing to wade into heavy combat, confident that their opponents will destroy themselves.

7.5. The Nephilim

The Truth: There is another sub-race of humanity that has existed for millennia. They are half-angel, half-human, and they live in another dimension parallel to our own.

According to some stories in humanity's pre-history, there was an incident before the Deluge in which the "sons of Heaven" had intercourse with the "daughters of men." While there are a number of theories about who the sons of Heaven were, most scholars believe that this is a reference to angels. Therefore, there was a far earlier period of rebellion on the part of the angels.

The products of these illicit unions were known as the Nephilim, who subsequently were remembered as heroes or giants of the ancient world. That's as far as the primordial myth typically goes. The reality is far more provocative.

God was angered by the disobedience of the angels and their congress with human women. The Nephilim were an abomination against the order of the universe, the perfect will of Heaven. But at the same time, they could not simply be destroyed for a crime they did not commit. In their own way, they were victims of the sins of others.

So God did not kill the Nephilim, and yet he refused to allow them to remain in contact with his beloved human beings. He shunted the entire race of the Nephilim to a parallel existence alongside the human material realm. This alternate reality was a place of extraordinary natural beauty, a veritable second Garden of Eden, in which the race of the Nephilim were to remain all of their long-lived days.



This was intended as a generous mercy by God, but the Nephilim quickly grew frustrated by their mandated exile. Born of both angels and human beings, they were deprived of being a part of either world. They were content, but they were not happy. Over millennia, even contentment turned to discontent. The Nephilim began to resent the will of Heaven and in time, they acted on that resentment.

The Nephilim were not wholly imprisoned in their paradise dimension. At different points in history, they found ways to make it to the world of humanity where they walked among us. Over centuries, many became quite skilled at passing between the two worlds. While in the world of man, some Nephilim had relationships with human beings. The children of these unions often demonstrate extraordinary abilities. This sub-race is known as the Anakim (detailed below).

The exact plans of the Nephilim are unknown to all except their own. In the recent past, they seem to have become increasingly hostile to the human race, whether as part of some larger plan, or as an expression of their anger against God, taken out on his chosen creatures. Some Disciples and Zealots have had occasion to face the Nephilim, and describe them as like neither demons nor angels. Thus, this combination of a hidden race, with an unclear agenda, hostile to the will of Heaven, and with a desire to see the world of man destroyed, have led some to conclude that the Nephilim are perhaps the mysterious Reavers talked about in modern legends.

Nephilim

St 5, Sn 3, Sl 4, Lf 8, Fr 15, Skills: any

The Nephilim basically look like humans. Two characteristics set them apart, though neither of them is universal. The first is that most of them are extremely handsome or beautiful. The second is that most of them are noticeably taller than average, some abnormally so.

Aside from their impressive Attributes and the ability to use Fury, the Nephilim have a few additional powers. For any roll based on physical strength, such as lifting, breaking, or pushing something heavy, the Nephilim's Strength is considered to be two points higher. This does not apply to combat, even when grappling.

Due to their millennia of experience and the insights offered by their angelic blood, a Nephilim can use the Bullseye Stunt for only 1 Fury, rather than 2.

Nephilim do not learn spells as Disciples and Zealots do. However, for 3 Fury, the Nephilim can use any Sacrament off the Zealot list.

Finally, the Nephilim has the ability to teleport. For 1 Fury, he can teleport to any location in a combat or scene instantaneously. For 2 Fury, he can teleport anywhere in the immediate area, such as a city. For 3 Fury, he can teleport anywhere in the world or back to the home dimension of the Nephilim. When teleporting, he can bring along anything he is carrying with him, but sentient creatures cannot be teleported.

7.5.1. The Anakim

Despite the sins of their parents, the Nephilim occasionally lived among human beings, sometimes siring children who were not exactly human. These children are the Anakim. For the most part, they grow up and live their lives as humans. Many are tall, most are attractive, but they lack the supernatural powers possessed by their Nephilim parents. Many do have a sense of unease in the world, as if they knew on some level that there was something different about them. After all, most do not know the truth of their parentage, and of those that do, there's not much that the Anakim can do about it. So, as a result, many live on the outskirts of "normal" life: while few are accountants or mid-level managers, many more end up as criminals, mercenaries, exotic dancers, world travelers, political revolutionaries, or avant garde artists.

The violence of the Last War stirs up their primordial blood, however, and some of them find themselves an irresistible magnet for demonic and angelic activity. In turn, this means that some of them are recruited to be Disciples and Zealots. Whether they know of their heritage or not, crossing the Black or White Line activates the supernatural power latent in their blood. "Anakim" is a new Class option for Disciples or Zealots. Choosing this Class is more than a variant set of powers; it is an important statement about the character's identity in the cosmos. Thus, this Class should only be chosen as part of a particular character concept.

Powers

An Anakim begins the game with 15 base Fury, rather than 12. He can recover up to 15 by completing secondary objectives and he returns to 15 at the beginning of a case. The character also chooses one of the following powers, some of which are powered

by Fury (unlike normal Class powers).

Blood of Giants: The Anakim is taller than normal. This may have been the case before this power was gained, or it may be a transformation as a result of gaining this power. Furthermore, the extra height may be within normal bounds or it may be exceptional (e.g., well over seven feet tall). The character gets a +1 to his Combat score due to size, strength, and reach. In addition, the character gets an additional die on any Skill check to intimidate or frighten someone and on any Attribute check involving physical strength. Finally, the character can spend 1 Fury to get an additional 2 dice on an unarmed or melee attack check as his blood pushes his strength to superhuman levels.

Mark of Heroes: According to legend, the forebears of the Anakim were some of the greatest heroes of the ancient world. An Anakim with this power is capable of doing almost anything that needs to be accomplished. The character can spend 1 Fury to use the Bullseye Stunt, instead of 2. In addition, the character can spend 2 Fury to use any Skill with a level of 4 dice, even if he does not possess the skill in question.

Intuition of Angels: In addition to normal spell selection, the Anakim can spend 2 Fury to attempt to cast any spell on the Zealot spell list (even if the character is a Disciple). The Anakim must make a Magic check against Difficulty 10. If the roll fails, the Fury is still spent. If it succeeds, however, the spell is cast and this does not count against the character's normal spell limit for the day.

7.6. The Psychopomps

The Truth: There are spirits that greet the dead upon their demise. These spirits are so enthralled with death that they impart special blessings on some so they can continue to kill.

No one is exactly sure what happens after death. The people who have gone and come back are few, and even then reports are hardly consistent. Yet, there are enough anecdotal accounts of spirits that greet the deceased and lead them on their way (wherever that may be). These spirits are known as Psychopomps.



The principal mission of these lesser celestial spirits is to act as guides for the dead, into whatever new form of existence that may entail. Not everyone meets a Psychopomp in death, and not enough people have returned from death to get any absolute criteria about what attracts their attention, except for one thing.

The Psychopomps like their job. They like being near the spirits of the dead. They also enjoy death itself. Some have likened the Psychopomp to a sort of "Grim Reaper spirit." According to rumor, if the Psychopomps are especially impressed by the murderous prowess of one wielding the powers of Heaven or Hell, they sometimes extend the killer's life, conditioned on a promise that the Disciple or Zealot will continue to do what they do best.

7.6.1. The Blessing of the Psychopomps

When a Disciple or Zealot Retires, there is a possibility that he may attract the attention of a Psychopomp. The following conditions must be met:

- 1) On the round the character Retires, he must have either killed an opponent or at least spent Fury on an attack.
- 2) The character must have 13 unspent Advancement Points available.

If the character meets these conditions and spends the Advancement Points, he receives the attention and blessing of one of the Psychopomps. The player describes the scene of meeting the Psychopomp and the promise to continue living if he is willing to serve the cause of death. This begins like normal Retirement: the dead character immediately regains 12 Life and 24 Fury.

The difference is that the character does not die at the end of the case (provided he still has Life, of course). As long as the character has Life remaining, he continues to live. However, the character does not regain Life or Fury at the end of the case. The only way the character can regain Life is by spending Fury to heal. Likewise, the character cannot regain Fury through secondary objectives on a new case.

There are two ways for the character to regain Fury. If the character performs the killing blow on an angel, demon, or half-breed, the character receives one point of Fury. If the character performs the killing blow on a human, and the attack does enough damage to reduce the target's Life to its negative total, even if the human has already been previously wounded, the character also receives one point of Fury. For example, if a blessed Disciple attacked a human with 4 Life and did enough damage with a

killing blow to reduce the target to -4 Life, the Disciple would gain one Fury. Even if the human had already been reduced to 1 Life from other sources, if the blessed Disciple performed the fatal blow that did enough damage to reduce the human to -4 Life, it would be enough for the Disciple to gain one Fury.

This requires the one who has received the blessing to push himself to greater extremes of violence just to stay alive. The Psychopomp merely defers one death to bring about many others. But death wins over all in the end.

7.7. The Grigori

The Truth: The Covenant is not the only thing that governs travel between the worlds. There are actually guardians present at the two Gates.

There are legends that say that the will of Heaven punished the angels involved in the creation of the Nephilim. These angels were originally tasked with the role of watching the human race, and were thus called the Grigori, meaning "watchers." Unfortunately, it was this same role that caused them to commit their sin with the women of humanity.

After their fall, God continued to keep them aligned with their fundamental mission: they remained watchers. However, instead of watching over the human race, the Grigori were placed as sentinels over the two Gates leading to Heaven and Hell.

This leads some to wonder what the Grigori were doing when the demons invaded in the first place. This mystery remains unsolved, but it suggests that the Grigori may resent their eternal post over doors that may never be opened. If there were complicity on the part of the Grigori, it would seem that they might have aligned themselves with the cause of

Hell. Or not: perhaps the Grigori were far-seeing enough to see the demons' "escape" as a way to start the Last War and ultimately to get back in the good graces of Heaven.

An even more unusual bit of speculation is the story that there are rituals that can allow one to contact the Grigori. Some Cabals have sought out these rituals, in the hopes of convincing the watchers to open the Gate to Hell and let them through, taking the fight right into the heart of darkness itself.

7.8. The Ordo Sanctus Michaelus

The Truth: The Catholic and Orthodox Churches have had a joint operation to oppose demons in the world for almost 2000 years. In the past few decades, this operation has become a paramilitary organization.

Beginning with the ministry of Jesus of Nazareth, the Christian Church has used prayer as an active weapon against demons. In the 3rd century in Antioch, a group of ecclesiastics organized a community of ordained exorcists to learn from one another and to offer a forum by which to improve the power of their ministry. They took the archangel Michael as their patron.

The organization continued to exist and spread across Christian Europe. As the faith advanced, so did the knowledge and the experience of the exorcists. In the 13th c., the order was formally and covertly recognized by both the Western and Eastern Churches, despite the Schism of 1054. It became the Ordo Sanctus Michaelus, the Order of St. Michael, and it was organized along the pattern of the military orders in the West, while it resembled a traditional monastic order in the East.

The secret order never became well known, but it did receive new attention after the vision of Pope Leo XIII on September 25th, 1888. The Pope extended new resources to the Order and encouraged its efforts beyond exorcism to also include investigation into the cultural patterns that were ultimately conducive to the activity of demons. This was the beginning of the Order's investigative operations, which follow up on rumors of demonic activity to this day.

The last few years have been a confusing and very busy time for the Ordo. They have had to learn new tricks and new tactics and eagerly recruit new members to deal with what they have come to understand: Armageddon is imminent, and the forces of Hell are going to be more active and visceral than they ever imagined. After 8/8/8, the Ordo has also learned about the angels, though most of them refuse to believe such creatures are actually angels.

At this point, the Ordo Sanctus Michaelus does not know every detail of the increasingly complicated world of Pandemonium, but they are rapidly becoming a group prominently in the know, with the skills and resources to be active participants in the Last War.



Knight of the OSM

Strength: 3

Sense: 2

Soul: 3

Life: 8

Skills: Profession (Exorcist) 4

Weapon: Assault Rifle (3/3/4)

Many of the Knights of the OSM are ordained clergy, but not all are. All do take monastic vows, however. Despite centuries of experience fighting demons, the OSM have discovered to their chagrin that the demons and angels that have appeared on the earth in the past few years are mostly immune to the traditional Rite of Exorcism. Thus, they are often helpless against possessing spirits. As regular humans, they do not have access to the magic of Disciples and Zealots or to the power of Fury.

In combat, Knights are not afraid to die, but they also benefit from a long history of demonology and the discipline of modern Special Forces training to make tactically sound choices. Their use of cover, suppressive fire, and teamwork means that for each Knight attacking the same opponent, they receive a bonus on Defense rolls equal to the number of attackers. Thus, if three Knights target the same demon, each of those Knights gets an additional three dice in Defense against that demon.

If the rules for using faith in Chapter Six are being used, it is highly recommended that the OSM be allowed to use this ability. Furthermore, because of their experience, training, and genuine faith, they should be allowed two extra dice on their attempt to stun demons or angels.



CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

CHRISTOPHER PETER

Christopher is an academic who has spent about as many years playing role-playing games as he has spent in school collecting advanced degrees. Gaming before his age reached double digits, he is thankful for all the good times that role-playing has brought, especially for the friends who have become family over several decades together. When he is not gaming, Christopher spends his time writing journal articles and books in his field. He is a fan of dark, supernatural horror, especially stories with overt religious themes and imagery. Wake is his first foray into the world of writing role-playing material, but he certainly plans to continue in the future.

BOB NOBERINI

Bob is a freelance artist who has been providing artwork for role-playing games for the past 25 years. A gamer himself, his favorite genre is superhero gaming, though his openness to many gaming genres includes dark, supernatural horror. Bob has also been active in the local comic convention scene for the past 10 years. He is the writer and artist for Players Wanted. Wake is his first art assignment for which he is the sole interior artist, though he hopes to participate in further role-playing art projects in the future. His gallery can be seen at <http://stubbedtoe.deviantart.com>.

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I am a digital artist. I have done work for roleplaying games, movies and other creative ventures, mostly in the genre of horror. I deal with illustrations, design work, some layout and lately, webdesign. I live and work in Gothenburg, Sweden, capital of Swedish Death Metal.

RAFAEL CHANDLER

Rafael writes and designs video games. He's worked for Sony, Sega, Ubisoft, Electronic Arts, and several other publishers and developers. In his spare time, he collects Godzilla toys, reads crime novels, and designs tabletop RPGs. He wrote and designed Dread: The First Book of Pandemonium in 2002, and he released a new edition of the game in 2007. Spite: The Second Book of Pandemonium was published in 2009. Currently, he's working on Cull, a sci-fi expansion for Spite. Please visit www.game-writing.com for more about Rafael, or www.neoplasticpress.com for more information about The Books of Pandemonium.



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WAKE: THE SECOND CREED OF PANDEMONIUM

NAME:

ADVANCEMENT:

DRIVE:

BIOGRAPHY:

TYPE:

CLASS:

PERSONA:

STRENGTH:

COMBAT:

FURY:

SENSE:

MAGIC:

LIFE:

SOUL:

ARMOR:

CASH:

SKILLS

SPELLS

WEAPONS

GEAR

POWERS

CONTACTS

