

Flying Albino Flaming Bouncing Cyborg Subterranean Cave Monkeys... OF DOOM!!!!

(The You Have Got to Be Kidding Mes)

GM: So, you're going to call in that favor from Lightning?

Player 1: Yup.

GM: OK, you make contact with Revelations and Design. They're acknowledging the favor: what were you going to ask for?

Player 1: Good question. Umm... we needed some tech-types who were able to hold their own in a fight; right, guys?

Other Players: (various statements indicating agreement)

Player 1: OK, I tell R&D that we need that, that we could use the help pretty quickly and whomever they can spare would be great.

GM: Gotcha. Make me a reaction roll.

(clatter clatter clatter)

Player 1: Crap.

GM: You failed?

Player 1: Not exactly.

GM (hopefully): Infernal Intervention?

Player 1: Worse. Triple 3s.

*GM: **Whimsical** Intervention?*

Player 1: Yeah.

*GM: Oh, my. Wait a second... yeah. R&D knows **just** who to send. In fact, they're coming down right now. The air shimmers in a cool transporter-like effect...*

Player 1: How many?

GM: It looks like six or so... yup, six. There are definitely six of them. One of them comes up to your party, more or less, and salutes with both his left arm and a tail. You barely dodge the latter, by the way. The other five have already moved in all directions, screeching as they go...

Player 1: Oh, no.

*GM: Oh, yes. R&D has sent down a squad of Flying Albino Flaming Bouncing Cyborg Subterranean Cave Monkeys... **OF DOOM!!!!***

(pause)

Player 2: I roll to disbelieve.

GM: Wrong game.

Party: Crap.

Try to think of this Choir as a sentient expression of Newton's Third Law -- no, that isn't quite right. Consider them a reflection of Jean, Archangel of Lightning's primal drives and outlook -- eh, that just sounds inane. Reflect on them as an example of the cosmic metaphorical paradoxes that exist within Lightning and Heaven -- no, I have no idea what that means, either.

Look, they exist, Jean apparently finds them useful and nobody pushes the issue. Can you deal with that?

Well, all right then: let's just move on, God help us all.

Resonance

The resonance for a FAFBCSCMoD!!!! is for -- OK, you got me there. Nobody's actually completely sure: not even the Seraphim can get to the bottom of this one. It would

appear that this Choir works on a completely different level of reality than just about everybody else. Whether this is a higher or a lower plane is subject to some bemused debate, but it's clearly *different*. What they do presumably makes sense to themselves, Jean and (one would hope) the other Archangels. Everybody else just smiles faintly and hopes that the FAFBCSCMoD!!!! know what they're doing.

As a practical matter, however, they seem to be quite good at settling down disturbance: a successful resonance roll will cut all current disturbance in half, and accelerate the rate by which echoes fade (divide the amount of disturbance by the check digit of a successful resonance roll to determine duration). No one is quite sure whether this is deliberate, accidental, or even *noticed* by the FAFBCSCMoD!!!!.

Dissonance

Again, nobody's sure. There have been documented cases where a FAFBCSCMoD!!!! has certainly **acted**, more or less, as if it had suffered dissonance -- but there is currently no consensus on what sparked the condition. As a general rule of thumb, angels attempt to avoid putting a

FAFBCSCMo**D**!!!! in a situation where it has to deal with more than 300 points of disturbance going off at once: there's a slight (very slight) indication that this might be a trigger. Besides, avoiding that much disturbance is a good thing to do under general principles.

Manner and Appearance

FAFBCSCMo**D**!!!! look like exactly that: flying, albino, flaming, bouncing, cyborged, subterranean cave monkeys (the 'of **DOOM**!!!!' part is assumed). They take this appearance on all three planes. and nobody's ever reported them taking a human vessel, or looking like anything else. It's widely accepted that this is not their 'true' form, but merely a convenient icon for the benefit of those with limited sensory apparatuses. Considering that even angels are subject to this, and celestials are capable of seeing dimensions that humans can only perceive with the aid of powerful hallucinogens, the Choir's true form must be unique indeed. All FAFBCSCMo**D**!!!! wear sleeveless vests with pockets stuffed full of the oddest equipment.

Generally, FAFBCSCMoD!!!! get along well enough with the rest of the Host, if only by default. Then again, if they dislike any particular Choir, well: how would you know? Still, FAFBCSCMoD!!!! act generally like angels, and do selfless, angelic things like rescue people, protect the innocent and Smite the wicked. For their part, the Host tries to ignore them whenever possible and smile a lot when they do show up. Communication is not, strictly speaking, *impossible*, but it's hard to make friends with someone when you're not even sure if you're ever dealing with the same entity twice. Does this uniquely isolated state bother the FAFBCSCMoD!!!!?

Ehh, you'll probably never know, anyway.

No one ever brings up the subject of whether FAFBCSCMoD!!!! Fall, or what they Fall into. Ever. Jean doesn't answer those questions and nobody wants to think about the Infernal version. They especially don't want to imagine what Vapula, Prince of Technology might be able to do with the equivalent Band.

Game Mechanics

Whatever the GM feels like: this is a strictly-NPC race designed to plug gaping plot holes, flaws in narrative

causality and generally befuddle PCs. Roll some dice and go from there.

More Sophisticated Uses of Resonance

See above.

Flying Albino Flaming Bouncing Cyborg Subterranean Cave Monkeys... OF DOOM!!!!!! in the Host

Jean has just begun to create this Choir. Actually, that's not been conclusively established: it could be that he's just begun to let the knowledge of their existence to be spread throughout the Host. Presuming, of course, that he even creates the FAFBCSCMoD!!!!!! in the first place: it's been seriously suggested that the 'angels' of this 'Choir' are actually refugees, contract workers, mercenaries, and/or tourists from a particularly odd alternate dimension. Whatever they are, Jean has been using them in slightly increasing numbers since the first time they showed up.

When they *do* show up, it's usually to: frantically work on bizarre tasks that seem to have nothing to do with the actual situation at hand; messily eviscerate Servitors of Technology and other demons that attempt to play with the

pretty, pretty laws of physics; or engage in choral singing. No, they really do that: Jean *does* answer that question of why. Apparently, it is a net gain for the universe if there was more choral singing going on, so Jean has instructed the FAFBCSCMoD!!!! to engage in it whenever possible. Alas, the mathematical calculations necessary to support this assertion of Jean's are so complex that they cause headaches at 20 feet and unconsciousness at 5, so you'll have to take the Archangel of Lightning's word for it.

Flying Albino Flaming Bouncing Cyborg Subterranean Cave Monkeys... OF DOOM!!!! of Lightning

Most entities are guessing perfect pitch... which apparently *also* gives a +1 to the CD of a successful Song roll, so many, many angels want access to this Attunement. They are unlikely to get it any time soon.

This material is not official and is not endorsed by Steve Jackson Games. [In Nomine](#) is a registered trademark of Steve Jackson Games. All rights are reserved by SJ Games. This material is used here in accordance with the SJ Games [online policy](#).

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