

# The King

*Newest addition to the loas (with apologies to David Brin, John Varley, **Bloom County**, the band "The Pleasure Barons," the writers of **GURPS Voodoo: The Shadow War**, and probably a few others I've forgotten)*

Corporeal Forces: 2	Strength: 2	Agility: 6
Ethereal Forces: 3	Intelligence: 4	Precision: 8
Celestial Forces: 4	Will: 8	Perception: 8

Vessels: young male/2, Charisma +2 (this vessel often varies in apparent age)

Skills: Dodge/3, Emote/2, Musical Instrument/3 (guitar), Ranged Weapons/2 (rifle), Singing/3

Songs: Entropy (Corporeal/3), Form (Celestial/3), Light (Celestial/1), Motion (Celestial/2), Possession/4, Projection (Ethereal/2), Shields (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/2, Celestial/3), Tongues (Corporeal/2)

The King still rides the highways of America.

Bear in mind, this isn't the original Elvis Presley. That mortal soul is, alas, quite dead (and his actual location is

up to the GM: personally, I'll be sticking him somewhere in Laurence's personal retinue. Apparently, the Archangel of the Sword really liked "Love Me Tender"). This is the *ethereal* King, the King brought into being by his true believers, the King created by need and fueled by Rock and Roll.

Normally, this spirit would have a very short life, but the King was smart enough to join up with the loas at the first opportunity. After all, they got their start the same way, and having a spirit associated with music is always helpful. The potential to expand into areas not normally friendly to Vodoun was an added draw. This arrangement has kept the Host off of the King's back for now.

Now, of course, joining up with the loas implies that the King has to act like one: among other things, he has to produce worshippers that also support Heaven. Luckily, that hasn't been too much of a problem. Elvis has many, many active worshippers that emulate his appearance and manner, performing the Sacred Songs all over America. There is many a good Baptist housewife and mother who is ignorant of the ultimate recipient of the worship represented by her Elvis commemorative plates, her Elvis velvet paintings, even her picture of Jesus (who looks

quite a bit like Elvis). There is many a God-fearing man who does not know who his sideburns truly honors.

But the King knows. As he drives along the endless highways of the dusty Midwest in his cherry-red Cadillac, he feels the tendrils of Essence from thousands of devoted mortals, and his heart goes out to them. He seeks out his most devoted followers, and provides them with a glimpse, a hint of his existence. For most, a reaffirmation that he might still live and thrive is enough: but the most devoted are gifted with his Kiss. The Kiss that washes away the weary years and brings them back to when they were young and sure that the world was going to fall at their feet. Men get the Handshake instead, of course, but the effects are the same.

But life is not all endless driving and rewarding his faithful: oh, no. For there is a War there, a war between Good and Evil, much like when Elvis took up the gun in defense of his country against the Godless. And at the forefront of the enemy is that bloated leech that has corrupted everything good about American culture. Nybbas has cheapened everything that he touched, sneering all the while at American values and American dreams. The bastard (pardon my French, ma'am) has even wrecked *rock and roll*.

The King can't have that, at all. He's nowhere near powerful enough to challenge the Prince of the Media directly, but the day is young. The King knows which side he's on, and it's the one that will, someday, storm the ramparts of Perdition, flaming swords in hand, howling for that son-of-a-bitch's (pardon my French, ma'am) blood. And when they do, the King will be at their head (though Heaven doesn't know it yet), guitar in one hand and shotgun in the other.

Yunhh-huh.

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