

Bruce

Mercurian of Creation IST Judgement

Angel of Dumpster Diving

Corporeal Forces: 3 Strength: 6 Agility: 6
Ethereal Forces: 5 Intelligence: 12 Precision: 8
Celestial Forces: 5 Will: 10 Perception: 10
Word-Forces: 3

Vessel: slacker/3, +2 Charisma

Skills: Chemistry/3, Climbing/1, Dodge/4, Emote/3, Enchantment/6, Engineering/6, Fighting/1, Scrounging/6, Small Weapon/3 (knife), Throwing/6

Songs: Artificing (All/3), Light (Corporeal/1), Motion (Ethereal/3), Shields (All/2), Tongues (Ethereal/2)

Attunements: Mercurian of Creation, EloHITE of Creation, Malakite of Creation, Mercurian of Judgment (Long Story), Scabbard (**Long** Story), Angel of Dumpster Diving

Angel of Dumpster Diving: Bruce will always know if he is within 500 yards of something that is not currently being used for any legitimate purpose, and which could be also

incorporated (to great beneficial effect) into one of his ongoing projects. A Perception roll will give distance.

Rites: Dive into a Dumpster and pull out something useful for an ongoing project.

“Hey, come on in. Don't worry, there's no food or anything in this dumpster one, so there's no rats, flies or roaches. Can I pull you up a milk crate? Here you go. So, they sent you over to take a good look at one of Eli's newer Word-Bound, did they? Well, here I am. Everything you expected?

“It's OK to say yes; I'm cool with what I look and act like. Stereotypes don't just pop out of nowhere, man. I can be disorganized and easily distracted with the best of them, I'm just as fun to party with as the gossips say about Creationers, and I know every good nightspot within twenty miles. I've even got affidavits proving this -- part of the perks for working for Her Nibs The Grand High Inquisitor are all the legal forms you can carry.

“What? You think that I had a choice in working for Judgment? Didn't happen that way at all, man -- I'm supposed to be still with Marc's crowd. He was the one who sponsored me for the Word, after all; wanted to make

sure that we Creationers didn't completely slide off the greasy pole of rank, you know? Not that we really cared all that much, but it was a nice gesture.

“Now, far be it from me to speculate why Her Nibs felt it necessary to insist that I be assigned to her after I got my Word, or why the Commander of the Host backed her play. For some reason, I keep forgetting to ask her -- yeah, it's every week, just like everybody else -- and she's not exactly what you'd call forthcoming about it. I figure that my getting told or not told will be all her call and not mine, so I don't sweat it. I got stuff to do, after all.

“What do I do? Friend, you are looking at one of the best scroungers and jury-riggers in the business, if I do say so myself. I take junk and make it sing, dance or explode. Sometimes all three at once. I'm not bad at artificing, either. I can turn just about anything into just about anything else; maybe not for forever, but certainly for right now. Nope, it's not innate; I was like that before I got the Word. Dumpster Diving just makes it easier for me to get parts.

“OK, OK, not quite. I've got an agenda, of course. God knows the humans throw out enough stuff that it makes sense to encourage reusing stuff. Some do it wholesale;

me, I like the retail approach of getting people to go through other people's junk, say 'Hey, I can use this!,' and then walk off with it. Helps keep the strain down on the infrastructure and everything. OK, I didn't really care about it as much when I didn't have the Word, but there you go.

“It's not too bad, really; as long as I keep my nose clean and write out lots of contact reports, her Nibs lets me work in peace. I'd love to find out why she needed the Angel of Dumpster Diving... well, *officially*, that is. *Unofficially*, I can guess, and I don't know whether to be insulted, break out laughing, or both. I mean, I suppose that I **could** acquire the Boss that way now, but you'd think that Archangels would be less snarky about each other in public.”

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