

Zachariah

Cherub Vassal of Trade

Angel of Hobos

Corporeal Forces: 5 Strength: 9 Agility: 11
Ethereal Forces: 4 Intelligence: 8 Precision: 8
Celestial Forces: 5 Will: 8 Perception: 12
Word-Forces: 8

Vessel: youngish human male/4, +2 Charisma

Skills: Area Knowledge/6 (North/South America), Artistry/1 (writing), Chemistry/1, Climbing/3, Craft (agronomy/3, carpentry/3), Computer Operation/1, Dancing/1, Detect Lies/1, Dodge/3, Driving/1, Emote/1, Engineering/3, Fast-Talk/3, Fighting/3, Knowledge/1 (law), Language (English/3, French/1, Portuguese/1, Spanish/3), Medicine/3, Musical Instrument/1 (fiddle), Ranged Weapons/1 (rifle), Savoir-Faire/2, Singing/1, Small Weapon/1 (knife)

Songs: Harmony (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/1), Healing (Corporeal/3), Light (Celestial/3), Motion (Corporeal/3), Shields (All/3)

Role: "Zack" (Migrant Worker/6, Status/1)

Attunements: Cherub of Trade, Head of a PIN, Vassal of Trade, Angel of Hobos

Angel of Hobos: When Zachariah enters into an honorable work contract, his actions in the course of those duties will not cause disturbance unless he either spends Essence, or kills a human. Even then disturbance is halved, provided that the actions were honestly necessary to accomplish the task. This is in *addition* to the usual benefits from Zachariah's Role.

Rites:

- Trade a meal and a bed for a day's work (+2 Essence)

Let's get something straight, right from the start. Hobos are not tramps. Tramps steal; hobos work. Hobos aren't like those poor homeless, either, except in the narrowest sense of the term. Hobos don't beg for their bread. A hobo is essentially a specific type of migrant worker, to the point where you can legitimately translate Zachariah's ('call me Zack') Word as such, but for some reason the Cherub likes the term 'hobo' better.

No matter what the human word actually **is**, Marc (the Archangel of Trade) has still assigned Zack to watch over all those people out there making a living without having a fixed abode. Zack emulates them, actually: he's spent the last 80 years wandering around North and South America, only returning to Heaven when summoned or when he thinks he needs a new vessel. He prefers to stay where he can make a difference.

By now, the Angel of Hobos has done just about every sort of unskilled and semiskilled labor there is, and he knows the American continents like the back of his hand. Zack will pretty much go with the flow of seasonal agricultural labor, moving more or less at random (he claims that it's the best way to track the status of his Word). Zack's usual vessels can pass as Anglo, Indian or Latino, and he can submerge himself into most societies without a ripple. Marc considers him one of the best in the business at fitting in with humanity, and very occasionally will assign him an angel or two that needs lessons along those lines.

Zack supports his Word on the local level. Migrant workers (and hobos) are often subject to prejudice by those *with* a fixed abode, and the angel's most pressing concern (to him at least) is to change that, hopefully by peaceful

means. This could be anything from bringing greedy or oppressive employers to justice, to lobbying for local legislation to prevent future abuses. If all fails, though, the Cherub won't hesitate to use violence, bypassing the middlemen and flunkies and targeting those directly responsible. He seems more likely to do this when he's ready to switch vessels anyway.

Personally, Zack has frankly gone native. He's about as close to a human as an angel can get without being a Grigori: more than one demon who's determined his celestial nature has made the fatal mistake of assuming that he's a Mercurian. Those humans that do know him, like him as they would a regular human being. There are entire years where Zack doesn't use his celestial abilities, or does anything that would betray his origins: in fact, he only really feels the need to go actively supernatural when it involves training angels, fighting demons, or recruiting Soldiers (he's sent in more than his share). This reticence has kept Zack out of trouble on more than one occasion: demons have walked right past him and never suspected a thing.

To give an idea of precisely how much he's subsumed himself into corporeal life, when World War II broke out Zack was in Canada. He immediately signed up, switching

over to American service when the USA entered the war (Zack's vessel/Role was American at the time). Now, celestials from both sides served in that war, but that was so Heaven and Hell could pursue their own agendas; Zack may have been the only angel to serve simply because he considered it his civic duty. He still keeps the medals (Silver Star, 2 Purple Hearts) that he earned in that conflict (by now, he claims that they were his father's). Longest job he ever had, but Zack got it done. And *didn't* he, just?

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