

James Foster

Ethereal Crossbreed

Corporeal Forces: 2

Strength: 4

Agility: 4

Ethereal Forces: 3

Intelligence: 6

Precision: 6

Celestial Forces: 2

Will: 4

Perception: 4

Status/3, Charisma +2

Skills: Dodge/3, Dreaming/5, Emote/6 (mastery), Fighting/2, Knowledge (Occultism/2, Poker/6 (mastery), Research/2), Languages (Greek/1, Hebrew/1, Latin/1, Spanish/5), Move Silently/2

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/2), Shields (Corporeal/2, Ethereal/1), Tongues (Ethereal/2)

Advantages: Symphonically Aware, Ethereal Connection

James Foster is the Chosen One of an unholy pantheon. His 'father' (a god that predated humanity) slaked its blasphemous lusts on a bound virgin sacrifice in order to spawn him; and one day, when the time is right, James will

be its conduit by which it will impose its inhuman will upon a helpless world. Until that day, he holds sway over a fanatical cult of fanatics, all dedicated to his every whim. Their worship is all that keeps his dark urges in check. But soon, he will abandon his husk of humanity and embrace the awful, sanity-destroying truth; very, very soon.

Or... not.

Yeah, there's so much wrong with the above paragraph that it's hard to know where to start. To begin with, this god that predated humanity? If only. We're talking strictly a low-level spirit with the Deception affinity, and a taste for both horror fiction and human women. As for 'virgin', ah, well, let us not speak too harshly of the habits of Mr. Foster's mother. Suffice it to say that those bonds were strictly for show. No complaints by either side, in other words.

As for the cult... well, there was and is one, yes. It's one that was primarily composed of two groups: people who thought that folks like H.P. Lovecraft were telling **some** sort of truth, and people who were willing (nay, eager) to manipulate the gullible. Group 2 also had a working knowledge of the War, a bit of Sorcery, and a relic containing the Ethereal Song of Fruition. The plan was supposed to go something like this. 'Summon' down a Great Ancient God; use it to impregnate a cultist via the

aforementioned relic; then wait for a Gorgon to be born and use it as a living prop for yet more pathetic, yet lucrative, cult activities.

This plan had several flaws. The first was that the leaders of the cult, being Sorcerers and thus not really all that clued in, were unaware that not every human/ethereal crossbreeding automatically results in a Gorgon. James isn't one, for example. A larger problem was that even if James **had** been a Gorgon, the cult leaders didn't have any real way to break him to their Will. And then there was the largest problem of all, which was that five years after James' birth a squad of angels hot on the trail of a missing fruition-Relic crashed through the walls and Smote every single member of Group 2.

Leadership of the cult thus devolved on James' mother, seeing as she was the Bride of the Unpronounceable Named One and everything; she and her followers decamped to California, because, really, when you're in this sort of situation that's what you do. Interestingly enough, this seems to have ended up being a positive step in everyone's personal development. The California mystical scene tends to take hard edges off, and the cult was *all* hard edges. They mellowed out real quick. Probably best, because mellowing out and not performing sorcerous rituals turned out to be good protection against discovery by the Host.

As for James, he grew up pretty much aware that he was somehow special -- but all attempts to convince him of his eldritch, horrible destiny failed from the get-go. The boy mastered smiling and nodding before he could read, and he would be more than happy to be a complete and total materialist in response to the increasingly soft-edged esoterica that his mother's acolytes keep spouting at him. Except that he *can't*. He's aware that he's some sort of psychic (a real one, which is why he doesn't bring it up at *all*), and that there are things out there that look human, but aren't. Some of them are good, some of them are bad, and most of them are strange and dangerous.

So, James has spent the last few years trying to piece together what the heck's *really* going on out there. He's talked to every esoteric hermit, freak, outcast, renegade, mercenary, visionary and gypsy who showed a hint of real understanding. He's met some who have. A shivering violinist with the voice of an angel and the thirst of a damned soul -- with eyes to match both -- showed him how to close wounds and cure diseases with his mind; a pop-eyed woman with the faintest of green tint to her slightly slick skin traded him the ability to call up a protective whirlwind in exchange for seven nights of vaguely batrachian passion (let us not speak too harshly of Mr. Foster's habits, either. It's not so much lechery as a surprisingly wide range of tolerance towards the outré).

Lastly, his dreams are full of all sorts of information and knowledge, some of which is even relevant to the waking world.

Still, the lad is young and impatient (those are his only real character flaws) and hidden lore seems to be revealed so slowly. It's annoying, and it should be noted that James is just the tiniest bit worried that his lack of squamous-ness might not be as permanent as it seems. James enjoys being both human and attractive, and isn't too keen on the idea of just letting either be stripped away because of some sort of tainted blood. It will no doubt be a great mental and psychic relief to him, should he ever find out what's *really* going on with the universe.

Ironic, that.

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