

## Nace Bishop – bio and character outline

Ignatius Bishop was born in 1994 to Michael and Maggie Bishop. The youngest of three children, he was an unexpected pregnancy at a time of great stress in his parents' life. His father, Michael Bishop, had little success in his work as a pharmacist, and had a drinking problem that got increasingly severe as the years passed. His mother Maggie, a nurse and devout Catholic, suffered from depression and struggled with her husband's violent temper. Their older children, Elizabeth and Damien, grew to resent their parents, even until the death of Michael Bishop to pancreatic cancer in 1999. By this point, Elizabeth had already gone off to college, far from her hometown. Maggie was left to raise her sons - teenage Damien, and 5-year-old Nace - with the aid of her parents. Nace's paternal grandfather, Luther Bishop, took increasing interest in his grandsons after the death of his son – with whom he had always had a strained relationship. Luther provided college funding for his grandchildren, which was no small expense – especially for Elizabeth who was attending a private university out of state.

Nace was a sensitive child, prone to sullen moods and occasional flights of fancy. Deeply curious, he enjoyed reading and eagerly listened to the stories told by his grandfather. He was also athletic, but seemed to lack the patience for team sports – by high school he was focusing his energies on track and field, although he participated briefly in the wrestling team.

Nace's mother tried to encourage him to be himself, and to make connections with like-minded people. After the death of his maternal grandfather, Wallace Holliday, in 2005, she gave him his great-grandfather William Kent Holliday's cavalry sword. Nace treasured this possession more than any other. He gave it a place of honor on his bedroom wall, and for a time avidly studied sword-fighting and fencing techniques.

Nace excelled at school when he was young, but by his teenage years he had difficulty fitting in and struggled to apply himself. His grades slipped and he became increasingly detached from school life. While Nace had an interest in chemistry, and was encouraged in this by his grandfather Luther Bishop, his grades did not support going on to an elite college. He attended community college where he majored in forensic science and criminal justice. He found the community college format more to his liking – he could go there to learn and be free of the petty social hierarchies that plagued him in high school – and earned high marks throughout his studies there.

It was during this time in college that Nace's grandfather Luther finally died at the age of 102. Luther had stayed sharp and vital until the very end, despite a lifetime as a heavy smoker. The death of his grandfather hit Nace rather hard. With no other kin living locally, and his brother Damien now residing in Boston, it fell to Nace (with some help from his mother) to go through Luther's belongings.

What Nace found among Luther's effects shook the very core of his understanding of the world. Among Luther's letters were documents and correspondence dating back to World War 2.

Photos of Luther in Nazi uniform – with a wife and two children whom Nace did not recognize – were unmistakable. Nace learned of his grandfather's history of war crimes, hidden over the decades. Why Luther had held onto so much evidence of his past, Nace did not know.

In many ways, Luther's Nazi past was the lesser of the revelations Nace uncovered. He also learned that Luther had partaken in occult rituals, and was part of an ancient bloodline of people carrying the blood of goetic spirits – demons. In reading Luther's journals and descriptions of the bloodline, Nace saw much of himself described there – the sullen temperament, occasional hot temper, even the eye color heterochromia – and came to understand the root of the odd sensations and sensitivities awakening within him. Also included within Luther's effects was an old dusty tome of occult secrets. The book contained a trove of alchemical formulae that would become Nace's near-obsessive preoccupation.

Nace struggled with the powers opening up within him and hid them from everyone in his life. The vileness of that bloodline, laid bare by his ancestors' fervent embrace of fascism, appalled him. He kept William Kent Holliday's sword on his wall as a reminder that his paternal legacy does not define him – that he can live up to the heroic ideals of his mother's father and grandfather. He was resolved to stand on the side of justice, and pursued his career in law enforcement with a sense of righteousness and idealism.

After finishing his associates' degree, he took a job as a technician in the crime lab in Bridgeport, assisting in evidence collection and analysis. While he possessed a sharp mind for this type of work, he yearned to be on the front lines of crime investigation. In 2017 he successfully applied to become a police officer in the Bridgeport Police Department. While he joined with the clear goal of becoming a detective, he has had to do his time as a uniformed officer. His experience pursuing junkies, drug pushers, and domestic abusers has dampened his beliefs in what law enforcement can actually accomplish in the face of evil – every drug dealer arrested is replaced by another, and every time he arrests an abuser he seems to get two new domestic disturbance calls. On it goes without end.

Nace was a late bloomer romantically. It wasn't until his years as a lab technician that he first brought someone home to meet his mother – his boyfriend Kyle Spencer, an EMT and a veteran of the war in Afghanistan. Nace was inwardly truly happy, but his propensity for keeping secrets strained the relationship. He remained emotionally distant, and the relationship ended after less than a year. The two remain on friendly terms, but Nace struggles to interact with Kyle without feeling the sad awareness of a missed opportunity for real human connection.

Nace has his own apartment in a working class area of Bridgeport – a basement apartment under the home of an elderly man with poor hearing. This gives Nace coveted privacy as he delves into the secrets revealed to him in his grandfather's books. He makes a point to check on his mother regularly, and is glad to see her improving under the care of a doctor who is treating her depression. He does not socialize often, and spends most of his free time either at the gym or in the privacy of his makeshift laboratory.

It was in his first months as an officer that Nace first saw his new career collide with his secret past. He was summoned to a domestic disturbance call with another officer, and what he saw affirmed his belief that there are things in this world beyond what the mundane can see. A woman lie dead, and standing over her was not a jealous husband but a creature – a monster from another world that Nace could not name – and beyond that monster a door or window seemingly open into space or perhaps some other dimension. The monster looked at him – it seemed to recognize Nace's awareness of it's true form – and then disappeared through the portal, which vanished behind it. Nace expected some comprehension on the part of the other officer, but the officer just blinked stupidly and said, "I think he went out the back door," and ran in pursuit. Of course, no attacker was ever found, but Nace had learned that he can see things that others cannot. Where the other officer just saw a man who ran away, Nace saw... something else. Since then, he has understood that the other officers on the force will never understand the truths that he knows. His perception of this secret world is a burden that he must bear alone.

He cannot seem to help himself from wanting to learn more of the occult secrets that have been revealed to him. He both fears his bloodline and hungers to learn more about it. He seeks to close those doors that allow foul creatures to invade the mundane world but also harbors a deep curiosity about where they might lead. Every new secret he uncovers feeds an internal struggle between the dark heritage of his blood and his drive to be the heroic figure worthy of the sword he inherited.