

# Frederick

## Calabite Knight of Judgement

### Demon of Chainsaws

Corporeal Forces: 4    Strength: 9    Agility: 7  
Ethereal Forces: 4    Intelligence: 6    Precision: 10  
Celestial Forces: 5    Will: 10    Perception: 10  
Word-Forces: 3

Vessel: human male/4

Skills: Artistry/3 (Ice Sculpture), Dodge/3, Driving/3, Fighting/3, Knowledge (Undead/3), Large Weapon/6 (chainsaw), Ranged Weapon/3 (shotgun), Tactics/2

Songs: Entropy (Celestial/2), Feedback/3, Fire (Corporeal/3), Form (Corporeal/3), Healing (All/2), Light (Celestial/3), Might (Corporeal/3), Motion (Celestial/3), Retribution (Corporeal/3), Shields (Corporeal/3)

Role: "Frederick Jones" (paranatural investigator/6, Status/3)

Discord: Angry/2 (he's gotten brighter since, not to mention more careful)

Attunements: Calabite of the Game, Humanity, Knight of Judgement, Demon of Chainsaws

Demon of Chainsaws: Frederick can add his normal resonance to any attack made by a chainsaw.

Special Rite: operate a Chainsaw for an hour.

Relics: "Honey" (Chainsaw/6; also a Talisman/3 (add) for Large Weapon: Chainsaw. Honey has the Indestructible feature, and growls whenever within 10 yards of the Undead)

Frederick has the best job in the whole wide world. He knows this, because he used to have the worst.

Frederick (never Fred, never Freddie, *certainly* never Frederino. **Frederick**) started out working for Saminga, Demon Prince of Death: it was sort of OK, except that he never felt appreciated. Sure, they promoted him, got him a Word, let him break stuff, but nobody ever seemed to really **care**. Everyone was too busy kissing up to the Prince and coming up with more and more dumb ways to kill things. Frederick could never figure out why they

bothered to be so creative. Hey, over here's a chainsaw: over there is something living. Intersect the two, then repeat. Simple, right?

Worse, there were all these *Undead* running around. Frederick doesn't like Undead: zombies smell, vampires whine, and mummies act too smug for words. Unfortunately, Saminga doesn't like it when his toys get broken, so Frederick had to reign in those destructive impulses. That was not so great a scene, but Frederick could deal. Then the worst thing happened.

Saminga took a liking to him.

After three months of having to actually *listen* to Saminga, close up and all, Frederick was ready to take a chainsaw to his own head. The Prince of Death isn't precisely what one would call a scintillating conversationalist: that, coupled with the fact that Saminga also seems to labor under the delusion that he has a sense of humor, made each day sheer torture for the poor Calabite. There were more zombies, too. Frederick really hated zombies after that. Would you believe that Saminga actually asks their advice?

Anyway, when the Game started dropping a feeler or two,

Frederick was out of Abbadon and into Hades so fast that no one had the chance to explain to him that what they **actually** wanted a spy. Asmodeus might have done something memorable to him about that, but Saminga showed up ranting about the Prince of the Game stealing his personnel -- and Asmodeus was struck with an idea. A thoroughly nasty one: in fact, it almost made him smile.

Frederick has been permanently assigned to the corporeal plane with the Role of, well, a zombie hunter. They exist, although nobody really admits that they do: most people who discover evidence of the Undead usually get swept up to one side or the other (or end up dead), but there's a few people who get a fairly steady business from eliminating the critters. Saminga is particularly careless about leaving the damned things around, so it's in Hell's best interest to keep the numbers down. Plus, there's always a renegade vampire or mummy out there that can't be reliably kept under control.

Frederick absolutely *loves* working for the Game: good hours, lots of zombies to kill, and best of all, a Prince with a working brain. Thanks to his specialized skill lists, he gets called in when the Game needs to deal with Undead problems -- and they **listen** to him. Actually, most of the time he works freelance: Asmodeus is pretty good about

warning him when a particular nest is to be left alone, so he usually just take whatever jobs come his way. You'd be surprised at how many county sheriff offices have his business card on file.

Personally, Frederick is kind of frightening. First off, he's... presentable. Frederick washes regularly. He brushes his teeth. He changes his clothes every day -- and puts on clean ones (including the bits you never see). He irons. He does maintenance on his equipment. He washes dishes instead of breaking them. Of course, he goes through a lot of stuff, thanks to his Calabite resonance, but Frederick makes an effort.

Worse is his attitude. Frederick *likes* Asmodeus. To him, the Prince of the Game is the most wonderful demon in the universe, worth whatever respect and dignity the Calabite can muster up. The Boss (in public, of course, it's Dread Lord or whatever else fits the bill, but in the privacy of his head Frederick just calls him The Boss) is distant, of course, but that's to be expected from such a busy personage. What's important is that every day working for the Game is one day not listening to the same damned stupid three jokes and not stopping every few minutes to put some damned stupid nose back on some damned stupid corpse. Instead, he gets to go out and carve zombis

up with a chainsaw. That's worth more than you can possibly imagine. Asmodeus doesn't even mind his hobby of ice sculpture (a surprisingly common hobby among Calabim: they like the idea of creating art that gets destroyed even as you watch). Saminga always laughed at him for that.

Of course, by now a few servants of Heaven have figured out that this new zombie killer isn't a normal human. However, the general consensus is that Frederick is a Renegade of some kind, and so they're holding back until they can work out a good Redemption angle. They needn't bother -- the Calabite may not care too much about the War (everyone who likes zombies is bad; everyone who wants to blow them apart or away is all right), but he's not about to switch sides.

Unless the Boss does, of course. However, seeing as Belial isn't ice-skating on the Lake of Fire, that isn't too likely, no?

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