

Liam

Saint of Divine Fire

Corporeal Forces: 3	Strength: 6	Agility: 6
Ethereal Forces: 2	Intelligence: 4	Precision: 4
Celestial Forces: 3	Will: 6	Perception: 6
+2 Charisma		

Advantages: Blessed

Skills: Artistry/3 (Poetry), Dodge/3, Emote/3, Fighting/5, Knowledge (Streetwise/4, Catholic Theology/2), Languages (Irish Gaelic/3, English/3), Lying/4, Move Silently/6, Savoir-Faire/1, Small Weapon/4 (knife), Singing/4

Songs: Healing (Corporeal/3), Might (Corporeal/6), Shields (Corporeal/3)

Attunements: Whispers of Inspiration

Disadvantages: Contrary to popular belief, Liam does not have any level of the Angry, Addiction: Tobacco, or Addiction: Alcohol Disadvantages. His indulgence in all three is strictly voluntary.

Oh, sit the fook *down*, angel. I'll not be straining my neck from the looking up at you.

And you'll be pondering how I spotted you right away, I'll wager. It's not what you'd call hard; take a look around, if you would. This is what we human beings call a 'bar' -- I would be purely ashamed to call it a 'pub', of course -- and you are as out of place in it as a whore would be in... give me a second to think of a good one. No, you can't throw a rock in a tea house without crippling one, some of the nicest whores I ever met were the ones who went to church every week -- and why should they not? Who here on this planet *isn't* a black-hearted sinner? -- and while they may not enter libraries regularly; well, I don't know that they don't. The shame of it, that such an important thing to know is blank to me...

What? Look, you stand out like something that stands out. Will that do? Now sit.

Thank you. We'll not start on getting you outside of a drink just yet, though your eyes do look a little wild. First time you're down here on Earth, I'm thinking? Well, it's not as bad as they say. The demons don't lurk behind every rock, just waiting to snap up angelic morsels like yourself. You do want to be careful, but don't go and be a craven about

it. Somewhere out there is a new-minted demon wearing the twin to your boots, and what do you know? He's quaking in them over the thought of meeting **you**. You'd best keep that in mind.

On the other hand, the music is currently shite and the local beer is what shite turns its nose up at. They didn't lie about **that**, more's the pity.

So. I'm sure that they told you what I'm supposed to do for you: tell you the rules, show you the sights, set you up proper, all of that so and forth. Well, it's all dead easy. The rules are: don't ever fook demons; humans (except when you should); and up, without a good reason. Everything else is commentary, as the rabbis say.

The sights? Look around, angel; sit here long enough and the best and worst of humanity will walk on by your table. You just have to learn how to see.

And for setting you up proper? Well, let me get the barmaid for that. Excuse me, the bloody waitstaff. I know that it's only fooking English, but what in Hell these Americans have against it to torment it so!

Oh excuse **me**, your Featheriness: am I going to quick to suit? Angel, count your blessings. When I was alive and just another utter bastard from a proud line of utter bastards I would have head-butted you for looking at me funny. After I reformed, it'd have been out with the fooking sermons at the drop of a hat, *then* the head-butting.

And after I died, went up, and convinced Herself to let me come back down? No head-butting, no sermons, but I used to spend hours driving my *listeners* to drink from the sheer windiness of it all, meaning no disrespect for Janus. We're saving time this way, so drink the damn drink. Best you start now, because while Earth duty is a glorious thing, it's also a dirty bastard of a life. Besides, it'll help cushion the pain when we start mixing it up with the other drinkers in here.

Yes, there'll be a bar fight soon. They sent you to me, angel. That means that somebody over you decided that you needed to get drunk, punched, and possibly fooked. You'll understand that you're not my type for the last of that, no offense, and I've got no reason to take care of the second personally, but all of these things just seem to happen naturally around me. It's my Destiny, I'm telling you: if it weren't for Herself, I'd be thinking my talents were wasted.

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