

Thomas Baudrillard was the hungriest ghoul in Paris. His apostasy from the faith barred him from feeding with the others. Republic after so-called Republic, inquisitors hounded him with torches, swords and guns. Driven from the catacombs, he was reduced to feeding on leftovers in the sewers.

The day in June of 1940 that the smart uniformed SS man crawled into his tunnel was the happiest day of his eternal life.

The Nazis offered Thomas all he could eat, if he would tell them the secret of eternal life. He told them he didn't know the secret, but he knew who did. He led them to the hiding places of the Faithful, the ones who knew the songs and the spells and prayers that granted the gift of the grave. The Faithful fought savagely, fled deeper into the earth, or died in droves to protect the truth.

(Thomas inadvertently turned the Faithful against the Nazis. Over the next four years, resistance fighters fleeing milice assassins and gestapo torturers would miraculously escape through "new tunnels" that appeared in the catacombs, always closing before their pursuers could follow)

By 1944, it was clear that Thomas had chosen the wrong side. With his Nazi benefactors (and the stream of corpses they fed him) on the run, and the surviving Faithful ready to take revenge, he knew it was time to leave. He devoured a GI, shape shifted into him, and played dead. The overweight "corpse" was transported back to the United States.

In New York, the Fate sheltered him. They needed information from people, and it was easier to feed them to Thomas than persuade them to share. They protected him from the Faithful beneath the city, who recognized the stench of his heresy. They gave him gifts.

Then the Fate met the same fate as the Nazis, and he was *really* in trouble.

THOMAS THE FAT - Nazi Collaborator and Morbidly Obese Ghoul Crime Lord

STR 24, CON 48, DEX 4, INT 12, POW 13

HP 36, WP 13

ARMOR: See RESILIENT

SKILLS: Accounting 60%, Anthropology 70%, Computer Science 50%, Foreign Language (English 40%, German 50%, Hebrew 60%, Yiddish 60%), History 60%, SIGINT 50%, Track (by scent) 65%, Unnatural 20%.

ATTACKS: Bite 40%, damage 1D10+2 (see WORRY AND RIP).

CHARNEL VISAGE: Thomas can take the appearance of any human being he has eaten, speak in their voice, and recall their memories. He can't do anything about his weight, smell, or difficulty moving around.

GIFT OF THE GRAVE: Consuming human flesh restores 1D8 HP of Thomas' HP.

LIFE UNDERGROUND: Thomas can survive without air, see in absolute darkness, identify things by smell, and hear a human heartbeat at a distance of 15 meters.

RESILIENT: A successful Lethality roll does not destroy Thomas, but inflicts HP damage equal to the Lethality rating.

WORRY AND RIP: After succeeding with a bite attack, Thomas may inflict 1D6 damage on the same target each turn, without requiring an attack roll. If the bite attack pierced the victim's armor, this damage ignores armor. He can take other actions while holding and worrying a victim.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D8 to see Thomas without his disguise.

Thomas' true form looks more like a giant maggot than a ghoul. He's almost immobile, the only way he can eat anyone who isn't already dead is to disguise himself as a helpless human and hope they come within biting distance.

Thomas is a dedicated worshiper of Hitler, the man who fed him so well. But the corpses they fed him were Jews, who bubbled up from his belly into his brain. He's never opened Mein Kampf, but he can recite the entire Babylonian Talmud from memory. When he speaks in his own voice, his vocabulary is packed with Yiddishisms. He pours wine for Elijah on the Seder and dips corpses in honey on Rosh Hashanah, but still makes phone calls and uses the internet on Saturdays.

THE TOMB OF THOMAS THE FAT

Thomas the Fat lives in an old meat packing plant in Manhattan. The Fate acquired it after the bondage club on the upper floors (The *Neck Cracker*) was shuttered during the AIDS crisis of the 1980s. Officially the building is vacant retail space, the property management company waiting for commercial tenants who can afford the outrageous rent. Thomas secretly owns the whole thing.

Thomas had himself walled into one of the work areas, which his bulk now completely fills. The only access is through a trash chute from one of the upper floors. He keeps a table of computers and phones within reach of his stubby, vestigial arms. The internet and phone hookups are still live. The interior is filled with charms and wards, which prevent the ghouls of New York from detecting Thomas. If the wards were effaced, they'd burrow through the walls and tear him to shreds.

MODUS OPERANDI

Thomas runs a criminal empire by impersonating people he's eaten. He talks on the phone in their voices and uses their passwords online. He convinces other people to do his bidding with threats and bribes. His goal is to stay alive and keep eating corpses. He believes that when he eats enough, gets fat enough, he will undergo a metamorphosis. Vomit bile all over himself, that hardens into a cocoon. Emerge as a Corpse God.

Thomas knows Delta Green exists. The agent he ate thought it was an illegal conspiracy, and as far as he knows, it still is. He watches what he says on the phone, and does online, but he doesn't know they have the full power of the NSA panopticon at their command.

PAWNS

Thomas' web of clueless underlings spans both the criminal underground and the corrupt side of New York's public servants. The most notable among them:

Lonnie Gambino is a button man with the almost defunct Ambrosio crime family. He bumps people off as a favor to Bertoli Foliol, a friend in the Network who contacts him by phone, and wires him the money once the bodies are deposited in the trash chute of the packing plant.

Sgt Gary Olenshaw is a bent cop who used to work with the Fate. He's addicted to the Burden of Blood ritual they taught him, which lets him steal POW by ritually murdering people. The friendly voice of his old Fate contact on the phone offered the packing plant as a safe place to dump the remains.

Kersten Wine is a Department of Corrections manager, in charge of the convict laborers who ship unwanted and unclaimed corpses to the potter's field on Hart Island. Thomas pays her to chuck them down the trash chute at the packing plant instead. It's cheaper, and she gets a handsome payoff.

USING THOMAS THE FAT

Thomas can be used in a World War 2 game about French ghouls in occupied Paris. The Faithful of the Catacombs offer Delta Green an irresistible prize if they hunt down and kill the turncoat.

Thomas can be used in a classic era Delta Green game set in 90s New York, as a strand in the Fate's web of occult crime.

Thomas can be placed in a present-day campaign as a threat in his own right. The simplest hooks leading to him are his pawns, who all do creepy occult things with corpses that Delta Green would notice. The two big clues are the way they get their orders from dead people nobody's seen for years, and how they all dump their kills at the same address.

The Keepers of the Faith in present day New York know Thomas exists. The Fate sheltered him, but now the Fate are gone. The orthodox ghouls of the underworld are hunting him. Fearing for his life, he takes on the voice of Delta Green agent MONTRESOR and dials the number he absorbed from his memory. He tells the answering machine the story of a monstrous cannibal conspiracy still active beneath the city, in hopes that one of his enemies will dispose of the other.

Thomas can easily be shorn of his Fate related backstory and transplanted to another city, wherever your campaign is set. If you need an excuse for how he got there, they stuffed him into the back of a semi truck.

Thomas started as a Rice Nazi, who served the regime because the regime fed him. Now, he thanks the fuhrer before every meal. If your game includes a resurrected Karotechia, Thomas would gladly use his gifts in their service, in exchange for a regular food supply.