

# Eggur

## Outcast Grigori of War

Corporeal Forces: 3    Strength: 7    Agility: 8  
Ethereal Forces: 3    Intelligence: 6    Precision: 9  
Celestial Forces: 4    Will: 9    Perception: 10  
Vessel: slight human male/4

Note that Eggur has boosted his Attributes to the maximum possible without taking an extra Force.

Skills: Dodge/3, Enchantment/3, Fast-Talk/6, Fighting/3, Knowledge (History/6, History of the War/6, War's Rejects/6\*), Lying/6, Move Silently/3, Ranged Weapon/3 (pistol), Running/3, Savoir-Faire/3, Small Weapon/1, Tactics/3. Eggur also has learned and forgotten more languages than he likes to contemplate.

\*"The War's Rejects" is Eggur's term for Outcasts, Renegades, Remnants and any other type of Celestial discarded by either side. He knows about a lot of them, as well as how to find them if he needs to. He rarely does: trusting another celestial (except for Grigori, and oddly, Tsayadim) isn't something this angel does on a whim.

Songs: Artifacts (All/1), Concealment (Celestial/3), Form (Celestial/1), Healing (Corporeal/1), Light (Celestial/4), Shields (All/2), Silence (Celestial/6), Thunder/2

Role: "Edward Iannis" (shopkeeper/6, Status 1)

Discord: Vulnerable (dissonance)/2

Attunements: Grigori of War, Proficiency (Fighting). Note that, as an Outcast, Eggur cannot use Michael's Rites, ascend to Heaven, or summon his Superior. He wasn't about to do the last two, anyway.

Relics: A few reliquary/1s and /2s, and a pistol/3 corporeal artifact.

Depending on how you look at it, Eggur is either the luckiest or the unluckiest Outcast in Creation.

He remembers the days when he was a Servitor of Michael quite well. Unfortunately, he wasn't very good at it. In fact, he was a very bad Servitor of Michael, to the point where the Archangel of War was forced to Outcast him for a while. Eggur is absolutely sure that it was supposed to be only temporary: they were a lot looser about that sort of thing in the old days. However, Eggur was so inept that he

found himself visiting Limbo fairly often. The third time it happened, he gritted his teeth and stuck it out until he had a worthwhile vessel.

This took some time.

If celestials could have heart attacks, Eggur would have gotten one when he emerged from Limbo to discover that the rest of his Choir -- *the entire rest of his Choir* -- had gotten themselves tossed out of Heaven while he was incommunicado. It was bloody insane. Yes, the rest of them had a problem or two with fraternization with mortals, but at least it was better than routinely slaughtering them, right?

Actually, once Eggur started to calm down, it all made a certain amount of sense. The Malakim had never approved of the Grigori in the first place! After all, they had rightfully seen the creation of the Watchers as a subtle rebuke. David's wholesale assault on the Grigori's descendants was typical of the breed: when in a political grudge match, go for your enemy's family, and claim that it's God's will. That entire Choir had something seriously, fundamentally wrong with them.

Of course, none of this was as immediately important as the fact that Eggur was in serious trouble now. As a doubled and redoubled Outcast, he couldn't hope to get even marginal support from the Host, no matter that **he** had had no problems with keeping it in his tunic. Trying to find his Choir-mates was soon revealed as an exercise in futility, for they had gone to ground too quickly and too well. And, of course, Hell had made Grigori-hunting their favorite sport: clever of the God-damned blackwings to eliminate their helpless political opponents without ever getting their own hands any bloodier. Limbo looked good right about now.

Screw *that*. He may not have been the best Servitor of War in Creation, but Eggur wasn't about to run away from this fight.

It would seem that Michael succeeded after all. Eggur has spent the last thirteen thousand years grimly becoming a proper Servitor of War (helped by the fact, of course, that acting contrary to his *Word hurts* in his particular case). He's ended up in Limbo more times than he can count, has dragged himself off a thousand battlefields, and constantly fought to retain a sense of himself and his mission. In the process, he's picked up the odd ability or two, honing himself to be a weapon for a Heaven that's

rejected him. He's also gotten past most of his initial bitterness, although he occasionally relapses (usually when it involves Malakim).

Eggur has had to become as subtle as a viper in dealing with disturbance. The first lesson he had to learn was how to get humans to investigate demonic interference without being noticed. He's pretty good at that, not that he has a choice. The second lesson he had to learn was how to attack evil directly (again, without getting noticed). He's also pretty good at that. His resonance helps in both cases: he's grimly sure that more than one Grigori has gotten killed from not being able to tell an angelic disturbance from a demonic one. Not that those arrogant 'Virtues' could care less (Eggur laughed for three weeks when he finally heard that Uriel got booted Upstairs for incompetence). His current Role as a struggling storekeeper is typical of his long-range concealment strategy. After all, nobody looks for a Grigori without family ties, and he can often quietly alert local law enforcement when he detects a problem.

One last note: Eggur has always made it a point to know about everybody else broken by the War, on both sides. For the most part, he doesn't interact much with them, even the Grigori: most of those that do know about him

(there aren't many) have no idea that he's anything else but an 'ordinary' Outcast Watcher. He makes it a point to not show off his extra abilities without a very good reason. Oddly and highly ironically, the ones he has the most contact with are Uriel's old Servitors: they may not be the easiest people to deal with, but even a lunatic blackwing Tsayadim has to respect somebody who's spent thirteen thousand years staying true to his ideals.

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