

Robigus

Roman Ethereal God of Mildew (and Mosaicist for the Court of Death)

Corporeal Forces: 2

Strength: 1

Agility: 3

Ethereal Forces: 2

Intelligence: 4

Precision: 4

Ethereal Forces: 3

Will: 8

Perception: 4

Skills: Artistry/6 (mildew stains), Dodge/3, Fighting/3, Knowledge/6 (Mildew), Languages (Latin/3 (native), English/3), Move Silently/1

Songs: Dreams (Ethereal/1), Entropy (Corporeal/3, Ethereal/3), Motion (Celestial/3), Shields (Corporeal/1, Ethereal/3, Celestial/2)

Robigus remembers the tragedy of the Purity Crusade quite well. He remembers the destruction of his Tethers. He remembers the slaughtering of his dream-shades. He remembers the burning of his corporeal temples. He especially remembers the pain from the loss of his worshippers...

No, wait: sorry. Now that Robigus thinks of it, he didn't actually *have* any of the above stuff. That was reserved for the big gods. Little gods like Robigus had to be content with a ritual or two and the privilege of not getting casually kicked around by their betters more than once or twice a week (unless, of course, the more potent Roman ethereal gods were having an especially bad week).

Robigus *loved* the Purity Crusade: it did things to the Olympians that Robigus hadn't even dared *dream* about. Better and better, the Crusade didn't kill off *all* of the Greco-Roman gods. It merely left them shattered and dazedly wondering how things could have gone so badly, so fast, which was much, much better. If Robigus' own power suffered from the genocide, he couldn't tell. True, he still didn't have any power, but now neither did anybody else. The ethereal sheds no tears about that: by all accounts, that bastard Apollo has been weeping and wailing enough for the entire pantheon.

Good. Guess that means that he won't be idly dragooning harmless ethereals as mobile archery targets anymore.

Robigus is one of the ethereals who have openly allied with Hell. Specifically, he's a minor figure in Saminga's court, and that suits him fine. The Prince of Death is pleased to have an actual Roman god in his entourage

who's telling him how he's *much* more effective than Pluto or Anubis ever could hope to be. Hell, it's even true.

The fact that Robigus is the God of Mildew is an added bonus, in Saminga's eyes: it's a good Word, only a demon of Death can't actually hold it (the stuff *is* more or less alive, after all). The ethereal is smart enough to avoid being grabby, and to do his bit to ensure that Saminga's Tethers have the appropriate atmosphere (and smell), so he's even on reasonably good terms with the rest of Death's organization. You aren't **really** a mover and shaker in Saminga's power structure until you've got one of Robigus' mildew mosaics.

As one might gather, Robigus isn't very nice. Several hundred years of casual abuse by more powerful ethereals emotionally scarred him, to the point where Saminga's court seems a haven (most demons of Death **like** mildew) -- and if that isn't a subtly frightening thing to contemplate, then one isn't trying very hard. Robigus is happy to encourage Saminga to do nasty things to those Olympians still around; he *particularly* enjoys being the Prince of Death's emissary to them. Watching Athena swallow her bile as Robigus leers at her is one of the ethereal's favorite things in life...

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