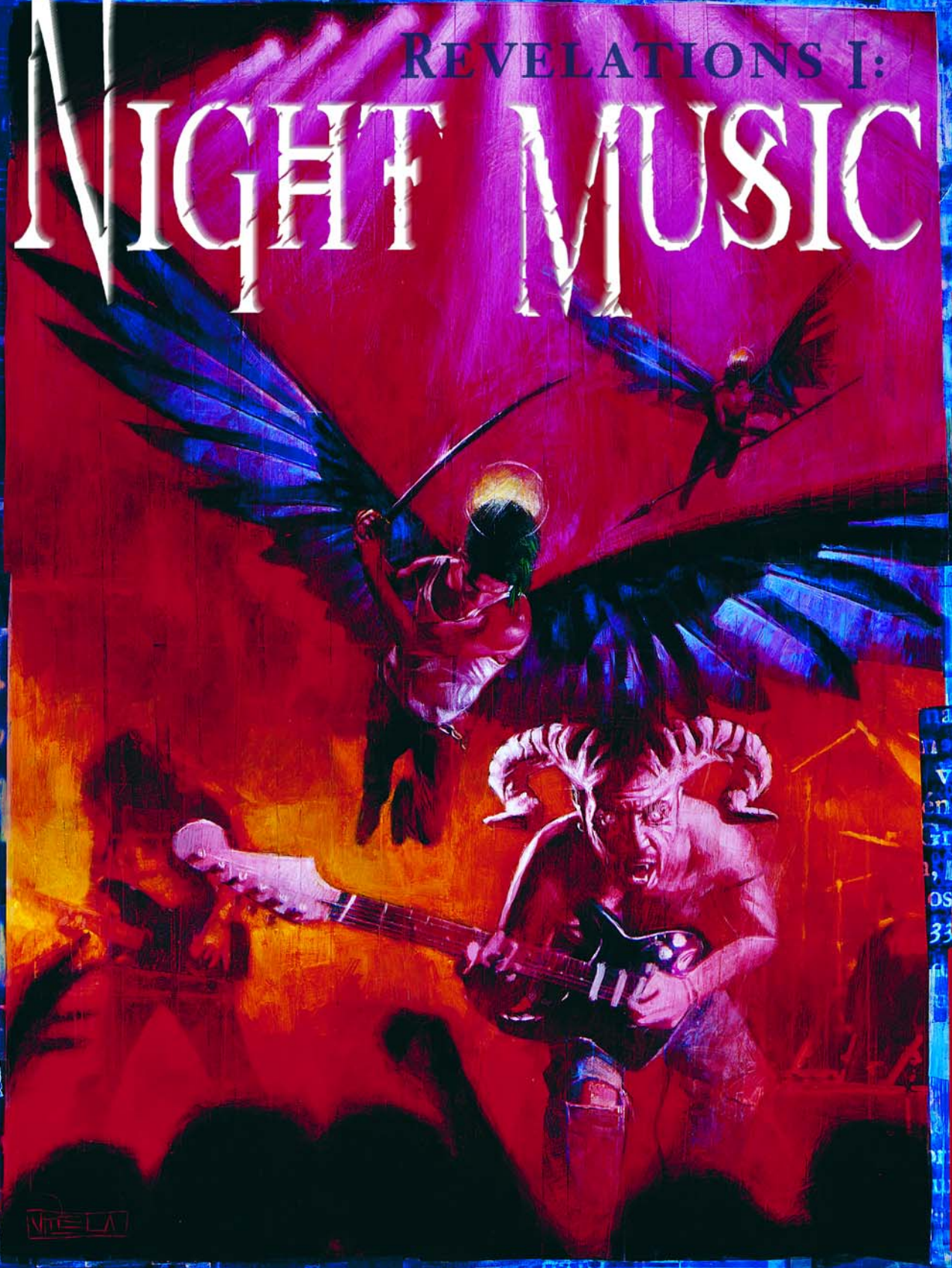


IN NOMINE

# NIGHT MUSIC

REVELATIONS I:



NITELA

STEVE JACKSON GAMES

# NIGHT MUSIC

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# A PEACEFUL INTERLUDE

The five celestials arrived at the concert early to get a good spot. They passed the time by lounging on beach towels or in folding chairs, exchanging gossip and letting the tension of the day slip away. It was a remarkably civil evening.

"So what's on the schedule tonight?" asked Lauren, the demon of Strippers.

"Mozart, I think," replied Tomas, the angel of Catchy Tunes, fanning himself with a notepad. The Texas spring had been especially brutal – it was going to be a hot summer.

"Oh man," she moped, tousling her hair while surveying the teeming crowd of humanity assembled in the park to enjoy the live orchestra. "That's not right. You can't dance to that."

The small group of people around her either furrowed their eyebrows and frowned or nodded in agreement. One of the latter, an older woman with beautifully cornrowed graying hair, piped up.

"Depends on how you're dancing," she said, not looking at anything in particular as the words rolled slowly out her mouth. "When dancing for fun, you can dance to anything. If you're whoring your dance for twenty bucks a grind –"

"Oh look," said Tomas brightly, quickly changing the subject when he saw Lauren's eyes flash. "There's Druiel." He waved his notepad over his head, trying to draw the attention of a cute, somewhat sheepish-looking teenager stumbling around on the far side of the grassy hill. "Yo," he called out. "Drew!"

Druiel wore a black leather motorcycle jacket two sizes too large, made even more ludicrous by the muggy spring heat. A blonde girl in a white dress and black combat boots stomped up behind him, full of the energy and confidence of youth.

"Hey, everyone," said Druiel, the angel of Teenage Death. "This is Sara." Sara made a sarcastic curtsy, frowning and rolling her eyes at the strange assembly.

"So who are these people?" she asked Druiel, jerking a thumb at the weirdoes.

"They're some friends of mine," he replied smoothly, blushing slightly.

"Oh," she said. "Cool, I guess."

"This is, um, Tomas, in the chair. Zara – nice hair, by the way." He gestured to a large, hulking figure, hiding in the shadow of a tree. "This is, um . . ."

The figure walked into the setting sunlight, a broadly built old man with a peaceful smile. Sara's hand disappeared in his enormous grip. He shook it gently.

"I'm the Old Guy," he smiled, twinkling his eyes. Druiel relaxed considerably.

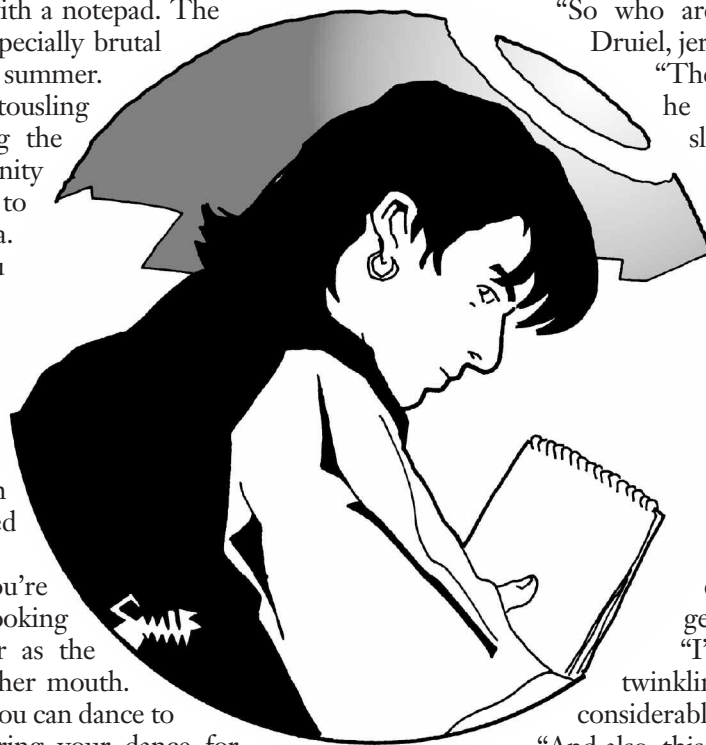
"And also, this is Lauren. And Hugo."

"Nice to meetcha," said Hugo, a demonic Servitor of Drugs. "We're all friends around here, and a friend of Drew's is a friend of mine."

"Charmed," Sara said.

"I'm sure," said Lauren, narrowing her eyes.

"So what are you guys doing this weekend?" asked Tomas from his half-reclined position in the cheap fold-



ing chair, steering the conversation back to what he hoped would be safety.

"Oh man," said Sara, her young eyes lighting up. "We're gonna go camping out at Enchanted Rock! Doesn't that just sound like so much fun or what?"

The assembled celestials grew quiet, their smiles faltering. The Old Guy drifted back into the shadows of the tree, and Zara busied herself folding a blade of grass.

"That's great," said Tomas after a pause. "I hope . . ." He let out a slight chuckle and shrugged.

"Exactly," said Sara, obviously giving him a thumbs-up. "You know it."

"Sara," said Drew, letting the jacket fall from his back, catching it around one arm. "Hey, would you mind putting my coat back in your car? I thought it was going to be a cool night, but it's still pretty hot."

"Groovy cool. And I'll check in with my friends," she said, kissing him on the cheek before trotting off. Druiel's friends stared in different directions, at different things, but not at him.

"What?" he said.

"Just don't bring them around here," Tomas said quietly, "okay? I think I'm speaking for everyone when I say that I don't want to see their faces, much less know their names."

"Sorry," Druiel mumbled, shoving his hands in his pockets and shuffling his feet across the grass.

"This death crap really creeps me out," said Zara, holding up one of her small fists.

"Amen, sister," said Lauren, touching fists with the angelic Servitor of Flowers.

"I do have some news," Druiel said with a sigh.

"Lay it on us," said Hugo, closing his eyes and stretching out on a tie-dyed beach towel.

"There're some new . . . angels . . . coming to town." He let that sink in for a second. The celestials on the grass grew acutely aware of the Old Guy's presence behind them, but no one made a move.

"Let's toast our new comrades," said Hugo, keeping his eyes closed and raising his hand with what he hoped was a nonchalant air of dismissal. "Would the Old Guy like to grab the cooler? I had to leave it in the van; it was too heavy for me."

"I'm your man," grinned the Old Guy with a simple trusting smile. He grabbed Hugo's keys off the grass and lumbered off through the crowd toward the cars beyond.

"So I guess what we're all wondering," said Hugo, still reclined, "is are these 'your' kind of angels who're passing through town, or are these 'my' kind of angels?"

"Both, actually." The celestials shared a brief shudder.

"I don't even want to know who you've been talking to," said Zara, pulling in her legs and wrapping her arms around them as if she'd suddenly grown cold.

"It's your responsibility to handle the Old Guy," Lauren said, punctuating her remarks with a sharply poking finger. "If he finds out that there're demons in town. . . . Hell, if he finds out there're *already* demons in town –"

"He took an oath!" interrupted Hugo, suddenly sitting upright, wide-eyed and manic. "He took a goddamn oath that he'd never suffer an 'evil' to live." He crossed his arms and grimaced, looking around to see if anyone heard his outburst among the bustle of humanity assembled on the grassy slope.

"I'm not lying to him," said Druiel, similarly crossing his arms.

"Yeah," snorted Hugo. "You think about that the next time you want to use my wares to knock off a prom queen."

"Hey, hey, hey," said Tomas. "These things happen from time to time, and we always get through it. Peace has been kept in Austin for more than a decade – and before that, almost three decades. I'll help out with the Old Guy. This can work. I know it can."

"Maybe," said Zara, raising her eyebrows, "it'd be more convincing if we threw the Old Guy a demon every once in a while. Not any of you, just some random Diabolical passing through town."

"No way," said Lauren, almost snarling. "No way. I'll kick all of y'all's asses before I see one of my own kind thrown to a Malakite just to protect our little mutual-admiration society."

"You'd like to try," said Druiel, narrowing his eyes. "I don't think you've got the stomach for killing. I think –"

"Hey, ho," said the Old Guy, returning with the cooler. "Beer, here."

A quick round of meaningful glances silenced everyone. The Old Guy played host, passing out beers, joking and smiling, patting the backs of the people he thought were his friends.

Mentally sharpening their knives for later, the mixed group of celestials took a few deep breaths, tried to relax, and settled back in the damp grass to enjoy – however briefly – the calming strains of a little night music.



# SAMINGA

## DEMON PRINCE OF DEATH

*"Death did not first strike Adam, the first sinful man, nor Cain, the first hypocrite, but Abel, the innocent and righteous."*

— Joseph Hall

### HISTORY

Saminga was one of the first angels, small and frail, formed when the Symphony was still tuning up. He was also one of the first *demons*, rebelling with Lucifer's cadre and spinning into the void in the very first Falling . . . and for time beyond measure, he was in Hell, being kicked and spat on and used. A small and almost powerless demon, Saminga was little more than a servant to his more promising companions, discarded by master after master as they became bored with him. It took him a *very* long time just to get to Earth – and then he spent more millennia acting as the whipping-boy of diabolical agents among the humans, instead.

His only pleasure, in all that time, was watching people die.

He had a lot to watch. In the early days, before mankind had begun to make much that was permanent to warn future generations, some of the demons on Earth were very bold. Some few even became rulers of empires, and where there are emperors there is usually plenty of blood and plenty of suffering. And there are also servants and whipping-boys, and so there was Saminga, mopping up the blood in rags and clearing away the bodies. Some of them he kept, to play with.

And then, when the angels would come to fight the demons, there was more death – humans serving both sides, often in total ignorance of the real nature of the fighting – bodies stacked like soft cordwood and rotting in the moonlight and smoke when the fighting was done. Saminga watched and smiled.

The pyramids were new when Saminga's travels first brought him to Egypt. He had been busy up until then watching the death wrought by Gilgamesh, and by the scholarly, hypocritical "sage kings" of China. When he arrived in Egypt, there was war with Palestine. It was a trifling matter of trade-route disputes that had begun the war, but there was *plenty* of death to be had. More bodies, more fear and more pain, and – since he was such a despised little servant – the demons he served rarely wanted him around. So he wandered. One day, he wandered away. Nobody cared.



## Demon-Hunters

A powerful party of Soldiers with some reliable Celestial help can tackle the Diabolicals directly. It sounds tough, but isn't battling for the right against superior odds what heroes are supposed to do? The GM probably should be generous about letting the fearless demonslayers have some Artifacts, or other means of balancing the scales. A Remnant or even an Outcast angel might fit well in such a group.

Few police forces have a Demon Unit, so PCs will probably be members of the Purifiers, Seagulls or Muradis, fighting the Diabolicals with religious backing. Freelance Soldiers with no organization to help them are not going to last long against demons.

## THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF GOD

*Before going to bed I got out my datebook and began listing all the things I had to do the next day. It was quite a list.*

*"6 a.m. – get up*

*"8-noon – work (tell Mr. L. I have to leave at noon)*

*"1 p.m. – meet Rabbi Fine at airport and drive him to safe house*

*"2 p.m. – grocery (eggs, sour cream, chili, paper towels)*

*"3-8 p.m. – surveillance outside suspected Habbalite's apt.*

*"8:30 – dinner with Mom*

*"9-? – destroy demon"*

So what's it like being a Soldier of God? What do they do all day, and why do they do it? Is the pay good? The answers can be surprising.

## What's My Motivation?

Fighting demons is dangerous, hard work. The hours are terrible. Other humans tend to think you're a nutcase if you talk about it. And the angels seldom even bother to say "thanks."

So why do it? Why get involved? Why not leave the whole mess to the angels and get on with life?

Soldiers of God tend to be highly motivated individuals (a polite way of saying fanatics). They do what they do because it's obviously the right thing. Consider: God created the Universe. Therefore God is the most important being in the Universe. Therefore helping God is much more important than any Earthly activity. Soldiers of God understand this.

There's another side to it. Most people live pretty unimportant lives. We live, we work, we do good and

evil, and we die. A few people notice. But Soldiers of God are *important*. Maybe they don't get on the cover of *Newsweek*, but their actions matter in the grand scheme of things. They hang out with immortal beings. They see the Big Picture. They know secrets that ordinary people don't. It's cool.

## Nuts and Bolts

So how do Soldiers fight the good fight? After all, they're woefully limited when compared with the Celestials. What can a poor human do in the War?

Quite a bit, actually. For all their power, Celestials are curiously limited beings. They have to follow lots of rules. So angels and demons frequently rely on mortals to do things which would create Dissonance if performed by a Celestial. A Mercurian can't resort to violence, but her human servant can pull out the guns and start blasting away if things turn sour. Servitors of Janus have to keep moving, but their mortal allies can stay in one place.

Humans also have the advantage that their actions don't leave any traces in the Symphony. A human expending Essence and using Songs causes the same kind of echoes as a Celestial would, of course. But a human injuring or killing another human by mortal means doesn't even raise a whisper.

Besides avoiding Dissonance and disturbances in the Symphony, Soldiers can help with the mundane world. Angels are often remarkably clueless about how humans do things. Being immortal, they don't stay up to date on human culture. Soldiers of God have no problem buying things, finding out things and using the machinery of modern society.

Soldiers are especially useful for gathering information. Unless an angel is a Kyriotate, he can only be in one place at a time. Soldiers of God can do the legwork for



their Angelic patrons – searching files, watching houses, asking questions. Their human perspective also helps Soldiers spot Diabolical activity, since they have a better sense of what is "normal." An angel might not notice anything strange about a person painting symbols in

Prince's ability to do bad. Other Princes think this too, so there's generally some infighting as well. What this adds up to is a world of hurt for people who don't walk a fine line running Tethers of Drugs – and Mackie just ain't it.

Mackie is deathly afraid of Hugo, even though he outranks him. Hugo's a favored Servitor, and as such has their mutual Prince's ear, and so Mackie thinks Hugo's being groomed to take command of the Tether. Rather than worrying his corpulent self about bothering to actually verify this suspicion, he's made the bad move of purposely spiking the Ecstasy he gave to Hugo (knowing it was for Druiel) with a particularly obscure nerve toxin that's difficult to test for and takes a very long time killing its victims. It stimulates the pain center of the brain for several minutes before death, to the same extent that the pleasure centers of the brain are stimulated during an orgasm. He's hoping that Druiel will snap and kill Hugo, starting a serious conflict among the angels and demons in Austin. That way, he thinks, he can get some demonic reinforcements to protect the Tether, he'd end up



gaining more power and Fleurity would have to protect him since Mackie'd be the Prince's last Servitor in town.

What Mackie fails to consider is that, his being one of the weaker Tethers, if the angels wanted to cause a big enough scene they'd just burn the place to the ground, regardless of how many demons stood between them and their goal. But Mackie's not a smart demon, he's an obese fast-talker. If he weren't a drug dealer, he'd be a used-car salesman. Everyone agrees he's as bad as a Balseph.

For the most part, Hugo is his only exposure to the Austin clique. He doesn't like any of the angels or demons in town, and he'll go to fairly extreme lengths to cause any trouble he can among them. For their part, the other Celestials agree that if Austin's peace is ever broken, something bad should happen to Mackie.

## TREATY OAK

*The Old Guy clapped Druiel on the shoulder as they stared up at the great gnarled tree before them, the Treaty Oak.*

*"Yep," he said, "there's one thing that'll still be around longer than most of the people who drive past every day, chocking it with their exhaust."*

*Druiel nodded.*

*"So many things are long gone," the old angel continued, his eyebrows curving into pained arches of sorrow, his forehead wrinkling and knotting like the gray skin of the oak. Druiel took in a deep breath, feeling a story coming on.*

*"There're some things you just can't get from no storybook or painting. Nobody digging in the dirt's gonna tell you the things I've seen with my own eyes."*

*Druiel nodded, waiting for the Old Guy to continue.*

*"Like, dinosaurs."*

*"They've found dinosaurs," the younger angel interjected.*

*"No, no, no," he said, waving his hands. "I mean, lightning."*

*"Lightning," said Druiel.*

*"Dinosaurs and lightning," the Old Guy said, chuckling softly and slapping himself on the chest. "You know them dinosaurs, they were the biggest things around. Long, tall necks towering over most of the trees, connected to giant sacks of water, sloshing about on the land." He threw back his head and laughed until his eyes watered. "One good storm comes through, and crack! crack! crack! – next thing you know, path of least resistance and all, the whole countryside's covered in tons of roast dinosaur meat. That's why them dinosaurs are extinct. Too damn tall."*

*The Old Guy grew quiet for a moment, rolling his tongue around in his mouth, mulling over the phrasing of a question.*

*"I haven't heard anything," said Druiel, anticipating the old angel's question.*

*"Nothing?"*

*"If some demon jumped me," the angel of Teenage Death said gently, "you know I'd tell you first thing. You should be lucky we're not on the front of the War."*

*"You mean unlucky," he whispered, his shoulders sagging.*

*It was Druiel's turn to clap the Old Guy on the back before turning to leave. The ancient celestial was a Malakite – the only one in town, as far as anyone knew. Malakim are generally fine angels to have on your side because they'll never suffer a demon to live. In Austin, where angels and demons at least pretended to tolerate each other's presence, that was a problem. If the old man found out his city was practically swarming with demons, he'd have to saddle up. Luckily, the old angel rarely left his tree, having turned psychotically protective ever since some nut poured weed killer into its root system in the late '80s.*

*"You come back anytime, you hear?" the old angel shouted, waving his cowboy hat over his head as Druiel gunned his motorcycle engine. The younger angel waved back.*



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