

# ***THEM!***

*Ethereal, Surprisingly not that Giant, Ants*

Corporeal Forces: 4    Strength: 10    Agility: 6  
Ethereal Forces: 1    Intelligence: 3    Precision: 1  
Celestial Forces: 2    Will: 5    Perception: 3'  
Elements: Society: the Pack; Structures: the Nest  
Affinities: Artifice (minor), Obscurement (minor)  
Vessel: giant ant/3

Skills: Area Knowledge/3 (NYC underground), Fighting/2, Large Weapon/2 (bat), Move Silently/2, Ranged Weapon/2 (rifle), Survival/1 (urban), Tactics/1

Songs: Healing/1 (Corporeal), Numinous Corpus/2 (ant-man), Shadows/3 (Corporeal), Shields/1 (Corporeal), Succor/1 (Corporeal), Tongues/1 (Ethereal)

The Ant-Man form has 3 Corporeal Forces (Strength 6, Agility 6), 2 Ethereal Forces (Intelligence 3, Precision 5), and 2 Celestial Forces (Will 5, Perception 3).

You think that *you* have problems? Hah!

***THEM!*** would all gladly change places with you in a New York minute (and, thanks to recent events, they've got lots

and lots of New York minutes to spare). It's not like any of ***THEM!*** asked to be sucked out of their maybe precarious, but fairly isolated niche in the Far Marches for some idiotic War between a bunch of trigger happy, jumped up godlets, right?

No, but when a big ravenous anteater from some long-dead pantheon stops by to tell ***THEM!*** they had to serve one of these godlets called Nybbas, ***THEM!*** had no real choice. Some of ***THEM!*** *thought* they did, but the sight of several ***THEM!*** disappearing down the gullet of said stoolie anteater persuaded ***THEM!*** otherwise.

It got worse from there.

Luckily, those guys from Hell thought that all of ***THEM!*** were dumb. True, the average ***THEM!*** may not be the brightest bulb in the package, but they're smart enough to listen to ***Him***. ***Him*** is really bright. ***Him*** is so bright that he doesn't let anyone else know how bright he is. Well, except for the other ***THEM!***, of course: ***Him*** has to trust somebody. Anyway, when it came time for ***THEM!*** to go attack somebody named Blandine, ***Him*** made sure that he and ***THEM!*** were in a good position to run away instead.

Said good position involved running over that bastard anteater, but that was just a bonus.

So, ***THEM!*** were running through this Vale, and ***Him*** spotted something called a Tether. He told ***THEM!*** to go through it, all of ***THEM!*** did, and the next thing they knew, they were underground in some kind of weird set of tunnels and abandoned caves, or something. Actually not too bad a deal, except that all of ***THEM!*** kept getting chased by these scummy demons. It took forever to get away, and some of ***THEM!*** didn't. Now ***THEM!*** (still led by ***Him***) are stuck hiding out, deep underground, trying to figure out how to get *off* this miserable plane of existence and go back to somewhere quiet.

***Him*** has a plan or two about that, actually. Being the bright one, he always had an idea about how ***THEM!*** got formed in the first place, and he noticed that there were some of these humans wandering around in the levels above. He sent some ***THEM!*** to go grab a couple, and explained the score. These humans were about as bright as ***THEM!***, so explaining that ***Him*** and his buddies were actually gods (hey, just because those angels and demons don't want to admit it...) wasn't too hard.

***Him*** went on to explain (he's really good at this sort of thing) that they were *good* gods, gods who cared, gods who weren't big on Smiting or anything. All they wanted was worship: and in exchange, their followers would get some decent food and medical treatment. Good thing ***Him*** had learned all those Songs, a while back: teaching

***THEM!*** wasn't too hard, either (he only had to do it once, for some reason).

The humans were skeptical ... until they got some of the food. Then it was "O great ***THEM!***, without whom we are as naught." They brought their buddies, too. Pretty soon, all of ***THEM!*** were raking in the Essence. Actually, the humans turned out to be pretty OK, too, once they were getting regular meals and all. Having hands all the time can be useful, and they seemed really happy that *somebody* actually cared. Him has even managed to teach a special human or two some Songs that they'll need, once their gods go bye-bye.

You see, all of ***THEM!*** still want out. By now, scouting has determined where the Tether they came through is, and ***Him*** is pretty sure that, with enough Essence, he and Them can bust through and make it to the Marches again. Unfortunately, that's just the first step, and it's a big one, so ***Him*** is always willing to entertain another option. Something has to be done, soon. It's not just the fact that these demon buggers are still sort of looking for ***Them***. That's not the worst problem.

No, the worst problem is the alligators: the goddamned albino sewer alligators.

They're up to their mandibles in the critters.

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