

# Meleagris

## Ofanite Friend of Beasts

### Angel of Turkeys

Corporeal Forces: 4    Strength: 10    Agility: 6  
Ethereal Forces: 4    Intelligence: 6    Precision: 10  
Celestial Forces: 5    Will: 10    Perception: 10  
Suggested Word Forces: 6  
Vessel: female turkey/3, cooked turkey/4

Skills: Dodge/3, Fighting/4, Small Weapon/4 (Cleaver),  
Tactics/2

Songs: Beasts (All/3), Darkness (All/3), Entropy  
(Ethereal/3, Celestial/3), Light (Celestial/6), Might  
(Corporeal/3), Motion (Celestial/3), Shields (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: Ofanite of Animals, Call of the Wild, Friend  
of Beasts, Angel of Turkeys

*Angel of Turkeys:* Meleagris can spend Essence without immediately causing disturbance, provided that she is in turkey form. The disturbance will build up until she takes celestial form, at which point it all goes off at once.

Special Rite: Set a doomed turkey free from captivity.

Word-bound of Animals aren't bothered when their charges are consumed: it's all part of the biosphere. They *do* get incensed when humans don't properly appreciate what they're consuming. This makes the American holiday of Thanksgiving very odd for Meleagris: turkeys are eaten, in remarkable amounts, but they aren't really wasted. Even the leftovers are eventually consumed. Of course, the conditions in which the birds are raised are often horrifying, but the Angel of Turkeys has the entire **year** to work on correcting that problem.

So on Thanksgiving Meleagris instead reserves the date for doing fun things. You see, even Hellsworn have mothers. Mothers that expect them at the table at 2 PM sharp, hands clean and ready to carve the bird.

Unfortunately, sometimes the bird doesn't want to be carved.

American Soldiers of Hell **never** get to eat big Thanksgiving dinners anymore (this has actually led to more than one renouncing a life of Evil). There's just been too many cases where the turkey has suddenly come to 'life', grabbed a carving knife, and started to reap a bloody

harvest. Meleagris hasn't minded too much, though: there's always one or two Hellsworn out there convinced that she won't notice just one little helping of turkey, just one nibble of pie, just one, single, solitary slice of cranberry sauce. Truthfully, she doesn't... but she limits herself to one exhibition per year. Noticing one idiot is all she needs to do.

It's even better if the idiot is eating with his or her equally nasty family (dysfunctional or sadomasochistic family structures are a distressingly common condition among Hellsworn). That's when Meleagris gets to play. With the right application of the Songs of Entropy and Darkness, she can produce a tableau that will turn the unwilling participants off Thanksgiving forever. Meleagris is very careful to only do this to those who actually deserve to be scared half to death (if she's feeling merciful) by nightmare visions of a headless entrée shooting off laser beams from its neck. Otherwise, she feels no need to restrain herself in dealing with these petty, unappreciative, virulently evil gluttons.

There **are** people starving in Africa, after all.

- Moe Lane

- <http://www.moelane.com>

*The material presented here is my original creation, intended for use with the In Nomine and GURPS systems from Steve Jackson Games. This material is not official and is not endorsed by Steve Jackson Games.*

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