

Administrative Assistant

SURVIVOR

Personality

STR 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 4 **Per** 3 **Wil** 5
LPS 36
EPS 35
Spd 12
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

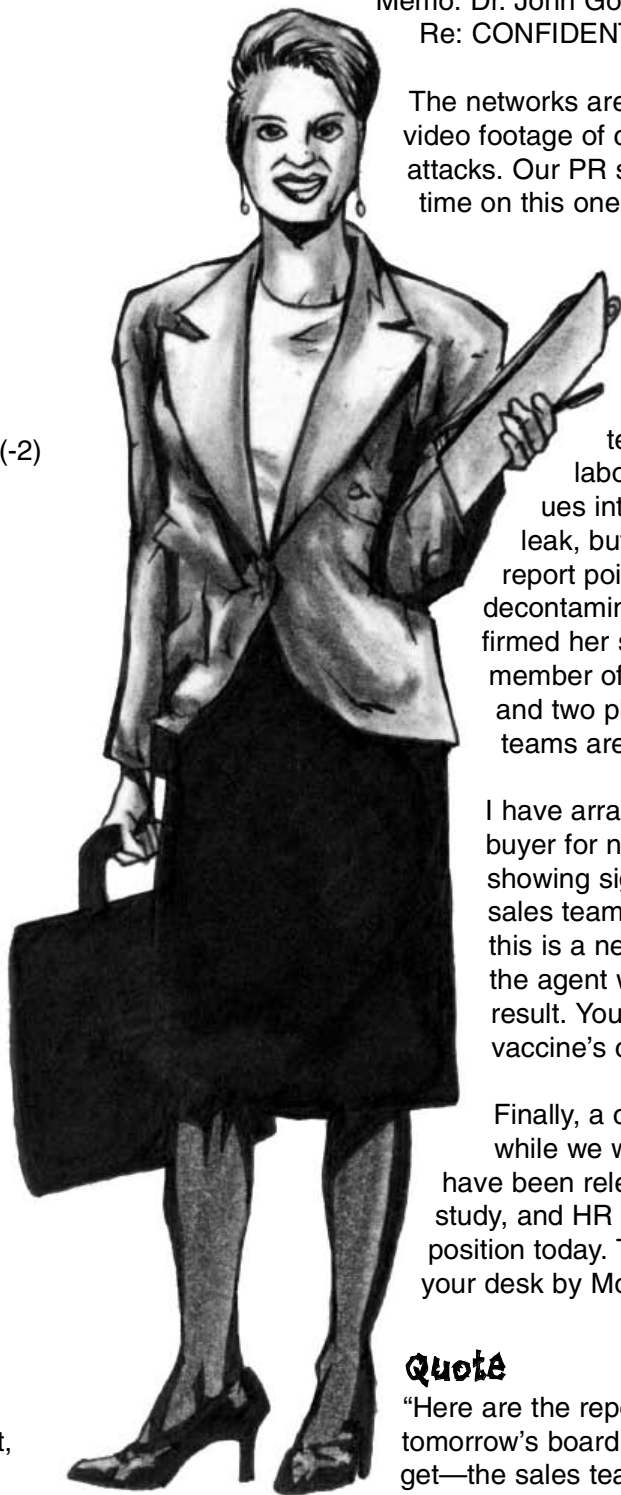
- Attractiveness +1 (1)
- Charisma +1 (1)
- Contacts (Corporate) (2)
- Contacts (University) (2)
- Covetous (Corporate Ladder) (-2)
- Cruel (-3)
- Fast Reaction Time (2)
- Hard to Kill (2)
- Nerves of Steel (3)
- Resources (Well-off) (4)

Skills

- Acting 2
- Bureaucracy 4
- Computers 2
- Dodge 2
- Driving (Car) 2
- First Aid 2
- Guns (Handgun) 2
- Haggling 2
- Intimidation 2
- Notice 3
- Research/Investigation 4
- Running (Marathon) 2
- Sciences (Biology) 2
- Sciences (Chemical Engineering) 1
- Smooth Talking 3
- Swimming 1
- Writing (Advocacy) 2

Gear

PDA, Clipboard, Business Suit, Fashionable Attaché Case



Memo: Dr. John Goodwin, CEO
Re: CONFIDENTIAL

The networks are now running nonstop home video footage of contagion-carriers and carrier attacks. Our PR spin team is working over-time on this one; I'll let Johnson brief you on the particulars.

Company casualties have been contained to four members of Research Team Alpha and one junior technician from the radiation laboratory. Investigation continues into the origin of the contagion leak, but Dr. Hathaway's preliminary report points toward a malfunctioning decontamination unit. She has confirmed her suspicions that the fifth member of RT Alpha is patient zero, and two plainclothes, off-site security teams are tracking him.

I have arranged a meeting with the buyer for next Tuesday. They were showing signs of backing out, but our sales team has convinced them that this is a necessary "field test" to prove the agent will achieve the desired result. You might consider raising the vaccine's cost.

Finally, a carrier attacked Dorothy while we were at lunch Thursday. Both have been released to Dr. Hathaway for study, and HR will repost the secretary position today. The paperwork will be on your desk by Monday.

Quote

"Here are the reports you requested, and tomorrow's board meeting agenda. Don't forget—the sales team is previewing Romero's new marketing video after lunch."

Aging Decker

Survivor

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
Lps 40
Eps 32
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Habitual Smoking) (-1)
Addiction (Caffeine) (-1)
Adversary (Government) (-3)
Attractiveness -1 (-1)
Contacts (Other Hackers) (3)
Hard to Kill (2)
Honorable (-1)
Secret (Notorious Hacker) (-2)

Skills

Brawling 2
Computer Hacking 5
Computer Programming 5
Computers 5
Dodge 2
Driving 1
Electronic Surveillance 2
Electronics 4
Guns (Handgun) 2
Hand Weapon (Club) 1
Humanities (Law) 2
Notice 3
Research/Investigation 3
Smooth Talking 2
Stealth 3
Streetwise 2

Gear

Rebuilt and Heavily Modified "Tricked Out"
Laptop Deck, 9mm Pistol, Pack of Cigarettes,
Electronics Repair Kit with Soldering Iron,
Bottle of Caffeine Tablets, 2-Liter Bottle of
Jolt Cola

Personality

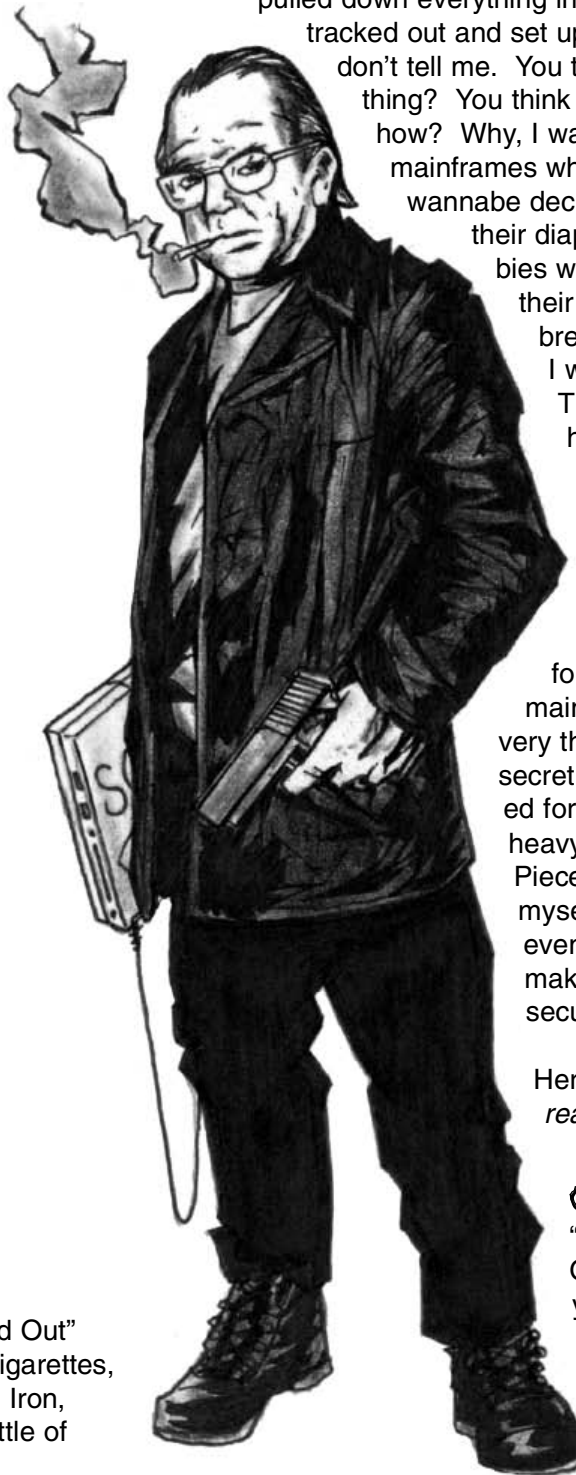
So then, I just slipped through the back door and pulled down everything in their entire network, backtracked out and set up blocks to...what? Oh, don't tell me. You think hacking is a new thing? You think a guy that's fifty can't know how? Why, I was hackin' into high security mainframes when most of these young wannabe deckers were still crappin' in their diapers. Hell, when these newbies were learning to hack into their school records I was breakin' through firewalls. And I was doin' it with the old tech. There ain't nothin' I can't hack.

Which is why I know the government is behind this. Oh don't give me that look! Yeah, I know you think I'm a conspiracy nut, but I found this file in the NSA mainframe that spoke of this very thing. It was some sort of secret project. Oh, it was protected for sure—triple encryption, heavy firewall, coded, the works. Piece o' cake for a veteran like myself. Don't know why they even bother. They should just make it public information if their security's going to be that lax.

Here, let me show you what *really* happened at Roswell . . .

Quote

"Yeah, the truth is out there. Question is, how badly do you wanna know it?"



Asylum ESCAPEE

SURVIVOR

STR 4 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
LPS 47
EPS 35
Spd 12
ESSENCE 33

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Thorazine) (-4)
Artistic Talent (Painting) (3)
Charisma +2 (2)
Cruel (-3)
Delusions of Grandeur (-3)
Hard to Kill (3)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Photographic Memory (2)
Recurring Nightmares (-1)
Situational Awareness (2)

skills

Brawling 4
Dodge 4
Driving (Car) 2
Escapism 3
Guns (Handgun) 2
Hand Weapon (Axe) 5
Intimidation 4
Notice 4
Running (Marathon) 3
Smooth Talking 3
Stealth 4
Streetwise 4

GEAR

Well Worn Axe, Key Ring with Many Keys, Thorazine, .45 Caliber Handgun, Sleeveless Straitjacket

PERSONALITY

Oh . . . I was right! I was right all along! They didn't listen! Now they're dead! They didn't listen when I told them. When I told them my dreams. My dreams, my dreams, my dreams . . .

Now they're suffering. Now they're dying! Now they're being culled by nature! And I told them! I TOLD THEM!

Now I have to end their suffering. End their misery. END!

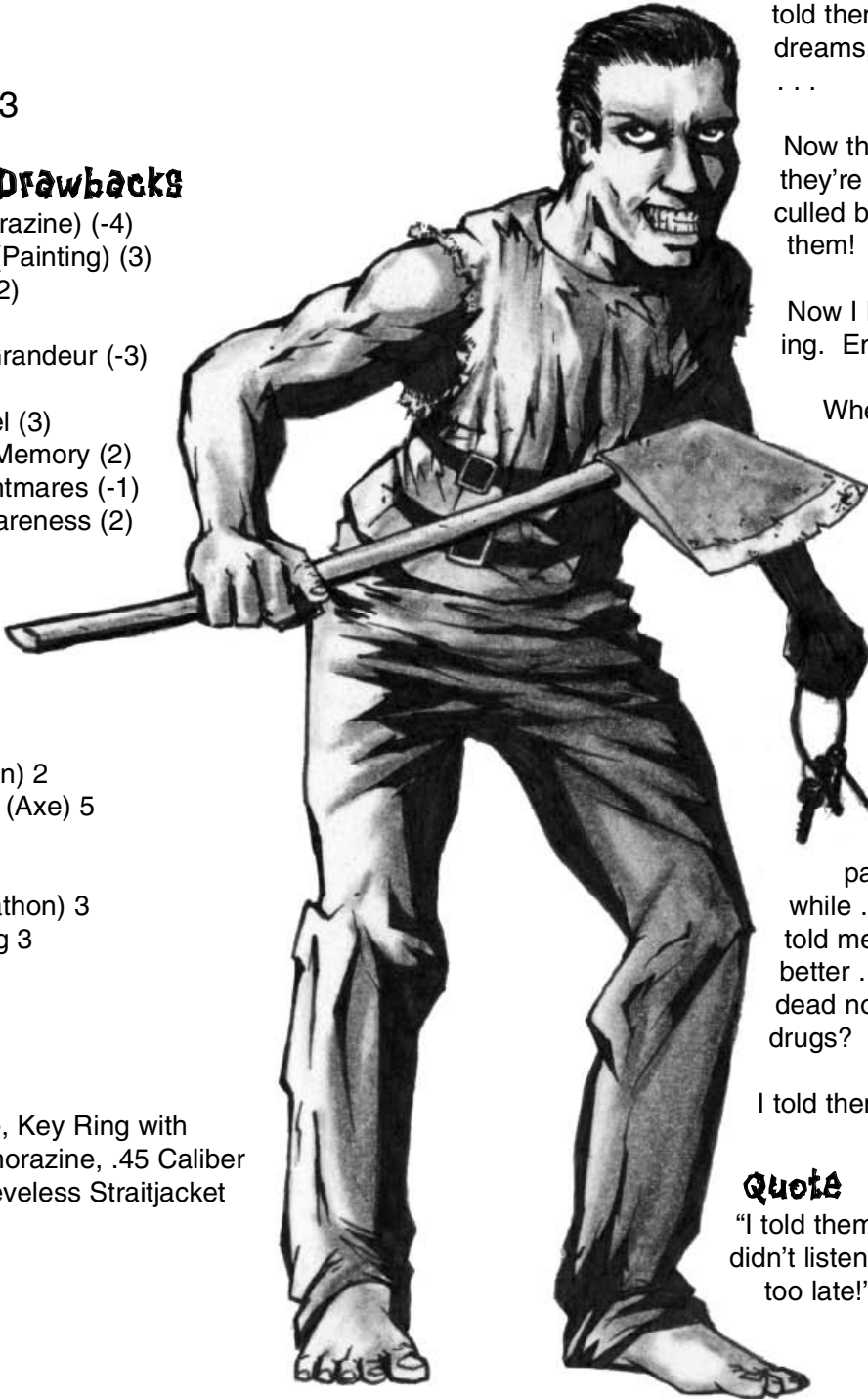
Where's my drugs? My drugs. Here druggo-druggies! Hee-hee! Here . . .

What was that? Just another of the fallen. They can't scare me. I've seen them before . . . all before. They were in my dreams, you see . . . Where's my Thorazine? I want to make the pain go away . . . just for a while . . . a little while. They told me . . . drugs will make you better . . . all better. But they're dead now. Who will give me my drugs?

I told them . . .

Quote

"I told them this was coming! They didn't listen to my dreams! Now it's too late!"



Athlete

SURVIVOR

Str 5 **Dex** 4 **Con** 4
Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2
LPS 52
EPS 38
Spd 16
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness 2 (2)
Charisma 1 (1)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Good Luck 3 (3)
Hard to Kill 2 (2)
Resources 1 (2)
Situational Awareness (2)
Status 1 (1)

Skills

Brawling 3
Climbing 2
Dodge 3
Driving (Car) 2
Guns (Shotgun) 2
Hand Weapon (Hockey Stick) 2
Intimidation 2
Running (Dash) 2
Seduction 1
Sport (Basketball) 3
Sport (Football) 3
Sport (Lacrosse) 3
Swimming 1
Weightlifting 1

Gear

Binoculars, Pick-up
Truck, Hockey Stick

Personality

Feel the burn is a cliché now. Jeez, I hear them using it as a joke on sitcoms. Thing is, if you're serious -- I mean really serious about working out -- you really do feel the burn. Your body pays you back for treating it right by giving you this high that no amount of pot, beer or Hostess Fruit Pies can match.

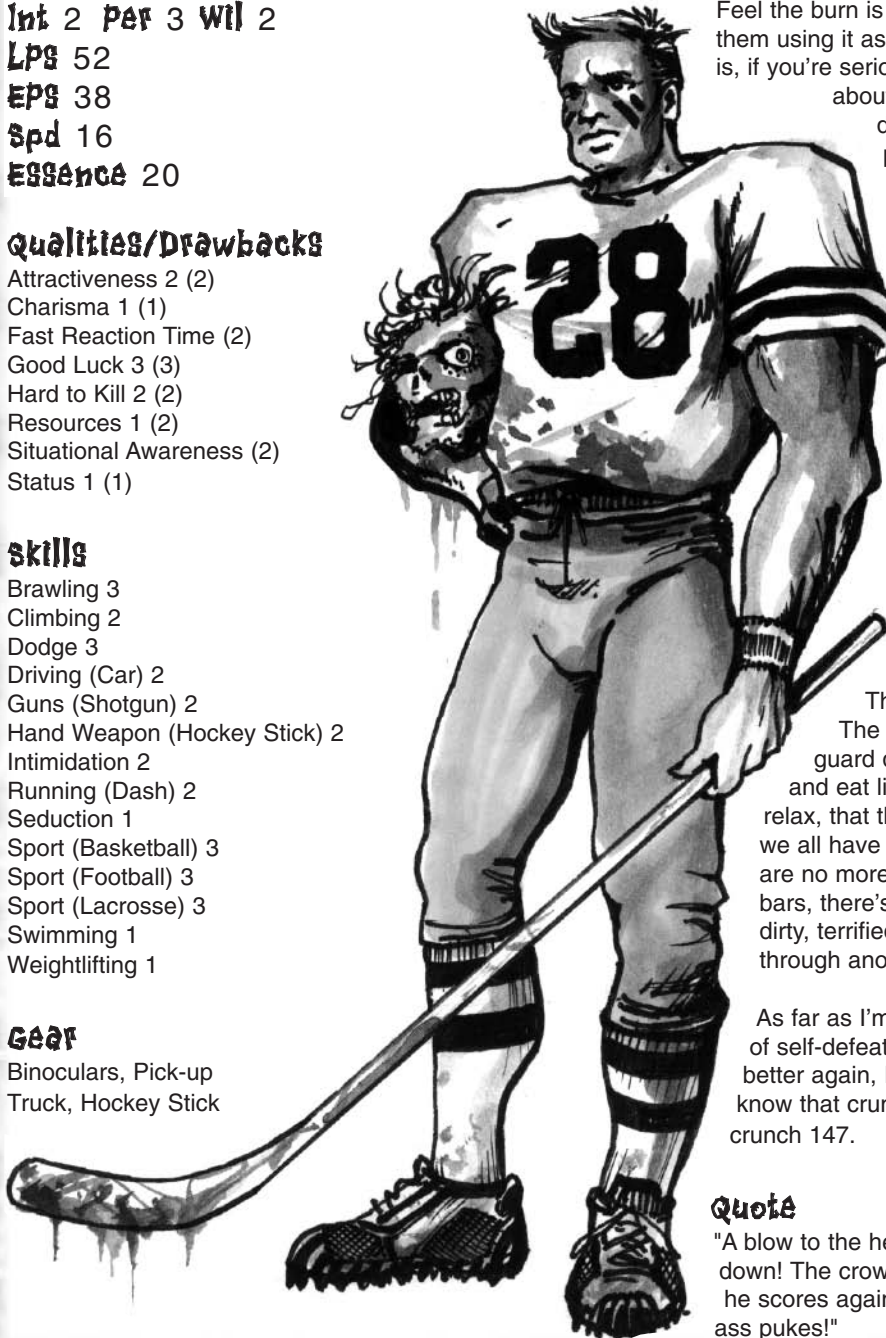
Of course, it's much harder to stick to a schedule now. We're always moving, always looking out for food, ammo and defensible shelter. So I have this rule, every night, no matter where we make camp, I do a full set of reps before I eat or turn in.

The others think I'm nuts. The minute they can let their guard down, they booze it up and eat like pigs. They tell me to relax, that the world has changed and we all have to change with it. There are no more supermodels and singles bars, there's just groups of scarred, dirty, terrified people trying to make it through another day.

As far as I'm concerned, that's a load of self-defeating crap. Things will get better again, I know that as sure as I know that crunch 146 is followed by crunch 147.

Quote

"A blow to the head! The pussface goes down! The crowd goes wild! He swings, he scores again! Bring it on, you lame-ass pukes!"

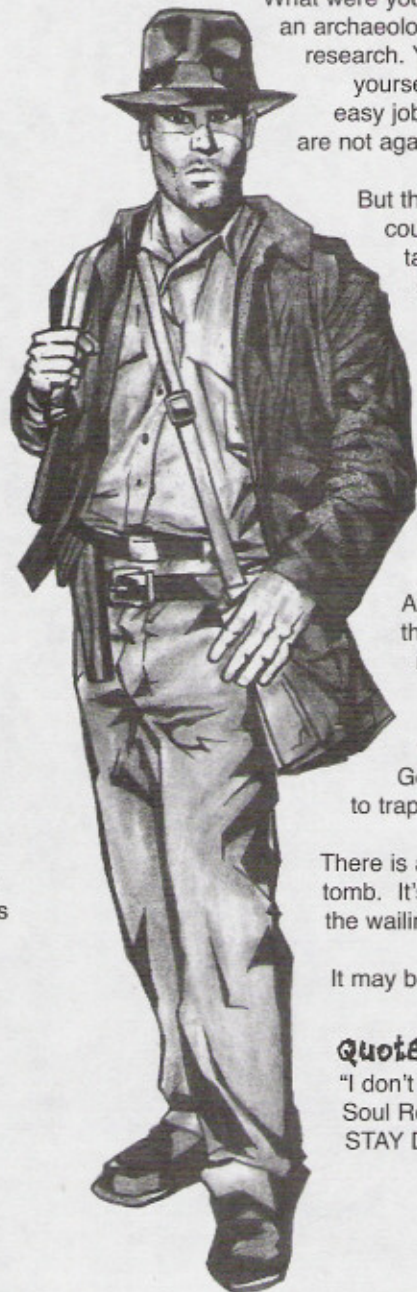


Archaeologist

Norm

Personality

What were you expecting? A bookworm? Being an archaeologist is much more than library research. You have to be out there, getting yourself dirty. This is not a clean or easy job. When the weather conditions are not against you, the local authorities are.



STR 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Will** 2
LPS 26
EPS 23
Spd 8
ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Habitual Drinking) (-1)
Humorless (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Photographic Memory (2)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 1
Driving (Cars) 2
Guns (Handgun) 1
Humanities (Archaeology) 4
Humanities (Ancient History) 4
Instruction 3
Language (Arabic) 4
Myths and Legends (Egyptian) 3
Notice 3
Occult Knowledge 1
Research/Investigation 3

GEAR

Archaeologist's Toolkit, Shovel, Old Revolver, Books on Ancient Cultures

But things have changed now. How could we know the sealed tomb contained something as ridiculous as a still-living mummy? Come on, that's just movie stuff! But there it was, and in the space of a few minutes, half of Ahmed's digging team was dead. In less than three hours, half of our 80-man excavation team had been killed and...zombified—a Professor Kelly put it so nicely.

And what are we to do? We are in the middle of a hostile desert, 300 miles from the closest human settlement, with the strongest sandstorm I've ever seen raging for the past 24 hours. It's almost as if God Himself is angry and decided to trap us here with these . . . things.

There is a terrible wail coming from the tomb. It's like the sandstorm summoned the wailing.

It may be time to pay that mummy a visit.

Quote

"I don't care if this thing is Anubis the Soul Reaper! I'm going to teach it TO STAY DEAD!"

Advanced Zombie Military (AZM) Soldier

Survivor

Personality

I volunteered for Pacifica's AZM program. I was a kid when the nukes went off and I remember the confusion afterwards. It's a good thing we lived in Provo when everyone launched their birds, otherwise we would have been incinerated along with the rest of the Western seaboard. Me and my mom made our way north because we heard there was a refugee center in Oregon. When the governor signed the papers to join the Pacifica League there were fireworks.

I grew up in Neo Portland and it wasn't easy. In those early years, all we had were primitive barricades. Every night, the "dead eyes" attacked. Sometimes they got through and the militia had to come and burn everything. Mom got infected in the attack of '13 and had to be incinerated. I still carry some of her ashes in a locket. But now, we have The Dome. Sometimes, you can see the "dead eyes" pounding on the clear polymer, trying to get into the smorgasbord. It's pretty funny.

It's my job to respond to emergencies of the zombie persuasion. I've escorted scientists into the wasteland on their sample-gathering missions. Then there was the time this V-TOL went down, and we had to go rescue the passengers. And this other time, some idiot didn't report to the crematorium with his dad's corpse—that was a real headache. But there's nothing like hot dropping into a hostile LZ.

Str 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
LPS 37
EPS 35
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Sight (2)
Charisma 3 (3)
Contacts (Military) 2 (2)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill 2 (2)
Humorless (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Recurring Nightmares (-1)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 2
Climbing 2
Demolitions 3
Dodge 2
Driving 2
First Aid 1
Guns (Assault Rifle) 3
Guns (Laser Rifle) 3
Guns (Pistol) 2
Hand Weapon (Knife) 2
Martial Arts 2
Notice 2
Stealth 3
Survival (Wasteland) 2
Tracking 3

Gear

Ceramic Armor, "Dragon Fire"
Compressed Laser Rifle,
Infrared/Thermal Goggles,
Emergency Flares



Quote

"Squad! We're gonna make an aerial sweep first. Prep for dust-off in five minutes!"

Biker

SURVIVOR

Str 6 **Dex** 2 **Con** 3

Int 2 **Per** 2 **Will** 3

LPS 58

EPS 41

Spd 10

Essence 18

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Biker Gang) (3)

Contacts (Fence) (2)

Hard to Kill 4 (4)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Status (Gang Leader) 3 (3)

Skills

Brawling 4

Cheating 2

Demolitions 1

Dodge 2

Driving (Motorcycle) 4

Driving (Truck) 2

Gambling 1

Guns (Handgun) 3

Guns (Shotgun) 2

Hand Weapon (Club) 2

Hand Weapon (Knife) 3

Intimidation 2

Mechanic 3

Streetwise 2

Weight Lifting 2

Gear

Cutting Torch, Knife, Leather Jacket, Motorcycle, Sleeping Bag, Shotgun, Toolkit

Personality

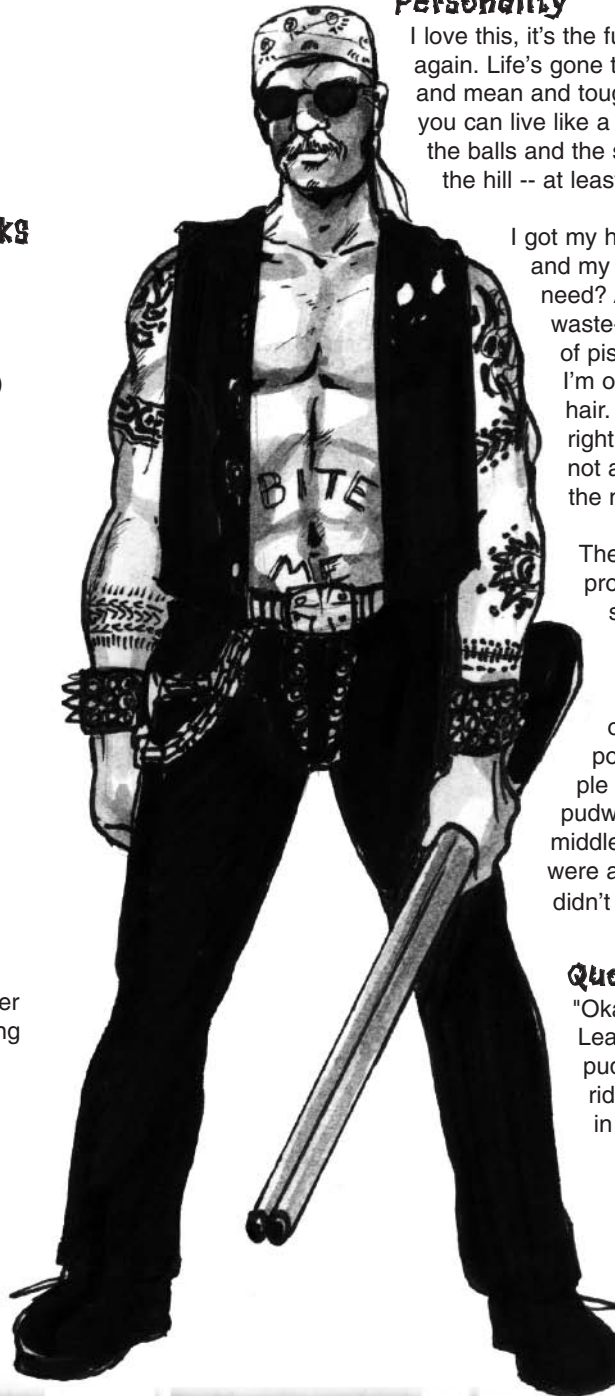
I love this, it's the fuckin' wild west all over again. Life's gone to hell, and only the strong and mean and tough are left standing. Hell, you can live like a king out here if you've got the balls and the smarts. That's me, king of the hill -- at least all the hills around here.

I got my hog, my shotgun, my gal, and my boys. What else do I need? A haircut, a nine-to-five-waste-of-my-life-make-work kind of pissant job? I don't think so. I'm on the road, wind in my hair. Hey, no helmet laws now, right? I keep telling you, life's not as bad as the weenies on the news make out.

The zombies? They're only a problem if you are slow or stupid. Otherwise, they keep you on your fuckin' toes. I figure they are just making sure it's survival of the fittest, like it's supposed to be. The only people those slow walkin' pudwackers get are the soft middle class bozos and they were already dead . . . they just didn't know it.

Quote

"Okay, we got what we need. Leave the rest for the pudwackers. Mount up and ride, boys. Tomorrow, we're in Memphis."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Bitten Housewife

NofM

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 2 **Per** 2 **Wil** 2
LPS 30
EPS 26
Spd 12
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness +2 (2)
Charisma 1 (1)
Resources 1 (2)

Skills

Beautician 3
Computers 2
Craft (Cooking) 3
Driving (Car) 2
First Aid 3
Guns (Handgun) 2
Notice 2
Piloting (Sailboat) 1
Running (Marathon) 2
Seduction 2
Singing 1
Sport (Tennis) 3
Swimming 2
Writing (Creative) 2

Gear

Box of Bullets, First Aid Kit,
Flashlight, Kitchen Knife, Raincoat,
Handgun, Suitcase Full of Canned
Goods

Personality

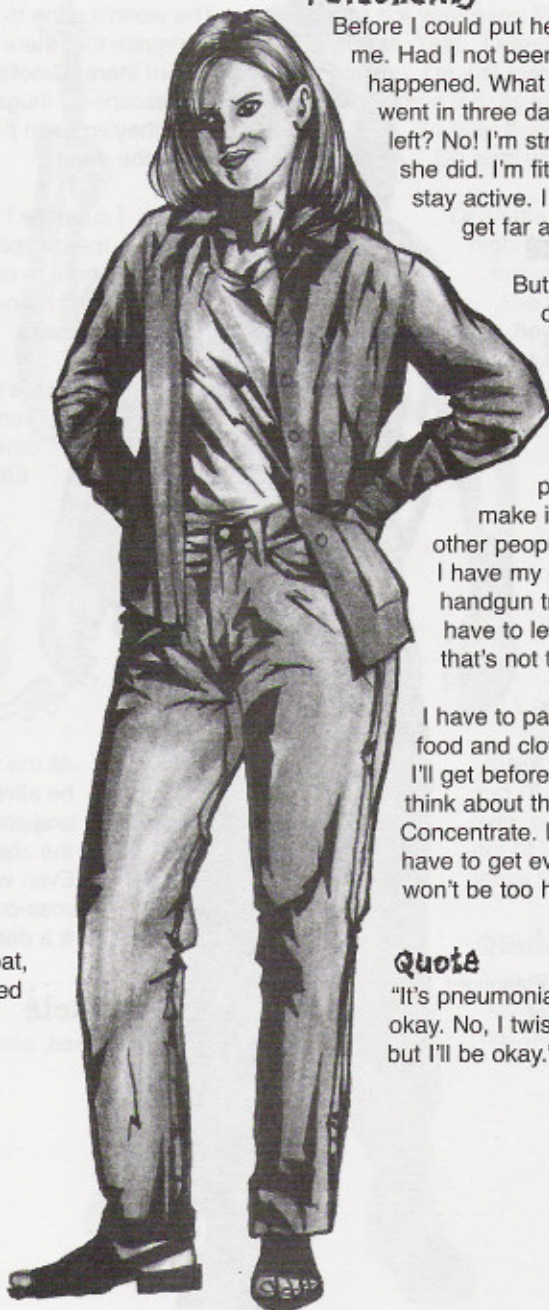
Before I could put her down, my little girl bit me. Had I not been weak, this wouldn't have happened. What do I do now? My baby went in three days . . . is that all I have left? No! I'm strong. I can't lie around like she did. I'm fit, I'm healthy, I just have to stay active. I have to keep moving and get far away from here.

But what if someone finds out? They can't, they'll kill me! I'll wear long pants and claim to have pneumonia to explain the fever. I can't show signs of injury. They can't suspect. The only way I can make it is if I'm strong! I'll avoid other people and stick to back roads. I have my gun. I've taken weeks of handgun training, I'll be fine. I just have to let them get close enough, that's not too bad.

I have to pack some stuff, I'll need food and clothes. I don't know how far I'll get before I run out of gas. Don't think about the bite. It's not a factor. Concentrate. I'm going to be okay, I just have to get everything together. This won't be too hard. Will it?

Quote

"It's pneumonia, I get it every year. I'll be okay. No, I twisted my ankle a while back, but I'll be okay."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Bounty Hunter

SURVIVOR

Str 4 Dex 2 Con 4
Int 3 Per 4 Wil 4
LPS 42
EPS 41
Spd 10
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Senses (Vision) (2)
Addiction (Alcohol) (-2)
Contact (Bounty Hunter) (2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resources 2 (4)
Showoff (-2)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 3
Drive (Car) 3
Escapism 2
First Aid 2
Guns (Assault Rifle) 5
Guns Specialty (Boom Stick) 7
Guns (Handgun) 4
Intimidate 3
Notice 3
Questioning 4
Streetwise 2
Tracking 3

Gear

"Boom Stick" Assault Rifle, Flashlight,
Handcuffs, Pistol, Trenchcoat

Personality

The world's gone to hell. I guess it should be no surprise that there are more and more scumbags out there. Crooked cops, smugglers, prison escapees, thugs, punks, and all the rest, they've been popping out of the woodwork, like the dead.

I suppose I shouldn't complain, it just means more money for me. A lunatic here, a rampaging biker there, and I've got money in my pocket or food in my pack.

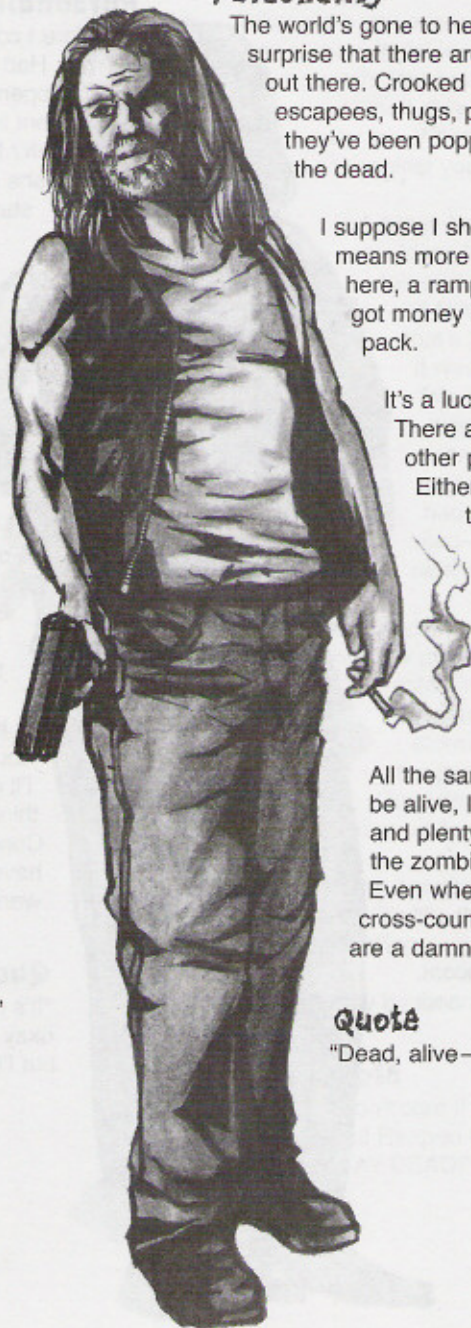
It's a lucrative trade nowadays, too. There are a lot of people who want other people captured or dead.

Either way, it doesn't really matter to me really. Although dead is usually easier . . . dragging the corpse back to where it needs to go, especially when the client wants the thing still kicking and snarling, is a pain in my ass, to say the least.

All the same I guess it's a good time to be alive, lots of work, lots of money, and plenty of excitement. I just wish the zombies weren't all over the place. Even when I don't have to drag 'em cross-country to collect a bounty, they are a damned nuisance.

Quote

"Dead, alive—as long as I get paid."



Bomb Squad Officer

Norm

Str 2 Dex 3 Con 2

Int 2 Per 2 Wil 3

Lps 26

Eps 26

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Senses (Sight) (2)
Addiction (Diazepam) (-4)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Demolitions 6
Electronics 3
Engineer (Architecture) 2
Engineer (Electrical) 1
Engineer (Mechanical) 2
Guns (Handgun) 1
Humanities (Psychology) 3
-Specialty (Bomber
Psychology) 5
Instruction 2
Notice 3
Research/Investigation 2
Running (Dash) 2
Traps 2

GEAR

9mm Pistol, Blast Shield, Bomb
Disarming Kit, Class III Helmet, Class
III Vest and Arm Armor, Multitool,
Toolkit

Personality

I used to work for the county disarming all those bombs that all those whackos out there set, and believe me I've seen them all. Electronic timers, radio detonators, plastic explosives, you name it, I've disarmed it. Still, I can't be everywhere at once. There are simply too many bombs out there, and too few of us left to disarm them. So I decided to devote myself to other pursuits.

What I mean is that years of looking at bombs has left me with some interesting skills. Which means I'm about as good at making bombs now as I was at disarming them. It's saved my ass more than once, and averted many a slaughter at rescue stations too. What I mean is, it's kind of hard for any number of zombies to storm a place, when half a city block is standing in the way. All you need to stop them dead is 24 pounds of plastic explosives and the brains to use it.

Quote

"[BOOM] That ought to hold the little bastards."



Camp Counselor

Inspired

personality

Str 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 4
LPS 38
EPS 38
Spd 14
Essence 35

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction
(Light Marijuana Use) (-1)
Attractiveness -1 (-1)
Gift (5)
Honorable (-2)
Impaired Senses
(Farsighted) (-1)
Increased Essence Pool (3)
Inspiration (5)
Obsession (-2)
Resources (Below Average) (-2)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

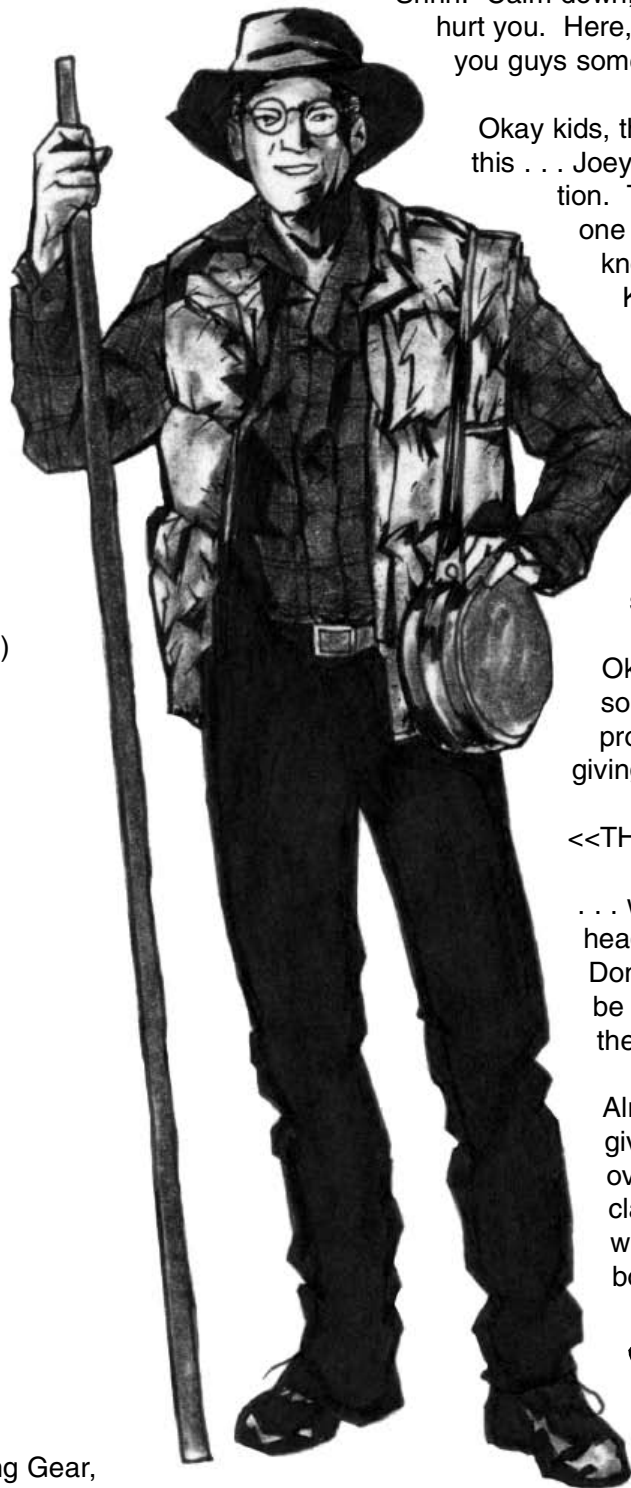
Climbing 3
Craft (Wood) 2
First Aid 2
Hand Weapon (Bow) 4
Hand Weapon (Axe) 3
Notice 2
Pilot (Small Watercraft) 2
Play Instrument (Guitar) 2
Riding (Horse) 2
Singing 2
Storytelling 2
Survival (Forest) 5
Swimming 3

Metaphysics

Touch of Healing
Eye of the Storm

Gear

Eyeglasses, Backpack, Camping Gear,
Flashlight, Camera, Wood Axe, Longbow,
Arrows, 3 Joints



Shhh. Calm down, Suzie. It's okay. It can't hurt you. Here, watch this. Let me show you guys something.

Okay kids, the best way to do this is like this . . . Joey? Joey? Joey!!! Pay attention. This may save you or someone else someday. Okay, first knock the arrow in the string. Keep your elbow cocked with you shooting hand by your cheek. Then extend your other hand . . . yes, the one with the bow . . . until your arm is straight. Good. Now, sight along the arrow shaft at your target and release the string.

Okay, once you pin them to something, there's usually no problem just walking up and giving them a . . .

<<THWAK>>

. . . with your axe to take off the head. That fixes 'em good. Don't worry; soon you guys will be able to just shoot them in the head to finish them off.

Alrighty, now why don't ya'll give me a hand dragging it over to the pit for our next class: "How to make a Bonfire with sticks and stones and bones of the dead."

Quote

"Kumbayaaa, my Lord . . .
Kumbayaaa . . ."

Canary Pulp Hero

Str 2 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 5
Lps 30
Eps 35
Spd 14
Essence 38

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness +3 (3)
Artistic Talent (Voice) (3)
Charisma +2 (2)
Emotional Problems
(Fear of Rejection) (-1)
Emotional Problems
(Emotional
Dependency) (-1)
Mentalism (2)

Skills

Acting 3
Beautician 4
Dodge 2
Escapism 2
Notice 2
Seduction 3
Singing 5
Smooth Talking 3
Streetwise 3

Mentalism Powers

Mind Control Strength 3
Mind Control Art 3

Gear

Fancy Dress, Purse, High Heels

Personality

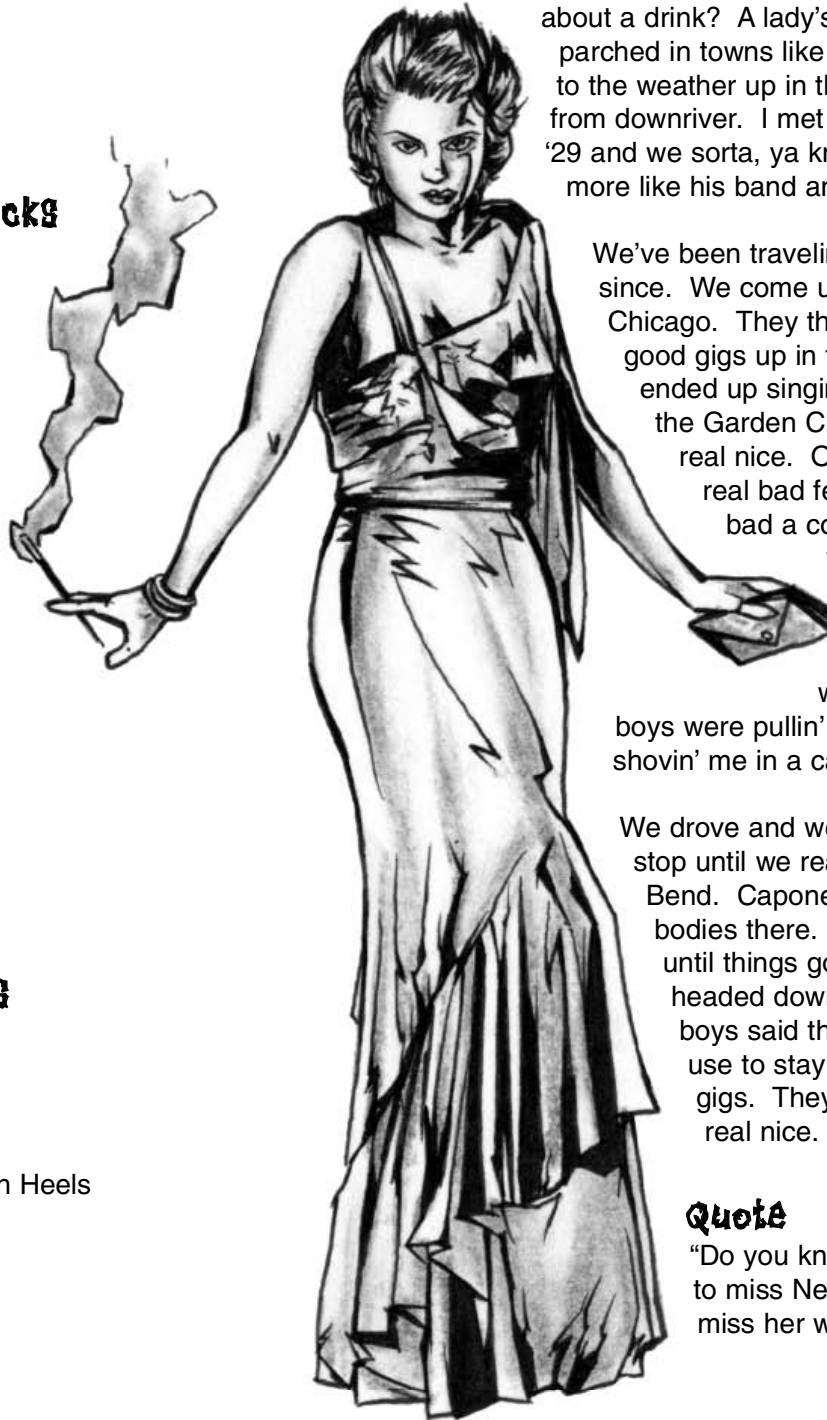
You got a light for a lady, mister? No? How about a drink? A lady's throat sure gets parched in towns like this. I'm not used to the weather up in these parts. I'm from downriver. I met this feller back in '29 and we sorta, ya know, clicked. Well, more like his band and I clicked.

We've been traveling together ever since. We come up the Mississippi to Chicago. They thought we could get good gigs up in the Windy City. I ended up singin' in a place called the Garden Club. It was nice, real nice. One night, I had this real bad feelin' of something bad a comin' my way. Half way through the first set, a fight started. Before I knew what was happenin', the boys were pullin' me offstage and shovin' me in a car.

We drove and we drove. We didn't stop until we reached old South Bend. Capone used to dump bodies there. We stayed there until things got bad. Then, we headed down to Kokomo. The boys said that all the musicians use to stay there between gigs. They say the town's real nice.

Quote

"Do you know what it means, to miss New Orleans? To miss her with all your heart."



Club DJ

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 2

Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2

Lps 26

EPs 23

Spd 10

Essence 26

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Xtasy) (-2)

Artistic Talent (Music) (3)

Charisma +2 (2)

Contacts (Gang) (3)

Resources (Below Average) (-2)

Skills

Acting 1

Acrobatics 2

Brawling 2

Driving (Car) 2

Dancing (Breakdancing) 3

Engineer (Mechanical) 1

Haggling 3

Hand Weapon (Club) 3

Play Instrument (Turntables) 4

Singing (Rap) 3

Streetwise 3

Throwing (Sphere) 2

Gear

Chrome Plated .44 Pistol, 2 vials of Xtasy, "Hotfoot," Portable DJ equipment, Toolkit, CD/Record Collection

Personality

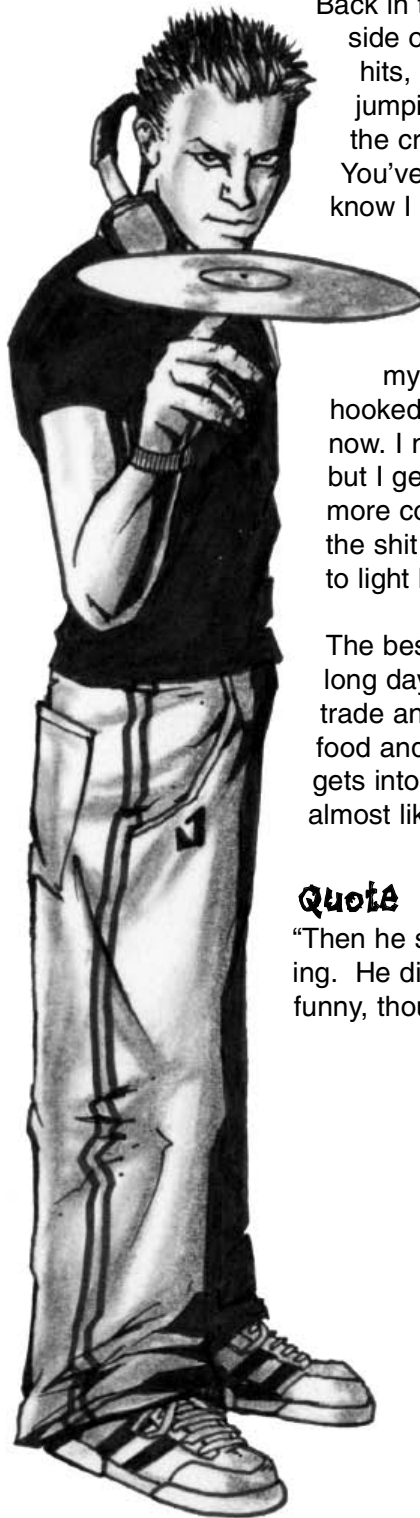
Back in the day I was the hottest DJ this side of the Mississippi. Bustin' out all the hits, laying down tracks to get the party jumpin', then lettin' loose the rap to let the crowd know who the man was! You've never heard of me? Whatever, I know I got the hyped skills. Always was good with my hands, ya know?

The DeadBoyz changed all that, though. They ate most of my audience, which is kinda why I hooked up with these gang kids I'm with now. I mean, not only do I get protection, but I get to have fun too. I mean, what more could I want than to be able to beat the shit outta a Deadboy, and then be able to light his ass on fire, too?

The best part though, is at the end of a long day I can break out the tools of my trade and lay down the beats. Once the food and beer get flowing and everyone gets into it, I feel great. Sometimes it's even almost like the old days, ya know?

Quote

"Then he steps on my CD and starts laughing. He didn't think the .44 in the chest was funny, though."



Criminologist

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2

Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2

Lps 26

Eps 23

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Clown (-1)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Recurring Nightmares (His first time in the field) (-1)

Resistance (Disease) (1)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 2

Brawling 1

Computers 2

Drive (Car) 2

Engineering (Mechanical) 1

Gun (Handgun) 2

Humanities (Criminal Justice) 2

Notice 4

Questioning 4

Research/Investigation 4

Science (Biology) 2

Science (Criminology) 4

Science (Physics) 1

Gear

Crime Scene Investigation Equipment, 9mm Handgun with 2 Extra Magazines, Handcuffs, Pocket Knife, Police Cruiser with Radio.

Personality

Criminology isn't really a science if you ask me. Sure, there's a lot of science involved: physics, biology, chemistry, and all that kind of stuff, but for me that's not important. Any college geek can sit in a lab and run tests on some item that was found at the crime scene, but you've got to be able to put it all together to be good at your job. You've got to take all the evidence, break it down, then put it back together before you can even think about knowing what *might* have happened at the crime scene. From there, it only gets harder. You've got to map out the crime minute by minute by minute, then hour by hour, precisely and meticulously.

A lot of people would probably find the whole thing either mind-numbingly hard, or mind-numbingly boring. For me though, it's a perfect job. I put my brains to better use than I think most people do. Most waste time trying to come up with the next big ad slogan or something idiotic like that for a big paycheck or something. Out here I make a real difference.

Quote

"It appears twenty assailants forced their way into the estate, ripped the victim to pieces, then fled. Weirdest homicide I've ever seen . . ."



The Cool Dorm Mate

NORM

STR 2 DEX 3 CON 2
INT 2 PER 3 WIL 2
LPS 26
EPS 23
SPD 10
ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma +2 (+2 on Social Tasks)
Fast Reaction Time (+1 on Fear Checks)
Situational Awareness (+2 on Perception Tests to sense trouble)
Minority (African American) (will experience prejudice in most areas of the county)

Skills

Acting 1
Brawling 3
Computers 2
Dancing (Hip hop) 2
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 1
Hand Weapon (Club) 2
Language (Spanish) 2
Notice 2
Seduction 2
Smooth Talking 3
Stealth 2
Streetwise 3
Writing (Creative) 3

GEAR

Week's worth of clothing (Jeans and khakis, some tees, some nicer shirts), CD Discman, Mix CD (Everything from Miles Davis to Wu Tang), an anthology of spoken word poetry from the Nuyorican Poets Cafe, a pair of really cool sunglasses, a journal, twenty-three dollars and eighty-one cents

Personality

I came to the university to become a writer, but I also came here to get away from my old neighborhood. Things were starting to get so bad there that you couldn't think. I just needed to get away. So I end up at this school and end up sharing a dorm room with this love-sick fool.

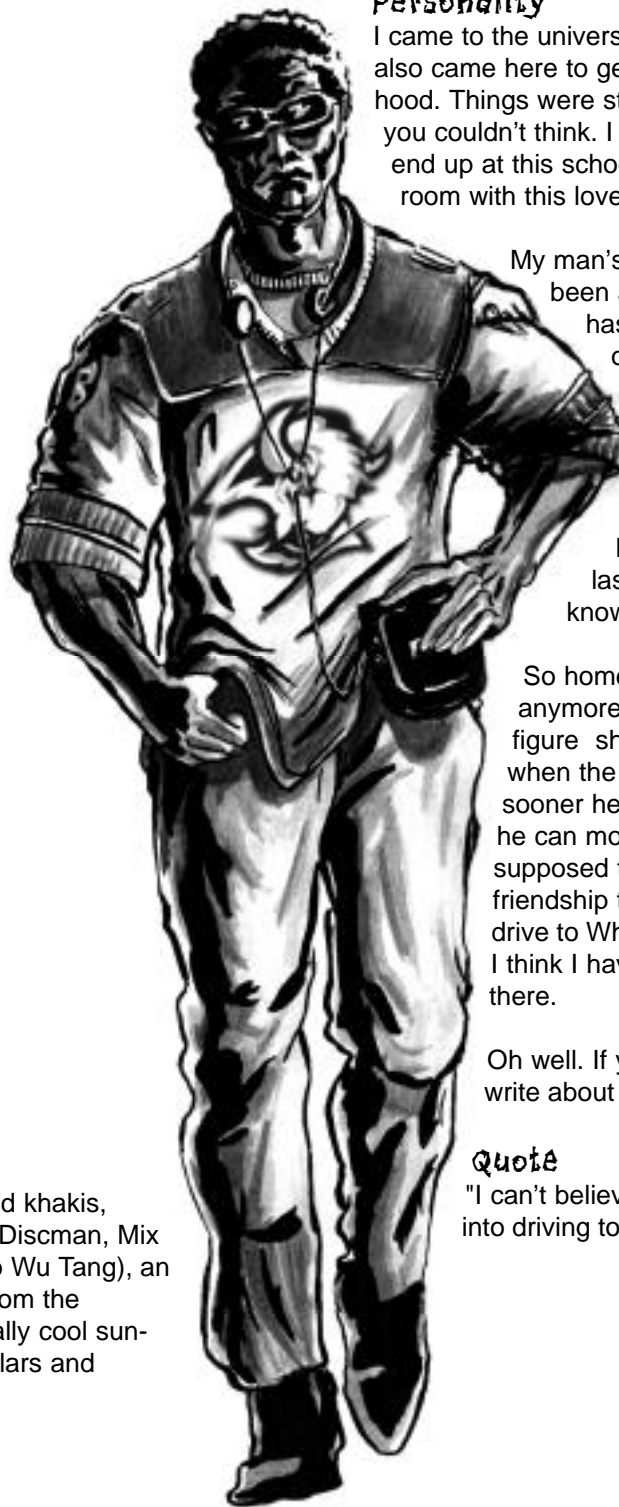
My man's all right most of the time, he's been a pretty good friend. But he has got to get over this girlfriend of his. He's always showing me her picture and I will admit that the girl is fine, but you know a woman like that is not staying pure when she is hundreds of miles away. High School relationships never last through college. Everyone knows that.

So homeboy decides he can't take it anymore -- has got to see her now. I figure should go with him to be a friend when the girl breaks his heart. The sooner he gets it over with, the sooner he can move on. That's what college is supposed to be about. It's a sign of our friendship that I am willing to help him drive to Whereinthehell, Alabama though. I think I have relatives that were lynched there.

Oh well. If you don't do it, then you can't write about it later.

Quote

"I can't believe I let your dumb ass talk me into driving to Alabama"



Cheerleader

SURVIVOR

Str 2 **Dex** 5 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 4
LPS 36
EPS 32
Spd 16
ESSENCE 32

Qualities/Drawbacks

Artistic Talent (Dance) (3)
Attractiveness 4 (4)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill 2 (2)
Resources 2 (4)
Status 1 (0)

Skills

Acrobatics 3
Acting 2
Beautician 2
Brawling 2
Dancing 3
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
Guns (Handgun) 2
Haggling 2
Hand Weapon (Baton) 2
Notice 2
Running (Dash) 1
Seduction 3
Singing 2
Smooth Talking 2
Streetwise 1
Swimming 1

GEAR

Baton, Cellular Phone, Camera, Jeep

Personality

Okay, let's get this straight. I'm cute, hip, and have like killer fashion sense. Half the boys want to take me out; the other half are too intimidated to ask. That's fine -- the way things are supposed to be, right? You bet.

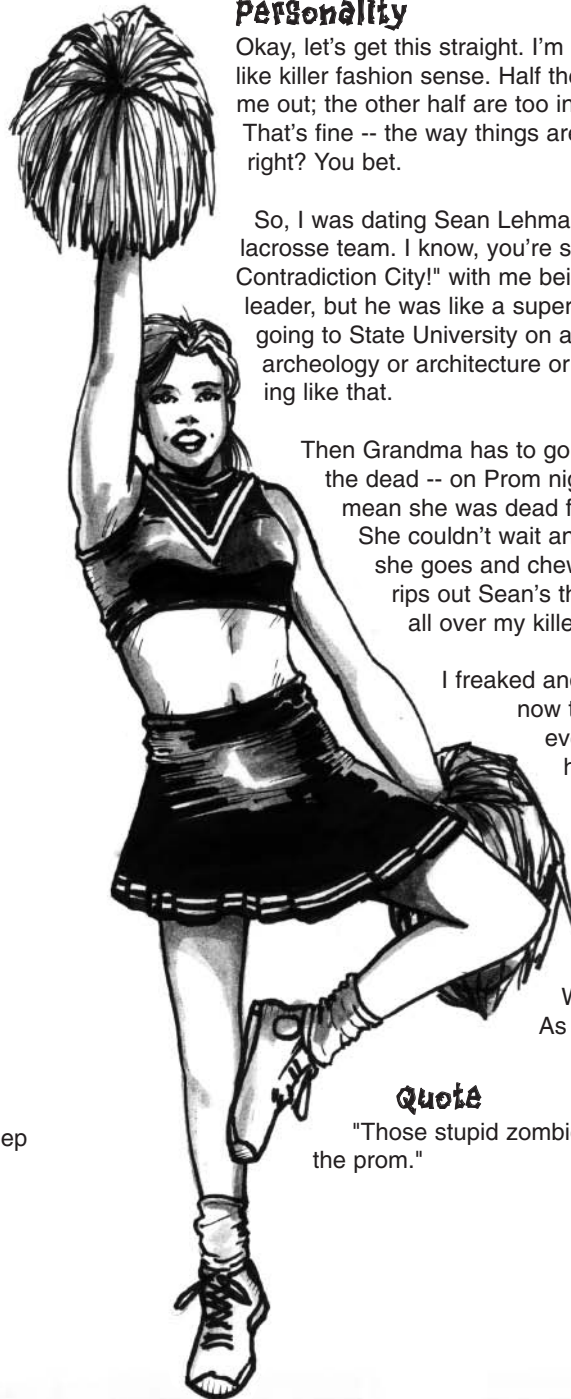
So, I was dating Sean Lehman, captain of the lacrosse team. I know, you're saying "Whoa! Contradiction City!" with me being a football cheerleader, but he was like a super catch 'cause he was going to State University on a full scholarship for archeology or architecture or something high paying like that.

Then Grandma has to go and come back from the dead -- on Prom night for God's sake. I mean she was dead for what . . . ten years. She couldn't wait another day or two? So, she goes and chews up my folks and rips out Sean's throat and gets blood all over my killer prom dress.

I freaked and got out of there, but now there are like zombies everywhere. I had to hook up with this ex-marine who is not so in touch with his feelings . . . but he looks out for me. Now, we are playing "Escaped Convict and the Warden's Daughter." As if!

Quote

"Those stupid zombies like totally RUINED the prom."



Circus Knife Thrower

NoFM

Personality

No, I'm not your hero! Wrong place, wrong time, that's all. Yeah, I killed it. I had to. I did it for me, not you. I'm just trying to get out of here. You can come too, as long as you don't slow me down. Go over there and get my knife out of that . . . Oh stop whimpering and get my knife!

Of all the towns to stop in for the night. I've seen all kinds of crazy things in the circus, but nothing like this. I've got to get out of here. After this I'm getting me a normal job! Washing cars or something, or boats, on an island. Yeah, that would work.

I hope you're fast, because I'm not fighting these things! I'll run like the wind. I'm faster than they are, and they can't follow me forever. You see that car up ahead, it looks like it still runs. There're two of those things standing near it. You make some noise over that way, and I'll get the car. I'll run them over, pick you up, and we can get out of here! No, I'm not going to leave you. Now get going!

Quote

"I've seen plenty of freaks, but nothing like this. I'm getting the hell out of this town!"

Str 3 Dex 4 Con 2

Int 1 Per 2 Will 2

Lps 33

EPs 26

Spd 12

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill 1 (1)

Resistance (Pain) (2)

Skills

Acrobatics 2

Acting 2

Brawling 2

Driving (Car) 2

Escapism 3

First Aid 1

Hand Weapon (Knife) 2

Pick Pocket 3

Sleight of Hand 2

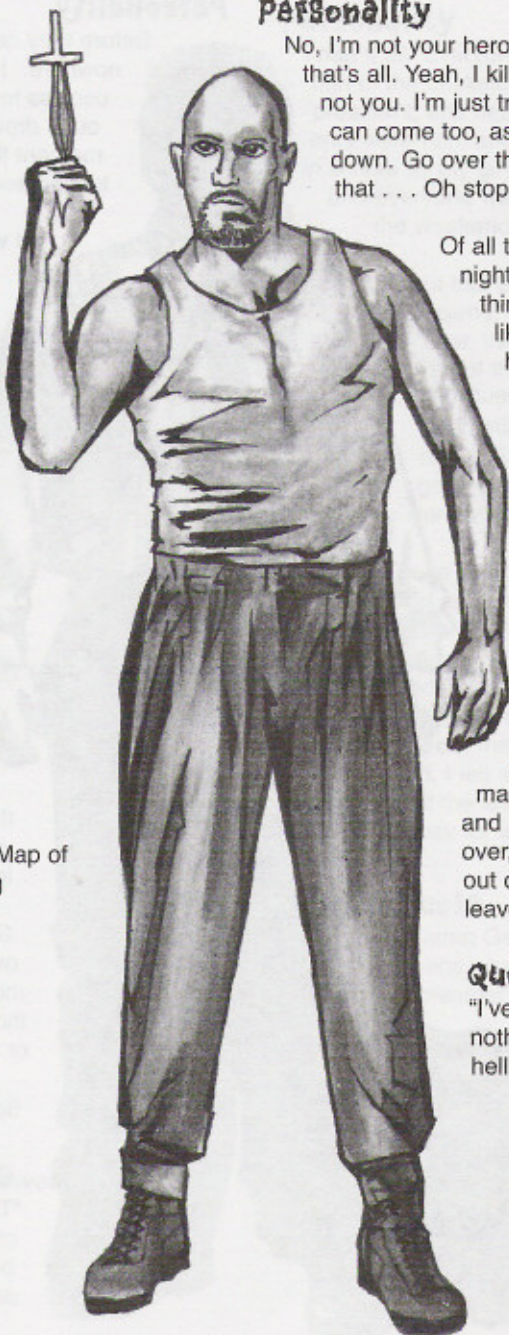
Stealth 2

Storytelling 2

Throwing (Knife) 5

Gear

Backpack Full of Clothes, Road Map of Common Circus Stops, Throwing Knives



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Courier

Survivor

Personality

Str 2 Dex 4 Con 3

Int 3 Per 4 Wil 4

LPS 45

EPG 32

Spd 14

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Smoking) (-2)

Charisma +2 (2)

Contacts (Various) 5 (5)

Delusions (*Delusions of Grandeur*) (-1)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill 5 (5)

Recurring Nightmares (-1)

Showoff (-2)

Skills

Brawling 1

Bureaucracy 2

Dodge 2

Diving (Car) 4

Driving (Motorcycle) 4

Driving (Truck) 4

First Aid 2

Guns (Handgun) 2

Haggling 4

Humanities (Sociology) 1

Mechanic 3

Notice 3

Smooth Talking 3

Stealth 1

Streetwise 3

Surveillance 2

Gear

Minivan, Cell

Phone, Briefcase,

Handgun, Lead

Pipe, Knife

Before they came, I was nobody going nowhere. I worked as a courier for a now useless technology company. Day in, day out, I drove all over this territory. The moment they hit the scene, that all came to a screeching halt.

I was in the middle of a run when I noticed people starting to bite and feed on each other. I decided to call it a day and head for home. I had to run over a couple of them along the way. Since then, I have been traveling from community to community.

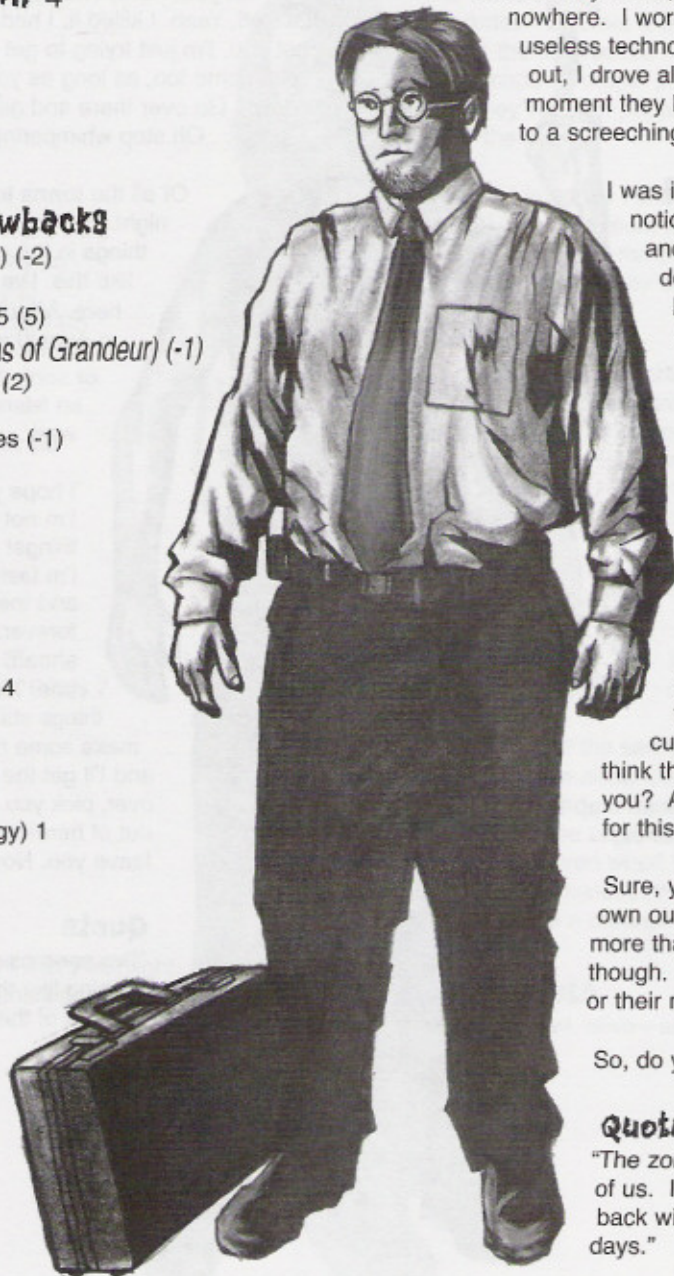
I'm the best, last hope you have. I can get to the town that has the vaccine. I can even make it back. The question is, do you have the goods that I need? I need gasoline and food for five days. I also want a cut of the vaccine. I don't think that's asking too much, do you? After all, I'm risking my life for this community.

Sure, you can send one of your own out there. They won't last more than a day against them, though. You don't know the terrain or their migratory patterns. I do.

So, do you have the goods?

Quote

"The zombies are two days south of us. If I leave tonight, I can be back with the trade goods in three days."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Grazed Teen

Norm

Str 2 Dex 3 Con 3

Int 2 Per 2 Wil 3

Lps 30

EPS 29

Spd 12

Essence 15

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness +2 (2)

Charisma +2 (2)

Covetous 1 (-1)

Emotional Problems (Emotional Dependency) (-1)

Reckless (-2)

Showoff (-2)

Status 1 (1)

Zealot (Must protect women) (-3)

Skills

Brawling 2

Cheating 2

Drive (Car) 2

Dodge 2

First Aid 2

Guns (Shotgun) 2

Humanities (English Lit.) 1

Language (French) 2

Melee (Knife) 2

Notice 2

Play Instrument (Drums) 1

Seduction 2

Smooth Talking 3

Sport (Basketball) 3

Stealth 2

Streetwise 1

Gear

Shotgun, Basketball, 2 Combat Knives, Free Weights, Sports Car

Personality

I had it all. Everyone looked up to me; I was captain of the basketball team, Student Council president, and head of the French Club. My parents were rich, and I had the hottest cheerleader in school as my girl. Everyone was my friend, and everyone wanted me at their parties on the weekends.

But that all went down the tubes when it came. I mean the disease, or whatever, that caused the Geeks to come out of the ground.

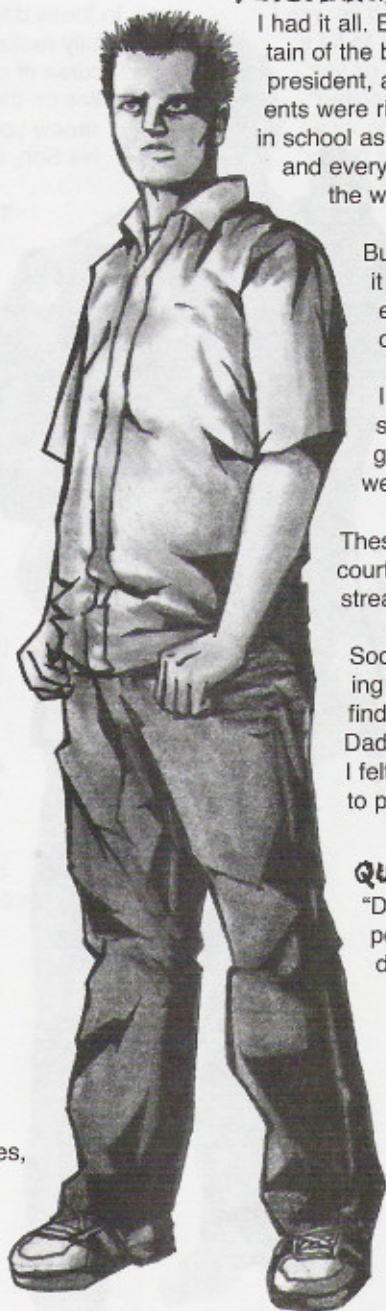
I can still remember the first night I saw a Geek. I was at school for a game; it wasn't even the half and we were already up by 20 against Central.

These two Geeks wandered onto the court and that was it for our winning streak.

Soon enough, the whole town was crawling with them. I made my way home to find out that the Geeks ate my Mom my Dad. I felt something inside me snap, and I felt the anger well up. They were going to pay for what they dd.

Quote

"Damn Geeks. I'll show 'em what happens when they mess with my dreams!"



Detective

Norm

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 3

Int 2 Per 3 Wil 2

Lps 36

Eps 26

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Alcohol) (-1)

Addiction (Smoking) (-2)

Contacts (Police) 3 (3)

Hard to Kill 2 (2)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Skills

Brawling 2

Bureaucracy 1

Computers 1

Driving (Car) 2

Electronic Surveillance 2

First Aid 1

Guns (Handgun) 2

Guns (Shotgun) 1

Humanities (Criminal Law) 2

Intimidation 2

Notice 2

Questioning 3

Research/Investigation
3

Stealth 2

Streetwise 2

Surveillance 3

Gear

Handgun, Chainsaw

Personality

The only reason I became a PI was because I lost my police job. Now, don't get it wrong here, I wasn't let go because I was crooked or because I went nuts. See this star-shaped scar on my hand? Got home late at night and was slipping off my shoulder holster and . . . well, the damn thing went off and ruined my hand. Stupid, but the truth.

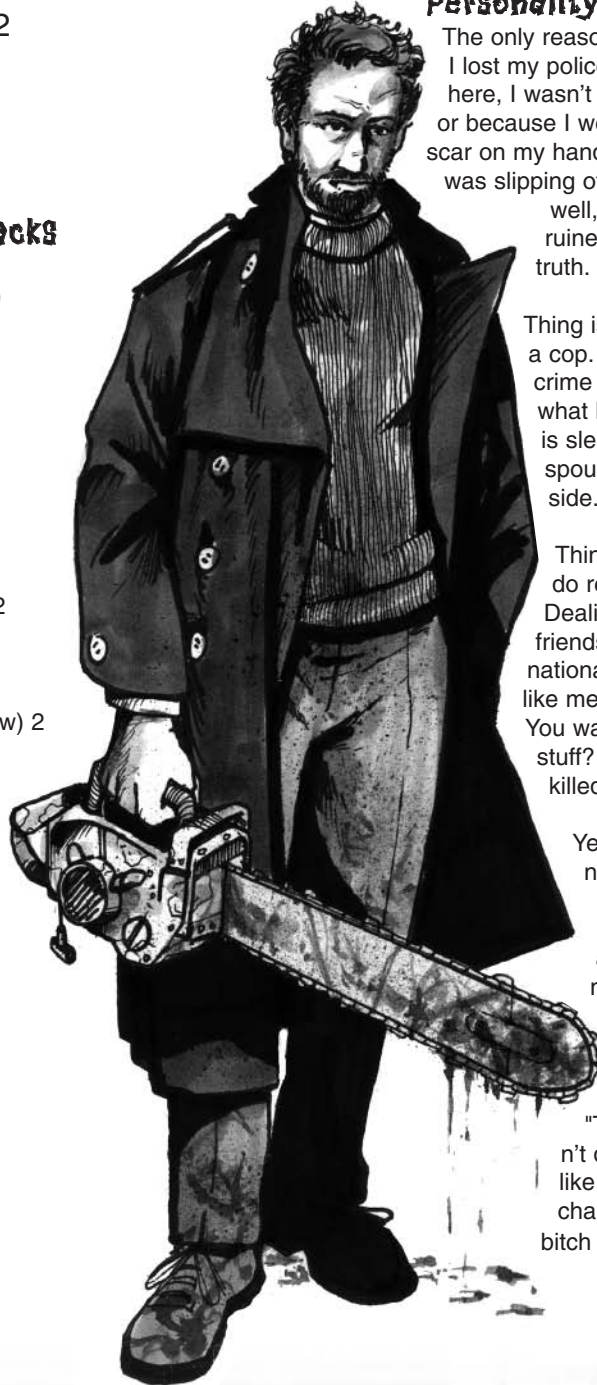
Thing is, being a PI wasn't like being a cop. I used to love walking into a crime scene and trying to figure out what happened. As a PI, all you do is sleazy spy work, like trailing lying spouses gettin' a little extra on the side. That work gets old fast.

Thing is nowadays I'm getting to do real detective work again. Dealing with our smelly dead friends has strained the local and national authorities to the limit. PIs like me are suddenly important again. You want to find out who stole your stuff? You want to find out who killed your son? I'm your man.

Yeah, I know that someday my nosing around is going to get me killed, but it's worth it having that cop feeling again. In a world where the dead outnumber the living ten to one, it's good to feel alive.

Quote

"The dame had legs that wouldn't quit, they kept flopping around like dead fish. I restarted the chainsaw and cut that zombie bitch into smaller pieces."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Drill Sergeant Survivor

Str 3 **Dex** 2 **Con** 5
Int 2 **Per** 3 **Will** 5
LPS 51
EPS 44
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Government) 2 (2)
Contacts (Military) 4 (4)
Cruel 1 (-1)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard To Kill 3 (3)
Humorless (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resistance (Cold) (2)
Resistance (Fatigue) (4)
Zealot (U.S. Government) (-3)

Skills

Brawling 3
Climb 2
Craft (Weaponsmith) 1
Craft Specialty (Gunsmith) 3
Demolitions 2
Dodge 2
Drive (Tracked Vehicle) 3
First Aid 1
Gun (Handgun) 3
Gun Specialty (Service Pistol) 5
Gun (Assault Rifle) 4
Hand Weapon (Bayonet) 2
Instruction 3
Intimidate 3
Stealth 3
Survival (Forest) 2
Survival (Desert) 1

Gear

Camouflage Fatigues, Class III Vest,
Class IV Helmet, DI Uniform,
Flashlight, 2 Fragmentation
Grenades, Assault Rifle, Handgun,
Web Gear

Personality

Oh my God! You are quite easily the sorriest lookin' assholes I have ever laid eyes on! There's not a stone-cold killer in the lot of you. Je-SUS!

Therefore, you will learn how to do three things and only three things. One, Survive! Two, Kill Pusbags! Three, how to stay alive! Mark my words gentlemen: I plan for all of you to learn that one extremely well. If I find out that any one of you maggots has gotten yourself killed, I will track your bumblin', stumblin' ass down and put you out of your misery! Am I understood? I can't hear you! I SAID AM I UNDERSTOOD?

Right! I expect every one of you to work your ass off. You will shoot straight, run fast, and keep what's left of this great country safe for its citizens! Anyone I find goofing off, sleepin' late, or takin' more than their share I will personally feed to the rotten sonsabitches. We are a team and therefore we will think and act like one! Am I—

I saw that look, goddammit! All right pukers, Penderson here just earned all of you twenty laps around the barracks. Now move it!

Quote

"What are you doing, Johnson? Get over that wall before I send a pusbag to chew on your ass!"



The Dutiful Boyfriend

Norm

STR 3 DEX 2 CON 3
INT 2 PER 2 WIL 2
LPS 34
EPS 29
SPD 10
ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractive +1
Charisma +1 (+2 on Social Tasks)
Nerves of Steel (*Fright Check need only be made in the most horrifying situations, and gain a +4*)
Obsession (His Girlfriend)

Skills

Brawling 2
Computers 2
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
Driving (Truck) 2
First Aid 1
Guns (Rifle) 1
Mechanic 2
Play Instrument (Guitar) 1
Research/Investigation 1
Smooth Talking 2
Sport (Football) 3
Sport (Baseball) 3
Stealth 2
Swimming 3
Throwing (Sphere) 3

GEAR

Week's worth of clothing (jeans, tees and sweatshirts), a baseball bat, a baseball, some photographs of his girlfriend, some letters from his girlfriend, a roadmap of Alabama, a box of moonpies, a liter of cola, fifty-two dollars



Personality

Amber and I have been going out since the ninth grade. We have always been together, and we always will be together. I have never met anyone who I could connect with the way I have with her, and she feels the same way about me. All through High School, we never spent more than a day apart from each other.

So it came as quite a shock to me when she announced that she was going to school out of state. She said they had a good program there for what she wanted to major in, and that she needed to go away to school so that she could grow as a person. Grow as a person, what is that supposed to mean? She also said that this would be a test for our relationship, and that if our love was meant to be then the distance would just strengthen it.

God, I hope she isn't planning on breaking up with me. Maybe she has already found someone else and she is just too afraid to tell me. She wouldn't that after three and a half years, would she?

I've got to see her now.

Quote

"I can't wait to see her."

Distilluoned Martial Artist

Zombie

GEAR

Katana, Long Dark Coat, Wide-Brimmed Hat

STR 5 **Dex** 4 **Con** 5
Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
DPS 50
EPS n/a
Spd 18
ESSENCE 35

Qualities/Drawbacks

Age 1 (5)
Adversary (His Undead Lord) (-3)
Attractiveness (Pale/Dark Veins) (-1)
Essence Channeling 2 (4)
Gift (5)
Increased Essence Pool (2)
Obsession
(Stopping His Undead Lord) (-2)
Reckless (-2)

skills

Acrobatics 3
Escapism 2
Hand Weapon (Sword) 4
Language (English) 1
Martial Arts 4
Myth & Legend (Chinese) 2
Notice 2
Stealth 3

Combat Moves

Punch 4, Kick 4, Jab 4, Counter Punch 3,
Flip 2, Roll with Blow 2, Spin Kick 3, Trip 2

Chi Techniques

Bone Blade Kick (2)
Crimson Spray (1)
Finger Blade (1)
Regeneration (2)

Aspects

Starts with the Basic Zombie (AFMBE, p.146) with the following added:
Senses: Like the Living (1)
Sustenance: Who Needs Food? (8)
Intelligence: Problem Solving (15), Long-Term Memory (5), Language (1)

personality

It's always the same. It starts with being pulled through darkness; then the searing pain begins.

Afterwards, I awake in another body, called by my Master yet again for his nefarious schemes. Each time the body is different. I never know if it will be the body of some homeless man or some once-pretty college girl.

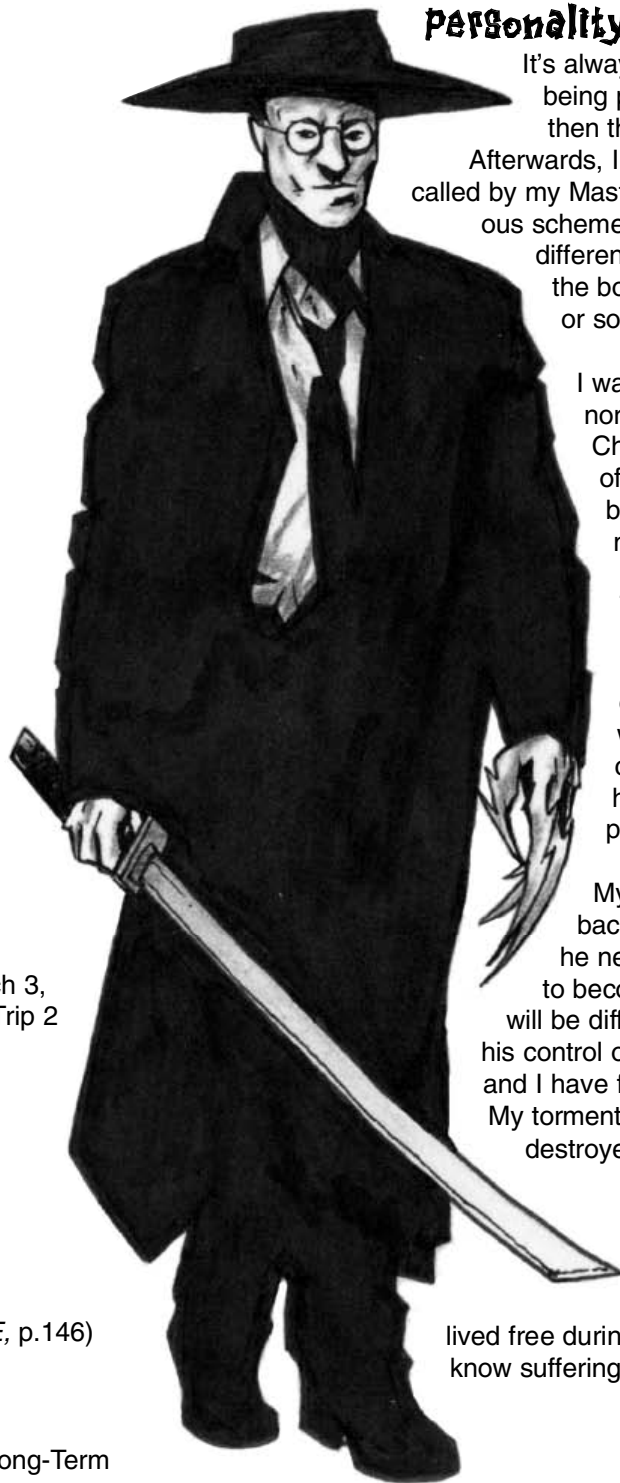
I was once a normal man with normal problems long ago in China. I served in the army of one who wished to become a God. He offered me a chance to be a powerful man in his army.

Though when he spoke to me I was already dying of a sword wound I received earlier that day. I only wanted to see my wife and child again. I should never have accepted and died peacefully.

My eternal Master calls me back from the abyss whenever he needs a warrior for his plot to become a God. This time it will be different. I know the secret to his control over the body I possess and I have found a way to run away. My torment will never end until he is destroyed—once and for all!

Quote

"You who have only lived one lifetime and lived free during that time. You do not know suffering . . . not at all."



Distracted Secretary

NOFM

Personality

I don't care what anyone else tells you, life just isn't fair. See, I'd been working as a secretary at the corporate headquarters of the Jewelry Barn, largest diamond retail chain in the state, for like, a year and a half. Come on, you've seen the ads . . . "No one ever turned down for credit -- We guarantee it!"

No?

Well anyway, like I said, I was working there, but taking all these acting classes in the evenings at a local community college. Yeah, I was going to be a star. I'd worked my tight little ass off, I don't mind telling you, getting headshots, building up my resume. I had even landed an agent! Not a big, fancy Hollywood guy, but he was going to get me a few local spots, maybe even a featured extra role on something like "Nash Bridges," you know?

Then the whole world goes to hell. These gross, rotting dead people all walking around and killing folks, and now I don't have a chance anymore. Heck, even the malls are closed!

Quote

"I was going somewhere before all this happened. I could have been the next Shannon Doherty."

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 2
Lps 26
EPS 23
Spd 8
Essence 15

Qualities/Drawbacks

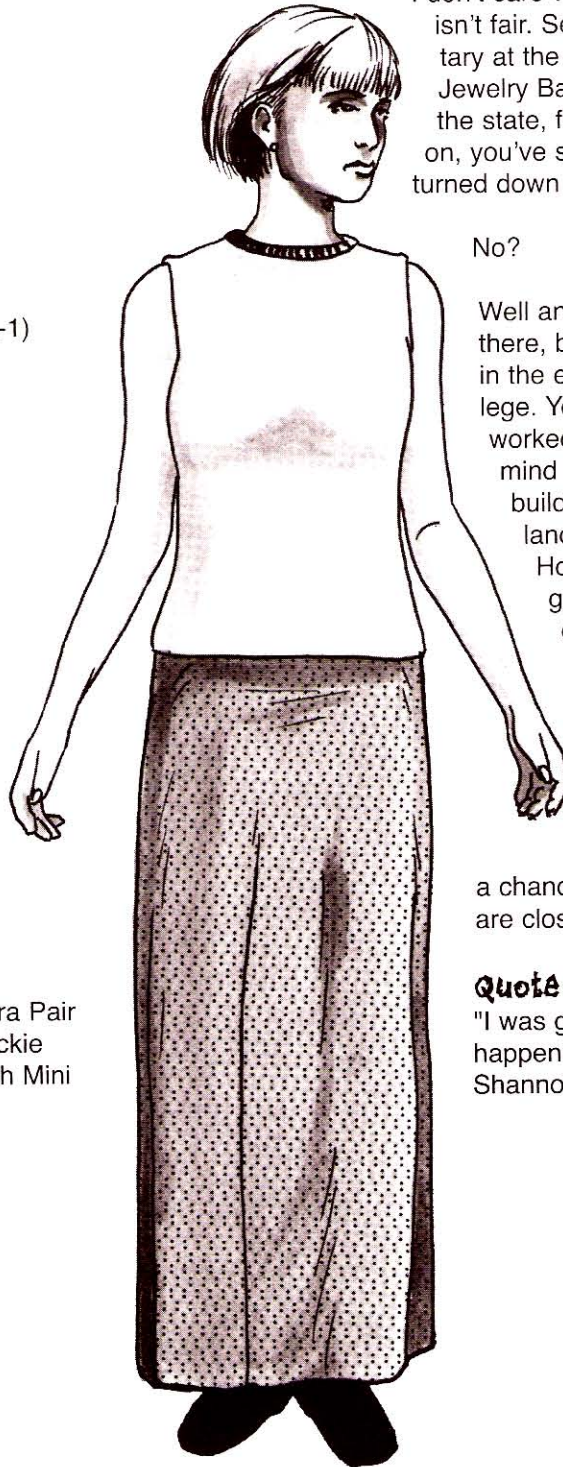
Attractive (3)
Covetous (Conspicuous) (-2)
Emotional Problem (Huggy) (-1)
Good Luck 1 (3)
Nerves of Steel (2)
Talentless (-2)

Skills

Acting 1
Beautician 3
Bureaucracy 2
Computers 3
Craft (Cute Fuzzy Things) 2
Disguise 2
Driving (Car) 2
Instruction 2
Martial Arts (Boxercise) 2
Myth and Legend (Urban) 3
Seduction 4
Singing 1
Smooth Talking 3

Gear

Makeup, Cellular Phone, Extra Pair Of Nylons, Pepper Spray, Jackie Collins Novel, Key Chain With Mini Flashlight Attached



Disgruntled Ex-Employee

SURVIVOR

STR 4 **Dex** 4 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2
LPS 43
EPS 35
Spd 16
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Sense: Hearing (2)
Acute Sense: Sight (2)
Addiction (Heavy Alcohol) (-2)
Contacts (2)
Charisma (1)
Cruel (-1)
Delusions (Persecution Complex) (-1)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill (3)
Prejudice (Rich) (1)
Resistance (Disease) (2)

Skills

Brawling 4
Cheating 2
Demolitions 2
Dodge 3
Driving (Car) 2
Driving (Motorcycle) 3
First Aid 1
Gambling 1
Guns: Handgun 3
Guns: Shotgun 3
Intimidation 3
Mechanic 2
Notice 3
Stealth 2
Streetwise 3
Survival (Urban) 3

GEAR

Sawed-Off 12-Gauge
Shotgun, 36 Shotgun
Shells, .38 Caliber
Handgun, 200 .38
Slugs, Dirty Clothes,
Leather Jacket, Bottle
Of Whiskey, Maglite

Personality

I worked for the Bank for ten long years. Ten years! You hear me, man? That job cost me my wife, my kids, but I kept working. I put in the long hours, the extra weekends, and for what? So some affirmative action plan could push someone up over me who was half as qualified as I was, and leave me in the dust.

Then the hammer fell. Sure, maybe the stuff I was checking out on the 'Net didn't exactly meet Bank standards, but come on, ten years washed down the tube, just because of that?

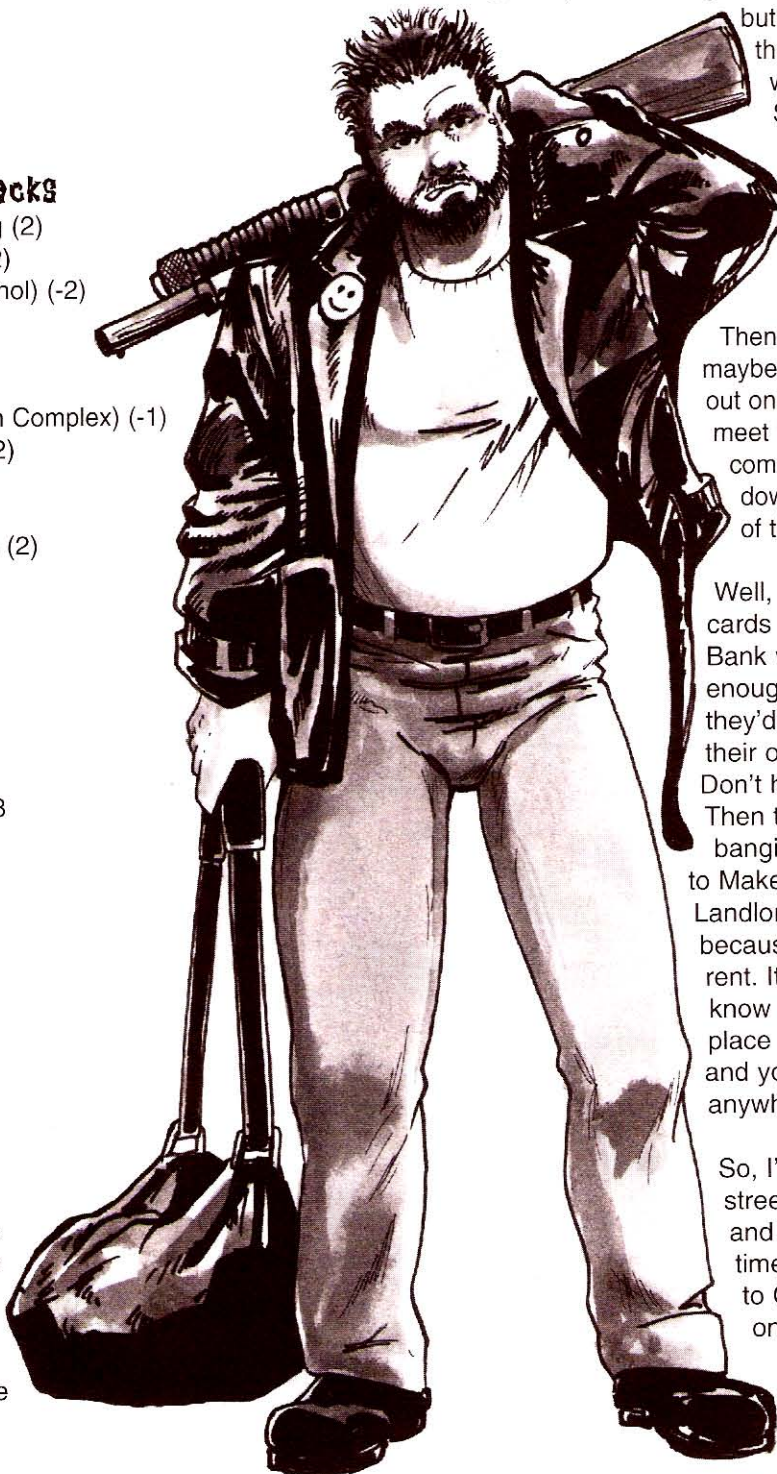
Well, I'd run up my credit cards of course, because the Bank wasn't paying me enough, and do you think they'd give a loan to one of their own to help pay it off? Don't hold your breath, pal. Then the repo guys started banging at my door. "Failure to Make Payments," they said. Landlord kicked me out next, because I couldn't make the rent. It's not my fault, you know . . . you work for a place for ten years, like I did, and you just can't find work anywhere else.

So, I've been living on the streets for two weeks now, and I've decided that its time to deliver a message to Corporate America . . . one they'll never forget.

Quote

"I gave my heart and soul for that company.

Then they chucked me out like yesterday's trash. Now I'm gonna make them pay in blood."



DRIVER Pulp Hero

Str 3 **Dex** 6 **Con** 3
Int 2 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
Lps 34
Eps 32
Spd 18
Essence 21

Qualities/Drawbacks

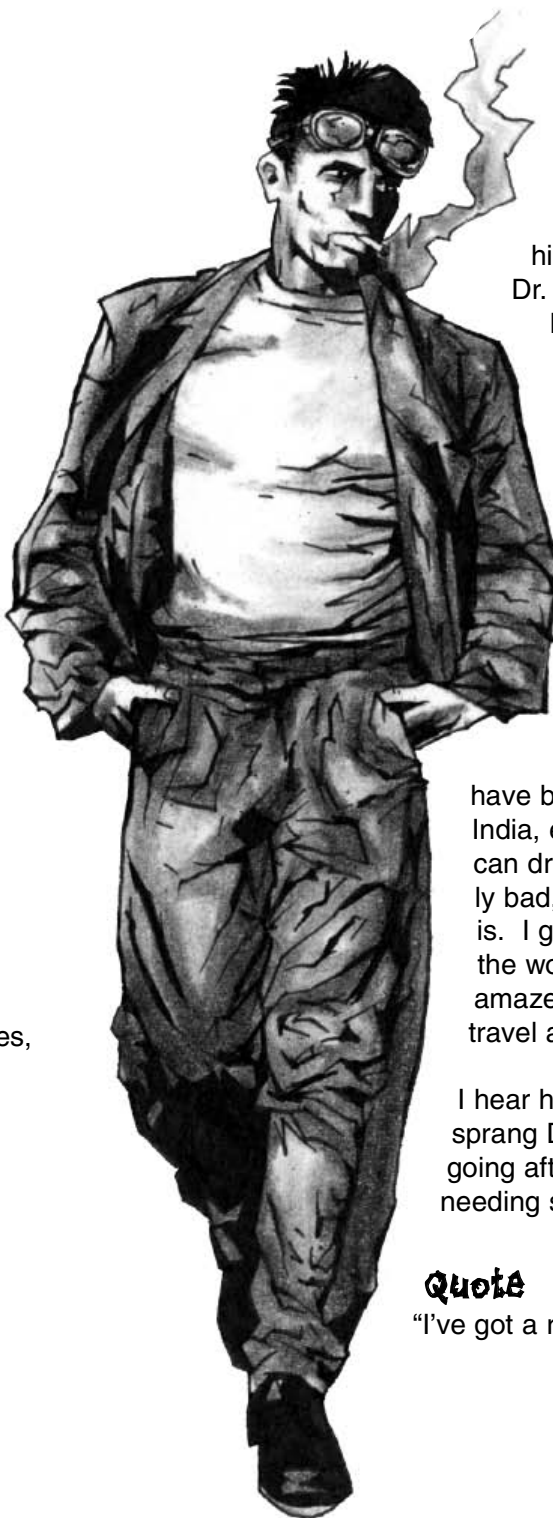
Addiction (Nicotine) (-2)
Contacts (Various) (5)
Danger Sense (3)
Delusions of Grandeur (-3)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Humorless (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Dodge 5
Driving (Car) 5
Driving (Truck) 4
Driving (Motorcycle) 4
Guns (Handgun) 4
Martial Arts 4
Mechanic 5
Notice 3

Gear

Colt .45 Semi-Automatic,
Automobile, Pack of Lucky Strikes,
Zippo



Personality

You wanted the best and now you got it.

Me.

Do you know who drove the car that delivered the Captain and his band of heroes into the lair of Dr. Z and his minions back in '35? Me. Unfortunately, Dr. Z escaped. We tailed him to his secret lair in Rio, though. Again, I drove the Captain and his band of heroes to the lair. I even helped by mowing down Dr. Z's evil henchman with the truck I was driving. We seized Dr. Z that time but unfortunately, we lost the Captain. After that, the group disbanded.

Since then, I have traveled, going where there's work. I have been to Africa, Europe, China, India, even Tibet. See, not everyone can drive. And those that can are usually bad, real bad. Me, I'm the best there is. I get telegraphs from folks all over the world wanting to hire me. It simply amazes me how one's reputation can travel around the world.

I hear his right hand man, Thanatos, sprang Dr. Z from jail. I know you're going after them. I want in. You'll be needing someone to drive.

Quote

"I've got a real bad feeling about this."

ESCAPE ARTIST

SURVIVOR

PERSONALITY

Think of it this way.

STR 2 **Dex** 5 **Con** 2
Int 4 **PER** 4 **WIL** 3
LPS 26
EPS 26
Spd 14
ESSENCE 20

QUALITIES/DRAWBACKS

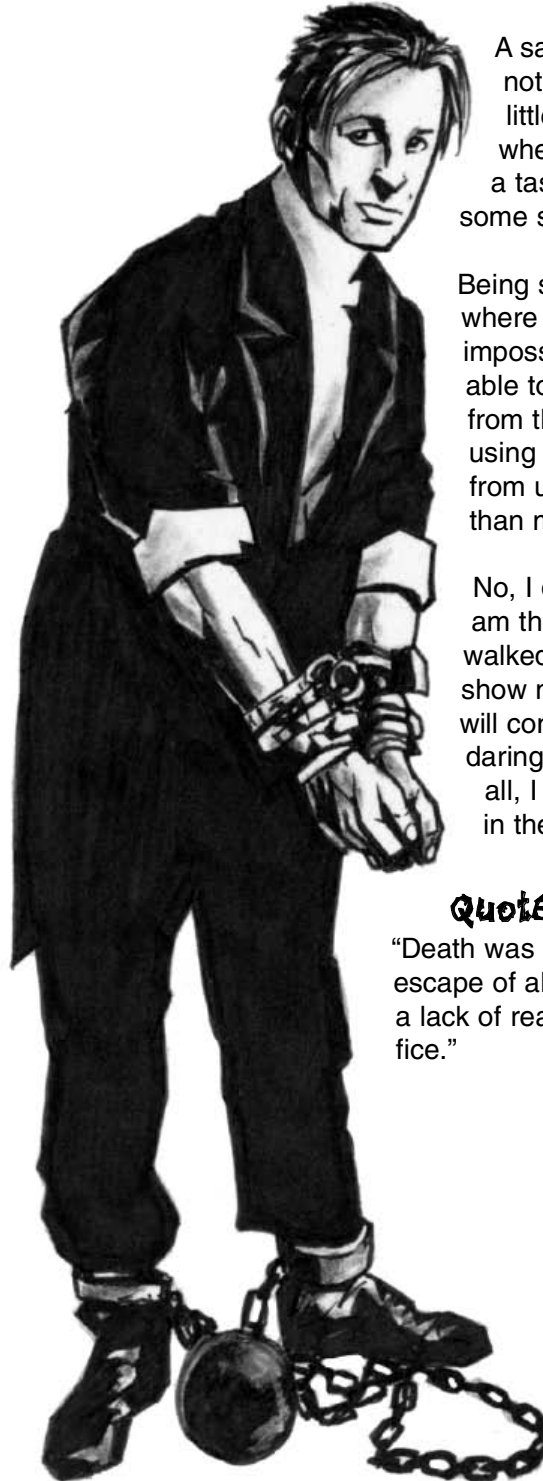
Attractiveness +1 (1)
Charisma +3 (3)
Good Luck (4)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Showoff (-2)
Situational Awareness (2)

SKILLS

Acrobatics 3
Acting 3
Brawling 3
Cheating 1
Driving (Car) 2
Escapism (Rope Bonds) 5
Lock Picking (Mechanical) 5
Occult Knowledge 3
Sleight of Hand 6

GEAR

Lock Picking Set



A safe is designed to keep people out, not in. Most people do not know that little fact, and it takes them by surprise when you are able to accomplish such a task, most often under water or under some similarly ridiculous situation.

Being surrounded by these beasts everywhere we go is almost the same thing, an impossible task that no man should be able to survive. That is only how it looks from the outside. I have lived this long, using my fair share of tricks to disappear from under the hungry noses of more than my fair share of those beasts.

No, I do not worry about getting caught. I am the best escape artist that ever walked these streets, and while I may not show my talents on the stage anymore, I will continue to amaze you people with daring escapes and near misses. After all, I wouldn't be able to look at myself in the mirror if I did not.

QUOTE

"Death was once said to be the greatest escape of all, but seeing as there seems to be a lack of real death these days, living shall suffice."

All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Ex-Goth Gal

Norm

Str 1 Dex 3 Con 2

Int 3 Per 4 Wil 3

Lps 22

EPs 23

Spd 10

Essence 28

Qualities/Drawbacks

Absent Minded (-1)

Artistic Talent (Singing) (3)

Obsession

(Caring for Stray Animals) (-2)

Reckless (-2)

Showoff (-2)

Skills

Acting 3

Brawling 3

Dodge 4

Driving (Car) 1

Fine Arts (Drawing) 4

Myth and Legend (Vampires) 3

Riding (Horse) 3

Running (Dash) 4

Seduction 2

Singing 3

Swimming 4

Gear

Drawing Pad, Drawing Utensils, Neil Gaiman Books, Random Abandoned Animal

Personality

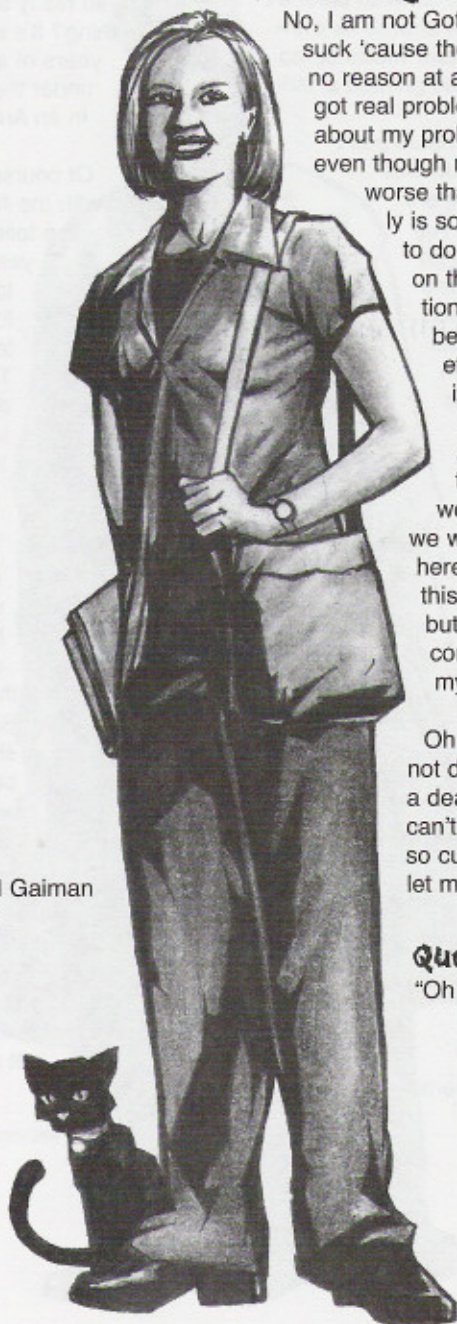
No, I am not Goth! I hate those people. They suck 'cause they're depressed all the time for no reason at all. I'm depressed because I've got real problems. I don't whine or bitch about my problems all the time like they do, even though my problems are so much worse than theirs are. I mean, my family is so messed up I don't know what to do half the time. Did you know I'm on three different kinds of medication for my depression? It's because I don't want any side effects so I take three to neutralize the side effects of them all.

Zombies? Who cares about them anyway? You know we wouldn't be having this trouble if we were someplace other than here. Nothing cool ever happens in this town. Yeah, I was born here, but I'm the only good thing to come out of this place other than my boyfriend.

Oh look! A little puppy! What? It is not dead. It's just been playing with a dead animal or something. That can't be its blood all over it. It looks so cute. I wonder if my boyfriend will let me keep it.

Quote

"Oh look! A stray kitty!"



EX-SPY SURVIVOR

STR 2 **Dex** 4 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Will** 4
LPS 46
EPS 35
Spd 16
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contact (U.S. Intel. Agents) 4 (4)
Contact (Ex-KGB Officer) 4 (4)
Emotional Anchor (Teenage girl) (-1)
Hard to Kill 4 (4)
Multiple Identity (Salesman) (2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Physical Disability
(Crippled Hand) (-2)
Recurring Nightmares
(Botched Operation) (-1)
Situational Awareness (2)

skills

Acting 2
Disguise 3
Gun (Handgun) 3
Gun (Assault Rifle) 3
Language (German) 3
Language (Russian) 3
Martial Arts 2
Notice 4
Science (Cryptography) 2
Smooth Talking 3
Stealth 3
Streetwise 2

GEAR

Binoculars, Briefcase Gun, Camera,
Class IIIa Vest, Disguise Kit

Personality

The dead really are walking, well isn't that something? It's so gratifying to know that all my years of sweeping this country's slip-ups under the rug were all wasted cuz some idiot in an Army lab couldn't follow procedure.

Of course I'm bitter. My 15 years of service with the Agency have just been flushed down the toilet. Granted, I retired over three years ago, but it was a matter of pride to me. Now my work's all gone, and for what? Some 8-dollar-an-hour lab tech who forgot to close a door? That's exactly why I turned the suits down when they came crawling, asking me to come back. I put in my time, let them clean it up.

Me? I'm only looking out for two people: the kid and me. Yeah, maybe I do have a soft spot, so what? What'd you expect me to do, leave her to get eaten by a bunch of corpses? I may be an ex-spook, but that doesn't mean I'm heartless. Sometimes she can be a pain, and she's getting to that wiseass stage, but I can't leave her behind.

My toughest assignment yet: raising a teenager.

Quote

"Hey shut up, I don't sound like a father. You say that again, I'll make sure you never eat solid foods again, get me?"



Fatalistic Corp Executive

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 2 **Wil** 2
LPG 30
EPG 26
Spd 10
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Cowardly 1 (-1)
Charisma +2 (2)
Emotional Problem
(Feelings of Uselessness) (-1)
Emotional Problem (Stoicism) (-1)
Resources
(Multinational Exec) 2 (4)
Recurring Nightmares
(Dying) (-1)
Status +3 (3)

Skills

Brawling 1
Bureaucracy 4
Computers 2
Drive (Car) 2
Gun (Handgun) 1
Hand Weapon (Club) 1
Humanities (Business) 4
Intimidation 1
Language (French) 3
Notice 2
Science (Math) 2
Storytelling 2
Sport (Golf) 2
Writing (Advocacy) 2
Writing (Creative) 1

Gear

Briefcase with Business Papers, Limousine, PDA/Phone Combination, Handgun

Personality

I should have seen the end coming. The signs were all around me, but I ignored them. All I cared about was money and power, and now that is coming back to haunt me.

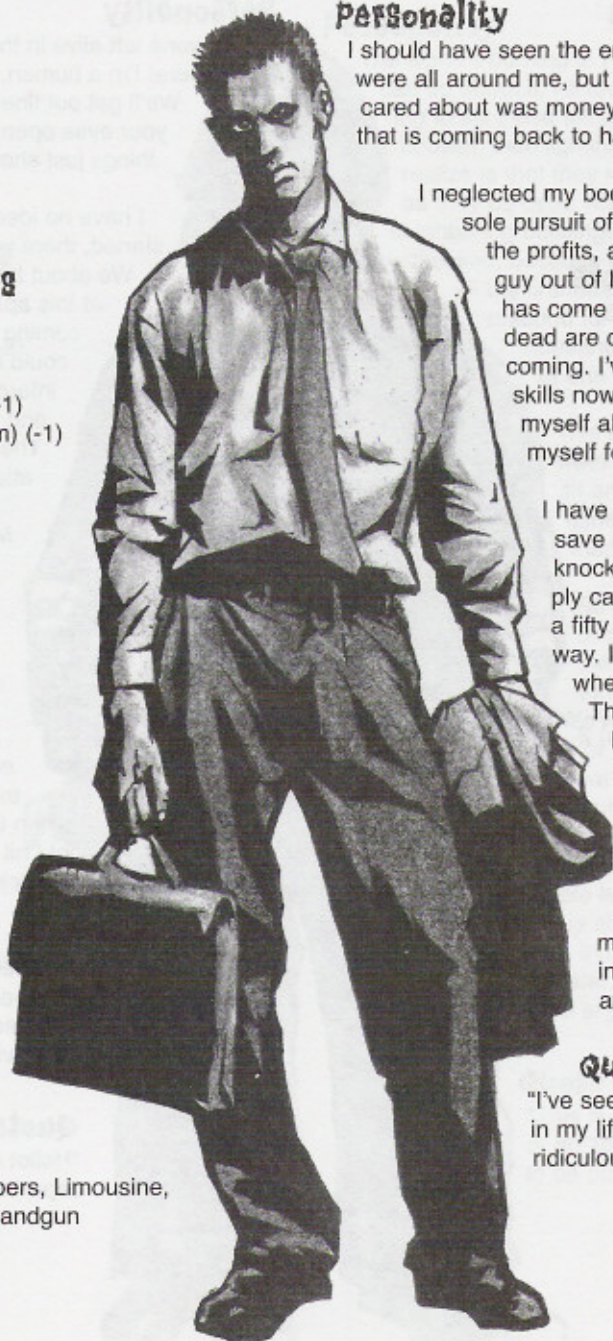
I neglected my body and my mind to the sole pursuit of increasing my share of the profits, and screwing the other guy out of his. Well, now the piper has come for his due, it seems. The dead are out there and they're coming. I've got no marketable skills now, nothing to keep even myself alive, let alone to keep myself fed and protected.

I have millions, but they won't save me when the dead are knocking at my door. You simply can't hand a rotting corpse a fifty and tell it to be on its way. I've got my own jet, but where can I run to be safe? They'll find me soon and kill me. Them, or a human who hasn't made the same mistakes as I have.

I guess it doesn't really matter which one. This is my bed and I'll have to lie in it . . . at least until I die and rise again.

Quote

"I've seen some hostile takeovers in my life, but these corpses are ridiculous!"



Fire Fighter

Survivor

Personality

Anyone left alive in there? We have to get out of here! I'm a human, not one of those things.

We'll get out fine. Stop shaking and keep your eyes open; if you see one of those things just shout.

I have no idea how this started. The calls started, there were fires and riots all over.

We about had the flames extinguished at this apartment when they started coming through the doors. No one could have lived through that inferno! They came out, charred and smoking, some still on fire. They walked right out front and attacked.

Most of the guys ran, but I couldn't leave anyone behind, so I took my axe and chopped those bastards down. The guys they killed stood back up! So I went to work with my axe again. I dragged my wounded buddies to the truck and took off. Imagine my surprise when they turned into those things too! I hit the gas and jumped, letting the truck smash into a building.

There's got to be a safe place somewhere. We'll find it. Keep your eyes peeled and if you see any real living people, we'll go get them. I'm not leaving anyone behind.

Quote

"Hello! Anyone alive in here? Fire department, come on out!"

Str 3 Dex 3 Con 4

Int 3 Per 3 Will 4

Lps 47

Eps 38

Spd 14

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Fire Fighters) (3)

Contacts (Paramedics) (2)

Contacts (Police) (2)

Hard to Kill 3 (3)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Resistance (Pain) (2)

Skills

Brawling 3

Climbing 3

Demolitions 1

Dodge 2

Driving (Car) 3

Driving (Truck) 3

Engineering (Construction) 2

First Aid 4

Hand Weapon (Axe) 4

Notice 3

Running (Marathon) 2

Sciences (Physics) 2

Weight Lifting 3

Gear

Fire Axe, Fireman Helmet,

First Aid Kit, Flashlight



Fireman

Norm

Personality

The world's burning in Hell, and there's nothing I can do about it. All around me people are trying to kill those things by trapping them in houses, then lighting fires. What they don't realize is that they kill as many living people as they do dead when the fire spreads to neighboring buildings. These same fires burn unchecked, because the government has told all the firehouses in the city not to respond for their own safety—killing thousands. That's only one hour of one day.

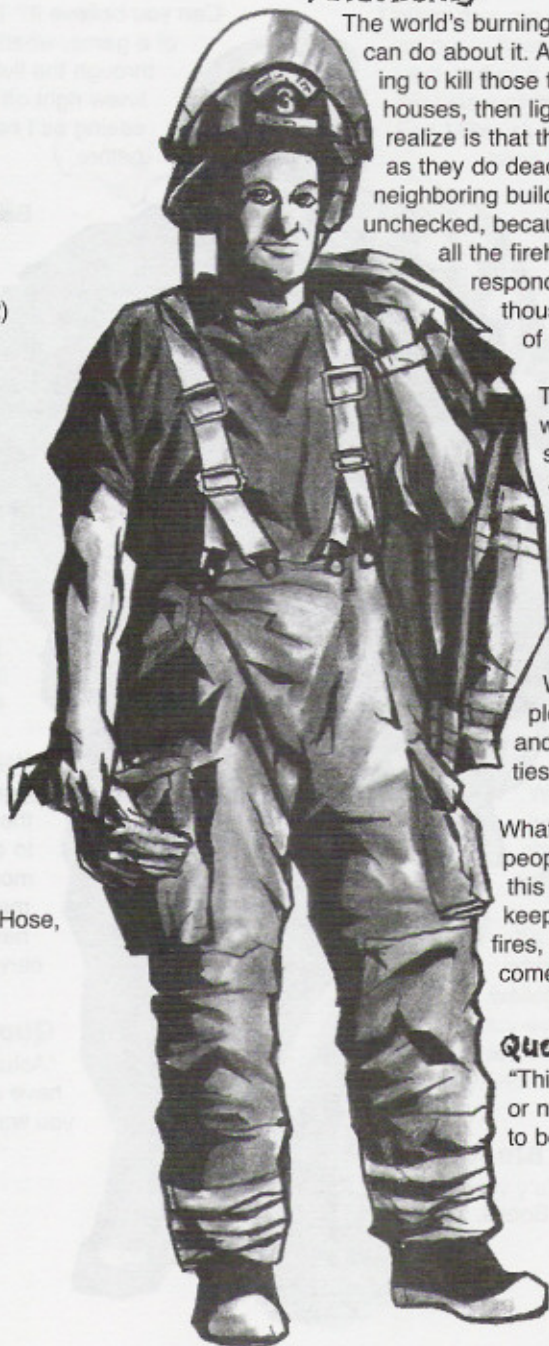
This has been going on for weeks, and all we could do is sit and watch the city burn to ashes around us. It was more than I could take.

So our house and a couple of others have started taking the engines out at night and fighting fire where we can. We've gotten attacked a couple of times by those things, and we've taken some casualties, but it's worth it.

What we do means a few more people left to help rebuild when this is all over. In the meantime, I keep trying my best to fight the fires, and I pray to God for rain to come and put this city out.

Quote

"This is my watch, and zombies or no zombies there are still fires to be put out."



Str 3 Dex 3 Con 2

Int 2 Per 2 Will 2

LPS 30

EPS 26

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

- Acute Senses (Hearing) (2)
- Fast Reaction Time (2)
- Obsession (Fighting Fires) (-2)
- Resistance (Heat) (2)
- Recurring Nightmares (Being Burnt Alive) (-1)
- Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

- Climb 2
- Dodge 3
- Driving (Truck) 3
- Engineering (Architecture) 2
- Engineering (Construction) 3
- First Aid 3
- Hand Weapon (Axe) 3
- Language (Spanish) 3
- Notice 2
- Run (Sprint) 3
- Science (Fire Fighting) 3

Gear

- Fire Axe, Fire Truck with Fire Hose, Gasmask, First Aid Kit, Fire Extinguisher

Frantic Intern

Norm

personality

I was always the creative type, but my folks were pretty savvy. They convinced me to go into advertising instead of wasting my life trying to become the next Andy Warhol, or Ernest Hemmingway, or something. So I majored in Graphic Design in college with a minor in Business.

Figured that'd be my ticket up. Last year in college, I landed a sweet internship in the Marketing Department of the Bank. Started out making coffee, but pretty soon, they realized I had more talent than they could use.

Suddenly, I was helping out with ad layouts and sitting in on meetings. I had pretty much been assured of a job after I graduated, too. Life was going well. Yeah, I still had to run for coffee every once in a while, but hey, that's the price you pay, you know?

Quote

"Right, where does this one go again?"



Str 2 **Dex** 1 **Con** 2

Int 4 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2

LPS 32

EPS 23

Spd 6

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Cowardly (-1)

Emotional Problems (Fear of Failure) (-1)

Hard to Kill (2)

Photographic Memory (2)

Resources (1)

skills

Bureaucracy 1

Computers 4

Driving (Car) 1

Fine Arts (Graphic Design) 3

Humanities (Business) 2

Instruction 2

Language (French) 2

Notice 2

Play Instrument (Guitar) 3

Research 2

Singing 2

Smooth Talking 2

Stealth 2

Streetwise 2

Writing (Technical) 2

GEAR

Notepad, Broken Pencil, Walkman & Personalized Mix Tape

Frustrated Writer

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2
Lps 26
Eps 23
Spd 10
Essence 27

Qualities/Drawbacks

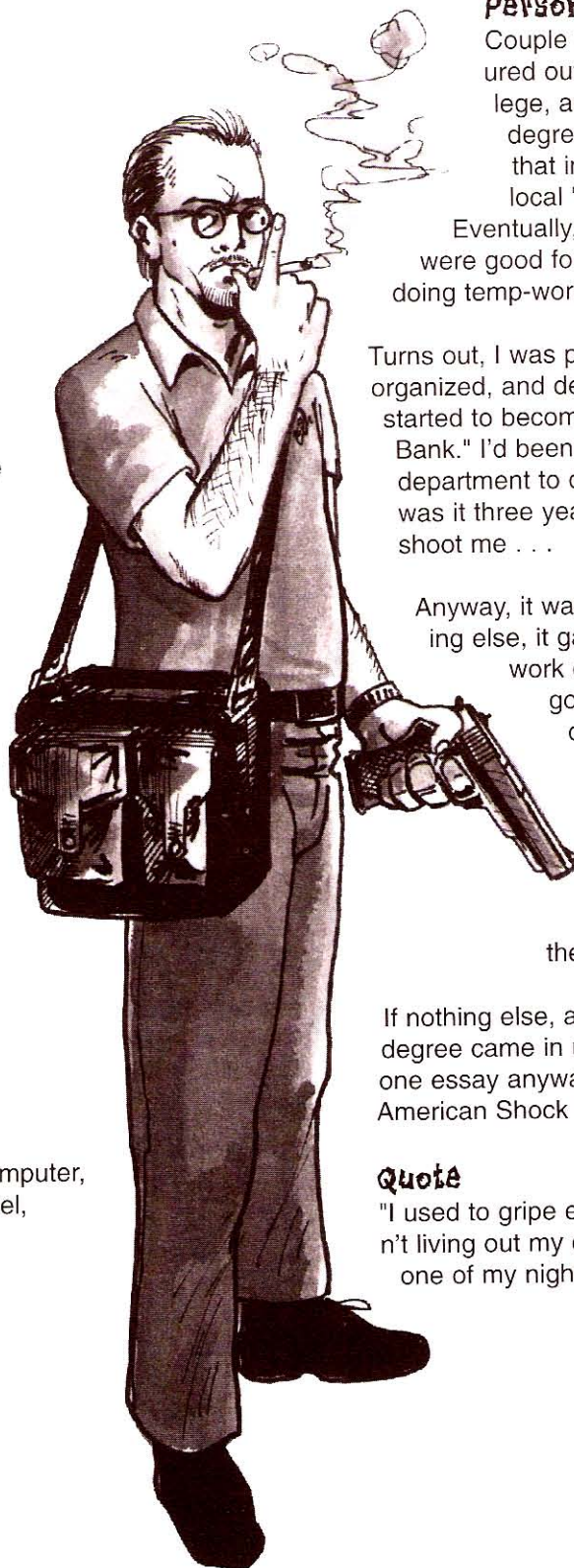
Acute Senses (Hearing) (2)
Artistic Talent (Writer) (3)
Charisma 1 (1)
Clown (-1)
Cowardly (-1)
Emotional Problem (Overprotective of Personal Space) (-1)
Recurring Nightmares (-1)

Skills

Bureaucracy 2
Computer Hacking 1
Computers 3
Driving (Car) 2
Humanities (Literature) 2
Instruction 1
Myth and Legend 2
Notice 3
Research 2
Smooth Talking 2
Storytelling 3
Streetwise 2
Survival (Forest) 2
Writing (Creative) 3

Gear

Notebook, Pen, Pencil, Laptop Computer, Pager, Dog-eared Kathe Kojia Novel, Pocket Flashlight



Personality

Couple years back, I had it all figured out. Slogged through college, and got an "Oh-So-Useful" degree in film. Managed to turn that into a high-paying job at a local "Wacky Burgers."

Eventually, I decided that my skills were good for something and I started doing temp-work.

Turns out, I was pretty good at getting crap organized, and detail-oriented enough that I started to become invaluable at "The Bank." I'd been bumped around from department to department for . . . shit, was it three years? Somebody please shoot me . . .

Anyway, it was a good gig and, if nothing else, it gave me the free time to work on my own projects. I've got a couple screenplays done, and a dozen short stories to my credit.

Eventually, I was gonna start sending them out to some agents or something . . .

. Then the shit really hit the fan . . .

If nothing else, at least now I can say my degree came in useful in the end . . . well one essay anyway -- "The Living Dead in American Shock Cinema."

Quote

"I used to gripe every day about how I wasn't living out my dream . . . now I'm stuck in one of my nightmares."

Fastest Gun In The West

SURVIVOR

STR 3 **Dex** 5 **Con** 3

Int 2 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3

Lps 49

EPS 32

Spd 16

ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness +2 (2)

Charisma +2 (2)

Fast As Hell (1)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill (5)

Honorable (-2)

Number One with A Bullet (1)

Reckless (-2)

Showoff (-2)

Situational Awareness (2)

skills

Brawling 3

Dodge 2

Escapism 1

First Aid 1

Gambling 1

Guns (Handgun) 7

Guns (Rifle) 4

Haggling 1

Intimidation 4

Language (Navajo) 2

Language (Spanish) 2

Riding (Horse) 3

Stealth 2

Survival (Desert) 2

Tracking 2

GEAR

A Good Horse, Dusty Clothes, Two Colt Peacemaker Pistols (.45), Winchester '73 Rifle (.44), Saddle Bag with Ten Half Eagle Coins

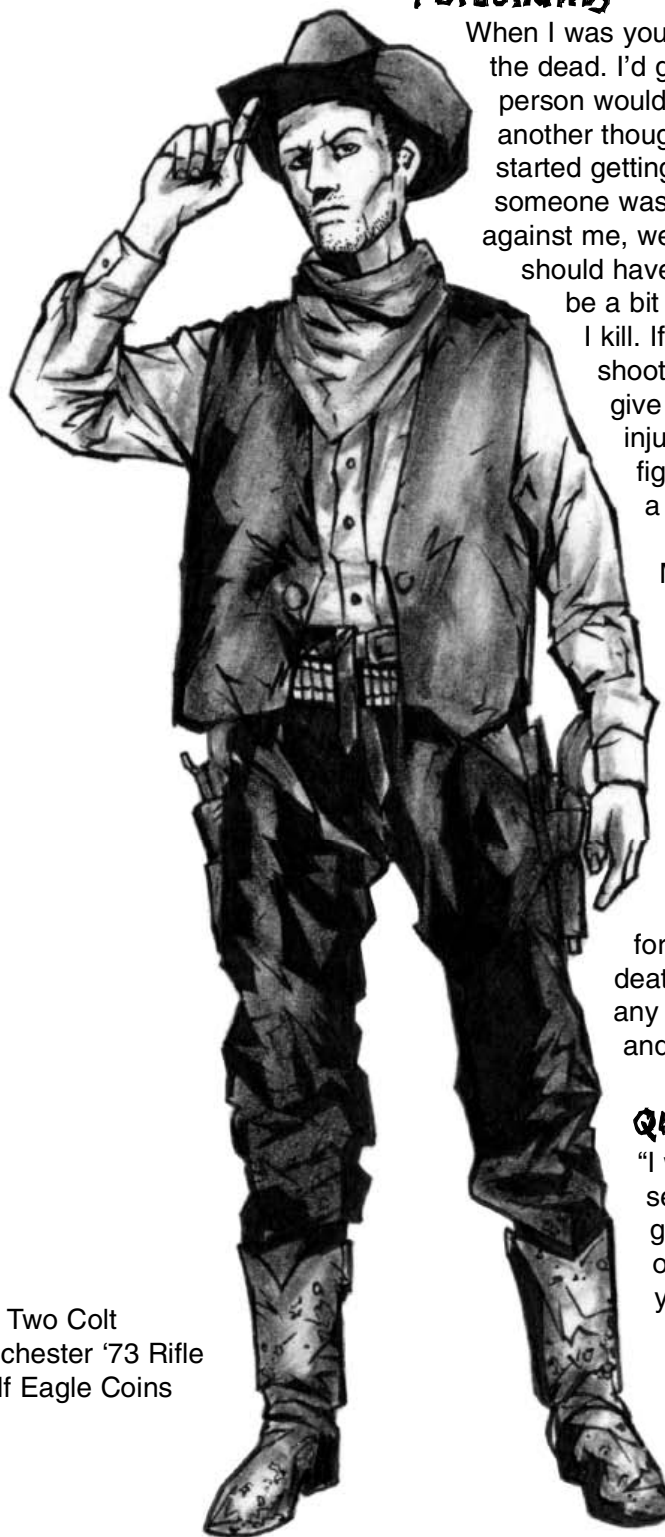
personality

When I was younger, I never worried about the dead. I'd get in a gunfight, the other person would drop, and I never gave it another thought. But after a while, it started getting to me. Just because someone was stupid enough to go against me, weren't no reason they should have to die. Nowadays, I try to be a bit more discerning about who I kill. If I can just scare them off, shoot their gun away, maybe give them a little limp or a hand injury to remember me by, I figure I've done the poor fool a favor.

Maybe that's just a case of too little too late though. I hear tale of the dead rising, heading towards this one horse town I now find myself in. With all of the men I've killed in my life, and to tell the truth I lost count of them a long time ago, I am sure some of those dead are coming for me. All that means is that death ain't made those fools any wiser. I'll just have to up and kill them again.

Quote

"I warn you right now, the second you draw that six-gun I'm just gonna shoot it out of your hands, make you look all greenhorn-like."



Goth Chick Inspired

Str 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 4
LPS 34
EPS 35
Spd 12
ESSENCE 42

Qualities/Drawbacks

Artistic Talent (3)
Inspiration (5)
Gift (5)
Increased Essence (2)

Skills

Acting 2
Brawling 1
Computer Hacking 1
Computers 2
Dancing (Industrial) 2
Dodge 2
Escapism 2
Fine Arts (Sculpture) 2
Guns (Handgun) 1
Myth and Legend 2
Occult Knowledge (Vampires) 2
Seduction 2
Stealth 2
Streetwise 1
Writing (Poetry) 1

Metaphysics

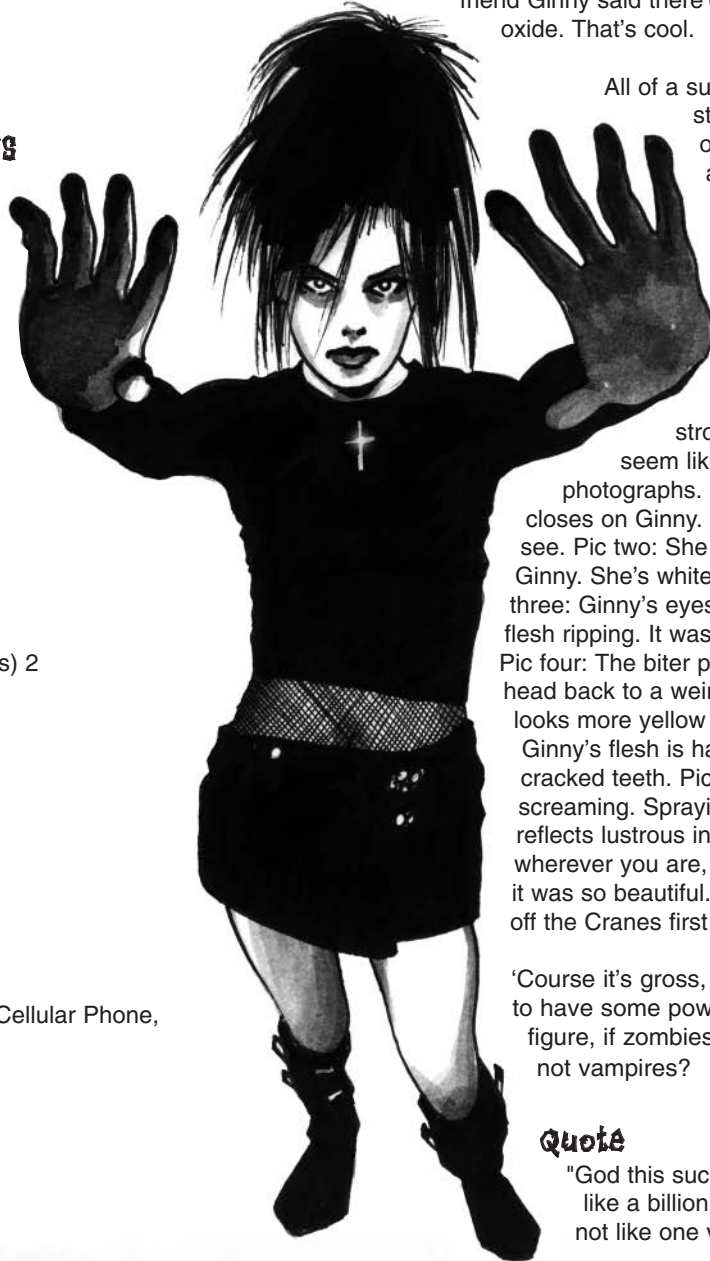
Visions
Binding

Gear

Anne Rice Novel, Camera, Cellular Phone,
Handcuffs

Personality

I remember the first time I saw one. It was at some rave out in the desert -- I wasn't too hot on the crap techno music the DJ's were pushing, but my friend Ginny said there'd be free nitrous oxide. That's cool.



All of a sudden, people started coming out of the desert at us. They were moving all spastic, but I thought it was just the strobe.

I remember watching as the strobe made it seem like a bunch of photographs. Pic one: She closes on Ginny. Ginny doesn't see. Pic two: She embraces Ginny. She's white like marble. Pic three: Ginny's eyes go wide. I hear flesh ripping. It was so Anne Rice! Pic four: The biter pulls Ginny's head back to a weird angle. She looks more yellow now, and Ginny's flesh is hanging from her cracked teeth. Pic five: Ginny's screaming. Spraying blood reflects lustrous in the light. Ginny, wherever you are, forgive me, but it was so beautiful. Like something off the Cranes first album.

'Course it's gross, but hey I seem to have some power over them. I figure, if zombies are real, why not vampires?

Quote

"God this sucks . . . there's like a billion zombies and not like one vampire."

GAMEMASTER

NORM

PERSONALITY

Can you believe it? There we were, in the middle of a game, when a couple of zombies came through the living room window. I, of course, knew right off the bat what was happening, seeing as I had run many a zombie game before.

Before anyone could react, the zombies had one of my players in his jaws, gnawing on him like a dog with a chew toy.

Thankfully, I keep a sharpened sword handy for emergencies like this. Well, this and unruly players. I had the zombie chopped up in no time. We did lose Jerry, though. He was playing the cleric, too. Damn it! Now I have to create an NPC cleric for the group.

We jumped into the cars and headed for a friend's house in the boonies. We're back in town to stock up on supplies and get more weapons. I figure in ten, maybe twelve months we can have our own little kingdom carved out down here.

QUOTE

"Actually, we just lost one, so we have a spot open in the group if you want to play."

STR 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Will** 2
LPS 26
EPS 23
Spd 8
ESSENCE 14

QUALITIES/DRAWBACKS

Addiction (Gaming) (-1)
Charisma +1 (1)
Contacts (Gaming Group) (2)
Gamer (0)
Photographic Memory (2)

SKILLS

Acting 1
Brawling 1
Computers 1
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 3
Hand Weapon (Sword) 2
Humanities
(Anthropology) 3
Humanities (History) 1
Humanities (Ancient History) 3
Language (Latin) 1
Notice 2
Occult Knowledge (Obscure Religions) 1
Play Instrument (Tuba) 1
Sciences (Mathematics) 1
Sciences (Physics) 1
Storytelling 3
Throwing (Dice) 1
Throwing (Pencil) 1
Writing (Creative) 3

GEAR

Sedan, Collection of Gaming Books, Sword, Flashlight



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Good Ol' Boy

NORM

Personality

T'other day, me an' Clem was out shootin' and ran out o' beer, so we reckoned we'd run inna town and pick up some at Frank's Carry-out. We was walkin' inna Frank's when we saw Earl Miller stumblin' up the street like he'd been up in his moonshine.

Clem and I reckoned we oughta help 'im find his house. We'lls got upta 'im and sees Earl all covered 'n blood, missin' a big chunk bit outta his neck. Earl just kinda looked at me all funny-like, his eyes all glazed over. Then he did the weirdest darn thing. Earl grabs me an' tries to bite a chunk outta me

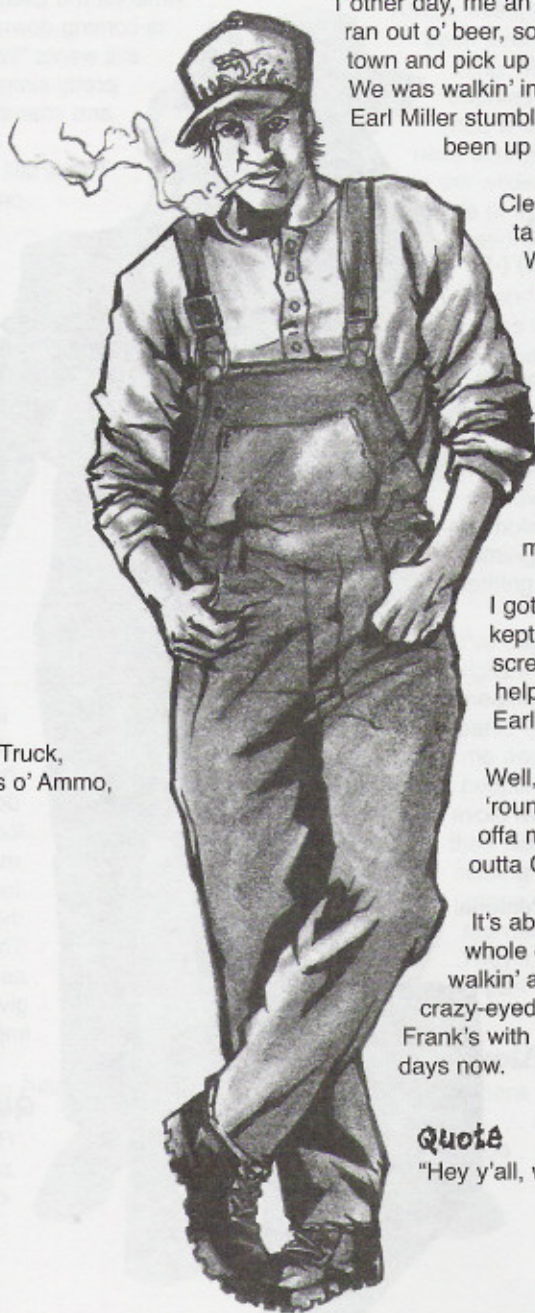
I got Earl offa me, but he jus' kept comin' back. I start a-screamin' at Clem, tellin' him ta help me, 'cuz there ain't no way Earl should be tryin' ta bite me.

Well, finally Clem gets 'is arm 'round Earl's neck and pulls 'im offa me. And Earl takes a bite outta Clem's arm!

It's about then, that we noticed the whole dang town's 'as got folks walkin' and weavin' about, lookin' all crazy-eyed. We been holed up in Frank's with some other folk for a few days now.

Quote

"Hey y'all, watch this!"



Str 4 Dex 2 Con 4

Int 1 Per 1 Wil 2

Lps 57

Eps 35

Spd 12

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Hard to Kill 5 (5)

Reckless (-2)

Skills

Brawling 3

Climbing 2

Dodge 2

Driving (Truck) 3

Gambling 1

Guns (Rifle) 4

Guns (Shotgun) 4

Hand Weapon (Club) 3

Mechanic 2

Stealth 4

Survival (Forest) 2

Gear

Shotgun, Hunting Rifle, Pick-up Truck, Cigarettes, 12-pack o' Beer, Lots o' Ammo, Lucky Fishin' Hat

Government Agent

Norm

Personality

America the Beautiful, what a joke. This country is coming down around our ears and the Brass still wants "intel" on those undead jokers. It's pretty simple; the Meatbags eat people, and shamble around, that's about it.

That's still better than dealing with the crazy rednecks who grabbed their shotguns and a six-pack as soon as they caught wind of the authorization of deadly force. I wouldn't care what the hell they did, except Command ordered me to organize them into search and destroy parties. Talk about a logistical nightmare! Do you know how hard it is to get a drunken man to fill out a death waiver?

Not that I'm complaining . . . too much. Even though those beer-swilling idiots are a major headache, the dead have made my job a hell of a lot easier. They've cut down the number of bureaucrats looking over my shoulder; asking me if I have the proper requisition forms, or whether I've filled out all the paperwork on my stakeout. That's all over now, no one cares as long as I do the job. I've been given the right to act with total impunity, and it feels good.

Quote

"Round the clock surveillance, zombies, psycho soldiers. They don't pay me enough for this!"

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Will** 2
LPS 35
EPS 23
Spd 8
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

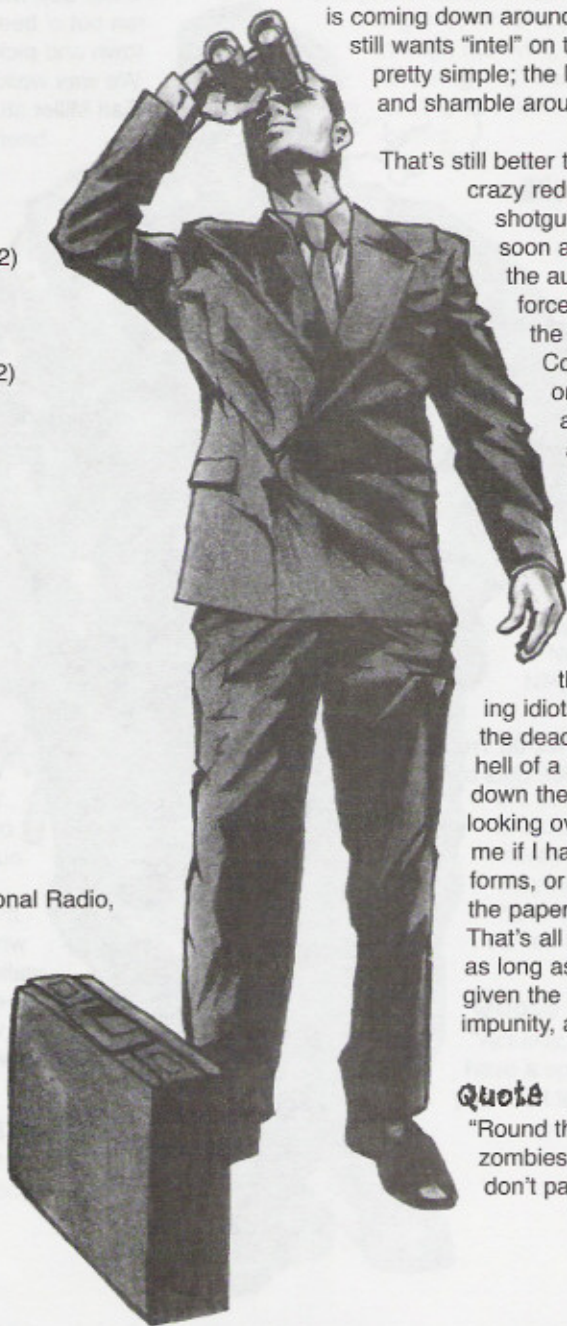
Adversary (Rival Intel. Agents) (-2)
Contacts (CIA) 3 (3)
Cruel 1 (-1)
Hard to Kill 3 (3)
Multiple Identities (CDC Agent) (2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 2
Driving (Car) 3
Electronic Surveillance 2
Guns (Handgun) 3
Language (Spanish) 1
Lock Picking (Mechanical) 2
Martial Arts 1
Questioning 3
Research/Investigation 3
Science (Cryptography) 3
Smooth Talking 3
Surveillance 3

Gear

Binoculars, Class IIIa Vest, Personal Radio, Camera, Sedan, Handgun



Great White Hunter

SURVIVOR

Str 4 Dex 4 Con 3
Int 3 Per 3 Wil 3
LPS 44
EPS 35
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Senses (Vision) (2)
Attractiveness +2 (2)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill 2 (2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Obsession (Hunting) (-2)
Resources 1 (2)
Situational Awareness (2)
Status +1 (1)

Skills

Brawling 2
Climbing 3
Driving (Car) 3
First Aid 2
Guns (Rifle) 5
Hand Weapon (Bow) 4
Stealth 4
Survival (Forest) 3
Survival (Mountain) 2
Swimming 2
Tracking 3
Traps 3

Gear

Camouflage Fatigues, Compass,
Compound Bow, First Aid Kit,
Machete, Sleeping Bag, Sporting Rifle,
Survival Knife, Trenching Shovel

Personality

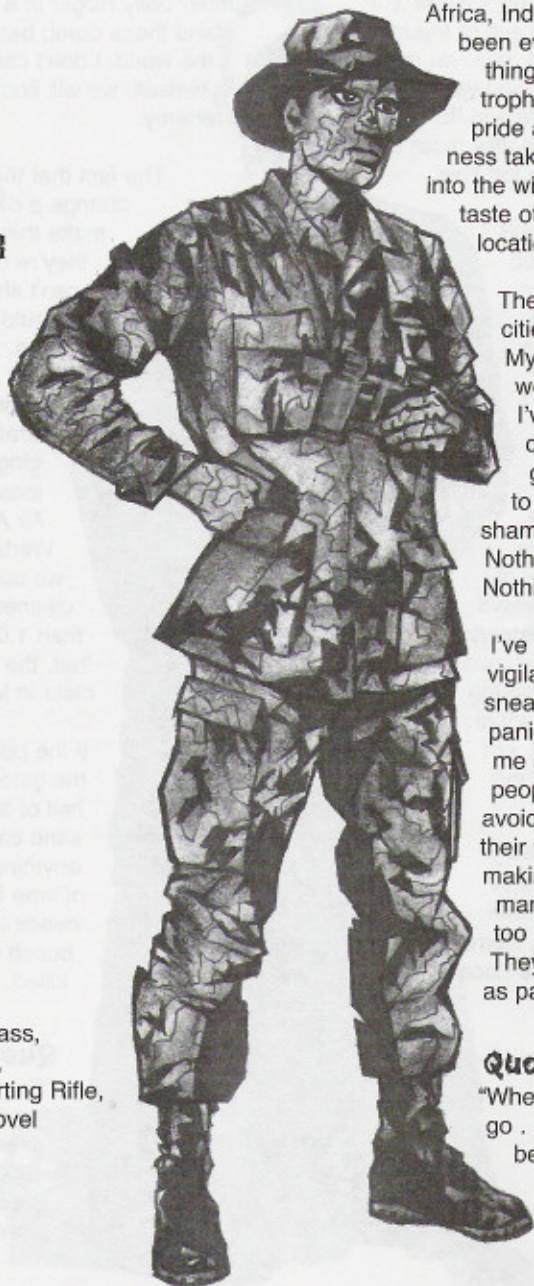
Africa, India, the Amazon, Australia, I've been everywhere and hunted everything. My home was filled with the trophies of a hundred hunts, my pride and joy. I used to run a business taking professional businessmen into the wilderness and letting them get a taste of the hunt. The more exotic the location, the more I got paid.

Then "they" came along. Entire cities were destroyed overnight. My home and my beloved trophies were lost as well. I will rebuild; I've started, right here, in this cave. My pile of "trophy" heads grows each day. I sneak close to town and lure some of those shambling corpses into the woods. Nothing beats me in the woods. Nothing.

I've dug pits, set snares, and kept a vigilant watch. No rotting carcass is sneaking up on me. Most people panic—not me, I'm patient. It's just me and my prey. Occasionally, real people pass through. I help them avoid my traps and send them on their way. I don't want amateurs making noise and attracting too many of those things. I've spent too much time to lose it all now. They'll learn. That or they'll end up as part of my collection.

Quote

"Where, oh where, did that zombie go . . . where, oh where, could he be . . ."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Grizzled Vet

Survivor

Str 4 **Dex** 2 **Con** 4

Int 3 **Per** 3 **Will** 4

Lps 51

EPS 41

Spd 12

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma -2 (-2)

Cruel (-1)

Hard to Kill (3)

Humorless (-1)

Insomnia (-3)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Reckless (-3)

Resistance (Fatigue) 1 (1)

Resistance (Pain) 1 (1)

Situational Awareness (2)

Strong Stomach (2)

Skills

Brawling 4

Climbing 2

Demolitions 3

Dodge 2

Driving (Truck) 2

First Aid 2

Guns (Assault Rifles) 3

Guns (Handguns) 3

Guns (Rifle) 3

Guns (Shotgun) 2

Hand Weapon (Knife) 2

Intimidation 3

Notice 3

Persuade 3

Questioning 3

Scavenging 3

Traps 2

Gear

Guns, Lots of Guns, Lots of Ammo for the Guns,
Survival Bunker, Pick-Up Truck with Reinforced Grill,
More Guns

Personality

Yeah, this whole zombie thing pretty much just pisses me off. I mean, bad enough the world's gotta' be full of idiots, but now it's full of idiots who're too dumb to stay dead. Time was, you shot a fella, he fell down and stayed down. That ain't the way things go now though.



And the people in this town are just too damn stubborn to see it. It's all well and good to talk about rehabilitating the Geeks, but first you got to get the numbers manageable. Haven't you ever read "The Art of War?" Might want to think about checking that one out next time you go into town. Sure the old library'll have a copy.

No way am I loaning you mine . . . you'll just end up getting' yourself killed anyways, then I'll never get it back.

Quote

"Tell ya' what. While you guys form a committee, I'm gonna' go bag me a few Geeks. You call me if you need me."

Gangster

Survivor

Personality

I grew up on the streets of San Francisco. I started out as a small time thug, mostly working as the muscle in Jimmy the Neck's protection rackets. It was a good gig. I never really had to bust heads and I got paid. I wasn't goin' nowhere though. That was, until the sky went black and the zombies took over the city.

Now I don't know nothin' about nothin' when it comes to mummies and stuff. Imagine my surprise the night a gang of zombies showed up at Vinnie Palumbo's place. We drilled 'em with our heaters and it didn't do nothin'. I ran out the back door and hoofed it back home. The next day, I heard Vinnie was marchin' around town with this crazy curved sword with the rest of the zombies. Or mummies. Or whatever ya' call 'em.

So the families had this big meeting and we decided the zombies could be good for business. I moved up to wheelman and we started smuggling in more cigarettes, booze, ammo, guns—whatever we could lay our hands on—figuring we could sell it for a good price. Boy, how right we were, 'cause after a few days the sky went black, and the guys in the trucks stopped coming back. Good thing I wasn't driving that day . . .

Now, I'm a captain and I got guys who report to me. And even though things are still the same, they're different. See, in the good old days, the rackets were all about avoiding the law. But now, with that crazy Egyptian king in charge, avoiding the law is a good thing; we're like freakin' Robin Hood.

Quote

"Sure, we can protect your shop from the zombies. For the right price."

Str 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wtl** 4
Lps 38
Eps 38
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Cigarettes) (-1)
Charisma 3 (3)
Contacts (Organized Crime) (3)
Covetous (Greedy) 3 (-3)
Cruel 1 (-1)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Reckless (-2)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 3
Cheating 2
Demolitions 2
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
Driving (Truck) 2
Gambling 3
Guns (Pistol) 4
Hand Weapon (Knife) 3
Intimidation 4
Mechanic 3
Notice 4
Questioning 4
Streetwise 4

Gear

Pinstripe Double-Breasted Suit,
Flask of Rotgut Whiskey, Tommy
Gun, Brass Knuckles, Owed
"Favors"



Hacker

Norm

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 2

Int 4 Per 2 Will 2

Lps 26

EPS 23

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness -1 (-1)

Contacts (Hackers) 2 (2)

Multiple Identities 1 (2)

Resources 1 (2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 1

Cheating 2

Computer Hacking 3

Computer Programming 3

Computers 3

Dodge 1

Driving (Car) 1

Electronics 4

Guns (Handgun) 2

Notice 2

Research/Investigation 3

Sciences (Mathematics) 3

Streetwise 2

GEAR

Handgun, Laptop Computer

Personality

Subjects: Project Romero

Path: <obscured>

From: "The Ace" ace@university.edu

Newsgroup: alt.conspiracy.zombies.menace

I only hacked into the Pentagon because I heard they got gigabytes of porn hidden in there. I figured, it's the Pentagon, they got to have something sweet -- not too demure, not too sleazy. Tasteful, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, I found a file called the Romero Project. It was too intriguing to pass up. Besides, I knew a Laura Romero in college and she was quite the hottie. I swear, I spent hours trying to crack that file, but no go. 'Course, that just made me want it more. You know how it is. No friggin' piece of code was going to stop me.

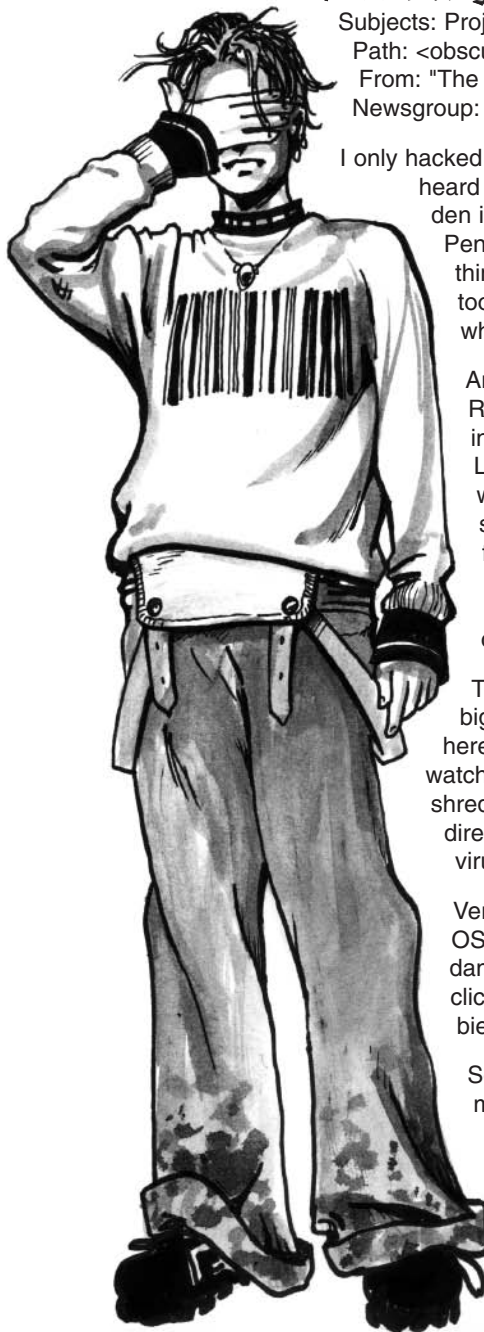
Then my hard drive seized up. No big deal, we are talking Windows here, right? Wrong. I rebooted and watched as the machine efficiently shredded everything -- from the Temp directories to the Bios. Damnedest virus I ever saw.

Very impressive. As I reinstalled my OS (and then re-reinstalled it -- so damned impressive), the reference clicked. George Romero -- the zombie movie guy.

So I'm thinking this whole zombie mess was created by the military. Hell, it all could be a field test! I'll check out more and <file ends>

Quote

"Hardware, software, bullshit! The real Y2K bug is flesh-eating geeks!"



High School Janitor

SURVIVOR

Personality

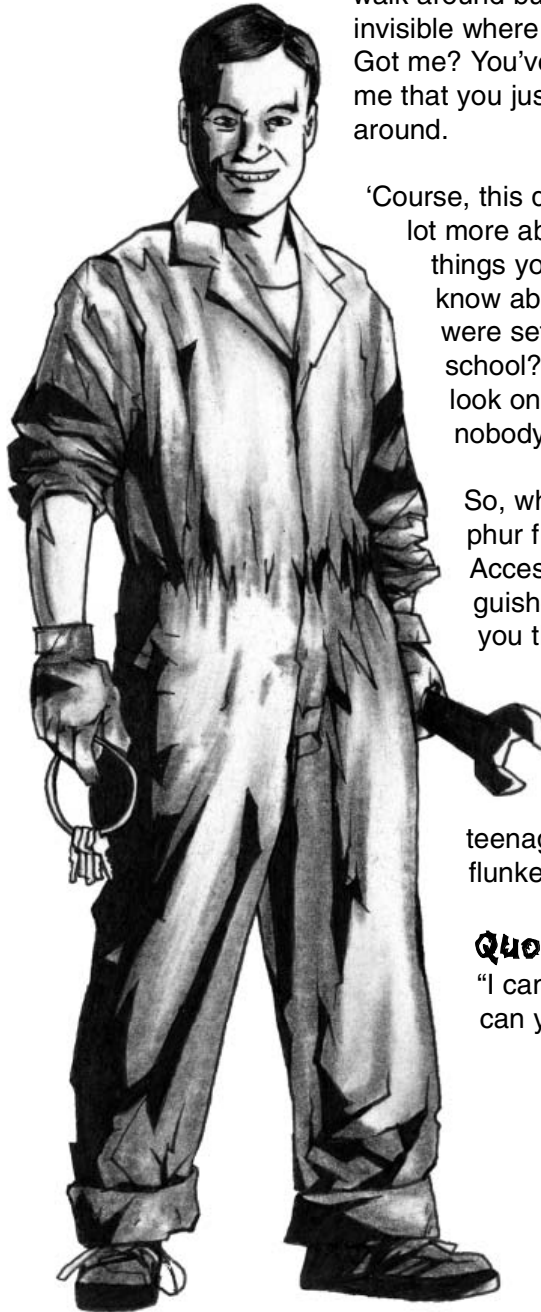
I'm invisible. Not the kind of invisible where I can walk around buck nekkid, but the kind of invisible where people just don't notice me. Got me? You've all spent so long ignoring me that you just don't notice when I'm around.

'Course, this does mean I know a hell of a lot more about you . . . probably lots of things you wouldn't want the others to know about . . . Like that time you were setting fires out behind the school? Heh heh . . . I can tell by the look on your face you thought nobody'd seen that one.

So, what do you need? Some sulphur from the Chemistry lab? Access to the stockpile of fire extinguishers? No problem. Gotta warn you though, the school's still got a . . . "student body" I guess you'd say. And the only thing worse than a gang of pissed-off teenagers is a gang of pissed-off zombie teenagers who remember you flunked them all in math . . .

Quote

"I can get what you need. What can you do for me?"



Str 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Will** 3
LPS 44
EPS 35
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Bad Luck (-3)
Bag of Tricks (3)
Cowardly (-1)
Hard to Kill (2)
Insomnia (-3)
Jack of All Trades (5)
Jury-rigging (3)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Climbing 2
Hand Weapon (Socket Wrench) 2
Lock Picking (Mechanical) 3
Notice 4
Repair (Carpentry) 3
Repair (Machinery) 4
Repair (Mechanical) 4
Repair (Plumbing) 4
Scavenging 4
Singing 1
Smooth Talking 2
Stealth 3
Surveillance 3
Survival (Urban) 3

Gear

Keychain, Keys to the High School, Cleaning Supplies, Basic Tools, Stack of Porn, Blackmail Photos of the Principal and the French Teacher

Ham Radio Jammer

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 2 **Will** 3
LPS 26
EPS 26
Spd 8
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Hearing 3 (2)
Adversary (Other Radio Hams) (-1)
Adversary (FCC) (-1)
Clown (-1)
Contacts (Other Radio Hams) 2 (2)
Photographic Memory (2)
Resources 0 (0)
Status 2 (Among Hams) (2)

Skills

Brawling 1
Bureaucracy 2
Computers 3
Computer Programming 2
Dodge 1
Driving (Car) 2
Electronics 3
Engineering (Electrical) 3
Haggling 2
Notice 2
Research/Investigation 3
Running (Dash) 2
Smooth Talking 4

Gear

Shortwave Radio Gear, Callbook, Tape Recorder, Other Gadgets

Personality

One night years ago, I was listening to late night radio, and there was some weird show on about ham radio. People were getting on and doing goofy things, even making channels unusable. They called it "jamming."

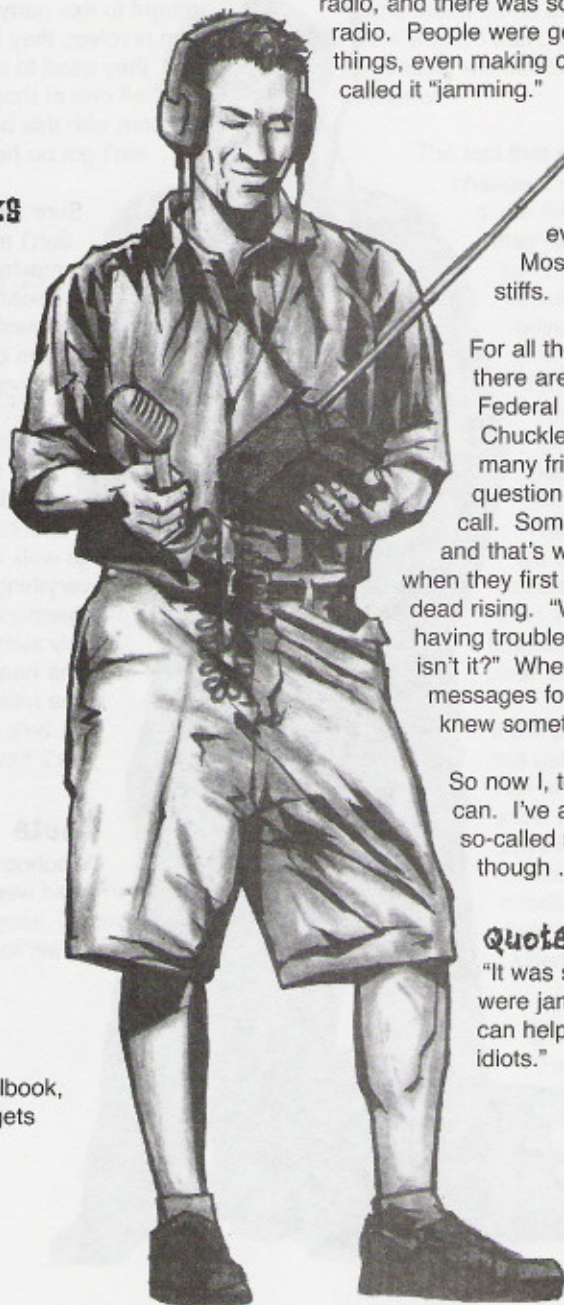
It sounded fun. I bought a radio set and gave it a shot. From time to time I've even been a licensed operator. Mostly, though, I've provoked the stiffs.

For all the people I've pissed off (and there are many, including the local Federal Communications Chuckleheads office) I've gained as many friends, many who don't even question when I'm not using a legal call. Some of them are even jammers—and that's why I didn't believe the news when they first started telling us about the dead rising. "What? Just the usual people having trouble waking up in the morning, isn't it?" When the stiffs started relaying messages for the Red Cross, though, I knew something was really up.

So now I, too, am helping out however I can. I've already heard of a couple of so-called safe zones being overrun, though . . .

Quote

"It was so much more fun when we were jamming repeaters. But now, we can help . . . somehow. Even the idiots."



High Class Thief

SURVIVOR

Str 3 **Dex** 5 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
LPS 34
EPS 32
Spd 16
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness +2 (2)
Charisma +2 (2)
Contacts 3 (3)
Covetous (-3)
Delusions of Grandeur (-2)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Reckless (-2)
Resources 2 (4)
Showoff (-2)
Situational Awareness (2)
Status +3 (3)

Skills

Acrobatics 3
Climbing 3
Craft (Gemworking) 2
Disguise 2
Driving (Car) 1
Electronics 2
Escapism 3
Haggling 2
Lockpicking (Electronic) 3
Lockpicking (Mechanic) 2
Notice 3
Research/Investigation 2
Smooth Talking 2
Stealth 5
Streetwise 2
Traps 1

GEAR

Cell Phone, Climbing Gear, Lockpick Sets, Camera, Dark Clothing, Sunglasses

Personality

I am very good at what I do. Among the best of the best, if I do say so myself.

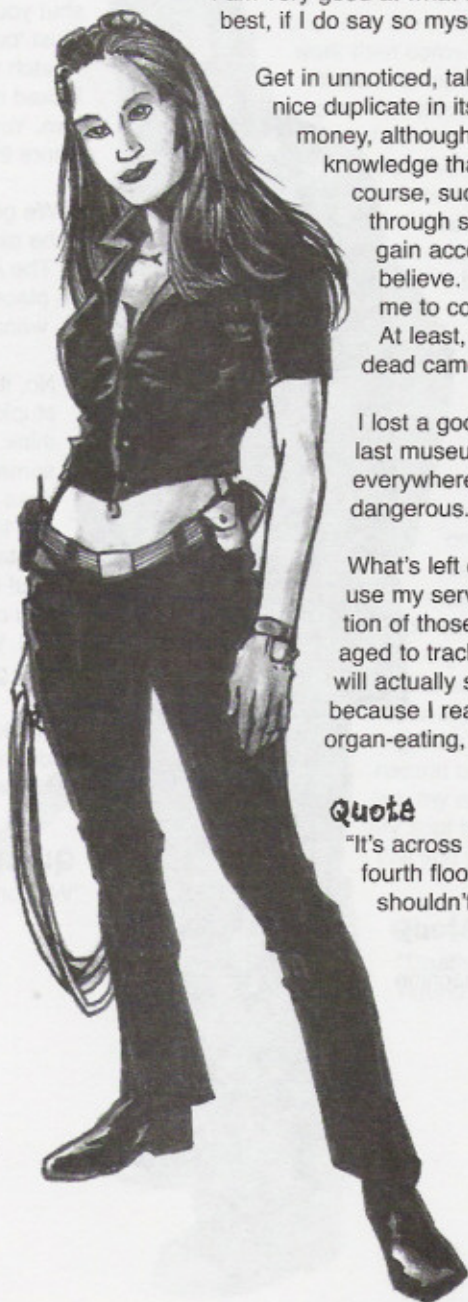
Get in unnoticed, take the target, and leave a nice duplicate in its place. I don't need the money, although I admit it is nice. It's the knowledge that I got the best of them. Of course, success feeds itself. I can move through so-called high society and gain access to places you would not believe. These people practically beg me to come in and case their places. At least, that's how it was until the dead came to life.

I lost a good couple of partners on that last museum hit. Pretty soon, they were everywhere, making my job a bit too dangerous.

What's left of the government wants to use my services, much to the consternation of those FBI fools who actually managed to track me down. If I'm lucky, they will actually send me with some backup, because I really don't want to become an organ-eating, walking tissue wrap.

Quote

"It's across the zombie filled street on the fourth floor, hmm? Impossible? No, I shouldn't think so."



Hispanic Gang Member

SURVIVOR

Str 5 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
LPS 61
EPS 41
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Black Market) (2)
Contacts (Drug Suppliers) (2)
Contacts (Gang Members) (3)
Cruel (-1)
Hard to Kill 5 (5)
Minority (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Reckless (-2)

Skills

Brawling 4
Dodge 3
Driving (Car) 3
Guns (Handgun) 3
Guns (Submachine Gun) 4
Hand Weapon (Chain) 2
Hand Weapon (Club) 3
Intimidation 4
Language (English) 3
Notice 3
Streetwise 4
Weight Lifting 3

Gear

Baseball Bat, Handgun, Submachine Gun

Personality

I'm tired of hearing all that, shut up or I'll shut you up. How did I get stuck with you? Just 'cuz you my cousin? You just gotta watch your back. It's like when I was locked down, you can't let your guard down. You gotta be tough and hit them before they hit you.

We gots guns and bullets. We're gonna be okay. We just gotta get out of here. The Army is gonna rain bombs on this place. They'll kill it here, and I don't wanna be anywhere near.

No, it ain't like this everywhere, don't be stupid. Somethin' had to cause all this. I think it's some kind of spaceship or something. You know, like radiation. Area 51 and shit. They're gonna burn this town up! No more of these stinking bastards. Just shut up and do what I tell you! I'm gonna get you outta here. Now, you carry these, these are clips for the Uzi. When I tell you to give me a clip, you give me a clip!

Don't look at that! I told you I was sorry. I thought your mom was a zombie, it was self defense! Now move!

Quote

"Welcome to the jungle, bitch."



Homicide Detective

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 2 **Per** 4 **Wil** 2
Lps 32
Eps 23
Spd 8
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Drinking) (-1)
Emotional Problems (Fear of Commitment) (-1)
Hard to Kill (2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Photographic Memory (2)
Reckless (-2)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 2
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 3
First Aid 1
Gun (Handgun) 4
Humanities (Criminal Justice) 4
Intimidation 2
Notice 3
Research/Investigation 2
Questioning 3
Stealth 1
Streetwise 3

Gear

9mm Handgun, Two Extra 9mm Magazines, Badge, Street Clothes, Police Cruiser with Radio, Handcuffs, Flashlight, Plastic Evidence Bags, Disposable Surgical Gloves, Notebook.

Personality

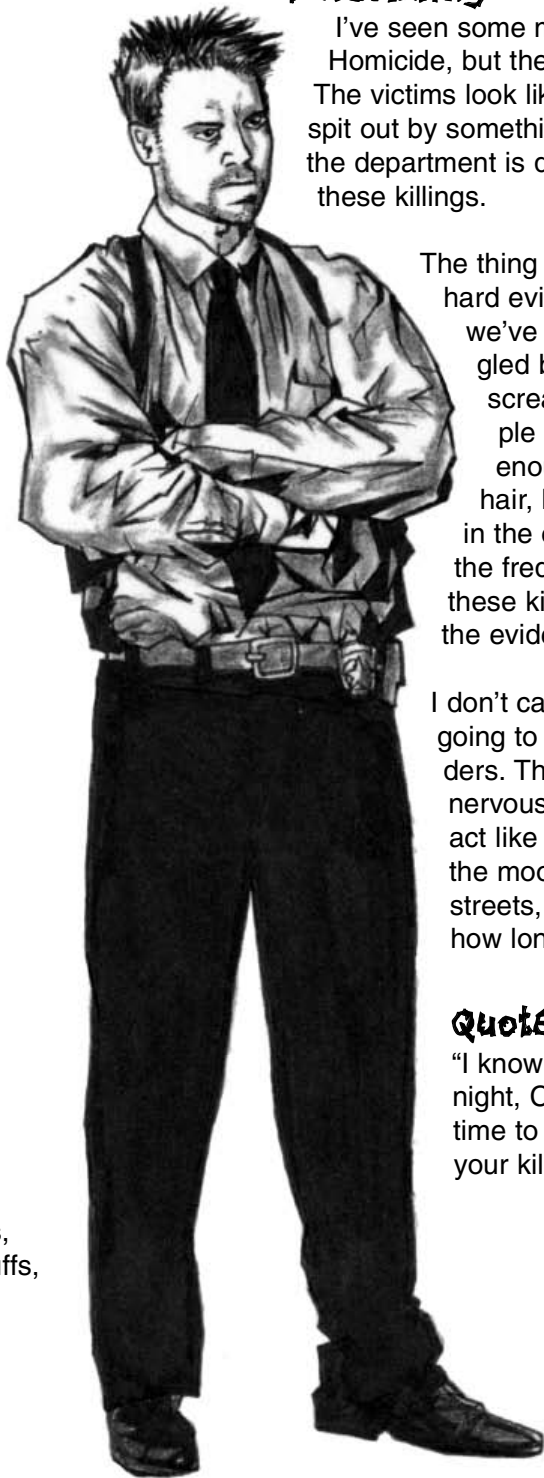
I've seen some messed up things in my time with Homicide, but these murders really take the cake. The victims look like they've been chewed up and spit out by something big and nasty, but everyone in the department is damned if they know who's doing these killings.

The thing that scares me is the lack of real hard evidence. For most of these crimes, we've got literally nothing but a mangled body to work with, and a Chief screaming at us for results. In a couple of the murders, we got lucky enough for a footprint or a piece of hair, but they keep coming up a blank in the criminal database. Besides, with the frequency we're starting to see in these killings, there's no telling whether the evidence is from copycats either.

I don't care what I have to do, but I'm going to get to the bottom of these murders. They're making everyone in the city nervous, and more than a few people act like they are crazy. I don't know if it's the moon, or some new drug on the streets, but I'll put a stop to it no matter how long it takes me."

Quote

"I know there was another murder last night, Captain. I just need a little more time to crack the case. Then you'll have your killer."



Horn Player Legendary Hero

Str 3 **Dex** 6 **Con** 5
Int 4 **Per** 5 **Wil** 5
Lps 45
Eps 44
Spd 22
Essence 65

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Marijuana) (-2)
Addiction (Alcohol) (-2)
Artistic Talent (Music) (3)
Artistic Talent (Singing) (3)
Charisma +5 (5)
Contacts (Various) (5)
Danger Sense (1)
Emotional Problems (Depression) (-2)
Hard to Kill (1)
Hyperlingual (1)
Mentalism (2)
Minority (-3)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Situational Awareness (2)
Status +3 (3)

Skills

Acting 3
Brawling 2
Dancing 2
Dodge 2
First Aid 3
Language (French) 2
Notice 3
Play Instrument (Trumpet) 5
Singing 2
Smooth Talking 3
Storytelling 3

Mentalism

Powers

Clairvoyance Art 3 (6)
Clairvoyance Strength 4 (12)
Telepathy Art 3 (6)
Telepathy Strength 2 (6)

Gear

Hat, Suitcase, Suit, Trumpet

Personality

We had a gig in Ol' Chicago when the dead rose. We was playing at the Garden Club. The management paid nightly, smartly dressed women danced the evening away, and power-broking men made and broke politicians. I knew that gig was going to go bad. I don't know how I knew, I just knew.

When the dead rose, we cleared town. We hitched a ride as far as South Bend and hid out with some friends. When the dead reached that town, I figured we'd best head down to Kokomo.

Kokomo's a nice layover town. I used to stay there when I traveled between Indy and Chicago and Detroit. A bunch of musicians I knew from the way-back were already there. We set up in an old nightclub and brought the city to life!

Now, we jam every night and drink as much alcohol as we like. Women fill the dance floor at every gig I play.

The highlight is our singer, Melanie. We've known each other since '25. You could say we have a special "link."

Quote

"Baby, don't you want to go back to sweet home, Kokomo?"



Industrialite

SURVIVOR

Str 2 **Dex** 4 **Con** 2
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Will** 4
Lps 26
Eps 29
Spd 12
Essence 32

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Mood Drugs) (-1)
Artistic Talent (3)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Photographic Memory (2)

Skills

Brawling 2
Computers 3
Computer Hacking 1
Computer Programming 1
Dodge 3
Driving (Car) 3
Fine Arts (Drawing) 4
Fine Arts (Computer Graphics) 4
Hand Weapons (Katana) 4
Language (German) 2
Notice 3
Stealth 2
Storytelling 2
Writing (Creative) 2

Gear

Sedan, Computer,
Katana, Art Supplies,
CD Collection

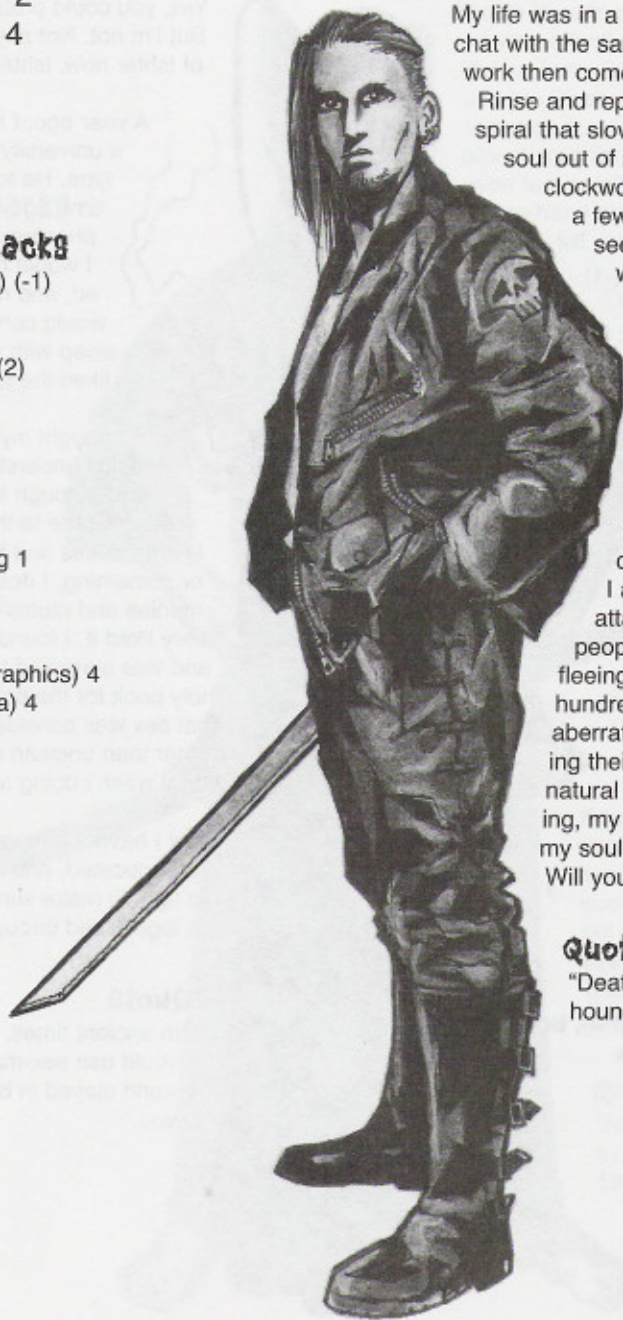
Personality

My life was in a rut. Get up and get online, chat with the same 10 people on IRC until work then come home and go to sleep. Rinse and repeat. An endless downward spiral that slowly but certainly sucked the soul out of me. Once a month like clockwork, I'd go to a concert with a few of my online friends and see a band. My whole life was an anticlimax, birth being the only high point.

I remember when the zombies came. Change came not with a sigh but a mighty roar of defiance and rage. Death and chaos ate up my old life and gave birth to a new one. At one of the concerts I attended, zombies attacked. I was one of six people who escaped that night, fleeing from an attack that killed hundreds. The zombies are an aberration of Nature. I am returning their unwashed souls to the natural order. It is a war I am fighting, my new purpose burned into my soul the night of that attack. Will you join me?

Quote

"Death is my weapon, chaos my hound. Let us hunt."



Ishtar Priestess

Inspired

Str 3 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 4
LPs 34
EPs 35
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Habitual Smoking) (-1)
Attractiveness +3 (3)
Contacts (Other Prostitutes) 2 (2)
Delusion (Priestess of Ishtar) 2 (-2)
The Gift (5)
Inspiration (5)

Metaphysics

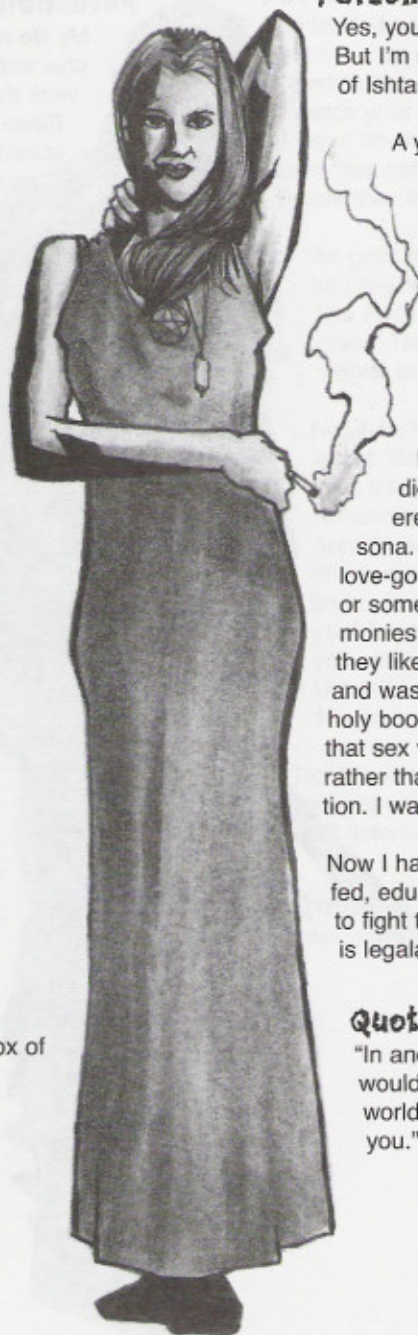
Blessing
Visions

Skills

Acting 3
Beautician 4
Dancing (New Age) 2
Escapism 2
Guns (Handgun) 1
Rituals (New Age) 2
Seduction 4
Singing 3
Smooth Talking 3
Streetwise 4

Gear

Cell Phone, Can of Pepper Spray, Box of
Condoms, New Age Priestess
Paraphernalia



Personality

Yes, you could probably call me a whore. But I'm not. Not anymore. I'm a priestess of Ishtar now. Ishtar the love-goddess.

A year ago, I had this client. He was a university teacher, the talkative type. He told me that a very long time ago I would have been a priestess of the goddess Ishtar. I would have been fed, educated, and respected. People would come to the temple to sleep with me as a holy act. I liked the idea.

I bought myself a book on Ishtar. I didn't understand it all, but I gathered enough to build myself a persona. "Come to the priestess of the love-goddess and know holy pleasures" or something. I designed mock ceremonies and rituals for my customers, and they liked it. I found a used Kama Sutra and was surprised to read that it was a holy book for the people of India. To see that sex was considered something holy rather than unclean changed my perception. I wasn't doing anything wrong!

Now I have a temple where my girls are fed, educated, and respected. I continue to fight to make sure our religious practice is legalized throughout the country.

Quote

"In ancient times, Ishtar's priestess would use sex-magic to make sure the world stayed in balance. Let me show you."

Indentured killer

Shooter

Str 3 **Dex** 5 **Con** 4
Int 2 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
LPS 38
EPS 35
Spd 18
ESSENCE 21

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Nicotine) (-1)
Adversary (Various) (-5)
Attractiveness +2 (2)
Essence Channeling 3 (6)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Gift (5)
Honorable (-1)
Humorless (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Obsession (-2)

skills

Acrobatics 2
Brawl 1
Dodge 3
Drive (Car) 2
Guns (Handgun) 6
Guns (SMG) 2
Hand Weapon (Knife) 3
Stealth 3

Chi Techniques

Acrobatic Shooting (2)
Combat Sense (3)
Instant Reload (2)
Multiple Shooter (3)
Quick Draw (2)
Two-Fisted Firing (2)

gear

2 large Caliber Automatic
Pistols with 10 Magazines, 2
Medium Caliber Automatic
Pistols with 6 Magazines, Knife,
Quick Draw Holsters, Sports Car

personality

My father died when I was a small child. After his death, a man came to my mother and made her an offer she couldn't refuse. In return for her oldest child, she and the rest of her children would be "taken care of" by Hung Shao. I was that oldest child.



When I began working for Hung Shao at age ten, I was a runner. When I was older, I became a driver. One of Hung Shao's henchmen took a liking to me and I became his personal driver. Together, we delivered thousands of packages throughout San Francisco.

One night, a deal went bad. The henchman stumbled out of the warehouse, clutching the goods. He collapsed from a chest wound. Fearing Hung Shao's reaction, I went into the warehouse and killed everyone inside. I even snatched the money meant for Hung Shao.

For five years, I have been a killer. That day in the warehouse elevated me to a position that street urchins can only dream to obtain. Hung Shao has been pressing me to become one of his zombie killers. I have resisted thus far. I am tired of this life and I want out.

Quote

"You owe Hung Shao fifty thousand dollars. You must pay now or I will be forced to kill you."

Iron Head Martial Artist

Str 5 **Dex** 5 **Con** 5
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 4
Lps 65
Eps 47
Spd 20
Essence 35

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Nicotine) (-2)
Emotional Problem (Depression) (-2)
Emotional Problem (Fear of Commitment) (-1)
Essence Channeling 4 (8)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Gift (5)
Hard to Kill (5)
Humorless (-1)
Increased Essence Pool (2)

Skills

Acrobatics 2
Martial Arts 4
Notice 3
Stealth 2

Combat Moves

Head Butt 4
Jab 4
Kick 4
Flip 2
Grab 3
Punch 3
Trip 4

Chi Techniques

Blind Strike (2)
Chi Shout (1)
Iron Head (2)
Golden Bell (3)
Wave of Chi (4)

Gear

Kung Fu Manual, Lighter,
Cigarettes

Personality

Get out of here! You will get me fired. I have a wife and kids, now. I don't have time for your silly games. Why do you always bother me? Go away. Get a job or something.

Yes, I remember what Master said about kung fu and how we should always remember our path. I don't care. I have a real life, now. You go out there and be crazy. Not me. No way.

I haven't used my Iron Head technique in years. I don't even remember how. What good would I be to you and our brothers? You go out there and stop the zombies. I will stay here and work.

No, I don't care that first and second eldest brothers are helping you.

What?

Youngest brother is helping, too? Fine, let me go tell my boss to fire me and I will come with you.

Quote

"Kung fu is important and teaches us everything we need to know to stop the zombies. Fear my Iron Head!"



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Kendo Master

SURVIVOR

Str 3 Dex 4 Con 3

Int 3 Per 3 Wil 4

Lps 46

EPG 35

Spd 14

Essence 26

Qualities/Drawbacks

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard To Kill 4 (4)

Honorable (-1)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Old Soul 1 (4)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Driving (Car) 2

First Aid 3

Instruction 3

Intimidation 3

Language (Japanese) 2

Martial Arts (Aikido) 2

Martial Art (Kendo) 4

Notice 3

Sport (Kendo) 4

Stealth 3

Gear

Bokken,

Modified Kendo

Armor

Personality

Karate is quite powerful. Aikido is subtle, yet very effective. Kung-Fu can be a beautiful art form. But against zombies, what use are these martial arts? Is it very bright to punch something that will try to take a bite at your fist? Something that cannot even feel pain? Engage a zombie in hand-to-hand and it will either immediately kill you, or contaminate you.

Then why not use a baseball bat? One good blow to the head can crush any skull. What if crushing the skull is not enough? If it's the brain that animates the corpse, then a mere broken skull will not stop the monster. And while you are resetting after a blow, you will be defenseless. Even if you survive, a couple of blows will leave you winded. Easy catch.

Kendo doesn't have these weaknesses. A simple "men," or head strike, with a "bokken," or wooden sword, will make jelly out of its brain, and you won't even break a sweat. You must use your Ki, not your raw strength, to fuel your blows.

Quote

"Hold your weapon more gently. Your grip must become firm only upon impact. Put power into your blows, not strength."



Local Politician

Norm

Personality

Yes, the current situation is indeed a tragedy. My own brother was seen a few nights ago feeding on Old Man Hubbard . . . but we can't let that kill our spirit. If we all work together, I know we will prevail.

It's like my last election. I was down in the polls, but I stuck to my guns, kept my chin up, and look where I am now . . .

Okay, granted I'm only the Mayor by default since the rest of the town council was eaten, but still, it all worked out in the end, see?

So, if we all work together, as a community, we will get through this."

Quote

"Trust me."



Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2

Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2

LPS 26

EPS 23

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma +2 (2)

Contacts (Local) (3)

Cowardly (-1)

Obsession (Keep town together) (-2)

Recurring Nightmares (-1)

Resources (Well-off) (4)

Secret (-1)

Status +3 (3)

Zealot (-2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 4

Guns (Rifle) 2

Haggling 2

Humanities (Law) 3

Humanities (Politics) 3

Notice 3

Questioning 3

Persuade 5

Smooth Talking 4

Storytelling 1

Gear

Megaphone, Day Planner, Suit, Case of "Vote for Me!" Bumper Stickers

Level-Headed VP

Norm

Str 3 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 2 **Wil** 4
LPS 30
EPS 32
Spd 8
Essence 16

Qualities/Drawbacks

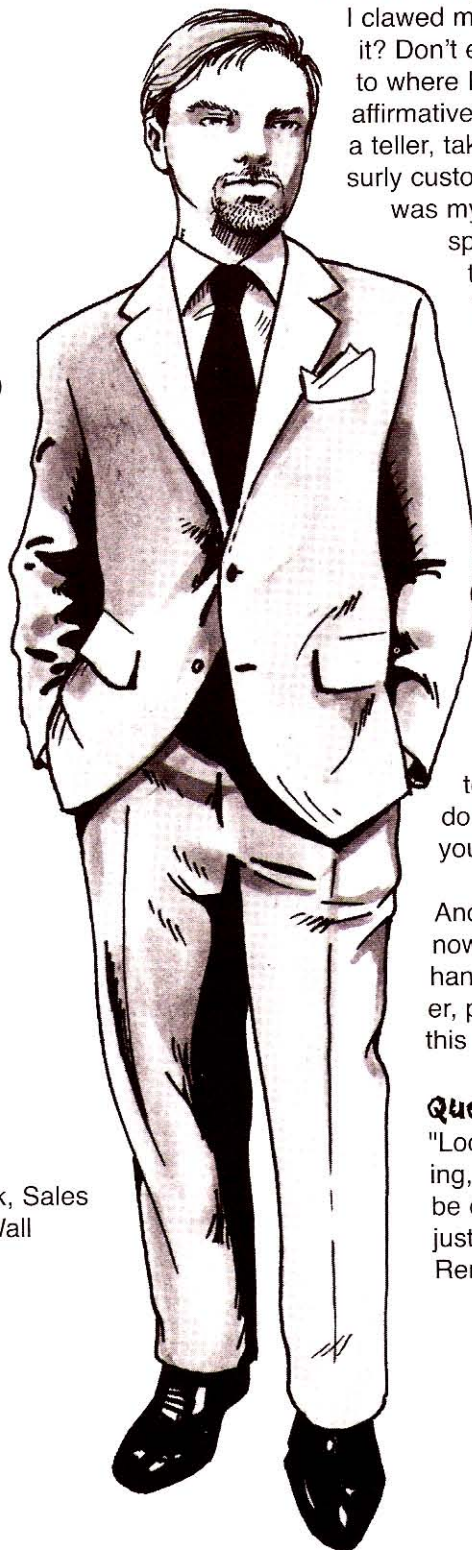
Addiction (Heavy Smoker) (-2)
Contacts (Banking) (2)
Covetous (Ambitious) (-1)
Emotional Problem ("Cold Fish") (-1)
Honorable (-1)
Obsession (Power) (-2)
Photographic Memory (2)
Reckless (-2)
Resistance (Alcohol) (1)
Resources (2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 5
Climbing 2
Computers 3
Driving (Car) 3
First Aid 1
Gambling 3
Haggling 3
Humanities (Economics) 4
Humanities (Business) 4
Language (Spanish) 1
Notice 2
Questioning 2
Research 2

Gear

Cellular Phone, Pager, Palm Pilot,
Notepad, Pen, Stephen Covey Book, Sales
Figures For Last Quarter, Today's Wall
Street Journal



Personality

I clawed my way up from the ground up, got it? Don't ever let anyone tell you that I got to where I am in the Bank because of some affirmative action crap. I started out here as a teller, taking crap day in and day out from surly customers who were convinced that it was my fault they couldn't control their spending, or got laid off. Yeah, I tried to be sympathetic, but eventually you just get tired of hearing the same crap every day.

And while I was doing that, I busted my ass and got my MBA. From there, it was just a straight shot to the top, and I didn't let anyone stand in my way. See, one thing I've discovered over the years is that management is management. Doesn't matter if you're orchestrating the takeover of your largest competitor or you're coaching your kids' little league team, if you can organize people to do the work you can't do yourself, you will survive.

And that's what it's going to take now, now that the world's gone to hell in a hand basket. We need to stick together, pull our own weight and get through this madhouse together.

Quote

"Look... I understand they're disgusting, and I understand that one used to be our carpool partner. But if we all just keep calm, we'll be fine. Remember, there's no 'I' in 'Team'."

Librarian

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 4 **Per** 2 **Wil** 2
Lps 26
Eps 23
Spd 8
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Libraries) (2)
Contacts
(Antiquarian Bookstores) (1)
Impaired Eyesight (-1)
Photographic Memory (2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 1
Computers 1
Dodge 1
Driving (Car) 1
Humanities (Anthropology) 3
Humanities (Archaeology) 3
Humanities (History) 3
Humanities (Theology) 3
Language (Latin) 3
Language (Greek) 2
Myth & Legends 3
Occult Knowledge 2
Research/Investigation 3
Writing (Academic) 1

Gear

Spectacles, Antique Book Collection

Personality

Pouring over musty old books may seem like a laughable waste of time to you, dear fellow, but I assure you, the wisdom they contain could be priceless.

Books are mankind's repositories of knowledge, and contain many esoteric references to the supernatural, including the Walking Dead. It may well be that these dusty old tomes, or texts like them, contain information vital to dealing with the zombie menace.

Battling with the horrors may be necessary for survival, but it is not a solution. Science may succeed or fail, but can we afford to stand idle when the answers may already exist in the mysterious past? I think not.

Quote

"Well, according to this treatise on Egyptian curses . . . What? Oh, yes, I'll shut up and run."



Lost Child

Norm

Str 1 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3

Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3

Lps 26

Eps 26

Spd 12

Essence 17

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness +2 (2)

Curious (-2)

Good Luck 5 (5)

Resources (Miserable) (-8)

Skills

Acting 2

Climbing 2

Computers 2

Dodge 5

Driving (Tricycle) 2

Escapism 2

Notice 3

Running (Dash) 2

Smooth Talking 2

Stealth 4

Swimming 2

Throwing (Sphere) 2

GEAR

Teddy Bear, Pajamas, Warm Coat, Trainers, Tricycle.

Personality

I didn't mean to be naughty, but Mommy and Daddy wouldn't let me go outside and play, so I snuck out with Snuffles, my teddy, when they were makin' brekkie. It's not my fault, cos' it was Snuffles' idea really.

I climbed up to the tree house with Snuffles and played for a while. I don't know what happened next, but I think I musta' been kinda' tired, cos' I woke up, and there was a lot of screaming.

Snuffles hugged me real hard cos' he was scared, but I was brave and didn't cry much.

Me an' Snuffles hid, and it all went quiet, and we watched ugly men walkin' funny along the street.

When they had gone, we snuck down again, and ran to find Mommy and Daddy, but they were gone! Snuffles cried and cried, and he was very sad and lonely, but he had me, so we went lookin' to find Mommy and Daddy.

We've had to be brave, an' hide from the ugly men, but we still haven't found Mommy and Daddy, and it's long past my bedtime.

Quote

"Have you seen my mommy?"



The Manic Party Animal

NORM

STR 2 Dex 2 Con 3
Int 2 PER 3 Wil 3
LPS 39
EPS 26
Spd 10
ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma +2 (+2 on all Social Tasks)
Hard to Kill +3 (+3 to all Survival Tests)
Addiction -2 (Heavy drinking, occasional use of marijuana and LSD) (*withdrawal causes a -2 to all action, penalty for being constantly buzzed is up to the ZM.*)
Clown (Never takes anything seriously and jokes constantly)
Covetous (Lecherousness) -2 (*May act against his better judgment to pursue the opposite sex, may do something reprehensible in the face of temptation unless succeeds at a Simple Willpower Test at a penalty of -1 to -3 depending on the circumstances*)

Skills

Acting 3
Brawling 2
Cheating 3, Dancing (Industrial) 3
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
First Aid 2
Gambling 3
Haggling 2
Play Instrument (Guitar) 1
Play Instrument (Drums) 1
Science (Chemistry) 1
Seduction 2
Singing 1
Smooth Talk 3
Streetwise 4

GEAR

Not quite one week's worth of clothing (jeans, band tees, some Hawaiian shirts), lighter, pack of Camel Turkish Gold, half drunken bottle of Sauza Hornitos Tequila, a rapidly shrinking "stash," three dollars worth of Canadian money, and pack of Lubricated Trojan Pleasure Mesh Condoms, with added spermicide

Personality

Think about it. College is supposed to be a time of experimentation, a time of opening oneself up to new experiences. When else are you going to be given this amount of freedom, this much opportunity to get incredibly wasted and have sex with as many people as you want? You've got to do that now.

It's all about priorities. So I have been in college three years and I haven't declared a major yet . . . so what? There is always going to be time to do that. You've got to live in the moment, you can't spend your life worrying about things. So what if they kick me out because I'm on academic probation? So what if I don't have enough money for tuition next year?

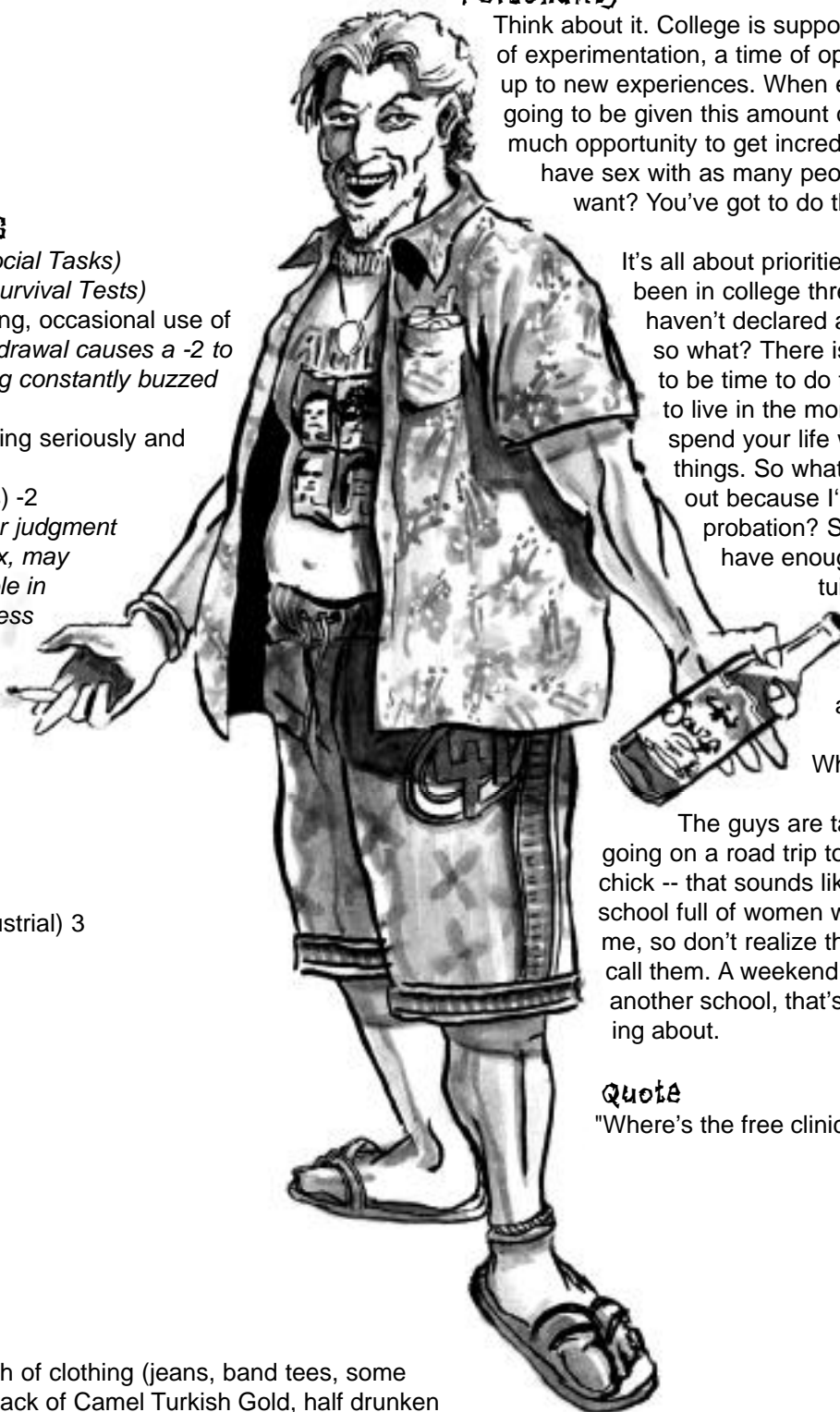
What am I going to do with my life anyway?

Who cares!?!

The guys are talking about going on a road trip to see some chick -- that sounds like fun. An entire school full of women who don't know me, so don't realize that I will never call them. A weekend of parties at another school, that's what I'm talking about.

Quote

"Where's the free clinic at?"



Mafia Hood

SURVIVOR

STR 4 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 4
LPS 47
EPS 38
Spd 12
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Adversary (Law Enforcement) (-4)
Adversary (Rival) (-2)
Charisma +1 (1)
Contacts (Mafia) (3)
Covetous (Ambitious or Greedy) (-1)
Cruel (-1)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill (3)
Honorable (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resources (Middle Class) (2)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 3
Cheating 2
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
Gambling 2
Guns (Handgun) 3
Guns (Shotgun or SMG) 2
Haggling 2
Hand Weapons (Club) 2
Humanities (Law) 2
Intimidation 3
Language (Italian) 2
Lock Picking (Mechanical) 2
Notice 3
Questioning 2
Smooth Talking 2
Stealth 1
Streetwise 5
Surveillance 1

Gear

Handgun, Brass Knuckles, Baseball Bat, Cell Phone, Sedan.

Personality

I always wanted to be a wise guy, a made man. Da kinda man dat inspires fear in his enemies, and has real respect, y'know?

I started as a runner, workin' with da Family's "communication network," y'know? So everythin' seemed legit.

Turned out I was also real good at workin' wit' da public, so I offered da Family's "protection services" to a variety of local interests. Course, if dey refused, we asked dem to reconsider. Nice-like. But, well, sometimes "accidents" happen, capice?

Den dese new guys move in, aiming to take a bite outta our territory in a very real sense. And I ain't gonna let dat happen. Dead or not, no one moves in on da Family.

Quote

"You lookin' at me? Maybe ya think yer gonna eat me or somethin'? I put concrete boots on ya once, I can do it again."



Mercenary Survivor

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 4 **Per** 3 **Wil** 4
Lps 43
Eps 44
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Adversary (South American Rebel Group) (-2)
Clown (-1)
Contacts (Mercenaries) (3)
Contacts (Local Officials) (2)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill (3)
Multiple Identities (American Businessman) (2)
Resources (Well-off) (4)
Tireless (2)

Skills

Brawling 2
Demolitions 1
Dodge 2
Drive (Motorcycle) 2
Gambling 1
Gun (Assault Rifle) 3
Gun (Handgun) 2
Gun (Shotgun) 1
Haggling 1
Hand Weapon (Knife) 3
Language (Spanish) 2
Language (Chinese) 1
Notice 2
Questioning 1
Smooth Talking 2
Survival (Desert) 1
Survival (Jungle) 2
Stealth 2
Streetwise 2
Tracking 2

GEAR

Camouflage Fatigues, Boonie Hat, Ski Mask, Bayonet, .45 Handgun with 2 Extra Magazines, 12-gauge Shotgun with 12 Extra Shells, CAR-15 Assault Rifle with 8 Extra Magazines, \$500 US Dollars, \$300 US Dollars in Local Currency, Survival Gear, Survival Rations

Personality

I was on a job in Thailand when it happened. My Hong Kong crew and me had been contracted to rescue some electronics mogul who'd been kidnapped while on a business trip. Nothing too bad, I thought it'd be an easy paycheck.

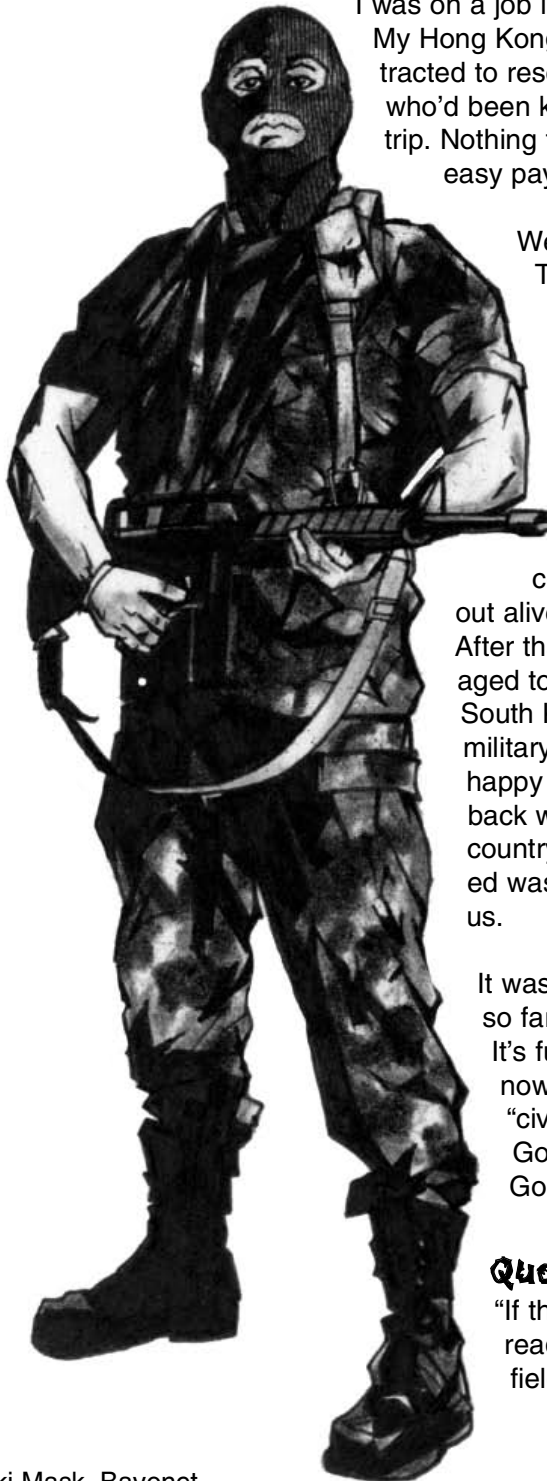
Well, as my old mentor Flip Thomas would say, "You always get screwed when the weather looks the sunniest." That old bastard never knew how right he was.

Long story short, some "zombies" jumped my team about half a click out of the compound, and we barely got out alive, let alone with the Package. After that we headed north and managed to catch a ride back home from South Korea. Seems the whole U.S. military was pulling out, and we were happy to tag along. When we got back we were set to take off for the countryside. The last thing we expected was a pile of job offers waiting for us.

It was almost too good to be true, but so far I haven't been disappointed. It's funny, but I've had more work nowadays than I ever did when the "civilized world" was still intact. Good ol' Murphy's Law, I guess. God Bless that man!

Quote

"If they give us the dough, we're ready to go! Yee-haw, the battlefield is my playpen!"



Miraculous Survivor

Inspired

STR 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 4
Int 4 **Per** 3 **Wil** 5
LPS 34
EPS 38
Spd 12
ESSENCE 25

Qualities/Drawbacks

Fast Reaction Time (2)
Gift (5)
Honorable (-3)
Increased Essence Pool (1)
Inspiration (5)

Skills

Brawling 2
Computers 1
Drive (Car) 2
First Aid 1
Hand Weapon (Sword) 2
Humanities (Economics) 3
Myth and Legend (Christian) 3
Notice 2
Running (Sprint) 3
Storytelling 2
Tracking 2
Unconventional Medicine (Herbal Medicine) 2

Metaphysics

Eye of the Storm
Spirit Armor
Spiritual Ally

Gear

Backpack, Rapier, Piece of Petrified Wood (Spiritual Vessel),
First Aid Kit

Personality

I can still remember it. I was checkin' out this old abandoned school to see if scavengers had overlooked anything. I had the bad luck of running across some other survivors when I went into one of the classrooms. All I remember was a blinding flash coming from one of them, then a dull throb in my chest.

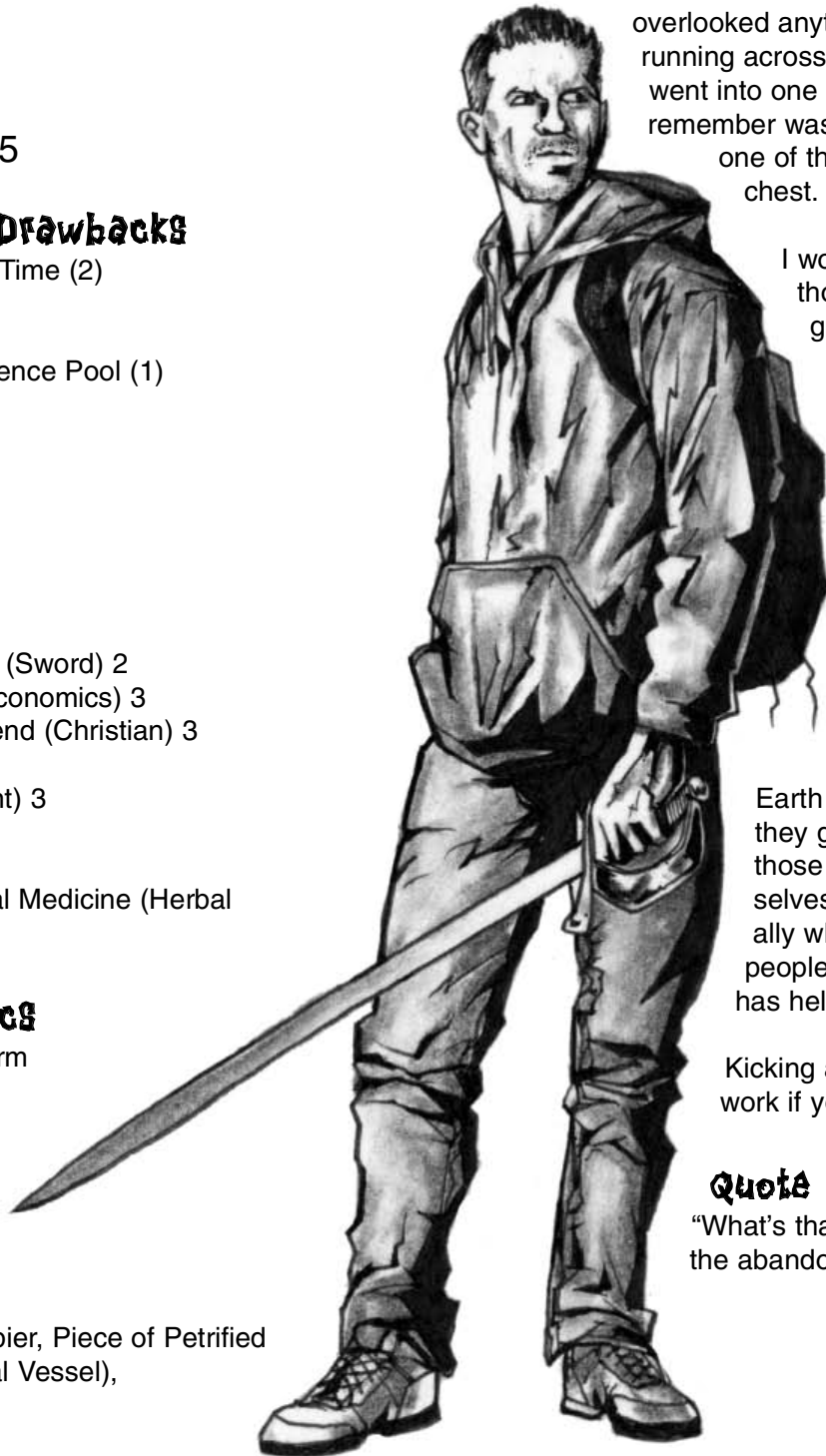
I woke up later and at first, I thought the bullet must have glanced off a bone, knocking me unconscious. After a little while though, I began to notice things had changed. I started feeling very weird, as if I was energized and guided by an invisible force. I found I could do things that I thought no person could ever do.

Then finally it hit me. I had died that day in the school, but I came back down to Earth to help others. Not only did they give me powers to protect those who could protect themselves, but they also sent me an ally who I like to call Mickey. Most people cannot even see him, but he has helped me out more than once.

Kicking ass for the Lord. Not bad work if you can get it, eh?

Quote

"What's that Mickey? Trouble down at the abandoned shopping mall? Let's go!"



The Missilatrix

Pulp Hero

Personality

Str 2 Dex 5 Con 3

Int 4 Per 3 Wil 3

Lps 39

Eps 29

Spd 16

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Adversary (Various) (-3)

Attractiveness +2 (2)

Charisma +1 (1)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill (3)

Showoff (-2)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 3

Dodge 2

First Aid 2

Guns (Handgun) 3

Mechanic 4

Pilot (Prop Plane) 6

Pilot (Jetpack) 5

Smooth Talking 2

Stealth 2

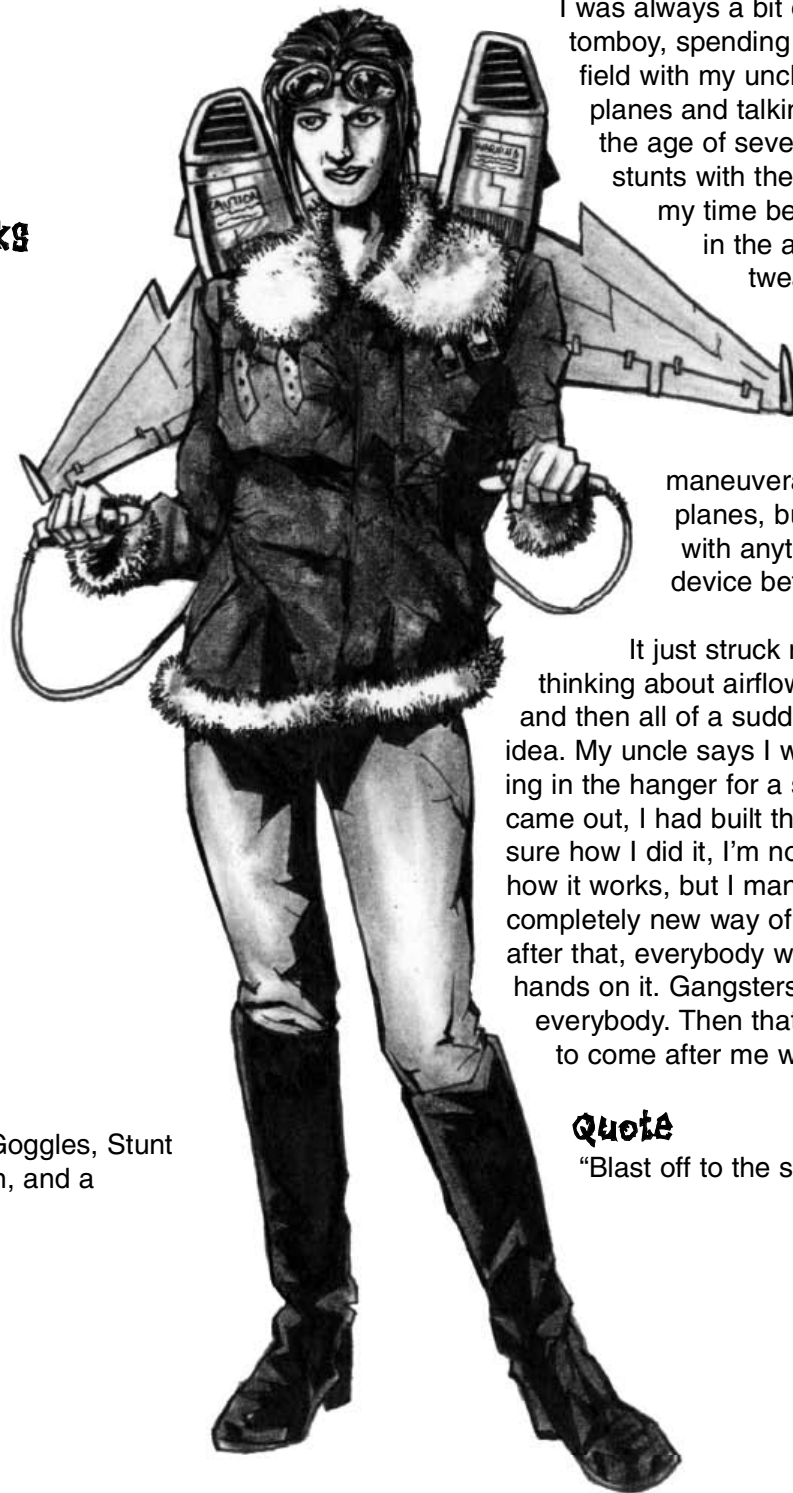
Streetwise 2

Powers

Gadgetmaster 4 (12)

Gear

Leather Flight Jacket and Goggles, Stunt Plane, .38 Caliber Handgun, and a Futuristic Jet Pack



I was always a bit of a grease monkey tomboy, spending my days at the airfield with my uncle, tinkering with planes and talking to the pilots. By the age of seventeen, I could fly stunts with the best of them. I split my time between doing stunts in the air and trying to

tweak the most out of my planes on the ground. I could always get just a little more speed or

maneuverability out of the planes, but I never came up with anything like this jetpack device before.

It just struck me one day. I was thinking about airflow and how things fly and then all of a sudden I get this crazy idea. My uncle says I was in a daze, working in the hanger for a solid week. When I came out, I had built this. I'm not quite sure how I did it, I'm not even all that sure how it works, but I managed to create a completely new way of flying. Of course, after that, everybody wanted to get their hands on it. Gangsters, Nazis, rival pilots, everybody. Then that weird guy started to come after me with the zombies. . .

Quote

"Blast off to the stratosphere!"

Necrophiliac

Norm

Personality

Str 2 Dex 3 Con 2

Int 2 Per 3 Wil 2

Lps 26

Eps 23

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Morgue Attendant) (2)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Obsession (Necrophilia) (-2)

Paranoid (-2)

Reckless (-2)

Skills

Brawling 3

Climbing 3

Craft (Undertaker) 4

Dodge 3

Driving (Car) 2

Escapism 1

First Aid 3

Guns (Pistol) 2

Hand Weapons (Bat) 2

Lock Picking (Mechanical) 1

Notice 3

Running (Dash) 2

Smooth Talking 2

Stealth 2

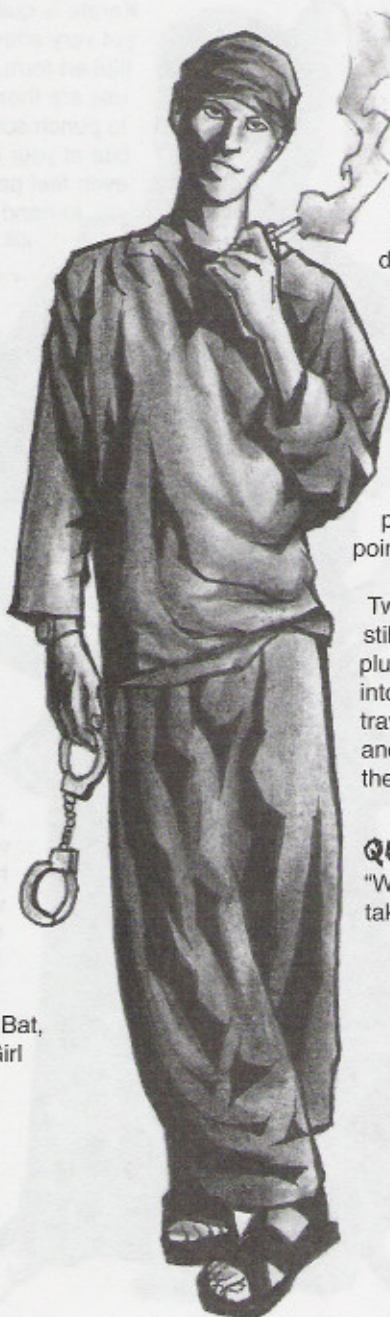
Streetwise 2

Tracking 1

Gear

Hand Cuffs, Condoms, Vaseline, Bat,

Pistol, VW Bug, Bound Zombie Girl



I screw dead people. What's so wrong with that? At least I'm still getting laid. Look at Mr. Muscles over there. Is he getting laid on a regular basis? No, he's not. Being a necrophiliac has its advantages. Hey, it's not like I had a choice. Being the son of the local undertaker tends to kill your love life. So, I started getting my jollies from the dead girls that came through the mortuary. No big harm in it, I say. I didn't hear any complaints from them.

Well, the first time I saw a zombie was when one of the girls woke up on me. I freaked and started apologizing, thinking someone had made a mistake. Then I remembered that I had already put the embalming fluid in her. At that point I ran the hell out of there.

Two days later, I was one of a few people still left alive. I packed everything I needed, plus some food and some survival books, into my Bug and then hit the road. I've been traveling ever since, fighting the undead and putting them into the ground where they belong.

Quote

"WHOA! Don't shoot that one. I'll, uhm, take care of her."

Narcissistic Jeweler

Norm

Str 3 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2

Int 3 **Per** 3 **Will** 3

LPS 30

EPS 29

Spd 8

Essence 16

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contact (Gem Supplier) (1)

Contact (Precious Metal Supplier)
(2)

Covetous (Greedy) (-2)

Delusions of Grandeur (-2)

Paranoid (-2)

Prejudice (choose one) (-1)

Resources (Rich) (4)

Status (1)

Skills

Brawling 3

Bureaucracy 4

Cheating 3

Computers 1

Craft (Jewelry) 3

Driving (Big Fancy Car) 3

Guns (Handguns) 3

Haggling 5

Questioning 2

Smooth Taking 3

Gear

More Jewelry Than Mr. T, Tinted
Glasses, Big Fancy Car, Cellular
Phone, Pager, Handgun, Latest
John Grisham Novel On Tape

Personality

Look, I grew up on the skids, see? You want a self-made man? You're looking right at him. Maybe I'm not the most educated man in the world, but when the rest of the snot-nosed brats I grew up with were studying their history and art crap, I apprenticed myself to a local jeweler . . . watched everything he did, and then just improved it.

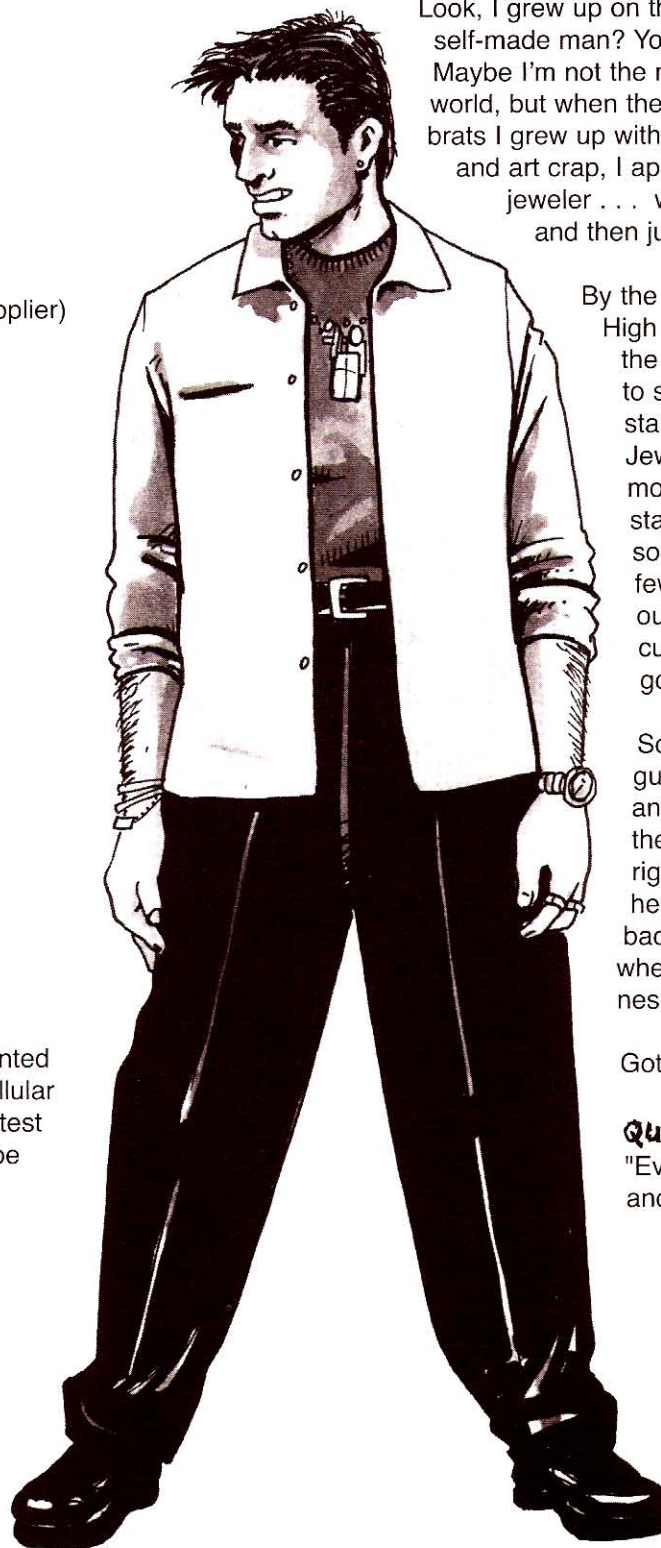
By the time I was finished with High School, I had the contacts, the know-how and the moxie to start and carry a financially stable jewelry empire: The Jewelry Barn. We put diamonds on every bride in the state and, yeah, maybe sometimes I had to bust a few heads to get the money out of some of our deadbeat customers, but whaddya gonna do?

So, now we've got dead guys crawlin' outta the muck and causing trouble all over the place. So, we deal with it, right? We pop 'em in their heads and stuff 'em right back into the ground. And when that's over with, it's business as usual.

Got it?

Quote

"Everyone's got a price . . . and I just set yours."



The Naive Freshman

NORM

STR 1 DEX 2 CON 1
INT 4 PER 3 WIL 3
LPS 24
EPS 20
SPD 10
ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Hard to Kill 2 (+2 on Survival Tests)
Photographic Memory (+1 on any skill involving memory, +1 to +3 on any Task using memory, both applied at the ZM's discretion)
Resources 1 (some independent wealth)
Attractiveness -1 (-1 on Social Tasks)
Cowardly -1 (Simple Willpower Test required to avoid fleeing danger or even taking small chances)
Emotional Problem (Fear of Rejection) (feels hurt and angry when rejected or ignored)

Skills

Computer Programming 3
Computers 3
Electronics 3
Engineer (Electrical) 2
Humanities (History) 2
Language (French) 1
Language (Spanish) 1
Piloting (Motorboat) 1
Research/Investigation 3
Science (Astronomy) 3
Science (Mathematics) 3
Science (Physics) 2
Sports (Golf) 2
Stealth 2
Writing (Academic) 1

GEAR

Week's worth of clothes (Corduroys, button-down shirts, college sweatshirt), a lot of homework and study material, a 12-pack of Jolt Cola, a Taurus Sedan, a Visa Gold Card with a \$5000 limit, \$462 in charges, and express instructions from his parents that it is for emergency use only

Personality

High School was hell. I was always picked on for being smart instead of athletic. Like those dumb jocks are ever going to do anything with their lives. I couldn't wait until I graduated so I could go to college where my talents would be appreciated.



Imagine my surprise when I found out that college was just high school with drugs and alcohol. I got picked on for being smart. I got picked on for not getting high. I got picked on for being a virgin.

It wasn't until I started hanging out with these guys that I finally made some friends. They sometimes tease me about being too uptight, but they never pick on me and even once they stood up for me.

So when one of my buddies says he needs to get to Alabama and that I am the only one he knows with a car, how could I not help him? Besides, I hate confrontations and couldn't really say no even if I wanted to. Now I just have to figure out a way to explain this to my parents.

Quote

"Hey guys? That gold card is supposed to be for emergencies only

Obnoxious Lady

Norm

Personality

Mary, Mother of God, what have I ever done to deserve this? Why do you want to punish me by trapping your poor servant in the company of idiots? Yes, you two, I'm talking about you. Were you born stupid or did you just grow up that way?

All I wanted to do was to find a few good deals. It's hard to be a single mother, you know? Especially after your no-good husband has left you for that young skinny slut of a secretary. Abandoning his own son!

Get your fingers out of your nose, my darling. Good boy. Mamma loves you.

How dare you take the side of my husband? You think you impress me with your muscles and your big gun? You are nothing but a kid.

I said keep your fingers out your nose, Nino. You never listen, just like your father.

No, you are no real man. Nor is any of you. Real men would save us from those . . . things. Real men would have put me in my place and taken me like real men. But no, Santa Maria, no! You are just a bunch of incompetent kids with guns.

Quote

"There is one there! Shoot it! Shoot it! What is that? You call that aiming? Santa Madonna, what have I done to deserve this?"

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 3

Int 2 Per 2 Wil 3

Lps 30

Eps 29

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Delusions (Prejudice vs. Attractive Women) 1 (-1)

Dependant (Child) 2 (-2)

Emotional Problem (Nagging) 1 (-1)

Photographic Memory (2)

Physical Disability

(Overweight) 2 (-2)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 2

Craft (Cooking) 3

Craft (Sewing) 2

Driving (Car) 2

Fine Arts (Painting) 2

First Aid 2

Haggling 4

Hand Weapon (Club) 2

Intimidation 4

Language (Spanish) 4

Notice 3

Questioning 2

Smooth Talking 2

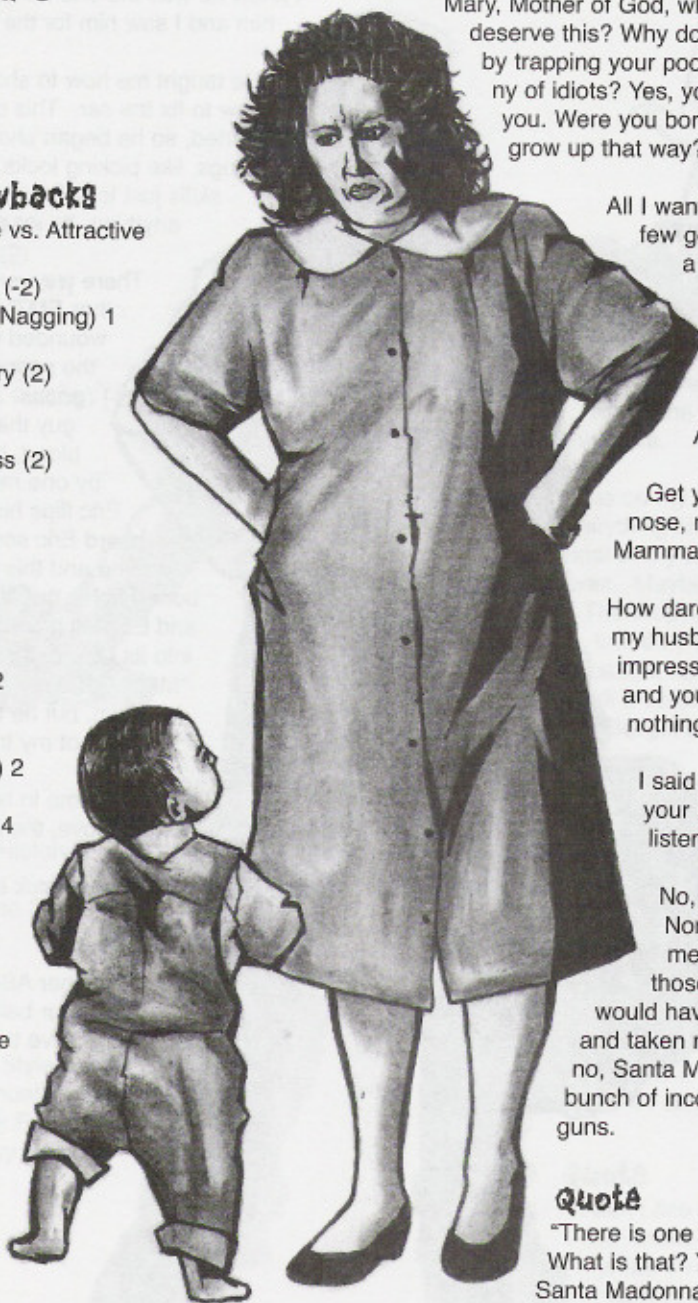
Throwing (Sphere) 2

Gear

Shopping Bags, Huge

Hand Bag, Very

Annoying Kid



Old Grone Zombie

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 2 **Per** 5 **Wil** 5
DPs 26
EPs n/a
Spd 8
Essence 23

Qualities/Drawbacks

Gift (5)
Inspiration (5)
Age 1 (5)
Cruel (-1)
Lazy (-2)
Delusions of Grandeur
(Pagan Priestess) (-2)
Crippled Foot (Walks With Cane) (-2)
Zealot (Follow Old Ways) (-3)

Skills

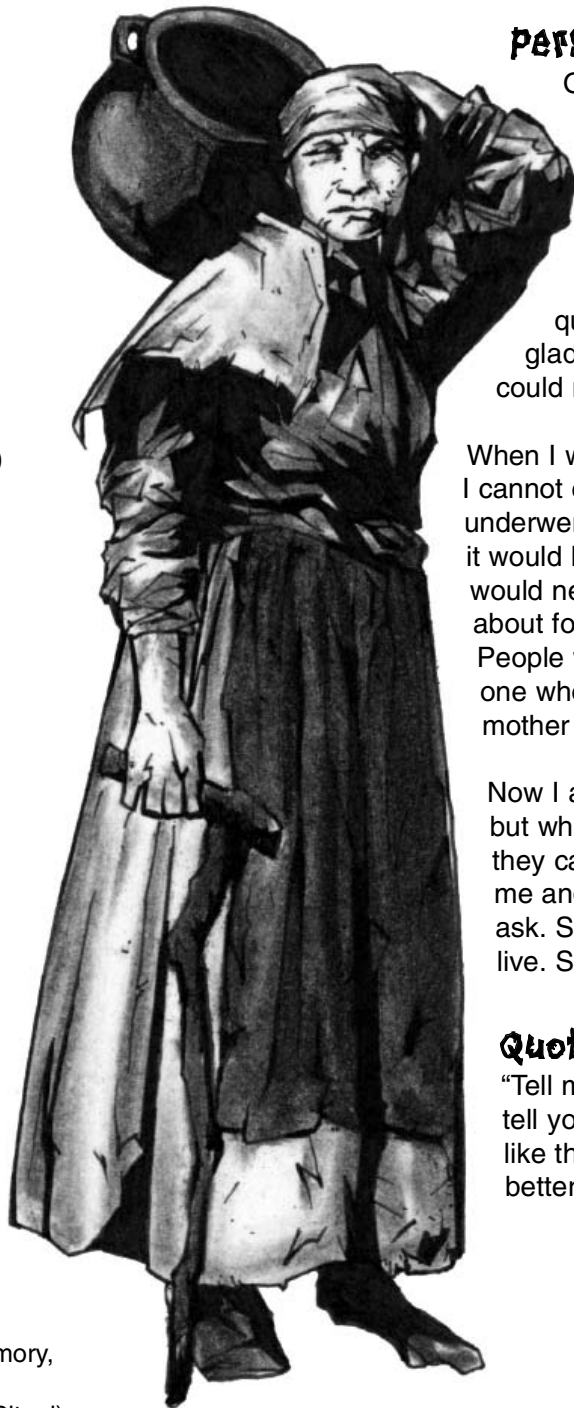
Brawling 2
Hand Weapon (Axe) 2
Intimidation 4
Myth & Legends 2
Occult Knowledge 2
Rituals (Rus Pagan) 2
Trance 2
Traps 2
Unconventional Medicine
(Herbalism) 2

Aspects

Attack: Bite D4 x 2 (4) Slashing,
Teeth 6/Turn until removed, Claws D6
x 2 (6) armor-piercing/Slashing
Weak Spot: All
Getting Around: Slow And Steady
Strength: Dead Joe Average, Teeth,
Claws
Senses: Like The Dead
Sustenance: Weekly, All Flesh Must Be
Eaten
Intelligence: Language, Long Term Memory,
Problem Solving
Spreading The Love: Bury The Body (Ritual)
Special: Regeneration (+2)
Power: 90

Metaphysics

Binding
Blessing
Visions



Personality

Once, I would have been respected, cared for by the community. Once, all would have come to me for advice. They would have paid the price for my help without question, and have been glad that such a small thing could make their lives better.

When I was younger, so long ago I cannot even remember it, I underwent the ritual gladly. I knew it would bring me respect. I knew I would never again have to worry about food, clothing or care. People would come to the only one who understood our cruel mother and seek protection.

Now I am hated and feared. Still, but when there is a problem they cannot solve, they come to me and pay whatever price I ask. Sometimes I even let them live. Sometimes.

Quote

“Tell me what you want, and I’ll tell you what it’ll cost. You don’t like the price? Some meat’s better than no meat I suppose.”

Olympic Marksman

Shooter

Str 2 **Dex** 6 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 2 **Wil** 2
LPS 30
EPS 26
Spd 18
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Senses (Sight) (2)
Adversary
(Rival Shooter) (-2)
Clown (-1)
Contacts (Mercenaries) (3)
Emotional Problems
(Depression) (-2)
Essence Channeling 4 (8)
Gift (5)
Obsession (-2)
Showoff (-2)

Skills

Disguise 2
Drive 3
Guns (Handgun) 5
Guns (Rifle) 5
Language (Japanese) 3
Notice 4
Smooth Talking 3
Surveillance 3

Powers

Blind Firing (3)
Eagle Eye (2)
Instant Reload (2)
Penetrating Shot (3)
Trick Shot (3)

Gear

High-powered Assault Rifle
with 5 Magazines, x20
Scope, x20 Starlight Scope,
Target Pistol with 5 Magazines

Personality

I almost won the Olympics. One more round and I would have won the Gold Medal for the home-land. Instead, those stupid zombies came out of the stands and attacked my team. We weren't sure who they were, but when the security guards fled, we knew we were in trouble. I started shooting the zombies and my team followed suit.

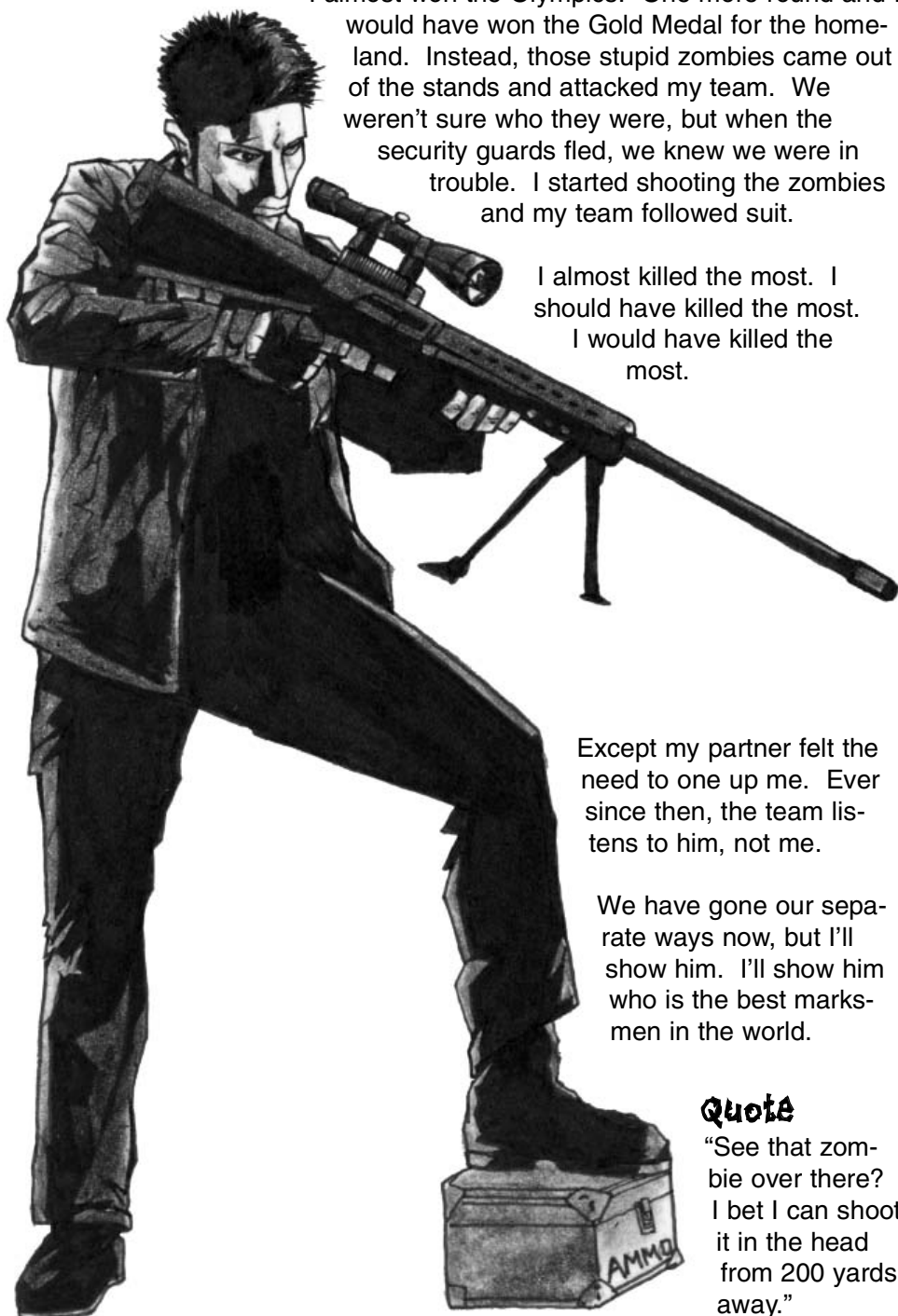
I almost killed the most. I should have killed the most. I would have killed the most.

Except my partner felt the need to one up me. Ever since then, the team listens to him, not me.

We have gone our separate ways now, but I'll show him. I'll show him who is the best marksmen in the world.

Quote

"See that zombie over there? I bet I can shoot it in the head from 200 yards away."



Pinkerton

SURVIVOR

STR 3 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3

Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3

LPS 34

EPS 32

Spd 14

ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Delusions

(Prejudice against Southerners) (-1)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Honorable (-2)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Resources (Middle Class) (2)

Situational Awareness (2)

Status +1 (1)

skills

Brawling 2

Bureaucracy 2

Dodge 3

Escapism 3

First Aid 3

Gun (Handgun) 5

Guns (Shotgun) 2

Hand Weapon (Knife) 1

Humanities (Law) 2

Intimidation 2

Notice 3

Questioning 2

Riding (Horse) 2

Surveillance 3

Tracking 2

GEAR

Six Shooter with 36 Rounds, Shotgun with

12 Shells, Horse, \$100

personality

If rounding up scum like the James Gang wasn't bad enough, now I have to avoid zombies at the same time. The only bonus to these zombies is that if you need to kill a wanted man to bring 'em in, they can still be tried and hung. Of course, after they hang there for a few minutes, you have to put a bullet in their brain.

Some of the wanted men I hunt have already become "walkers." There isn't a thing to bringing those boys in. Heck, if'n you go slow enough, they will follow you all the way back to town. At that point, I just let the Sheriff and his Deputies round 'em up. I receive payment for doing a job, not bringing in bounties.

I can't wait until there's an opening at the Chicago branch. I sure am tired of dealing with these zombies.

It would be nice to sit at home with Betty and the kids at night, instead of wondering which wanted man might stumble into camp looking for brains while I'm asleep.

Quote

"Zombie or no zombie, that Missourian Reb is coming in with me."



Paramedic

Norm

Personality

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 3
Int 3 Per 3 Wil 2
LPS 30
EPS 26
Spd 10
Essence 15

Qualities/Drawbacks

Fast Reaction Time (2)
Honorable 2 (-2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Talentless (-2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 1
Driving (Van) 4
First Aid 5
Guns (Handgun) 3
Hand Weapons (Knife) 2
Haggling 3
Lockpick (Mechanical) 1
Mechanic 2
Medicine (Surgery) 2
Notice 2
Running (Marathon) 3
Science (Chemistry) 2
Streetwise 2

Gear

Helmet, Radio,
Lockpick Set, Multi-
Tool, Duct Tape,
Medic's Kit, Pistol,
Shotgun



I knew he was the one for me after that car hit him and I saw him for the first time.

He taught me how to shoot and a little about how to fix the car. This crazy shit had just started, so he began showing me other things, like picking locks. We'd need those skills just to survive, and if Antonio was anything, he was a survivor.

There we were, me an' Eric, the other EMT, trying to evac some wounded from a fight between the police, looters, and the goons. Eric's by this one guy that's totally covered in blood, his arm hanging on by one meaty thread, and Eric flips him over. I barely heard Eric scream. I turned around and this thing has its teeth buried in his throat. I twisted it away and Eric fell down. I jammed the pistol into its face and I—I—Antonio! It said, "Maria," and my Antonio, I wanted to hold him, but he tried to . . . so I shot him. I shot my true love.

He held me in his arms after we'd made love, the night before

I've been sick since then.

Quote

"Evac her ASAP. Just tie that off with your belt, if we amputate, we may save this one."

Paramilitary Geek

Norm

Str 2 Dex 3 Con 3

Int 3 Per 2 Will 1

LPS 33

EPS 23

Spd 12

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Sense (Vision) (2)

Contacts (Invaders) (2)

Emotional Dependency (-1)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard To Kill 1 (1)

Resistance (Fatigue) (2)

Zealot (Conservative Politics) (-3)

Skills

Brawling 1

Bureaucracy 3

Computers 2

Dodge 2

Driving (Car) 2

First Aid 2

Guns

(Handgun) 1

Guns (Rifle) 2

Hand Weapon (Knife) 2

Humanities (Military History) 3

Notice 3

Research/Investigation 3

Stealth 3

Tracking 1

Gear

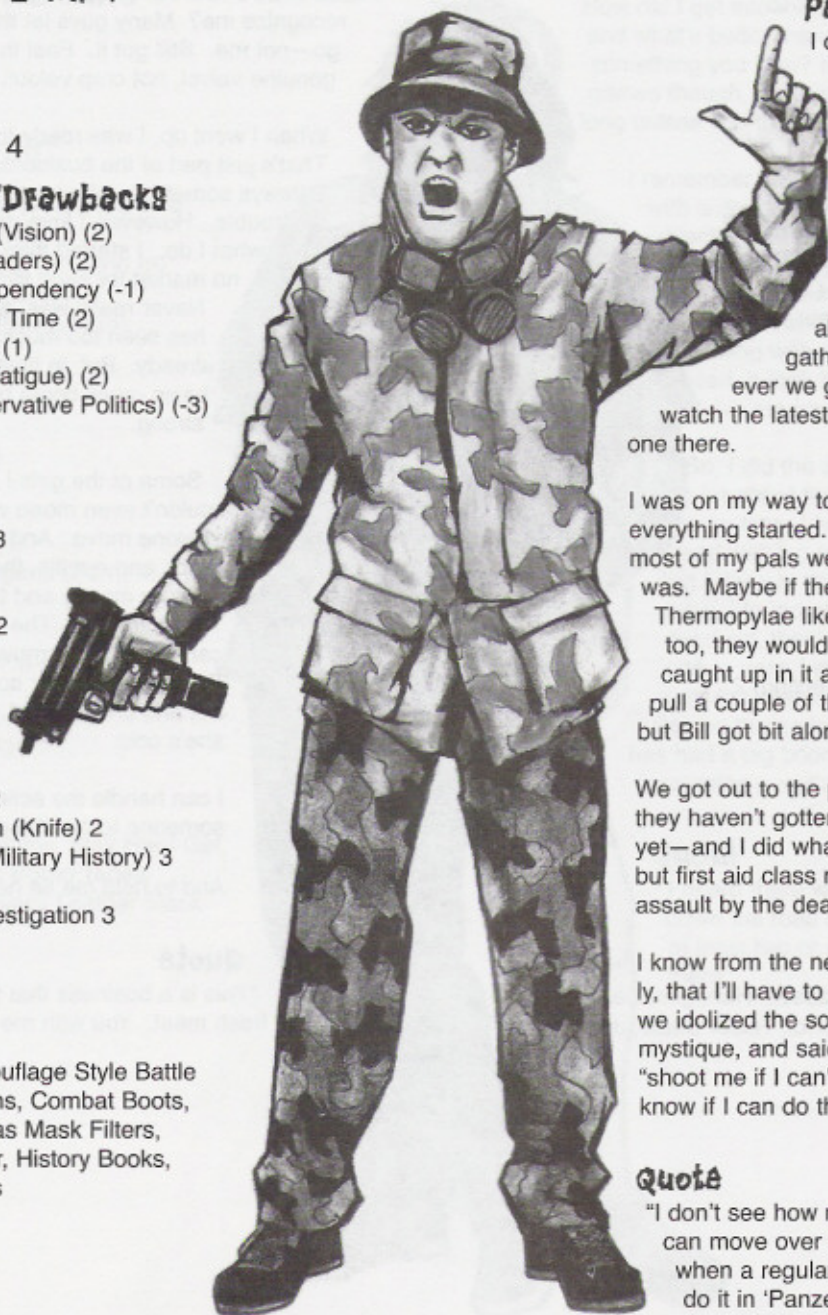
Various Camouflage Style Battle

Dress Uniforms, Combat Boots,

Gas Mask, Gas Mask Filters,

Paintball Gear, History Books,

Strategy Texts



Personality

I didn't have much to do at first. Then I met the other Invaders. Thanks to them, I've improved myself a lot, and paintball every weekend is a lot of fun. I make it to all the war gaming gatherings, and whenever we get together to watch the latest war, I'm the first one there.

I was on my way to PT the morning everything started. Unfortunately, most of my pals weren't as lucky as I was. Maybe if they'd war gamed out Thermopylae like I wanted them too, they wouldn't have gotten caught up in it all. I was able to pull a couple of them out, though, but Bill got bit along the way.

We got out to the paintball field—they haven't gotten out to the country yet—and I did what I could to help, but first aid class never covered assault by the dead.

I know from the news I've heard lately, that I'll have to kill him. But for all we idolized the soldiers, the warrior mystique, and said to each other, "shoot me if I can't go on," I don't know if I can do this.

Quote

"I don't see how moldering corpses can move over five miles an hour when a regular infantry unit can't do it in 'Panzergruppe.'"

The Professional Student

NORM

STR 1 DEX 2 CON 2
INT 4 PER 1 WIL 4
LPS 22
EPS 26
SPD 8
ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Nerves of Steel (*Fright Check need only be made in the most horrifying situations, and gain a +4*)
Situational Awareness (+2 to *Perception Tests to notice trouble*)
Impaired Eyesight (*Vision-based Perception Tests are -3 without his glasses*)
Lazy (Avoids work)

Skills

Computer Hacking 2
Computer Programming 2
Computers 3
Electronics 2
Engineer (Mechanical) 2
Humanities (History) 1
Humanities (Economics) 1
Humanities (Law) 1
Instruction 2
Language (Latin) 2
Mechanic 1
Myth and Legend (Medieval Europe) 1,
Research/Investigation 3
Sciences (Astronomy) 2
Sciences (Mathematics) 2
Sciences (Physics) 2
Smooth Talking 2
Writing (Academic) 2

GEAR

A few extra clothes (jeans and old shirts), two liters of Mountain Dew, a 20 oz. bag of Salt & Vinegar Potato Chips, a bag of Nestle Crunch bars, some beef jerky and a Key Lime iBook which has some MP3s and games on it

Personality

In the entire twelve years that I have been at the University, this past year was by far the most stressful. I came perilously close to graduating! Then where would I be? Out in the real world, forced to get a job. Forget that!

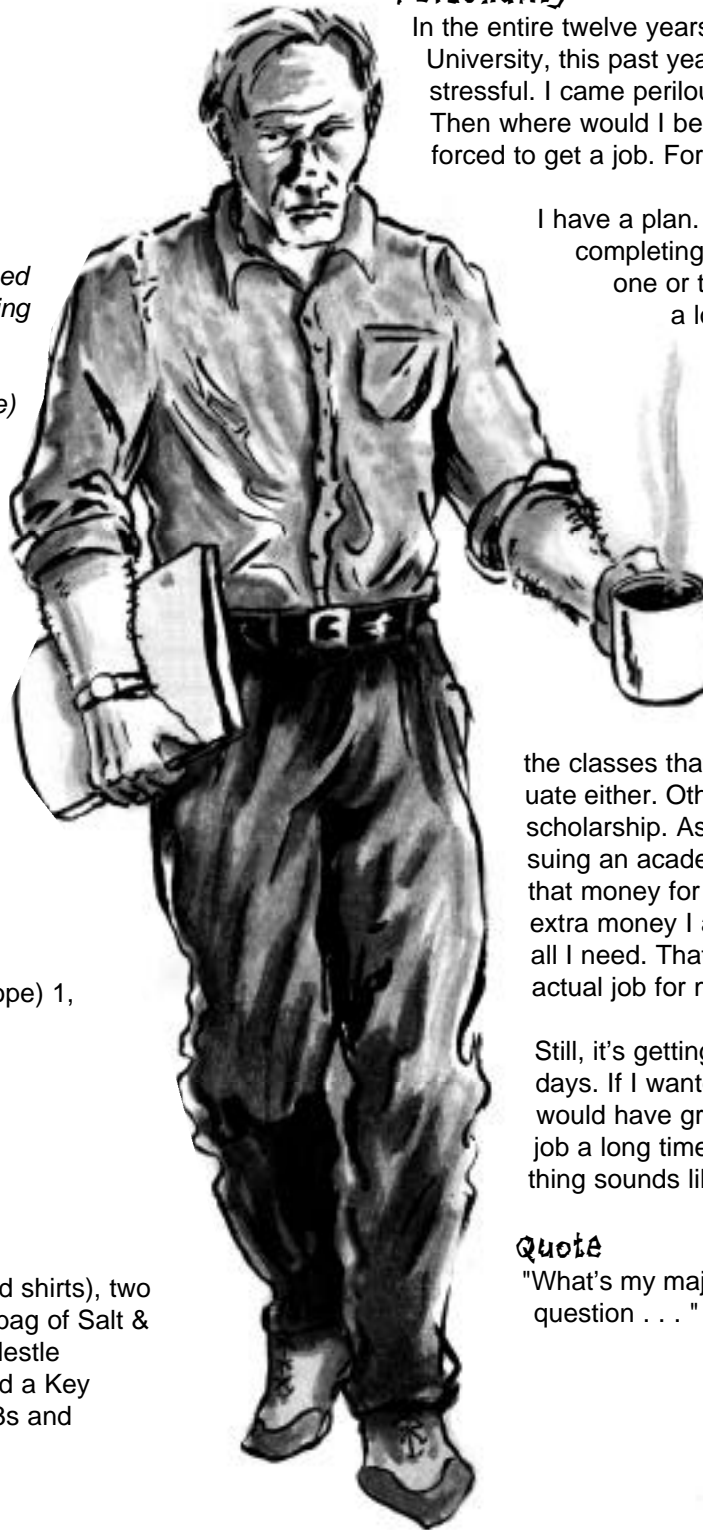
I have a plan. I am currently short of completing seven different majors by one or two classes each. There is a lot of interloping between majors so you have to be careful about which classes you take. You might pick a perfectly innocent seeming upper level elective and then find out it fulfills that one last requirement for one of those unfinished majors. It's a very delicate balancing act.

You can't just flunk out of the classes that would force you to graduate either. Otherwise they cut off your scholarship. As long as I am actively pursuing an academic goal, I can live off of that money for years to come. Plus the extra money I am making as a TA, that's all I need. That's close enough to an actual job for my tastes.

Still, it's getting to be a bit much these days. If I wanted stress in my life, I would have graduated and gotten a real job a long time ago. This whole road trip thing sounds like the perfect distraction.

Quote

"What's my major? That's a complicated question . . ."



PORN PRODUCER

NORM

Personality

I used to be in front of the camera. You didn't recognize me? Many guys let themselves go—not me. Still got it. Feel that fabric—genuine velvet, not crap velour.

When I went up, I was ready to bug out. That's just part of the business; there's always somebody who wants to make trouble. However, I love my work. It's what I do. I started thinking. There's no market for snuff films, now.

Never really was, and Joe Public has seen too much of that crap already. But, in times of danger, basic urges come back real strong.

Some of the girls I directed couldn't even moan worth a shit, let alone move. And after boob-jobs and credits, they wanted more money and took too long to do the job. The dead, they can moan. And move. For free. So, I'm looking for someone who's hot and undamaged. Even though she's cold.

I can handle the acting, but I need someone to run the camera.

And to help me tie her down, first.

Quote

"This is a business that thrives on fresh meat. You with me or not?"



Str 3 **Dex** 2 **Con** 3

Int 2 **Per** 2 **Wil** 2

LPS 40

EPG 29

Spd 10

ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Marijuana) (-2)

Contacts (Criminal) (2)

Delusions of Grandeur

(Vanity) (-1)

Hard to Kill 2 (2)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Skills

Acting 2

Bureaucracy 1

Cheating 2

Disguise 1

Dodge 2

Driving (Car) 2

Fine Arts (Movie Directing) 2

Guns (Handgun) 4

Intimidation 2

Notice 2

Seduction 3

Smooth Talking 2

Streetwise 3

Weight Lifting 2

Gear

Gold Chains, Sunglasses, Handgun, Sex

Toys, Mary Jane, Mirror, Razor Blade, Joints

All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Porn Star

SURVIVOR

Str 3 Dex 4 Con 5

Int 3 Per 2 Will 3

LPS 42

EPS 38

Spd 18

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Charisma +3 (3)

Contacts (Porn Industry) (3)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Resistance (Fatigue) (3)

Status +3 (3)

Skills

Acrobatics 3

Acting 1

Brawling 2

Driving (Car) 3

Myth and Legend (Porn) 4

Notice 2

Seduction 3

Smooth Talking 3

Streetwise 2

Swimming 2

Weight Lifting 2

Gear

Sedan, Condoms, Stay Hard Gel,

Numb-it Gel, Porno Tapes,

Handcuffs, Black Leather Mask

Personality

How did I get into this? Easy. I like to hump and what's better than getting paid to do something you love? It's not all fun and games though. It's a job, and you don't last long unless you treat it as such.

I remember the first time we shot a film with a dead girl in it. I thought the director was talking about a snuff flick when he proposed the film to me. Imagine my surprise when I walked in and there's this pretty little thing with a huge hole in her head. It took them five minutes to revive me from my faint.

So, I did the shoot and found out a lot about the undead at the same time. I had heard about the dead walking over in the Bible Belt, but I thought that was just media hype. I found out from April, the dead girl, they've been walking for over a year. I still couldn't believe it until the cash started rolling in. Seems the undead porno film industry has had a big boom. So, now I'm out here doing guerilla-style porno.

Quote

"I heard there was a girl's school down the road and I'm sure to find at least two or three fresh ones there."



Police Officer

SURVIVOR

Str 3 **Dex** 2 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 4
LPS 50
EPS 38
Spd 12
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Police) 3 (3)
Contacts (Underworld) 2 (2)
Hard to Kill 4 (4)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 3
Computers 1
Dodge 2
Drive: Car 3
First Aid 2
Guns (Handgun) 4
Guns (Shotgun) 3
Hand Weapon (Club) 3
Intimidation 2
Questioning 2
Streetwise 2
Surveillance 2
Swimming 1

Gear

Class IIIa Vest, First Aid Kit, Flare Gun, Flashlight, Handcuffs, Handgun, Squad Car (Sedan), Vehicle Radio



Personality

Don't bug me. Uniform doesn't mean anything anymore. I'm not a public servant anymore. I'm just a man with a gun trying to survive. I can't help you. I got my own problems now.

No, you listen to me. My granddad was a cop, my father, my uncles, all cops. Back then, cops were the law and cops had respect. By the time I became a cop, it was a whole 'nother game. Sensitivity classes, social working, civilian review board, police brutality suits. They curse you and spit at you and hate you -- just 'cause of the uniform.

Fine. I took the oath, I did the job. I worked my butt off to take care of my buddies, and make my family proud.

But zombies? Fucking zombies, I didn't sign up for. I'm outta here. Got my ammo and supplies and squad car. As far as I'm concerned, the city can take care of itself.

Look I don't care about your wife and kid. I'm not surprised they're surround by zombies. There's zombies everywhere.

You're kidding. Don't tell me you don't even have a gun.

All right, all right. Take this shotgun and let's go. I can't believe I'm doing this -- again.

Quote

"I shot the guy and he wouldn't stay down! Good thing the cameraman from COPS tripped."

Priest Inspired

Str 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Will** 5
Lps 34
Eps 38
Spd 12
Essence 35

Qualities/Drawbacks

Inspiration (5)
Gift (5)
Honorable 3 (-3)
Increased Essence Pool (3)

Skills

Driving (Motorcycle) 2
First Aid 3
Guns (Handgun) 1
Humanities (Theology) 4
Instruction 2
Language (Latin) 2
Myth and Legend 2
Notice 2
Occult Knowledge 2
Singing 2
Science (Psychology) 1
Storytelling 2

Metaphysics

Holy Fire
Touch of Healing
Divine Sight

Gear

First Aid Kit, Flashlight,
Holy Book

Personality

Such an event so close to the 2000th anniversary of Our Savior's birth certainly gives one pause. Many of our more evangelical brethren have taken this to be a portent of the Rapture. They speak of Armageddon and quote from the Revelation.

Despite what the seminarians teach, I have always taken that book of the Bible to be nothing more than a metaphor, a disguised critique of the Roman Empire. There is nothing in it that mentions flesh-eating zombies. In fact, the only flesh-eating in the Bible is the Eucharist. So, what does a man of the cloth make of all this?

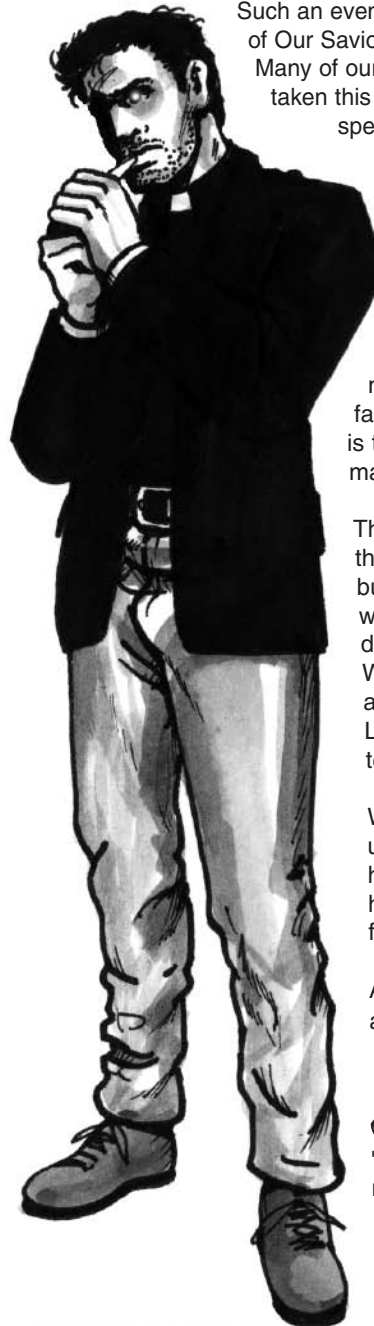
The Vatican is strangely silent, but they've always been a cautious bunch. I for one believe it's all the work of Satan. When we see such dark wonders, we question our faith. We see rotted bodies shambling around, and wonder where is the Lord? This is humankind's greatest test -- we must strive to be worthy.

We fail to realize that He is beside us, as always. You may laugh, but I have seen with my own eyes as I have healed the suffering and called forth fire to burn the monstrosities.

And it's done wonders for sermon attendance, let me tell you.

Quote

"The Lord is my point man, I shall not want."



Reporter

Norm

Personality

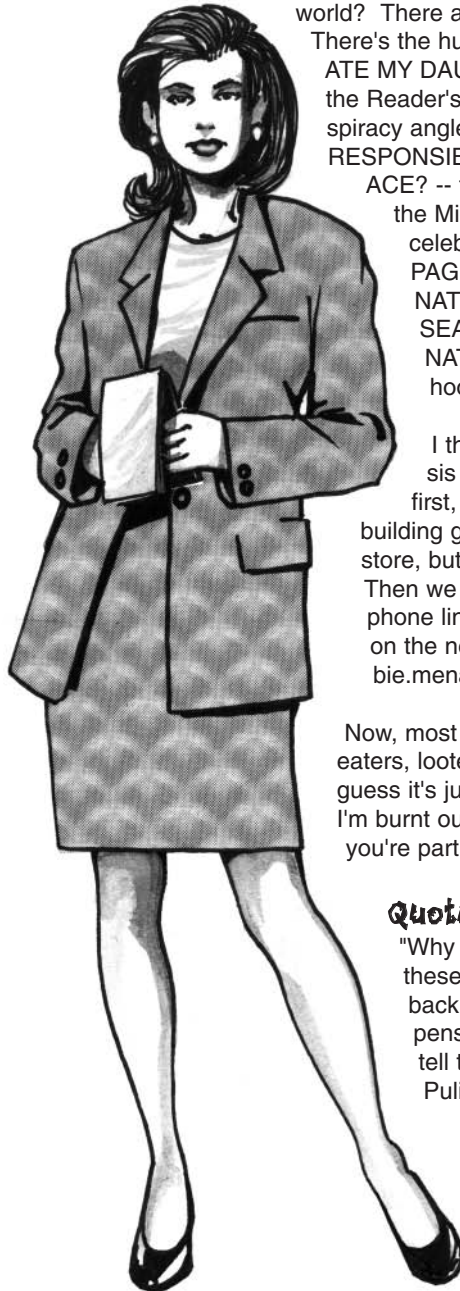
What better story is there than the end of the world? There are so many different angles. There's the human-interest angle -- ZOMBIES ATE MY DAUGHTER! -- always popular with the Reader's Digest crowd. There's the conspiracy angle -- IS THE GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ZOMBIE MENACE? -- they eat that kind of stuff up in the Midwest. And let's not forget the celebrity angle -- ZOMBIES RAM-PAGE BALDWIN COMPOUND! NATIONAL GUARD DECLARES SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS NOT IN NATIONAL INTEREST. That was a hoot!

I thought that for as long as the crisis lasted, I could write about it. At first, I worked for a paper, but the building got overrun. We moved to a copy store, but in six months that was gone. Then we found a library with a working phone line and started posting information on the newsgroup alt.conspiracy.zombie.menace.

Now, most of the staff is gone from flesh-eaters, looters and trigger-happy GIs. I guess it's just as well. I can't write anymore. I'm burnt out. It's hard to keep going when you're part of the endangered species.

Quote

"Why am I taking notes? Someday these corpses are going to be put back in the ground. When that happens, I'm gonna be the first person to tell the story. If that ain't worth a Pulitzer, I don't know what is."



Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
LPS 26
EPS 26
Spd 8
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Criminal) 2 (2)
Contacts (Police) 2 (2)
Contacts (Media) 3 (3)
Obsession (Finding the Truth) (-2)

Skills

Brawling 1
Bureaucracy 1
Computers 2
Disguise 1
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
Electronic Surveillance 2
Guns (Handgun) 2
Haggling 1
Questioning 2
Research/Investigation 3
Smooth Talking 2
Stealth 2
Streetwise 2
Surveillance 3
Writing (Reporting) 2

Gear

Cellular Phone, Laptop Computer,
Notepad, Tape Recorder

Reborn Druid Sage

Inspired

Str 1 **Dex** 3 **Con** 2

Int 5 **Per** 5 **Wil** 5

Lps 22

Eps 29

Spd 10

Essence 48

Qualities/Drawbacks

Gift (5)

Inspired (5)

Old Soul 2 (8)

Photographic

Memory (2)

Increased Essence

Pool (3)

Honorable (-2)

Humorless (-1)

Obsession (Find

Truths) (-2)

Resources (Hurting)

(-4)

Secret (-1)

Skills

Dodge 2

Language (Gaelic) 1

Notice 2

Occult Knowledge 2

Research/Investigation 2

Rituals (Druidic) 2

Stealth 1

Survival (Forest) 2

Tracking 2

Trance 2

Traps 1

Unconventional Medicine

(Herbalism) 2

Metaphysics

Divine Sight

Visions

GEAR

Regular Clothes, Ritual Equipment/Clothes, Occult Reference Manual, Backpack With Survivalist Gear, Bag of Herbs

Personality

I always was the curious cat. I had to be the one to know the all the information. Not just the facts though—what are facts worth if they aren't The Truth?

Then came that funny old man, who promised to show me the Real Truth. He showed me all right, he showed me there's a lot more out there than I ever dreamed.

It seems I was a druid sage in a past life, among other things. It seems I kept some nasty secrets then—and some of them still apply. Like this isn't the first time something like this has happened, and why it happened before.

I still need to find The Truth—but now I have more of a reason than I ever did before. The Truth could save us all, or it could kill us all, but either way I Must Know.

Quote

"It's not safe over there, you want to go this way. I Just Know It! There's better berries on this side of the hill anyway."



Reluctant Faith Healer

Inspired

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 5
Lps 30
Eps 35
Spd 12
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Artistic Talent (Painting/Drawing) (3)
Attractiveness +3 (3)
Emotional Problems
(Fear of Rejection) (-1)
Gift (5)
Inspiration (5)
Obsession (Fitting In) (-2)
Physical Disability
(Crippled Hand) (-2)
Resources (Wealthy) (6)
Status +1 (1)

Skills

Acting 2
Driving 2
Beautician 2
Dancing (Ballet) 2
Fine Arts (Drawing) 3
Humanities (Religion) 2
Myth and Legend (Christian) 4
Notice 2
Riding (Horse) 2
Storytelling 3
Writing (Advocacy) 1

Metaphysics

Blessing
The Touch of Healing

Gear

Small Makeup Compact,
Designer Clothing, Cell
Phone, \$200

Personality

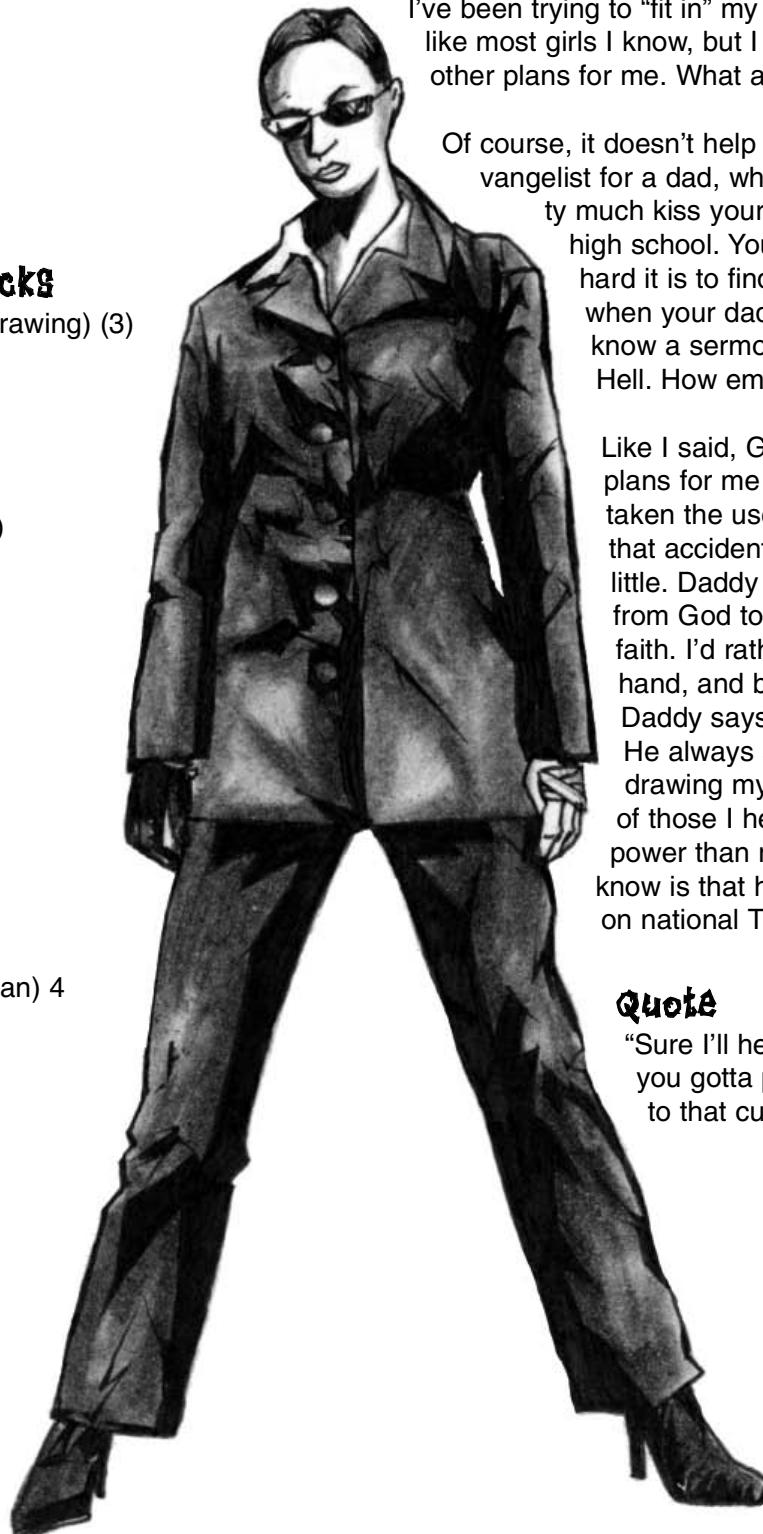
I've been trying to "fit in" my whole life and I think I'm like most girls I know, but I guess the Lord had other plans for me. What a bitch.

Of course, it doesn't help to have a big-time televangelist for a dad, which means you can pretty much kiss your social life good-bye in high school. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to find a date to the prom when your dad gives every boy you know a sermon on premarital sex and Hell. How embarrassing!

Like I said, God must've had other plans for me anyway. He may have taken the use of one of my hands in that accident, but he's made up for it little. Daddy says the Touch is a gift from God to help people find their faith. I'd rather just use it to fix my hand, and be normal again, but Daddy says that's not how it works. He always says something about drawing my strength from the faith of those I heal, and serving a higher power than myself. Whatever, all I know is that healing a crippled man on national TV doesn't get you dates.

Quote

"Sure I'll heal his zombie bite. But you gotta promise to introduce me to that cute guy Brad."



Repentant Ninja

Inspired

Personality

I was once an evil man. I would lie, steal, kill, and betray, all in the pursuit of money and my own personal agenda. No job was below me, no job too cruel or depraved.

Today, I am a changed man. I have been given another

chance. When the demons inhabited the bodies of those whose souls had long abandoned them, the Spirits of those I had wronged in the past came to me. They told me they came to offer me a second chance to live a worthy life. I must combat the wickedness that the demons had brought to this world. And the wickedness that men bring upon each other.

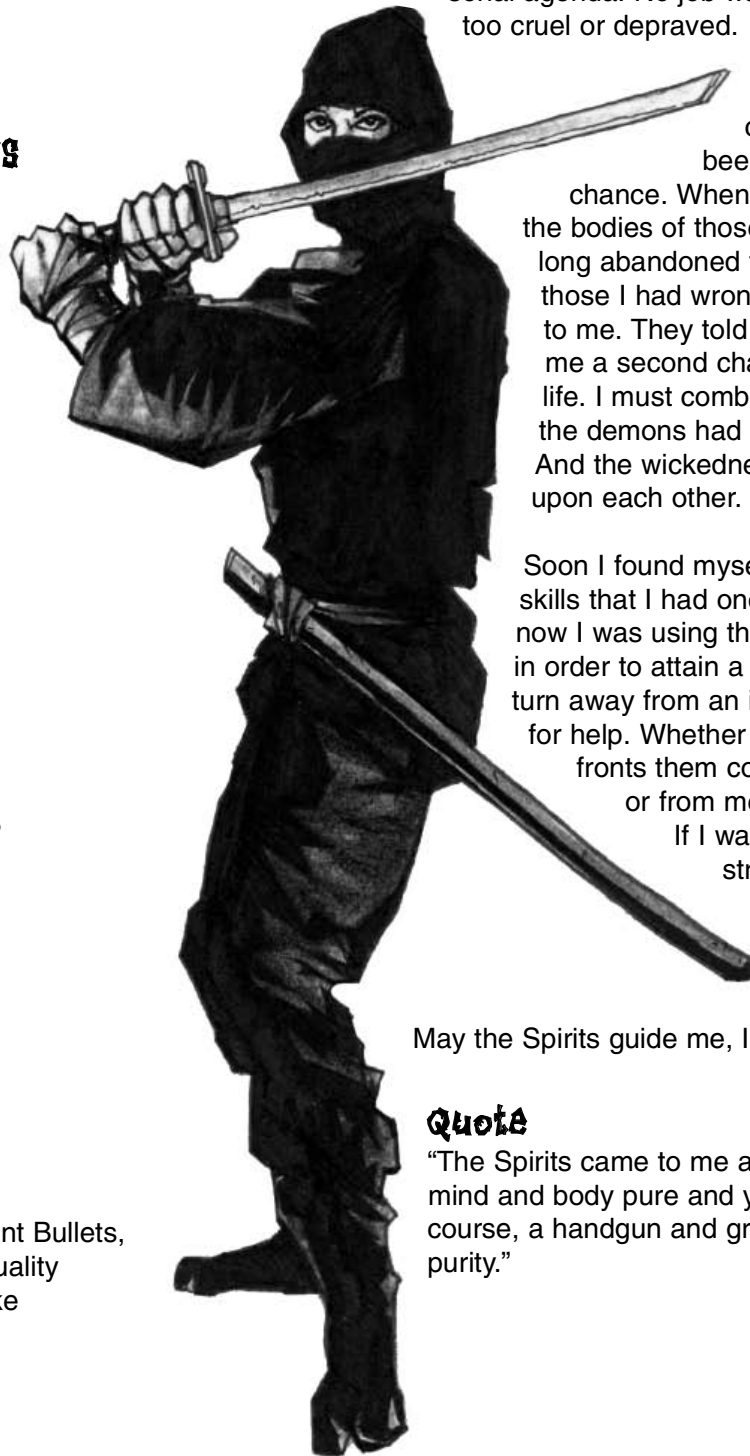
Soon I found myself using the same skills that I had once used for evil, only now I was using them to combat it. Now, in order to attain a worthy life, I cannot turn away from an innocent person's cry for help. Whether the danger that confronts them comes from the demons or from men, it does not matter.

If I waver, my powers will be stripped and my chances at worthiness gone forever.

May the Spirits guide me, I must remain strong.

Quote

"The Spirits came to me and said, 'Keep your mind and body pure and you shall succeed.' Of course, a handgun and grenades can aid in purity."



Str 3 **Dex** 5 **Con** 2

Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3

Lps 30

Eps 29

Spd 14

Essence 30

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Senses (Sight) (2)

Acute Senses
(Hearing) (2)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Honorable (-2)

Humorless (-1)

Increased Essence Pool (2)

Photographic Memory (2)

Resistance (Poison) (2)

Zealot (-3)

Skills

Climbing 2

Escapism 2

Dodge 4

Guns (Pistol) 2

Hand Weapon (Sword) 4

-Specialty (Katana) 6

Lock Picking (Mechanical) 3

Martial Arts 3

Notice 2

Stealth 3

Metaphysics

Invisibility

Strength of Ten

Visions

Gear

10mm Handgun, Hollow-Point Bullets,

50' Length of Rope, High Quality

Katana, Lockpick Set, Smoke

Grenades

Riverboat Captain

SURVIVOR

PERSONALITY

STR 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
LPS 49
EPS 32
Spd 12
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

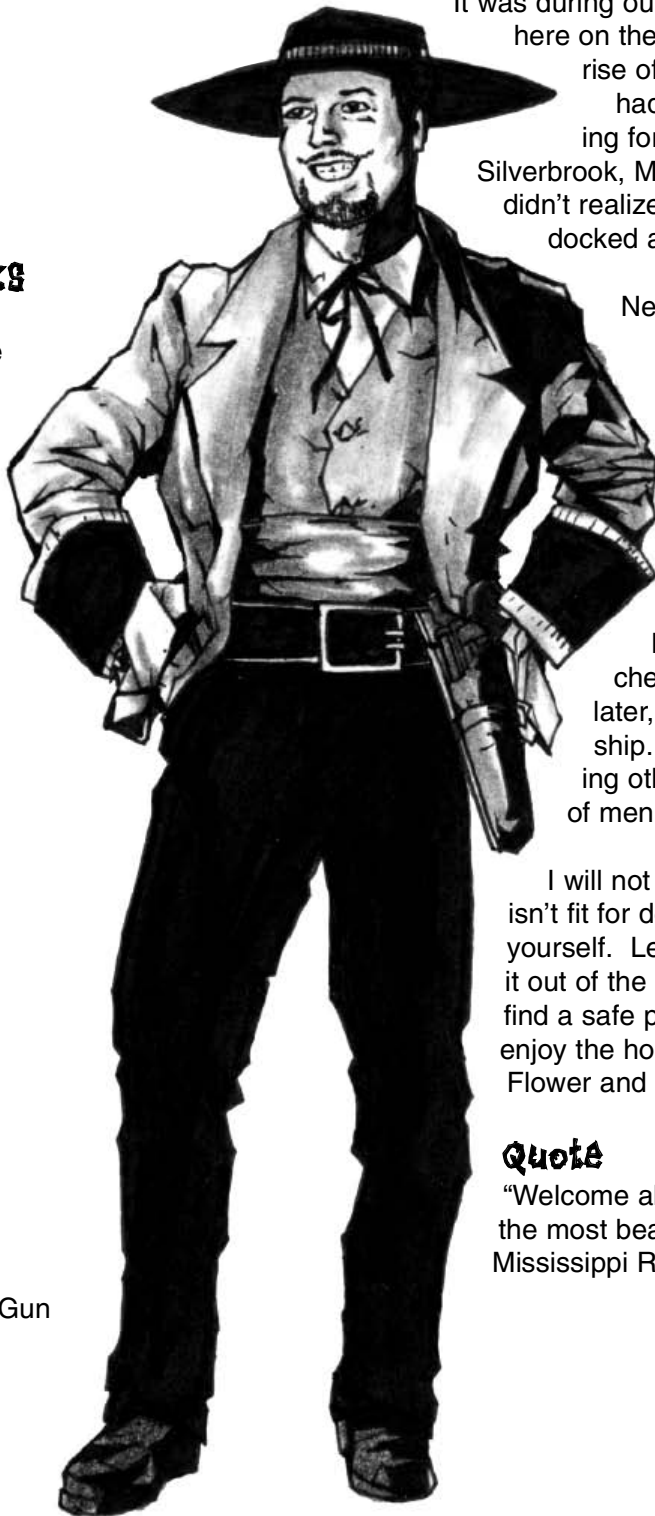
Acute Senses (Sight) (2)
Contacts (Various Riverside Communities) (5)
Hard to Kill (5)
Honorable (-1)
Physical Disability (Overweight) (-1)
Showoff (-2)

Skills

Acting 3
Beautician 3
Brawling 2
Dodge 2
First Aid 2
Gambling 1
Guns (Handgun) 2
Languages (English) 4
Mechanic 3
Notice 3
Piloting (Riverboat) 5
Riding 1
Singing 2
Smooth Talking 4
Storytelling 2

GEAR

Revolver with 24 rounds in Gun
Belt, Nice Suit of Clothing,
Expensive Cane, Riverboat



It was during our annual poker tournament, here on the Mississippi Flower, that the rise of the zombies occurred. We had set out from St. Louis, heading for New Orleans, by way of Silverbrook, Memphis, and Naches. We didn't realize anything was amiss until we docked at New Orleans.

New Orleans was a ghost town.

Now, sometimes the folks in the small towns along Ol' Bloody Muddy don't come out to see you. They're just queer that way. But, not the folks in the Crescent City, it's always alive.

I had a couple of my men check out the city. Not an hour later, they came running back to the ship. It seems, they saw folks eating other folks. I gathered a handful of men and went to investigate.

I will not repeat what I saw that day. It isn't fit for description around nice folk, like yourself. Let me but say, we barely made it out of the Crescent City. So, until we find a safe port, may I suggest that you enjoy the hospitality of the Mississippi Flower and all that she has to offer?

Quote

"Welcome aboard the Mississippi Flower, the most beautiful riverboat upon the Mississippi River."

Ruffian

Survivor

Personality

Most days, I hang out with my buds in front of the Welfare Office and we mug old people for their ration coupons. Hey, ya' gotta do what ya' gotta do. I'm thinking about joining the Army, maybe become a Z-Marine, and get inside the Safe Zone. That'd be sweet—hot food, warm bed, honeys . . . It's not like I don't have lots of experience killing zombies.

My folks died in a zombie attack last year. My sister moved in with her boyfriend, some government dude. I guess she found her way inside the Safe Zone. I squat in an abandoned building at the edge of town with the rest of my crew. We look out for each other. It's not like the government does. They only care about their precious "citizens" behind the wall.

My tattoo? I got that in memory of my buddy, Tank. Idiot tried to sneak into the Safe Zone. Cops burned him off the wall. Sure, they'll kill some hungry kid looking for a meal, but they won't come out here and take care of the zombies. Hypocrites. Part of me wants get inside just to throw a monkey wrench into the system.

So, you gonna give me your ration tickets, or do I have to hit you?

Quote

"Protein Supplement #12? You know that's just people, right?"

STR 3 **Dex** 5 **Con** 3
Int 2 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
Lps 49
EPs 32
Spd 16
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

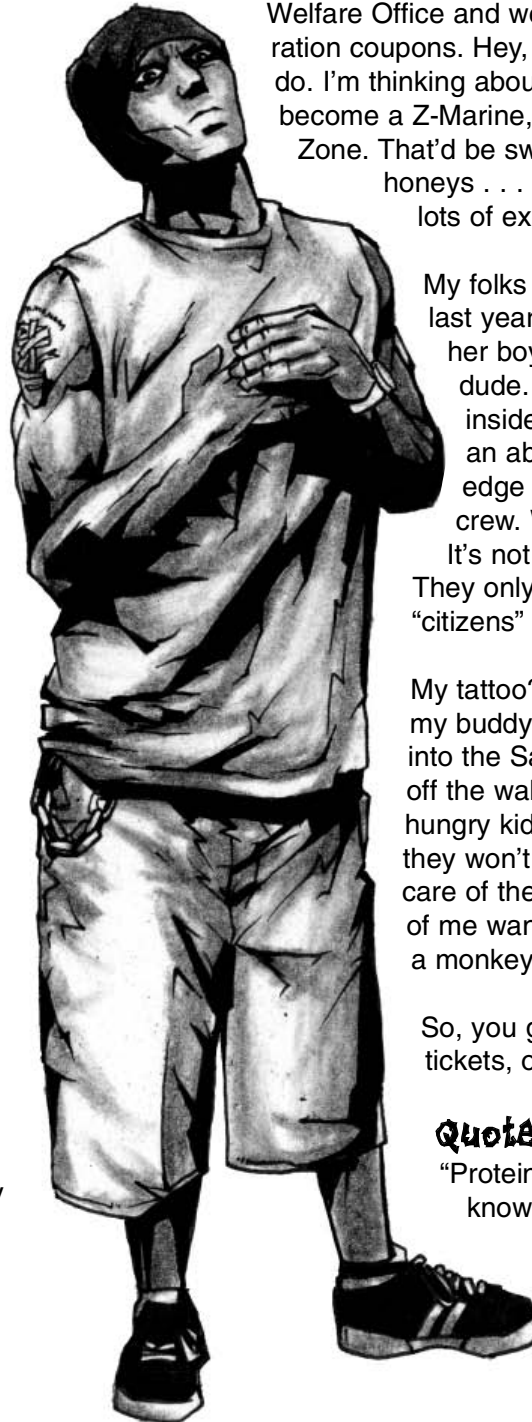
Cruel 1 (-1)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard To Kill 5 (5)
Minority (Non-citizen) (-2)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resources (Poor) (-3)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 3
Climbing 2
Dodge 3
Haggling 2
Intimidation 4
Lock Picking 3
Mechanic 2
Notice 2
Pick Pocket 4
Running (Sprint) 2
Sleight of Hand 3
Smooth Talking 2
Stealth 3
Streetwise 3
Survival (Urban) 3

Gear

Baseball Bat, Knife, Bedroll, Old Family Photo



Street Fighter

SURVIVOR

STR 5 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
LPS 58
EPS 41
Spd 14
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Underworld) (3)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill (4)
Honorable (1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Situational Awareness (2)
Status (Skilled Fighter) +1 (1)

Skills

Brawling 5
Cheating 2
Dodge 4
Driving (Motorcycle) 2
First Aid 2
Gambling 2
Hand Weapon (Chain) 3
Hand Weapon (Club) 4
Hand Weapon (Knife) 3
Intimidation 3
Notice 1
Stealth 2
Streetwise 2
Weight Lifting 1

Gear

Knife, Baseball Bat, Chain,
Motorcycle

Personality

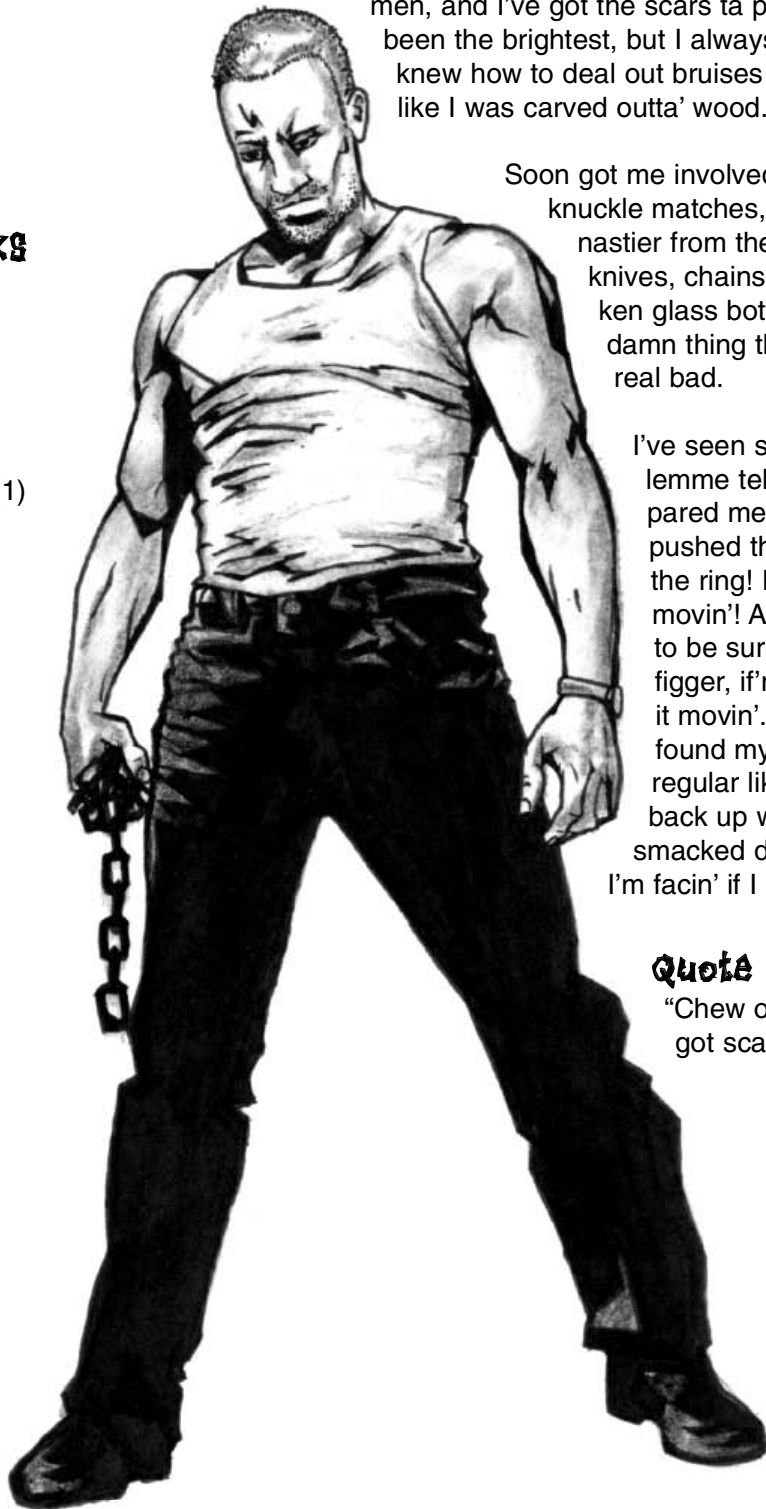
I've lived the kind of life that would 'a killed weaker men, and I've got the scars ta prove it. I ain't never been the brightest, but I always wuz tough, and I knew how to deal out bruises an' take 'em. It was like I was carved outta' wood.

Soon got me involved in street-level bare-knuckle matches, and things sorta' got nastier from there—illegal bouts with knives, chains, baseball bats, broken glass bottles, practically any damn thing that'd put the hurt on real bad.

I've seen some real hard men, lemme tell ya, but nothin' prepared me for when they pushed that stinkin' corpse inta' the ring! I mean, it was still movin'! Anyways, I'm not one to be surprised fer long, and I figger, if'n it moves, I can stop it movin'. So I did. Now, I've found myself fightin' zombies regular like. Wonder if I'll get back up when I finally get smacked down? Pity the bastard I'm facin' if I do.

Quote

"Chew on this, meat boy! I've got scars uglier than you!"



SEWER DWELLER

NORM

STR 3 Dex 3 Con 3

Int 2 Per 2 Wil 3

LPS 34

EPS 32

SPD 12

ESSENCE 16

Qualities/Drawbacks

Honorable (-2)

Minority (-1)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Resistance (Disease) (3)

Resources (Destitute) (-10)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 2

Dodge 3

Driving (Car) 1

First Aid 1

Hand Weapon (Club) 2

Language (Creole) 4

Myth & Legend (Urban Folklore) 3

Notice 2

Pick Pocket 1

Running (Dash) 1

Stealth 3

Storytelling 3

Streetwise 4

Survival (Streets) 4

Throwing (Sphere) 2

GEAR

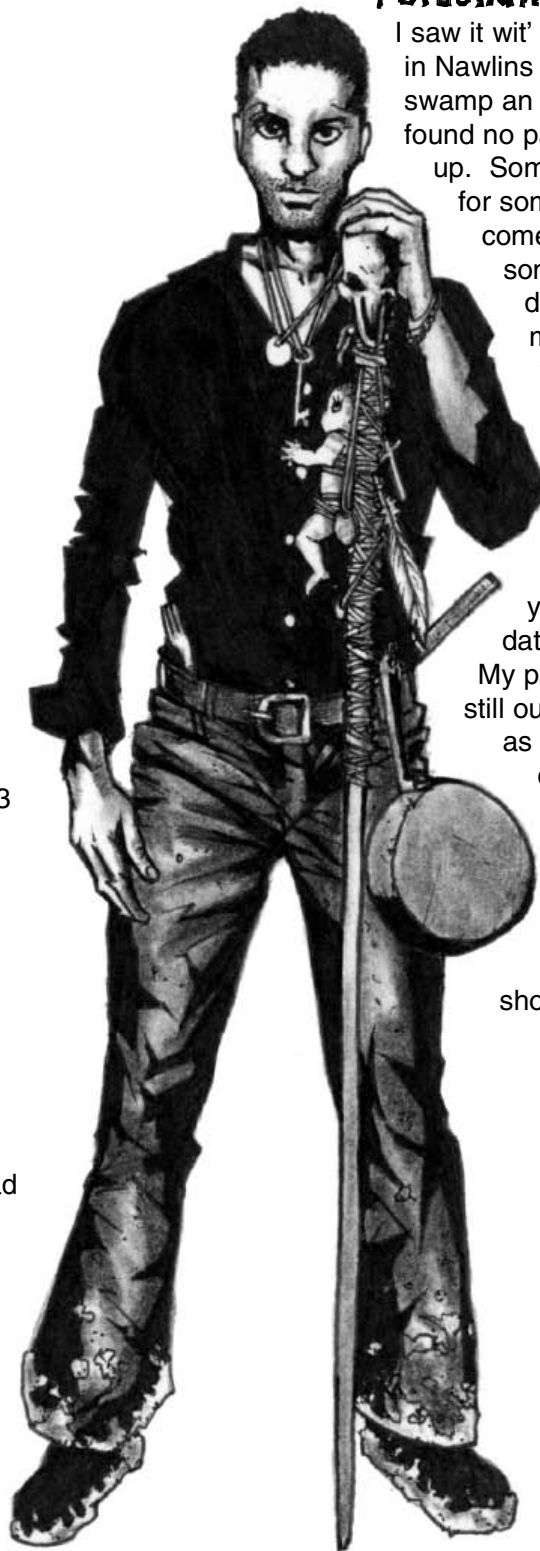
Closed-Off Section of Sewer, Lead Pipe, Walking Staff with Totems Attached, Grubby Clothes, Assorted Junk, Lucky Mardi Gras Coin

Personality

I saw it wit' me own eyes. It was like dat time in Nawlins when dat ting came from out o' da swamp an ate dose poor men. No one evah found no part o' dem. Now I know somtin' up. Some people came down 'ere lookin' for somtin'. Dey was military types. Dey come down wit some big talk about somtin' dat got away from dem and dey want it back real bad. Dey tole me not to tell no one 'bout it, but you are in real need o' da truth. I tell you what I know. No, I don't need no payment. Look, I know you are in jus' as much trouble as anyone can be. Here. . . dat's a Mardi Gras coin. Da next time someone is in trouble you help dem out. You give dem dat coin an' tell dem to do da same. My payment is knowin' dat dat coin is still out dere, circulatin' around. As long as it is, I know dere's someone out dere doin' some good, helpin' others. Now, follow me.

Quote

"I haven't seen so many zombies since I left Nawlins! Come, I'll show a way past dem."



Shaolin Soccer Mom

Martial Artist

STR 4 **Dex** 5 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Wil** 5
LPS 42
EPS 44
Spd 18
ESSENCE 25

GEAR

A Darn Do Butterfly Sword, Two Jo Staffs, Sam Jie Kwun Staff, Two Lovely Children, House in the Suburbs, a Minivan.

Qualities/Drawbacks

Attractiveness +2 (2)
Cruel (-1)
Emotional Problem (Fear of Rejection) (-1)
Essence Channeling 3 (6)
Gift (5)
Honorable (-2)
Humorless (-1)
Reckless (-2)

skills

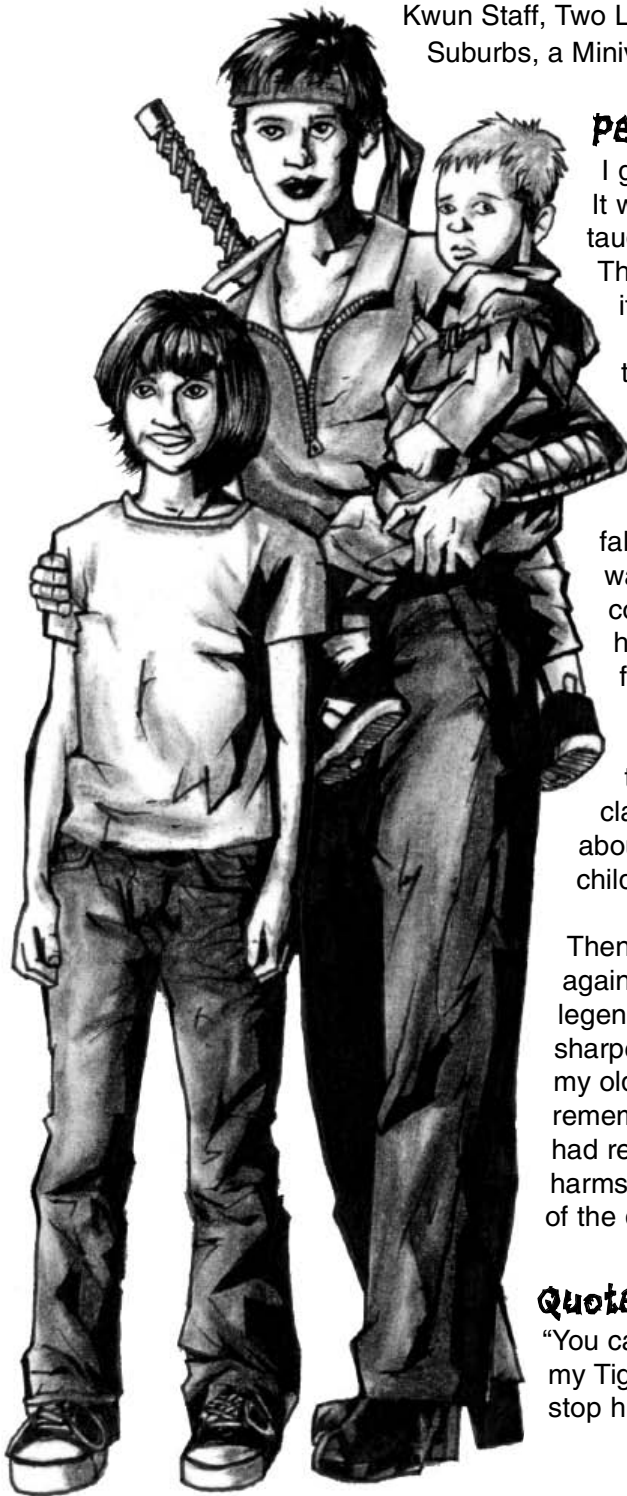
Driving (Sports Van) 1
Hand Weapon (Sword) 3
Hand Weapon (Staff) 2
Language (Mandarin, Native) 5
Language (English) 2
Martial Arts 4
Stealth 3

Combat Moves

Kick 4
Roundhouse 4
Punch 4
Back Kick 3
Crescent Kick 3
Stabbing Hand 3
Spin Kick 3

Chi Techniques

Catch Bullets (3)
Chi Punch (3)
Combat Sense (3)
Flying (5)
Flying Chi Kick (2)
Great Leap (1)
Healing Touch (3)



personality

I grew up in a Shaolin Temple. It was one of the last. They taught the ancient techniques. The temple was all I knew, until it was forced to close down when I was eighteen. I had to find my way in the world, with no idea of what I would do with my life, until I meet the American. He was the first man I had ever fallen in love with, and he wanted to take me back to his country to be his wife. I loved him and gave him two beautiful children. I shopped for groceries. I went to PTA meetings. I took the children to soccer games and dance classes. I hardly ever thought about the years of training in my childhood.

Then the dead started to rise again, like some nightmare out of legend. I put on my old robe. I sharpened my sword and took out my old weapons. I found that I still remembered all of the training I had received as a child. Nobody harms my family, not even an army of the dead.

Quote

"You can not hope to stand against my Tiger Style Kung Fu . . . Timmy, stop hitting your sister!"

Smuggler Shooter

Str 3 **Dex** 4 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
Lps 50
Eps 35
Spd 16
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Adversary (Hung Shao) (-5)
Contacts (Criminal) (5)
Essence Channeling 3 (6)
Gift (5)
Hard to Kill (4)
Obsession (free immigrants) (-2)

Skills

Guns (Assault Rifle) 3
Guns (Handgun) 6
Language (Cantonese) 4
Notice 4
Piloting (Ship) 4
Stealth 2

Chi Techniques

Acrobatic Shooting (2)
Balance of the Cat (1)
Blind Firing (3)
Combat Sense (3)
Trick Shot (3)

Gear

Automatic Pistol with 2 Extra Clips.

Personality

I use to transport people to their supposed freedom. In truth, I simply brought them to a new kind of Hell. I would pick up a boatload of immigrants in Hong Kong and then transport them to Chinatown. Those who could not pay me in cash without delay I sold to Hung Shao.

One night, the deal went sour. Hung Shao's men decided that they did not want to pay for the immigrants. I told them I would not give over my "cargo" for free. In return, they showed me what they were doing to the immigrants that I sold to them. I have never been so terrified in my life.

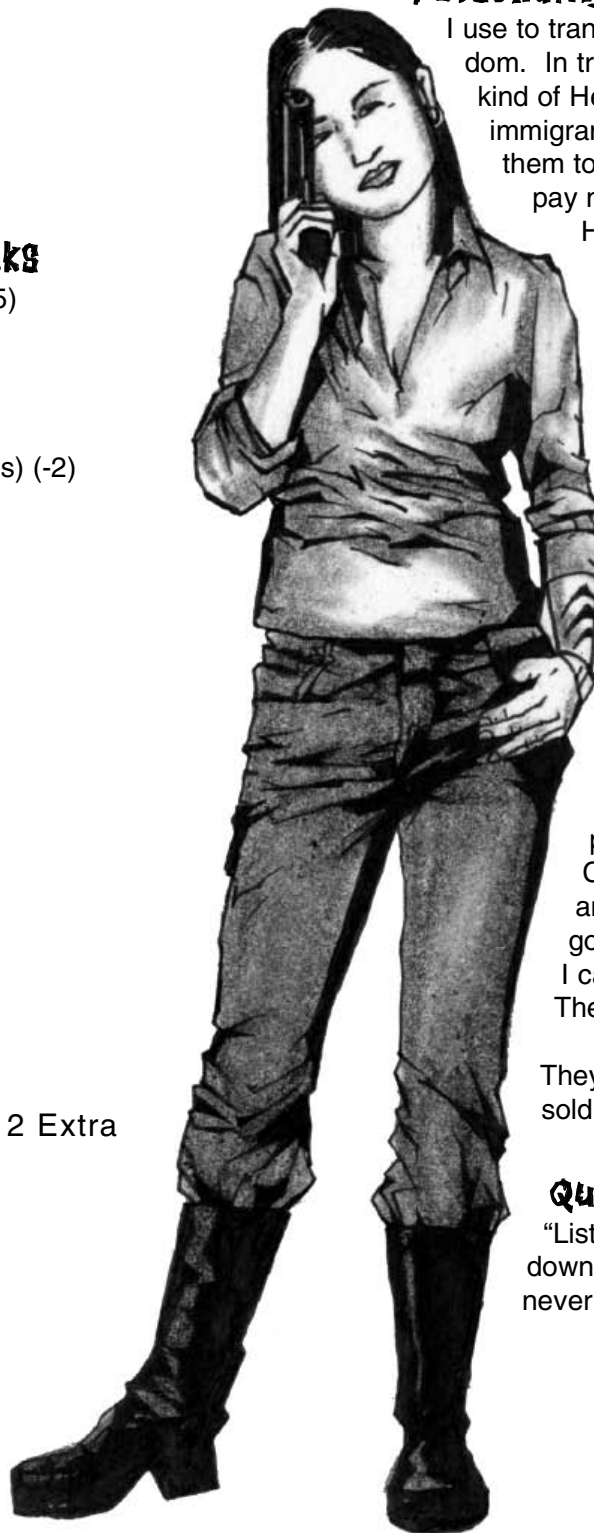
Over half of my crew died that night. I blew my ship up to protect those innocent people...and to sink the zombies into the bay.

Since then, I have begun smuggling people out of Hung Shao's Chinatown and into the free world. I am still "wanted" by the FBI and I will go to jail if they ever catch me. Maybe I can clear my soul's debt this way. These people deserve better than this.

They deserve better than the future I sold them into.

Quote

"Listen, I do this all the time. Just duck down into this trunk and the guards will never smell you."



Smuggler Survivor

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 3
Int 5 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
Lps 30
Eps 29
Spd 12
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Nicotine) (-1)
Charisma +3 (3)
Contacts (Buyers) (5)
Covetous (-1)
Resistance (Heat) (2)
Resistance (Poison) (2)

Skills

Brawling 2
Craft (Gunsmith) 2
Dodge 3
Guns (Handgun) 3
Guns (Rifle) 2
Guns (Shotgun) 2
Haggling 5
Hand Weapon (Knife) 3
Language (Mexican) 5
Notice 3
Smooth Talking 5
Survival (Desert) 3

Gear

Revolver, Big Knife, Horse, Wagon
Filled with Goods

Personality

There are two types of people in this world, my friend. Those who own guns and those who do not.

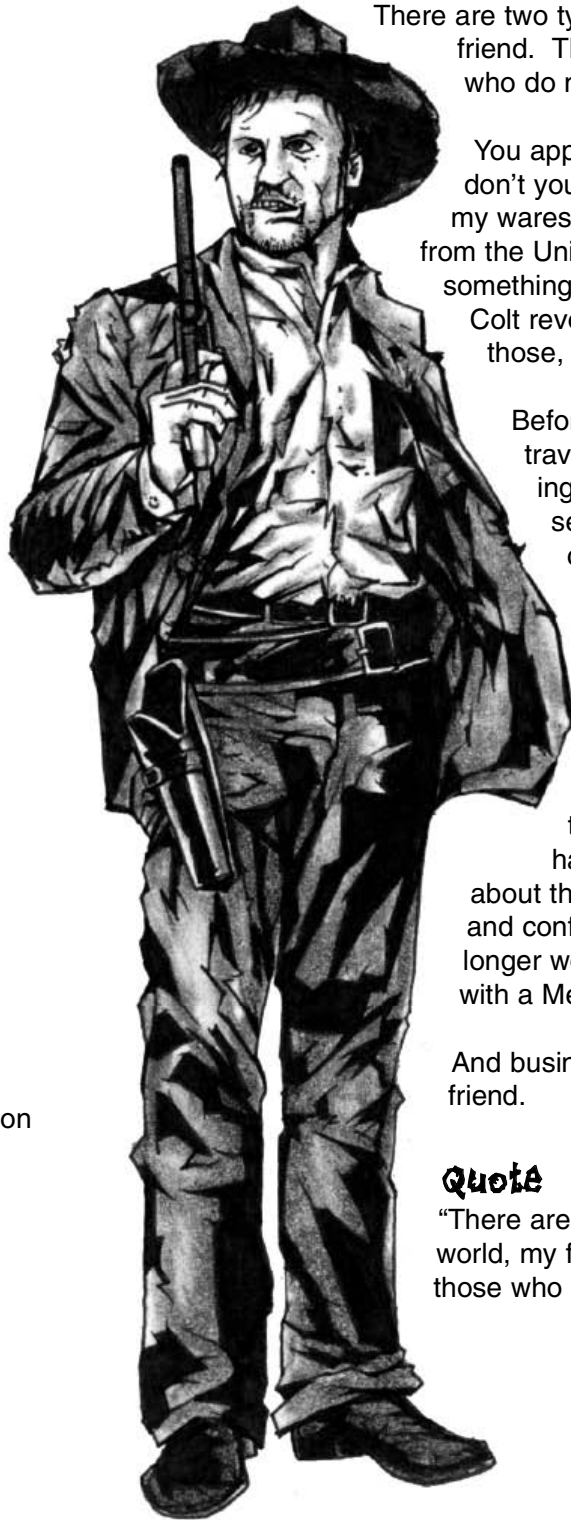
You appear to be of the latter. Why don't you come to my wagon and look at my wares. I have the latest Winchesters from the United States. If rifles were not something you needed, perhaps a new Colt revolver would suit you? I have those, too.

Before the zombies came around, I traveled up and down this river, selling guns to the Mexicans. Now, I sell anything I can to everyone I can. Guns, blankets, food, it does not matter. Since the zombies came to roost, the Mex-Tex-American Wars have come to a halt. Surprisingly, it has actually become a bit safer for me out there on the prairie. I no longer worry about the U.S. Army finding me and hanging me. I no longer worry about the Texans coming up over the hill and confiscating my weapons. I no longer worry about a sale going south with a Mexican General.

And business is very, very good, my friend.

Quote

"There are two kinds of people in this world, my friend. Those who are alive and those who are dead."



Smuggler Pulp Hero

Str 2 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3
Lps 30
Eps 29
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

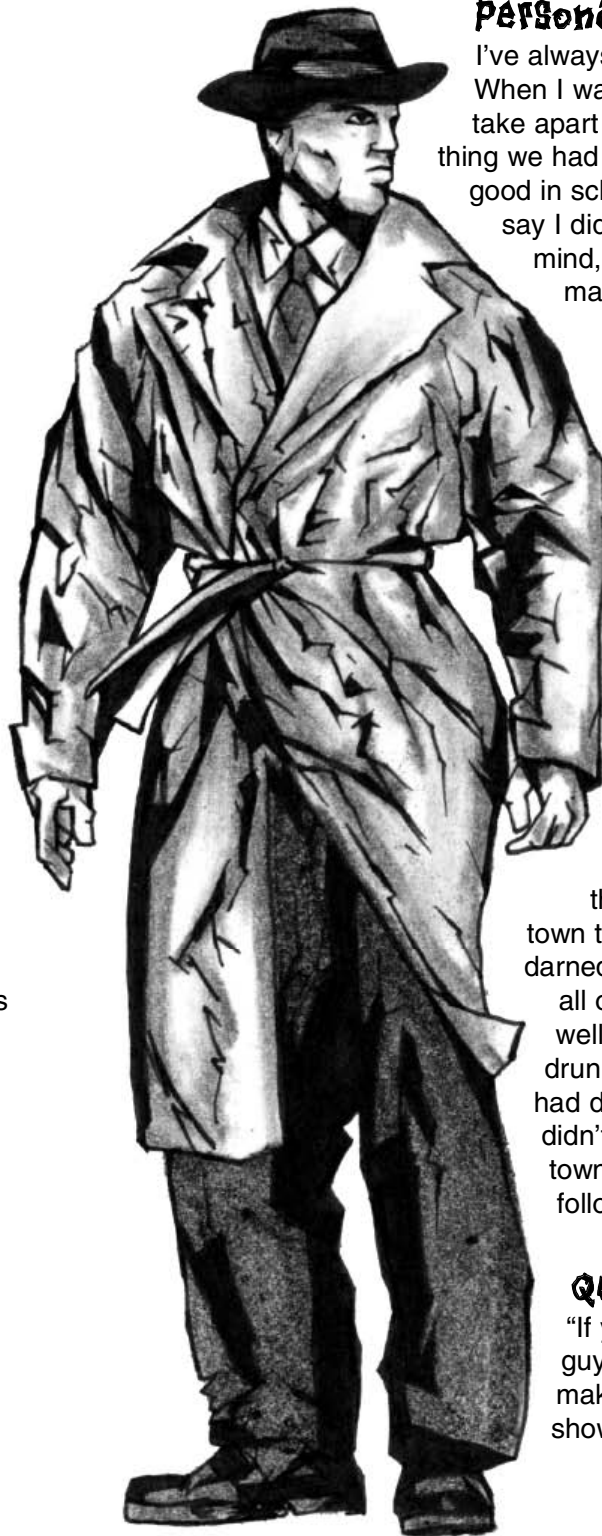
Adversary (Law) (-3)
Attractiveness -2 (-2)
Contacts (Various) (5)
Danger Sense (4)
Gadgetmaster 5 (15)
Resistance (Poison) (2)
Talented (-2)

Skills

Brawling 3
Dodge 3
Driving (Truck) 3
Guns (Shotgun) 3
Haggling 3
Mechanic 5
Notice 3
Sciences 5
Streetwise 3

Gear

Truck, Shotgun, Suitcase, Tools



Personality

I've always been good with my hands. When I was little, I figured out how to take apart and put back together everything we had on the farm. I never did real good in school. In fact, you could even say I did real bad in school. I didn't mind, though. I could fix things and make new things.

Then, the government passed "Prohibition" and my abilities came in real handy. Before I knew it, my uncles and I were selling our home-made brew to every speakeasy in a ten-mile radius. My uncles, they explained to me what needed to be done to make the alcohol. It wasn't hard. It only took a week to get the equipment set up to their specifications.

Sales were going well, until we made a bad batch. Next thing you know, everybody in town turned into zombies. It was the darnedest thing. Folks were walking all over like they were drunk. And well, they were. But, they had drunk so much alcohol, that they had done turned into zombies. It didn't take long for us to move out of town. We're just hoping they don't follow us out this way.

Quote

"If you don't want to buy, I've got a guy up in Canada that will. Now, make up your mind before the law shows up."

Space Marine

SURVIVOR

STR 4 **Dex** 4 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
LPS 51
EPS 38
Spd 16
ESSENCE 21

Qualities/Drawbacks

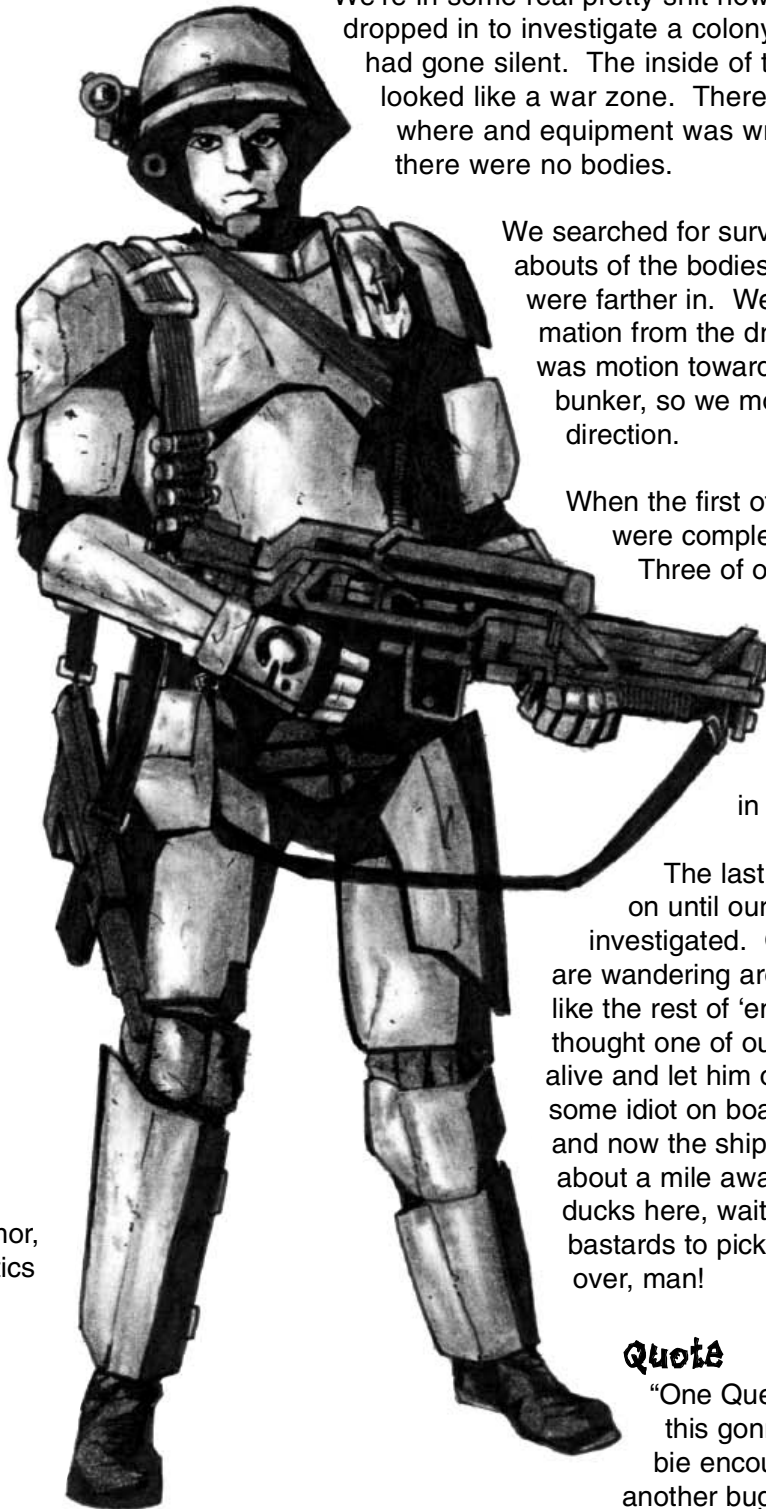
Cruel (-1)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill (5)
Honorable (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Reckless (-2)
Resistance
(Weightlessness) (3)
Situational Awareness (2)

skills

Acrobatics 3
Brawling 3
Demolitions 2
Guns (Handgun) 3
Guns (Assault Rifle) 5
Hand Weapon (Club) 2
Notice 3
Running (Marathon) 2
Survival (Jungle) 1
Survival (Desert) 1
Stealth 3
Throwing (Sphere) 2
Weight Lifting 3

GEAR

Pulse Rifle, Class IV Body Armor,
Class III Helmet with Multi-Optics
& Video Camera, Hands-Free
Radio



PERSONALITY

We're in some real pretty shit now, man! We were dropped in to investigate a colony on the fringe that had gone silent. The inside of the complex looked like a war zone. There was blood everywhere and equipment was wrecked . . . and there were no bodies.

We searched for survivors or the whereabouts of the bodies, figuring they were farther in. We received confirmation from the drop-ship that there was motion toward the core of the bunker, so we moved off in that direction.

When the first of 'em struck we were completely disoriented. Three of our team went down immediately. We thought they were people from the colony! After that, things really went to Hell in a handcart.

The last of us are holding on until our disappearance is investigated. Our dead buddies are wandering around the halls just like the rest of 'em. Our drop-ship thought one of our buddies was still alive and let him on-board. Then some idiot on board hit the throttle and now the ship's a smoking heap about a mile away. We're just sittin' ducks here, waiting for the zombie bastards to pick us off. Game over, man!

Quote

"One Question Sarge. Is this gonna be a real zombie encounter or is this just another bug-hunt?"

Stranded Aid Worker

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 2
Int 3 **Per** 2 **Wil** 2
LPS 26
EPS 23
Spd 10
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

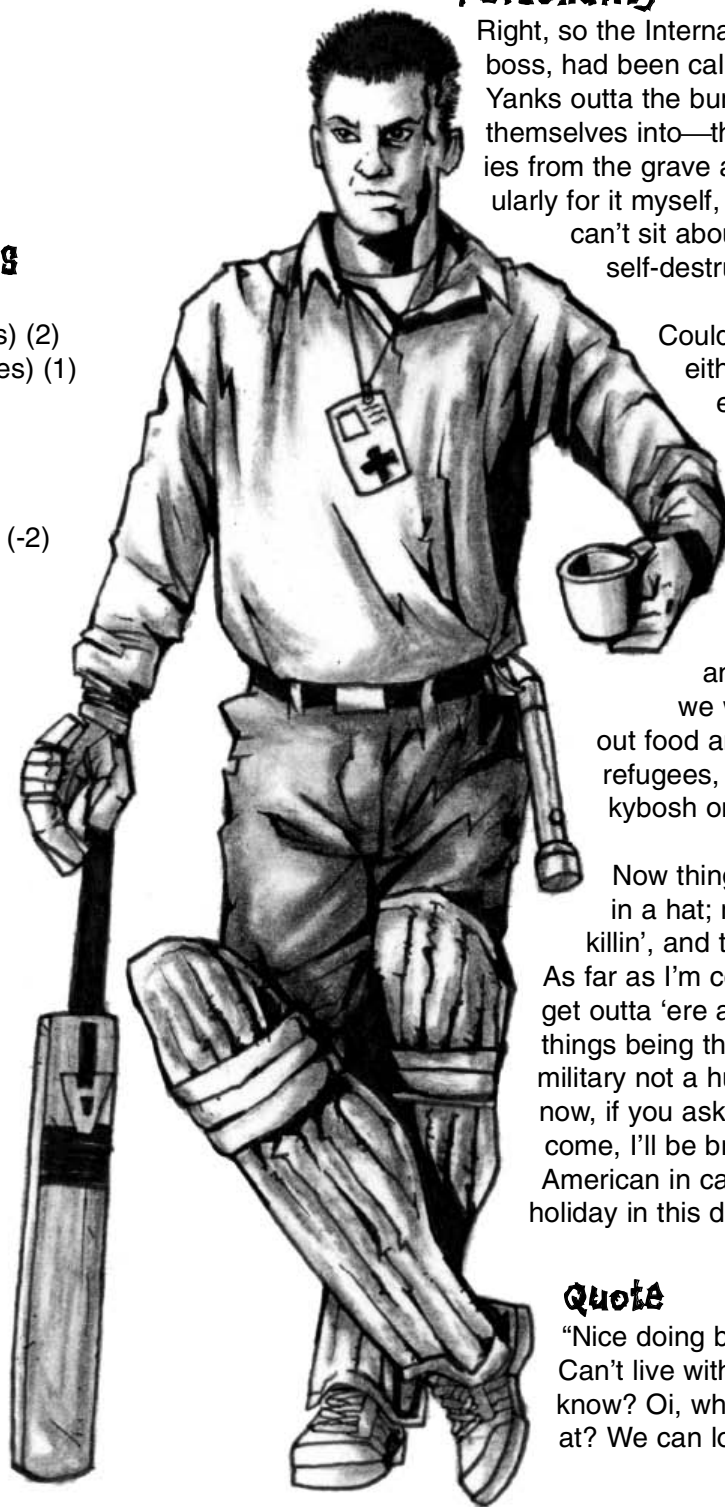
Addiction (Tea) (-1)
 Contacts (Other Aid Workers) (2)
 Contacts (American Refugees) (1)
 Cowardly (-1)
 Fast Reaction Time (2)
 Honorable (-1)
 Resistance (Disease) (2)
 Resources (Below Average) (-2)
 Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 2
 Bureaucracy 4
 Computers 1
 Dodge 3
 Drive (Car) 2
 Gun (Handgun) 2
 Humanities (Political Science) 2
 Language (French) 3
 Lock Picking 1
 Notice 3
 Running (Sprint) 2
 Smooth Talking 2
 Stealth 2
 Streetwise 2

Gear

British Passport,
 Backpack, Flashlight,
 Survival Rations,
 International Aid Coalition
 ID and Badge, Cricket Bat



Personality

Right, so the International Aid Co'lition, my boss, had been called upon to help the Yanks outta the bungle they'd managed themselves into—they raising the dead-ies from the grave and all. I wasn't partic-ularly for it myself, but it's my job, and I can't sit about letting a country self-destruct while I 'ave tea.

Couldn't blame 'em much either. Seein' as the lead-ership we've been hav-ing over 'ere lately ain't much better, wouldn't be sur-prised if the same 'ad happened back 'ome. Anyway, over I came with a job to do, and I did it. For a while we was all right; handin' out food and medicine ta refugees, but bikers put a kybosh on that right quick.

Now things are Proper Fucked in a hat; nothing but lootin', killin', and the Army runnin' about. As far as I'm concerned, it's time to get outta 'ere and go back to the UK, things being the way they are. It's a military not a humanitarian ma'er 'ere now, if you ask me. But 'til the Para's come, I'll be brushin' up on my American in case I get an extended holiday in this daft country.

Quote

"Nice doing business with ya, mate. Can't live without my tea, you know? Oi, what're you lot gawkin' at? We can loot more ammo later."

Scientist

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2

Int 4 **Per** 2 **Will** 2

Lps 26

EPS 23

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (University) 3 (3)

Photographic Memory (2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 1

Computer Programming 2

Computers 2

Driving (Car) 1

Electronics 2

Engineer (Biological) 2

Engineer (Electronic) 2

Guns (Handgun) 1

Humanities (Psychology) 2

Research/Investigation 3

Sciences (Biology) 4

Sciences (Chemistry) 4

Sciences (Mathematics) 2

Writing (Scientific) 2

Gear

Doctor's Bag, Biohazard Suit, Flare Gun, Laptop Computer, Multitool, Specimen Jars and Tools

Personality

Gentlemen, it is my opinion that the zombie situation can be addressed if we stop reacting to them with superstitious frenzy. Such behavior is ill-suited for these desperate times. Zombies are a scientific problem. They are no more supernatural than global warming.

I understand that many are uncomfortable with my report. Although it appears to be madness, it is difficult to dispute my hypothesis that the OrganoCore fertilizer-spawned creatures can only be entirely neutralized through the utter reformation of our environment. The necessary megatonnage of nuclear weapons can be easily accessed and directed at a land mass such as the Himalayas to fill the atmosphere with sufficient ash to black out the sun's radiation.

Of course, only a small portion of humankind can be saved from the proposed nuclear winter. The appendix breaks down the recommended sectors of society. I am sure that general agreement may be had in this forum on targeting those in the top 10% IQ and supermodels. Naturally, others may be harder to convince.

Quote

"In the end, cold hard science will get us out of this."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Soldier/SWAT

Survivor

Str 3 **Dex** 4 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3
LPS 47
EPS 35
Spd 16
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill (3)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Situational Awareness (2)

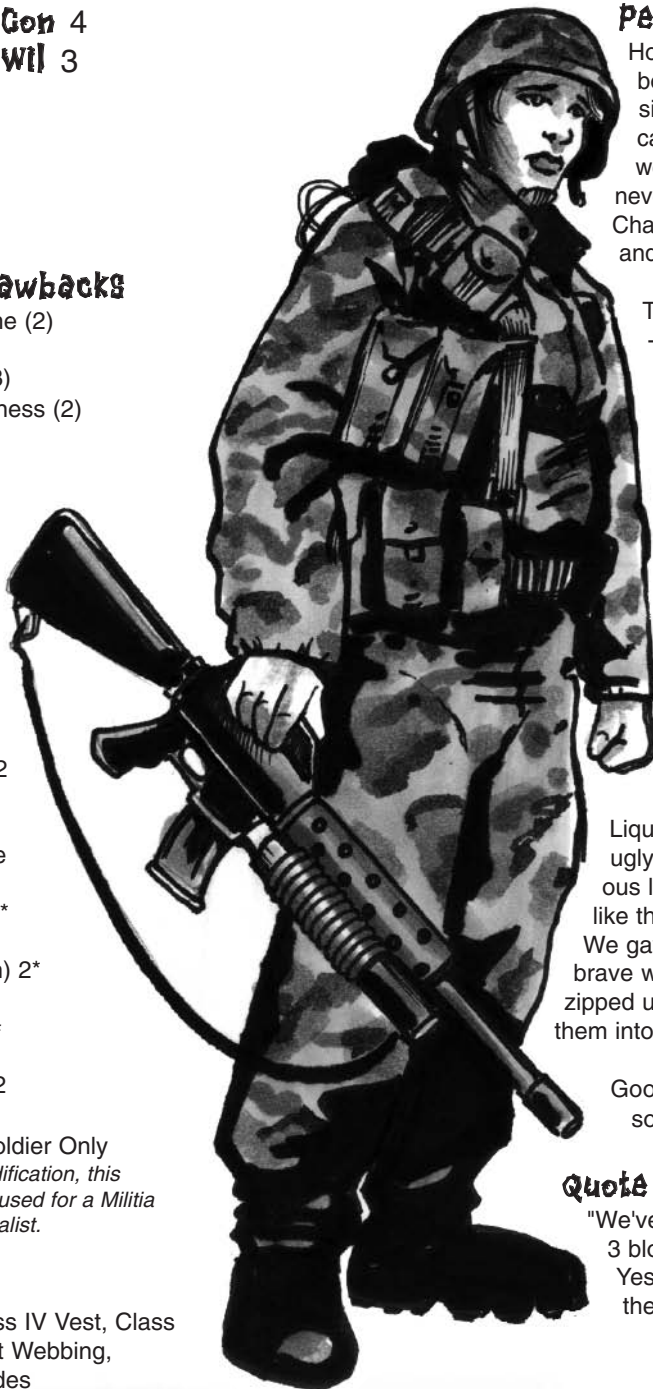
Skills

Brawling 2
Climbing 1
Computers 1
Demolitions 2
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
First Aid 1
Guns
(Auto Rifle) 4
Guns (Handgun) 2
Guns (Gren.)
Launcher 2#
Guns (Lt. Machine Gun) 2#
Guns (Shotgun) 2*
Guns
(Submachine Gun) 2*
Head Weapon
(Bayonet/Rifle) 3#
Stealth 2
Survival (Forest) 2
Swimming 2

*SWAT Only #Soldier Only
With only slight modification, this archetype could be used for a Militia member or a Survivalist.

Gear

Assault Rifle, Class IV Vest, Class II Helmet, Combat Webbing, Flashlight, Grenades



Personality

Honor. Duty. Sacrifice. All that shit. I bought it though, that's why I signed up. One C.O. said women can't make good soldiers because we are too emotional. Guess he never heard of Lorena Bobbit or Charlie Manson's girls, eh? I stayed in and moved up -- showed them all.

Then the PHADE virus happened - - AIDS redesigned by a pissed-off Stephen King. We started rounding up the infected citizens at medical research camps. I got assigned head of security at one of them. It made me proud -- soldiering is about saving people, not just killing them.

Talk about a combat post. We had zombies coming at us all night, every night. We lost soldiers, but we did our job -- we gave the scientists time to find a cure.

Then the order came down. Liquidate the infected. Yeah, it was ugly, but I told myself -- cold, murderous logic was the only solution. Just like that, we were going door to door. We gave the children lollipops for being brave when they got their "shots". We zipped up the body bags and tossed them into the furnace.

Good soldier, I kept thinking, good soldier.

Quote

"We've got the zombies contained to a 3 block radius. Call in an airstrike. Yes, I know there are still civilians in there, Corporal. Make the call."

Sanitation Specialist

SURVIVOR

Str 4 **Dex** 3 **Con** 4
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Will** 3
LPS 57
EPS 38
Spd 12
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Smoking) (-1)
Addiction (Alcohol) (-1)
Contact ('Nam Buddy) (1)
Cruel (-1)
Delusions (Asian Prejudice) (-1)
Emotional Problems
(Flashbacks) (-3)
Good Luck 4 (4)
Hard to Kill 5 (5)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Recurring Nightmares (-1)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Bureaucracy 1
Brawling 4
Dodge 3
Drive (Truck) 4
First Aid 3
Guns (Handgun) 3
Guns (Assault Rifle) 4
Guns (Flamethrower) 2
Hand Weapon (Club) 3
Language (Vietnamese) 2
Notice 4
Stealth 2
Survival (Jungle) 3
Throwing (Sphere) 2
Traps 2

Gear

WW2-era Surplus Flamethrower, Handguns, Multi-tool, Rucksack, Duffle Bag, Canteens, Bayonet, Flashlight, Police Scanner, First Aid Kit, Rope, Binoculars, Fishing Gear, MREs, C-Rations, LuLu the Garbage Truck

Personality

Lemme tell ya sonny. This isn't the first time this kinda shit has happened, see? No sir, it's true. Oh, yeah, go ahead and laugh it up. "The old guy's a loon," I bet you're thinking. Well, it's true. It was back in the war, when we were in the A Shau Valley. You heard of Hamburger Hill, right? Why ya think it took us so long to beat the damned dinks off that hill?

What? Oh yeah. Hold on a second. Look out, there.

BLAM!!

Damn things just don't know when to stay dead, dontcha know?

Anyways. Lotsa folks used to say I was "just a garbage man," but I think of myself as a sanitation specialist. I've turned this into an art form of sorts. Sure it's a nasty, shitty job, but someone has gotta clean up all these dead pieces of shit, right? So that's what I do all day. Me an' LuLu.

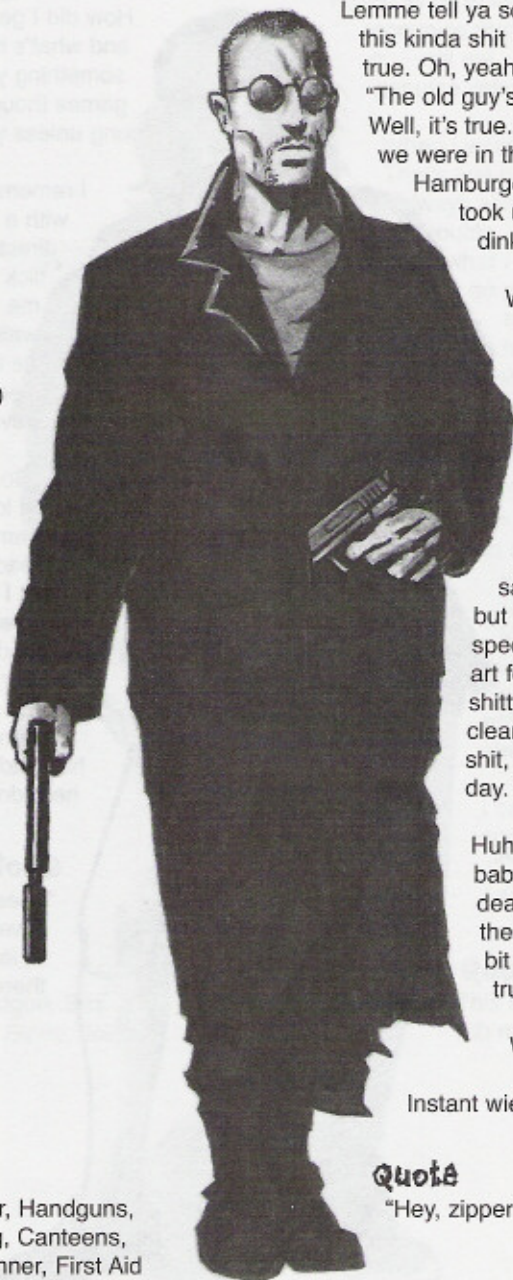
Huh? Naw. She's my truck, my baby. We go 'round pickin' up the deaders and crush 'em up good, then drop 'em off at the pit. Add a bit of gas and a light from my trusty zippo. Like this.

WHOOSH!!!!!!

Instant wienie roast.

Quote

"Hey, zipperhead! Need a light?"



Stripper

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3

Int 2 **Per** 2 **Will** 2

LPS 30

EPS 26

Spd 14

Essence 15

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Marijuana and Acid) (-3)

Attractiveness +3 (3)

Delusions of Grandeur (-1)

Emotional Problem (Fear of Commitment) (-1)

Lazy (-2)

Showoff (-2)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Acrobatics 3

Acting 2

Beautician 2

Dancing (Exotic) 4

Driving (Sports Car) 2

First Aid 2

Instruction 2

Running (Marathon) 3

Seduction 3

Smooth Talk 2

Stealth 2

Streetwise 2

Swimming 3

Unconventional Medicine 2

Gear

Gymbag with Dancing Necessities, Cell Phone, Schedule Cards, Jewelry, \$230 in Cash, Jaguar Sports Car

Personality

I was working a double at Skanky's Go-Go. I had one customer at my stage and it looked like he was trying to make his dollar bills last until closing time. I was stuck listening to him go on about his brand new Jag, and what a great car it was, when some new people came into the bar.

They walked right past the doorman and headed for the stages. They looked really out of it; they didn't even pay the cover charge. One of them went to the first stage, grabbed the dancer by the hair, and proceeded to bite that girl's nose off.

No touching the dancers! Everybody knows that!

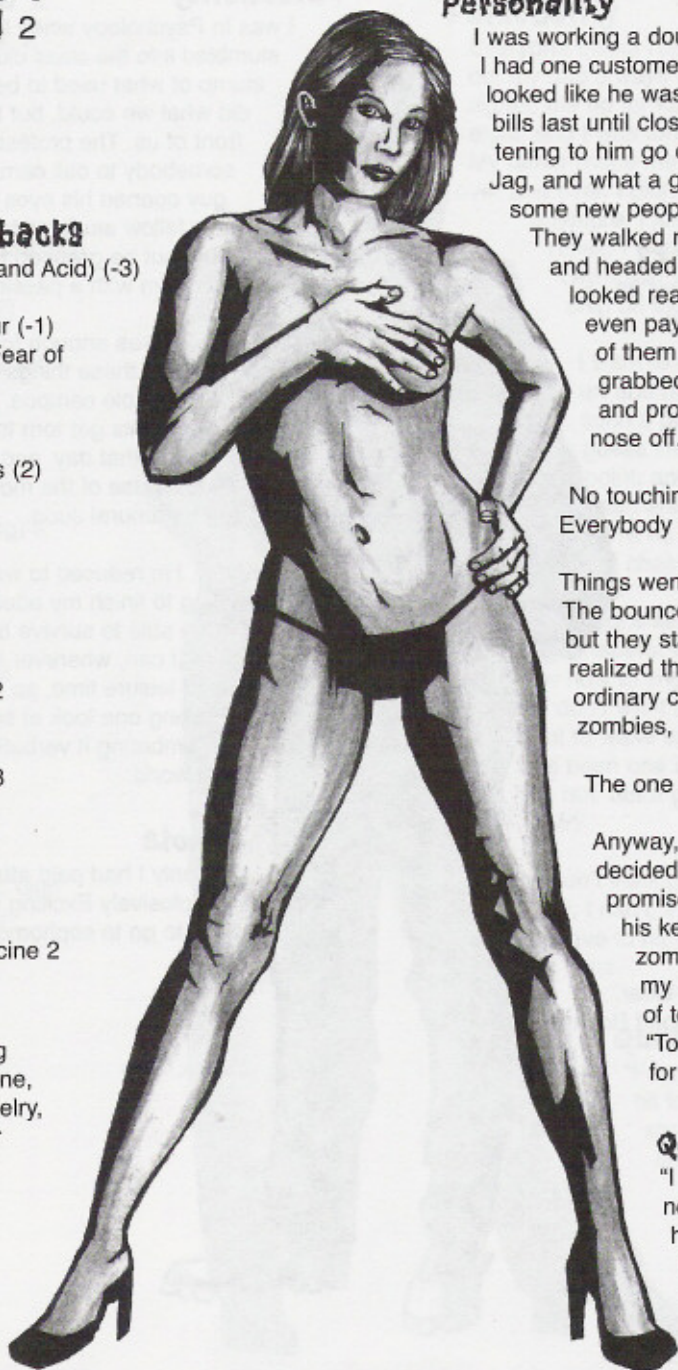
Things went downhill from there. The bouncer tried to kick them out, but they started biting his legs. I realized then that they were no ordinary customers. They were zombies, like in that movie.

The one with zombies.

Anyway, the bald guy at my stage decided to play shining knight and promised to protect me. I took his keys and pushed him at the zombies making their way to my stage. I was speeding out of town before the song, "Tootsie Roll" finished playing for the last time.

Quote

"I wasn't going to risk my neck for him. I danced for him all night and the waitress made better money. He had it coming."



Survivalist College Student

SURVIVOR

Personality

Str 2 Dex 4 Con 4

Int 4 Per 4 Will 3

Lps 43

EPS 32

Spd 14

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (College Students) (3)

Covetous (Knowledge) (-2)

Hard to Kill 3 (3)

Nerves of Steel (-3)

Photographic Memory (2)

Quick Learner (3)

Resistance (Cold) (3)

Skills

Climb 2

Dodge 3

Forage 4

Guns (Rifle) 2

Humanities (Psychology) 2

Martial Arts 2

Notice 2

Run (Dash) 3

Science (Biology) 3

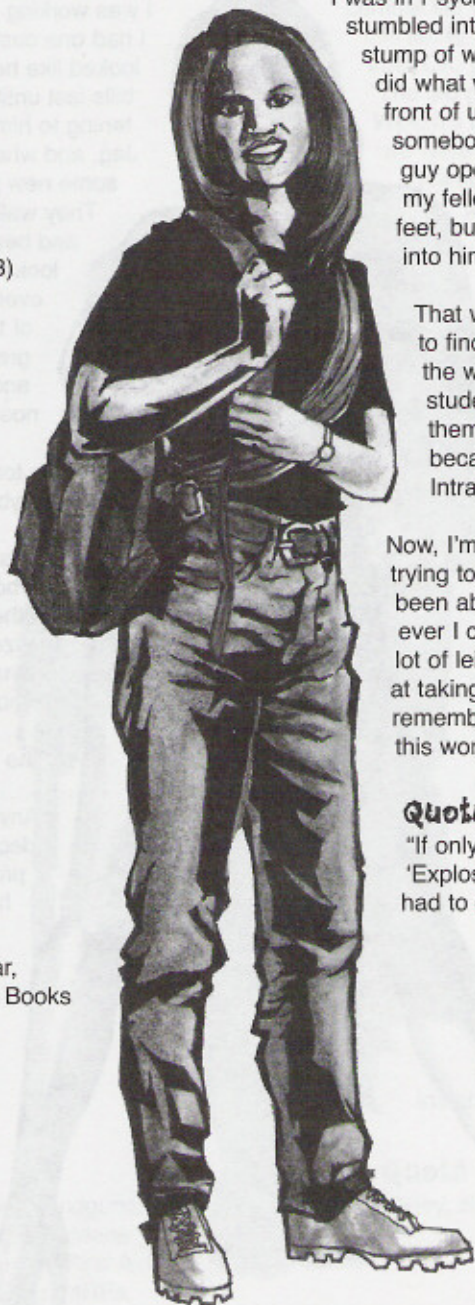
Stealth 3

Survive (Woodland) 4

Traps 3

Gear

Backpack, Rifle, Climbing Gear,
Combat Webbing, Scavenged Books
on Various Subjects



I was in Psychology when it happened. This guy stumbled into the class clutching the bloody stump of what used to be his left hand. We all did what we could, but he died right there in front of us. The professor had just sent somebody to call campus security when the guy opened his eyes and sat up. A few of my fellow students tried to help him to his feet, but he grabbed this one guy, and bit into him with a passion.

That was enough for me. I took off, only to find these things had already overrun the whole campus. I saw a lot of other students get torn to bits by mobs of them that day, and I only escaped because of the moves I learned in Intramural Judo.

Now, I'm reduced to wandering the country, trying to finish my education. In fact, I've been able to survive because I learn whatever I can, wherever I can. I don't have a lot of leisure time, so I've gotten really good at taking one look at something and remembering it verbatim. That's my edge in this world.

Quote

"If only I had paid attention during that 'Explosively Exciting Chemistry' seminar I had to go to sophomore year!"

SCAVENGER

SURVIVOR

PERSONALITY

STR 4 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 4 **Will** 2
LPS 38
EPS 32
Spd 14
ESSENCE 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

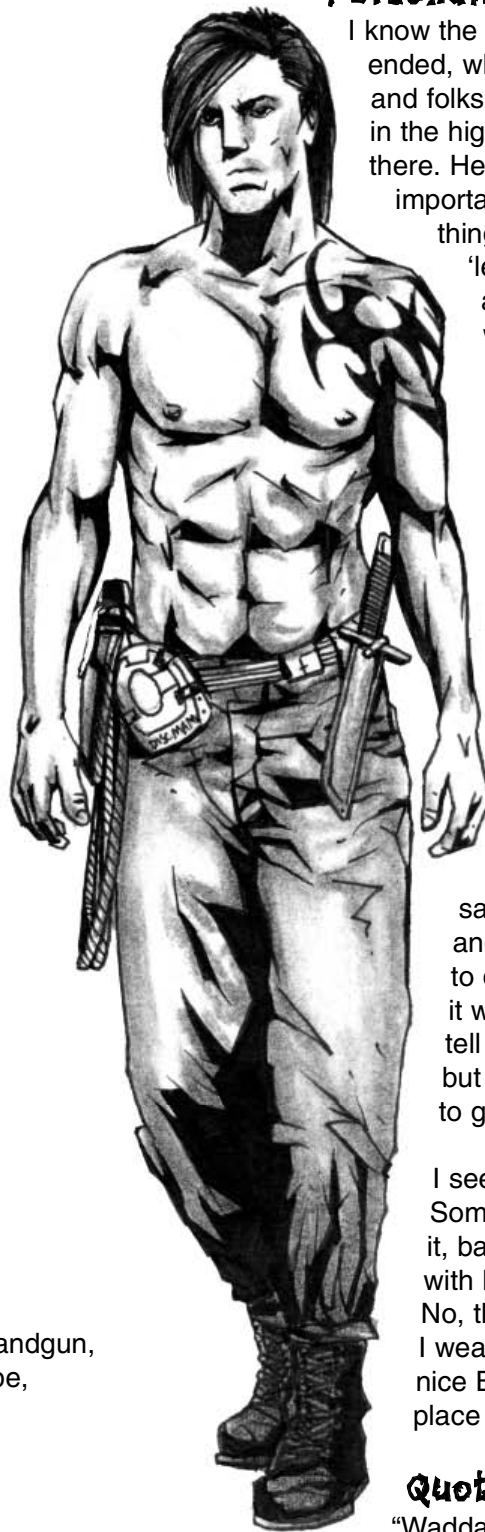
Acute Hearing (3)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Hard to Kill 4 (4)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Obsession (Thrill of the Hunt) (2)
Reckless (-2)
Showoff (-2)
Status 5 (5)

Skills

Acrobatics 2
Brawling 3
Climbing 4
Dodge 3
First Aid 2
Guns (Handgun) 2
Hand Weapon (Club) 3
Hand Weapon (Knife) 2
Instruction 1
Lock Picking (Mechanical) 2
Myth and Legends (Zombies) 2
Notice 3
Running (Dash) 2
Stealth 3
Survival (Urban) 3
Thrown (Knife) 2

GEAR

Duffel Bag, Flashlight, Knife, Handgun,
Lead Pipe, Leather Jacket, Rope,
Broken Walkman



I know the tellin' of the day. The time before time ended, when the city was full of light and noise and folks. When we lived on the ground and not in the high up. My dad, he knew, 'cause he was there. He was a systems analyst (that was an important job back then) and he did important things with a computer (that was a big, 'lectronic counting machine). He told me about flying through the sky, and watching moving pictures, and having coffee . . .

I been on the ground and I seen a lot of stuff. I don't know what it all did, but I know from my dad that it used to make us great. And I seen the dead guys. When I go down, I always see dead guys. They look nasty, all puss and gashes. And they be hungry, always comin' out of the dark trying to take a nice, meaty bite out of ya'. If it wasn't for the rest my gang, I'd a been zombified by now.

Y'know that generator on the 4th floor? That was me. The Engineers said they needed a axle and copper wire and magnets, and I found 'em. They had to draw a picture of the axle for me. And it wasn't easy gettin' that thing off, let me tell ya'. A buncha dead guys come 'round, but we took care of 'em. I love goin' down to ground floor.

I see you're lookin' at my "walkman." Someone told me you could hear music on it, back in the day. Had something to do with helping you walk. I don't know how. No, the music don't come out of it no more. I wear it 'cause it's lucky. You seem like a nice Breeder. Why don't we go back to your place and I'll give you a look at it.

Quote

"Waddaya mean 'we don' need another hero?' And I do know the way home. What're you talkin' about?"

TRAPPER Survivor

Str 3 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3
Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 4
LPs 43
EPS 35
Spd 14
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Tobacco) (-1)
Hard to Kill 3 (3)
Honorable (Level 1) (-1)
Nanobots (Heals 1 LP per Turn) (1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Reckless (-2)
Secret (Has Nanobots) (-3)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 3
Climbing 2
Craft (Weaponsmith) 3
Dodge 3
Driving (Car) 2
First Aid 2
Guns (Rifle) 3
Haggling 3
Hand Weapon (Knife) 3
Humanities (Law) 3
Notice 2
Riding (Horse) 3
Stealth 3
Survival (Forest) 4
Traps 3

Gear

Musket, Powder Horn,
Flashlight, Bowie Knife,
Jeans, Buckskin Coat,
'Coon Skin Cap, Sleeping
Bag, Lighter, Horse

Personality

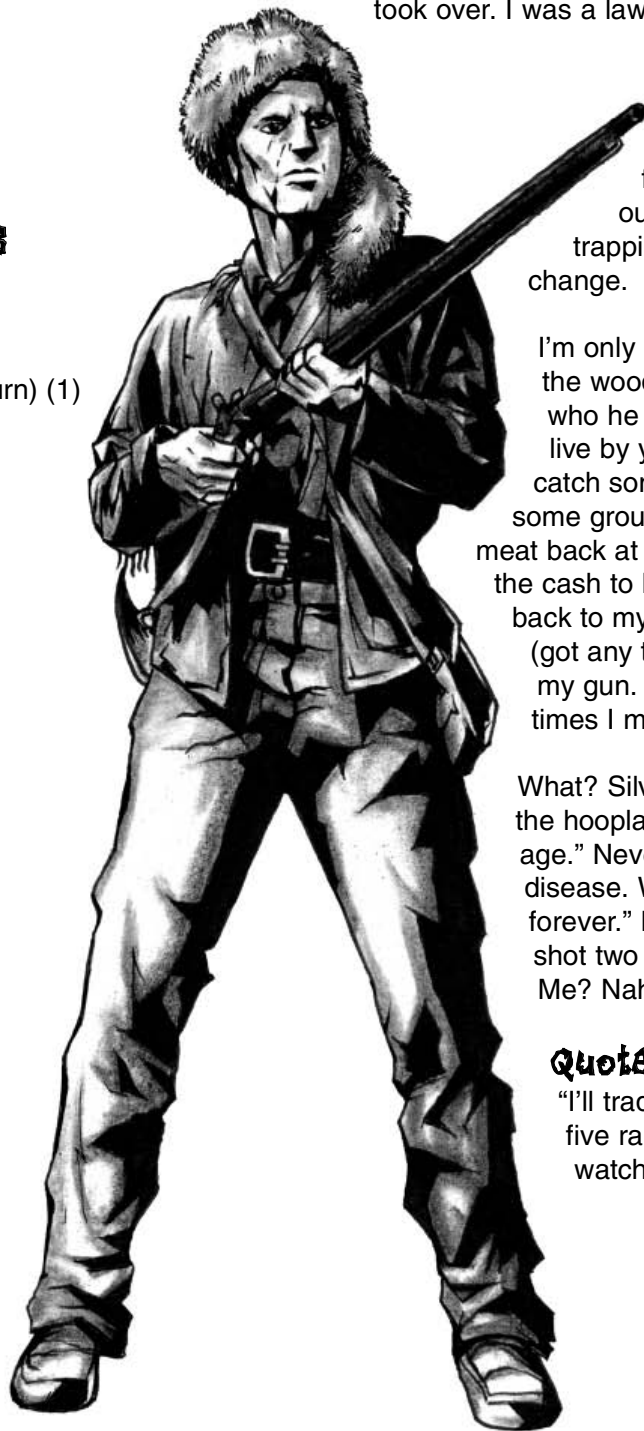
Yeah, I remember the days before the Mechanites took over. I was a lawyer. Had a big screen plasma TV, a nice car, cell phone . . . all that's just garbage now. Good thing I liked to get away to my farm on the weekends, get out and do some hunting and trapping. Funny how things change.

I'm only really happy when I'm out in the woods. There, a man knows who he is and what he can do. You live by your wits. I lay my traps, catch some raccoon, rabbit, maybe some groundhog. I sell the skins and meat back at the trading post, and use the cash to buy supplies. At night, I go back to my cabin and smoke my pipe (got any tobacco?) and maybe clean my gun. It's a nice life, but sometimes I miss that TV.

What? Silver? Yeah, I remember all the hoopla about it. "It's a brand new age." Never get sick. Never get heart disease. What was the slogan? "Live forever." Boy, wasn't that the truth! I shot two nano-zombies last week. Me? Nah, never got the shot.

Quote

"I'll trade you ten beaver pelts and five rabbit skins for that pocket watch. You sure it still works?"



Trail Boss

SURVIVOR

PERSONALITY

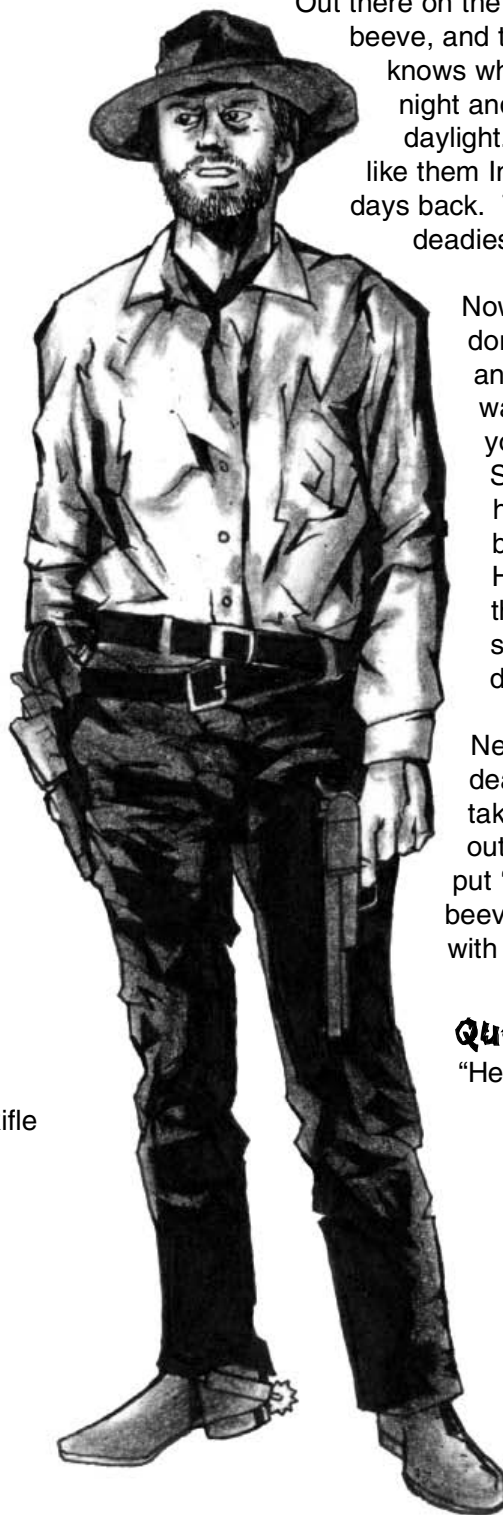
Out there on the range, it's just you, the beeve, and the deadies. A smart man knows when to push on through the night and when to hole up during the daylight. Dumb men just walk around like them Injuns we passed a couple days back. There weren't nothing but deadies amongst the lot of 'em.

Now, when you get yer money, don't go wasting it all on wine and women. First off, I don't want to have and come drag you out of the local jail. Second, sometimes you lose a horse to the deadies and you'll be needin' to buy a new one. Horse deadies tend to spook the beeve and we don't want a stampede on our hands, now do we?

Next time we have a pack of deadies following us 'round, I'll take a couple of the new boys out'n away from the herd. We'll put 'em down out of earshot of the beeve. No sense in scarin' 'em with gunshots.

Quote

"Head 'em up, move 'em out!"



STR 4 **Dex** 4 **Con** 3

Int 2 **Per** 4 **Wil** 3

Lps 53

EPS 35

Spd 14

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Nicotine) (-1)

Attractiveness -2 (-2)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill (5)

Resources (Hurting) (-4)

Status -2 (-2)

True Grit (3)

Skills

Brawling 4

Demolitions 2

Dodge 3

Guns (Handgun) 5

Guns (Rifle) 3

Hand Weapon (Knife) 3

Lasso 5

Notice 4

Play Instrument (Harmonica) 3

Riding (Horse) 5

Storytelling 2

Throwing 2

Tracking 3

Gear

Revolver with 48 Rounds, Big Knife, Rifle with 24 Rounds, Horse, Rope

Tabloid Reporter

Norm

Personality

I saw this coming . . . nobody believed me, but I knew something like this was going to happen. I tried to warn people, tried to get the word out, but nobody listened. Got so bad that eventually even the *Weekly World News* wouldn't buy my stories. I started a website, tried to disseminate what I'd learned, but people thought it was just crap made up for some game . . . "Omega Blue" or some crap . . .

So, if you want my help, you can pretty much all go to Hell. I warned you, but nobody listened.

You want to know the truth? The truth is that there are vampires in the catacombs of Paris, there are werewolves hunting the Appalachian mountains. And there's a bunch of flesh eatin' zombies trapped in the room behind me.

At least one of these statements is true. I'll let you figure it out for yourself.

Quote

"The truth is out there . . . and I don't want to know . . ."

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2

Int 2 **Per** 3 **Will** 3

Lps 29

EPS 26

Spd 8

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Vision (2)

Addiction (Drinking) (-2)

Addiction (Smoking) (-1)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill (1)

Photographic Memory (2)

Resources (Poor) (-6)

Situational Awareness (2)

Strong Stomach (2)

Threat Detection (3)

Skills

Brawling 1

Bureaucracy 2

Cheating 3

Computers 2

Disguise 1

Driving (Car) 3

Gambling 3

Guns (Handgun) 3

Intimidation 2

Myth & Legend (Urban) 3

Research/Investigation 3

Writing (Journalistic) 4

Gear

Notepad, Pen, Pencil, Scraps of Paper with Cryptic Notes, Press Pass, Pocket Dictionary & Thesaurus, .38 Special, Filthy Trench Coat



Target Shooter

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 4 **Con** 2
Int 2 **Per** 2 **Will** 2
LPS 26
EPS 23
Spd 12
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Acute Senses (Vision) (2)
Fast Reaction Time (2)
Fear of Rejection (-1)
Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Beautician 1
Computers 1
Craft (Weaponsmithing) 2
Driving (Car) 2
Fine Arts (Painting) 3
First Aid 2
Guns (Handgun) 6
Humanities (History) 2
Martial Arts 2
Notice 2
Riding (Horses) 2
Swimming 2

Gear

Canteen, First Aid Kit, Gun
Cleaning Kit, Handgun

Personality

Everyone thinks I'm a tomboy. It's not true, but my dad always wanted a boy. He signed me up for karate classes at age eight, and I was target shooting by age 10. My father made me practice every day, over and over. I didn't even think about it anymore, I just sight-acquire-fired by reflex. I won a bronze medal in the Olympics, which led to a scholarship on the college shooting team.

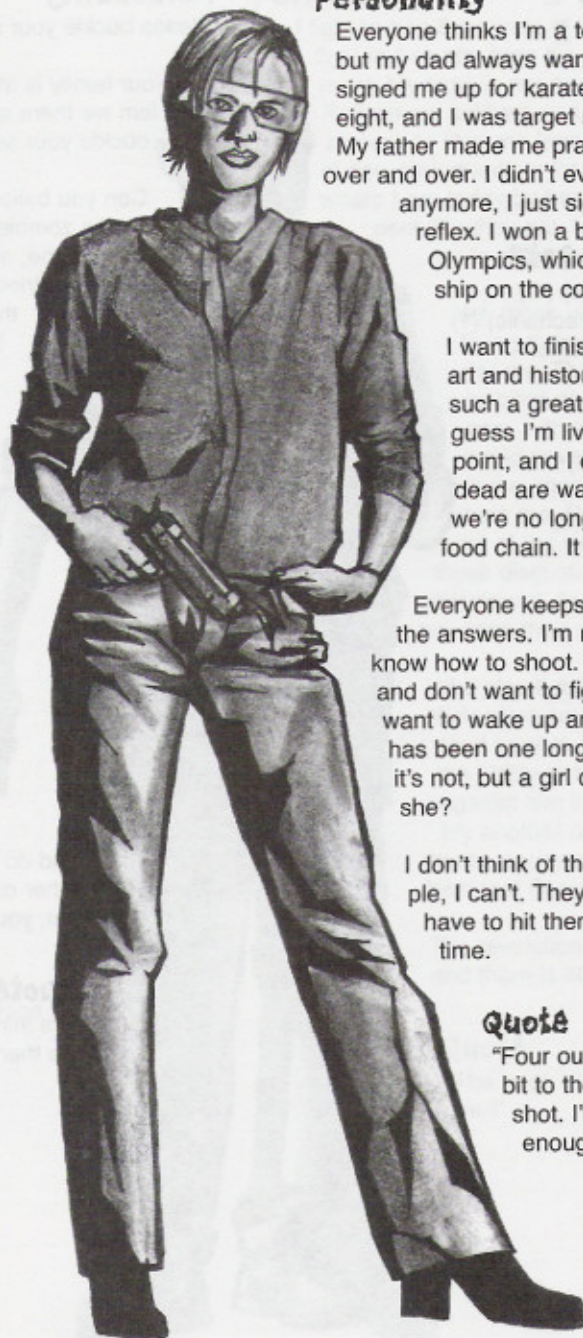
I want to finish college and teach art and history. That would be such a great job! I love history. I guess I'm living history at this point, and I don't like it. The dead are walking around and we're no longer the top of the food chain. It just isn't fair!

Everyone keeps looking to me for the answers. I'm no soldier. I just know how to shoot. I'm scared to death and don't want to fight anything! I just want to wake up and realize that this has been one long nightmare. I know it's not, but a girl can dream can't she?

I don't think of the zombies as people, I can't. They are targets, and I have to hit them perfectly. Every time.

Quote

"Four out of four, but I was a bit to the right on that last shot. I'm not practicing enough."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Taxi Driver

Norm

Personality

Please buckle your seat belt, sir.

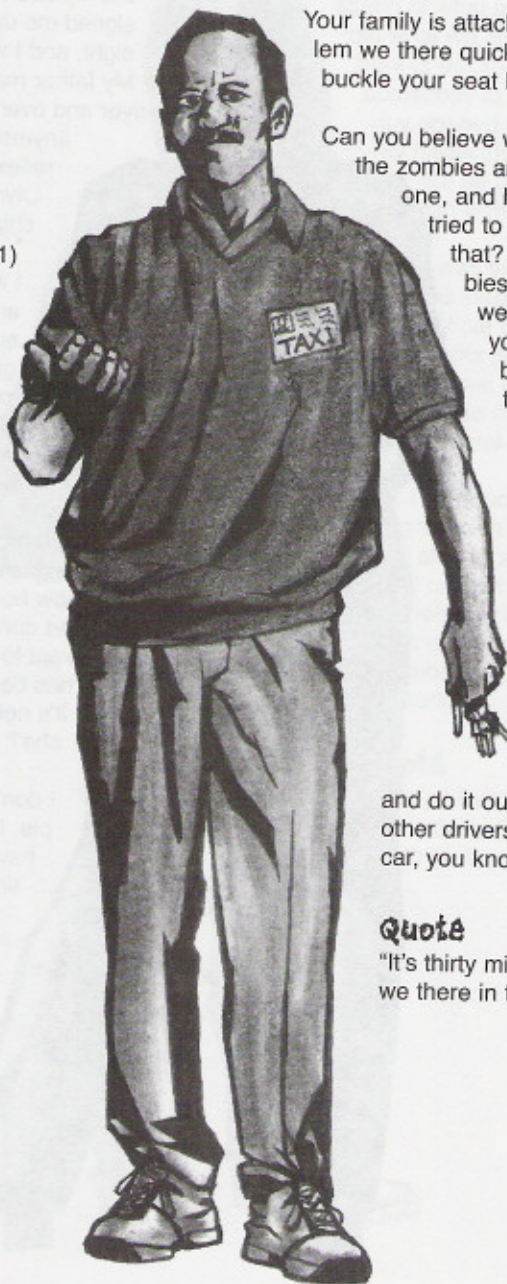
Your family is attacked by zombies, sir? No problem we there quick. We there quick. Please buckle your seat belt, sir.

Can you believe what is happening, sir? With the zombies and all? I swear one day I hit one, and he just get up on his feet and tried to eat me! Can you believe that? From now on, I no trust zombies anymore. What sir? You say we going too fast?! But it was you who said to go fast. Do not be afraid, sir. Before coming to America I was a racing car pilot. But here I was told there no place here for Lebanese car racer, so I drive taxi. I am the best taxi driver in this town, you know?

What, sir? You feel sick in your stomach? No worry, sir. You won't throw up now; we are going too fast. But when the car stop, please open the door and do it outside. I am not like those other drivers who don't take care of their car, you know? This is like my home.

Quote

"It's thirty miles from here. No problem we there in ten minutes."



Str 2 Dex 3 Con 2

Int 2 Per 4 Wil 2

Lps 26

EPS 23

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

- Adversary (Local Police) (-2)
- Contact (Racing Car Mechanic) (1)
- Delusion (Prejudice against Cops) (-1)
- Fast Reaction Time (2)
- Good Luck 2 (2)
- Minority (Lebanese) (-1)
- Reckless (-2)
- Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

- Brawling 2
- Dodge 2
- Driving (Bike) 3
- Driving (Cars) 5
- Guns (Shotgun) 1
- Mechanic 3
- Notice 3
- Questioning 2
- Sport (Car Racing) 4
- Storytelling 2
- Streetwise 3

Gear

- Shotgun, Taxi Cab

TERRORIST

SURVIVOR

Personality

I fight to free the minds of the common man. I fight to free him from his mental enslavement. My work is not easy, though. Policemen, soldiers and government agents all seek to stop me from performing my duties. Unfortunately for them, I did not get where I am today by being weak and decadent like they are. Let them come and try to stop me.

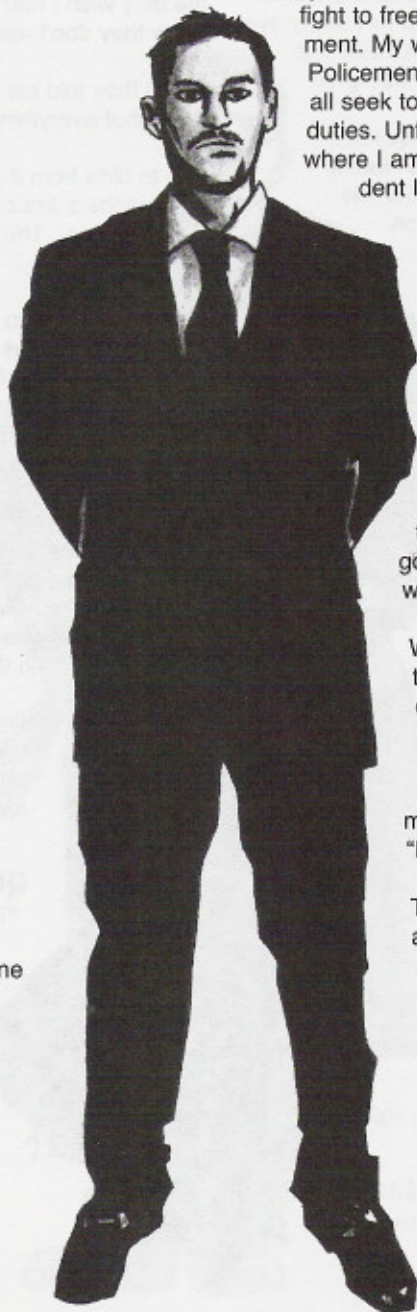
Yet, those very people that I am trying to free do naught but hinder me. The common man is as blind as he is stupid. Even now, with the evidence of the world governments' follies out in the open, the people still hate me. Perhaps the weeding out of the weak and stupid by those disgusting agents of the government, "zombies" if you will, will open their eyes.

Who else but the superpowers and their allies could have brought the dead back to life? Who else has the ability to turn one's own family against him in death? This is simply another one of their experiments, performed in the interest of "National Security."

The revolution has only begun, and there is still much to be done.

Quote

"The reign of terror will soon be over!"



Str 3 **Dex** 2 **Con** 3

Int 4 **Per** 4 **Will** 4

LPG 43

EPG 35

Spd 10

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Adversary (U.S. Government) (-5)

Contacts (Criminal) (1)

Contacts (Terrorist) (4)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill 3 (3)

Multiple Identities 3 (6)

Nerves of Steel (3)

Zealot (-3)

Skills

Acting 3

Climbing 2

Demolitions 4

Disguise 4

Drive (Motorcycle) 3

Fine Arts 2

Guns (Handgun) 3

Guns (Submachine Gun) 4

Humanities (Business) 1

Intimidate 3

Language (English) 5

Smooth Talk 2

Stealth 2

Gear

Class IIIa Vest, Fake ID, Submachine Gun, Silencer, Motorcycle, Suit, Handguns

Tormented Grade School Student

NORM

Str 1 **Dex** 3 **Con** 2

Int 3 **Per** 3 **Will** 2

Lps 37

EPs 20

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Accursed (-5)

Acute Senses (Hearing) (2)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill 4 (4)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Acting 1

Climbing 3

Dodge 4

Driving (Bicycle) 3

Escapism 2

Haggling 2

Notice 3

Play Instrument (Drums) 2

Running (Dash) 5

Smooth Talk 1

Stealth 2

Swimming 2

Gear

Backpack, Bicycle

Personality

I know my parents really love me. When they tell me they wish I had never been born or ignore me, I know they don't mean it.

When they told me we were moving to a new town, I knew that everything would get better.

I try to hide from it all at school. It doesn't happen. The teachers are constantly taunting me and making fun of me. The other students aren't much nicer to me.

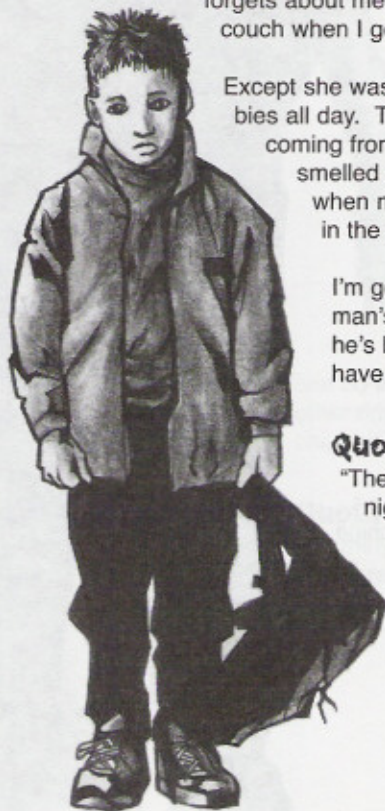
I finally got used to it and then the zombies came to town. I knew I was in for a long night when mommy didn't pick me up after school. It's not the first time it's happened. I usually just walk home when she forgets about me. She's usually asleep on the couch when I get home.

Except she wasn't. I hid inside from the zombies all day. That night, I heard chanting coming from the house next door. I smelled something funny, too. Like when mommy would burn something in the stove.

I'm gonna sneak into the crazy old man's house next door. I know he's behind the zombies. I just have to prove it!

Quote

"The zombies usually come out at night. Usually."



All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Vigilante

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 2

Int 2 **Per** 2 **Will** 3

LPS 32

EPS 26

Spd 10

Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Snitches) (2)

Contacts (Sympathetic Police) (2)

Cruel (-2)

Fast Reaction Time (2)

Hard to Kill 2 (2)

Obsession (Punishing Criminals)
(-2)

Resources -1 (-2)

Situational Awareness (2)

Skills

Brawling 2

Driving (Motorcycle) 3

First Aid 1

Gun (Handgun) 3

Hand Weapon (Club) 2

Hand Weapon (Knife) 2

Intimidation 2

Lock Picking 2

Martial Arts 1

Notice 3

Running (Dash) 2

Stealth 2

Streetwise 2

Surveillance 2

Tracking 1

Gear

Motorcycle, Trench Coat, Handgun,
Bowie Knife

Personality

The whole idea of justice is that the rules apply to everyone. I've always believed this with my heart and soul. After all, true justice made this country great.

I always wanted to be a cop, walking the streets and busting the bad guys.

Nevertheless, during the psych tests at the Academy they told me that I couldn't see everything in black and white in the real world.

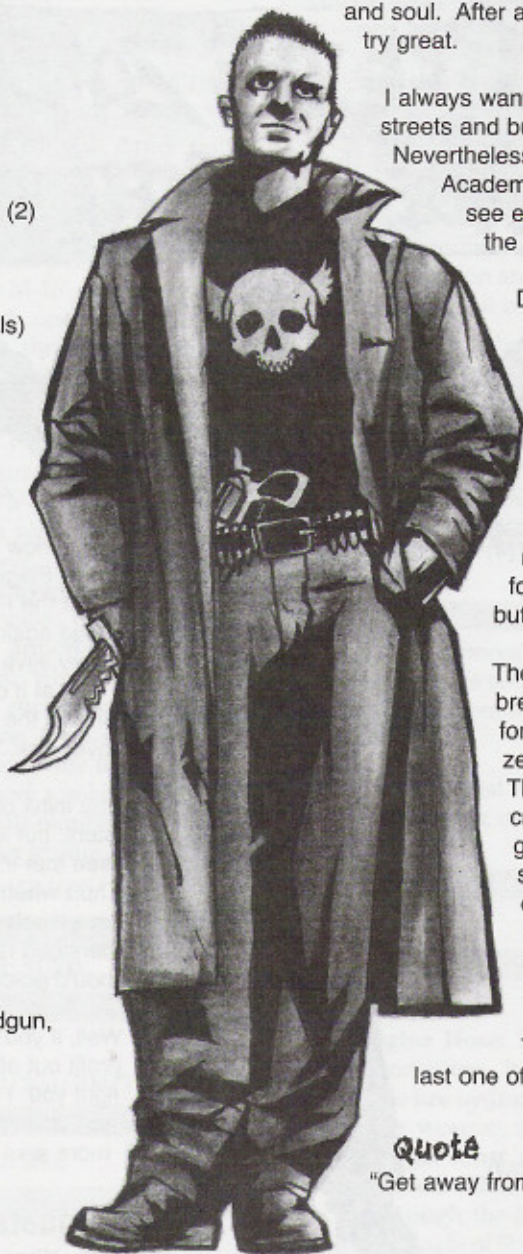
Does Blind Justice follow her feelings or "extenuating circumstances?" I didn't give up after they rejected me. I began to train, to gain an edge. I took things into my own hands and gave those who deserved it punishment for their crimes. Some called me a sociopath or draconian for the sentences I dispensed, but criminals deserve no mercy.

The dead are the ultimate law-breakers. They have no respect for the common, law-abiding citizen. For this, I punish them. They kill, destroy property, and create mayhem wherever they go, and I will make it my duty to send them all to Hell. As expected, the authorities are powerless to stop these degenerates, and it's up to me to save those in need.

The monsters will pay. Every last one of them.

Quote

"Get away from her, you low-life brainsucker!"



Video Store Clerk

Norm

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 3
Int 2 **Per** 2 **Will** 3
Lps 33
Eps 29
Spd 10
Essence 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Contacts (Criminal) 1 (1)
Contacts (Law) 1 (1)
Hard to Kill 1 (1)
Photographic Memory (2)

Skills

Brawling 2
Cheating 2
Computer Hacking 3
Computers 3
Dodge 2
Driving (Car) 2
Driving (Skateboard) 2
Electronics 2
Fine Arts (Cinema) 3
Guns (Handgun) 2
Haggling 2
Myth and Legend (Zombies) 3
Play Instrument (Guitar) 1
Sport (Extreme) 1

Gear

Backpack, Dr. Who Videos,
Handgun, Video Camera

Personality

You ever seen that trick they do with the zoom and dolly cam? You know, where the dolly pulls out as the lens zooms in? Makes the guy in the middle of the frame look as if the whole world is collapsing in around him? That's what it felt like the first time I saw the undead coming at me.

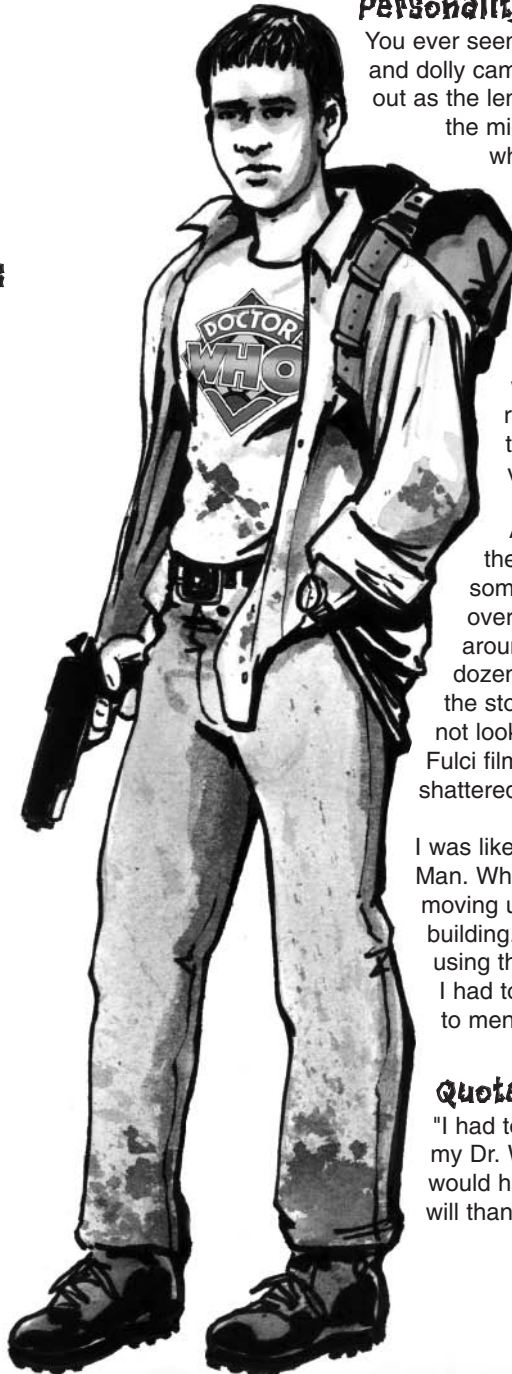
Let me set the scene. Was working the late shift at Newton Plaza. Business had been quiet what with all the wandering gangs rampaging. Police were pretty tight-lipped about it all. Was all very Assault on Precinct 13.

Anyway, I hear a squeeeee noise, then many squeeeee noises -- like someone running their sweaty palms over a plate glass window. I look around and I see lots -- I mean dozens -- of people pressed against the store windows. And these folks do not look healthy. Was something out of a Fulci film. Couldn't move until the glass shattered. Then I booked, but fast.

I was like Dustin Hoffman in Marathon Man. When I got home, the zombies were moving up the stairs of my apartment building. I headed them off at the pass by using the elevator. It was a long shot, but I had to save my Dr. Who collection. Not to mention my girlfriend.

Quote

"I had to choose, save my girlfriend or my Dr. Who collection. I know Jenny would have understood. The survivors will thank me when it's all over."



Voodoo Houngan

Inspired

Str 2 **Dex** 3 **Con** 2
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Wil** 5
Lps 26
Eps 32
Spd 10
Essence 35

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Marijuana) (-2)
Adversary (Evil Houngan) (-2)
Gift (5)
Increased Essence
Pool (3)
Inspiration (5)
Minority (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resources
(Below Average) (-2)

Skills

Hand Weapon (Knife) 2
Humanities (Voodoo) 3
Intimidation 2
Myth and Legend (Voodoo) 2
Notice 2
Occult Knowledge 2
Rituals (Voodoo) 3
Smooth Talking 2
Trance 2
Unconventional Medicine
(Herbal Medicine) 2

Metaphysics

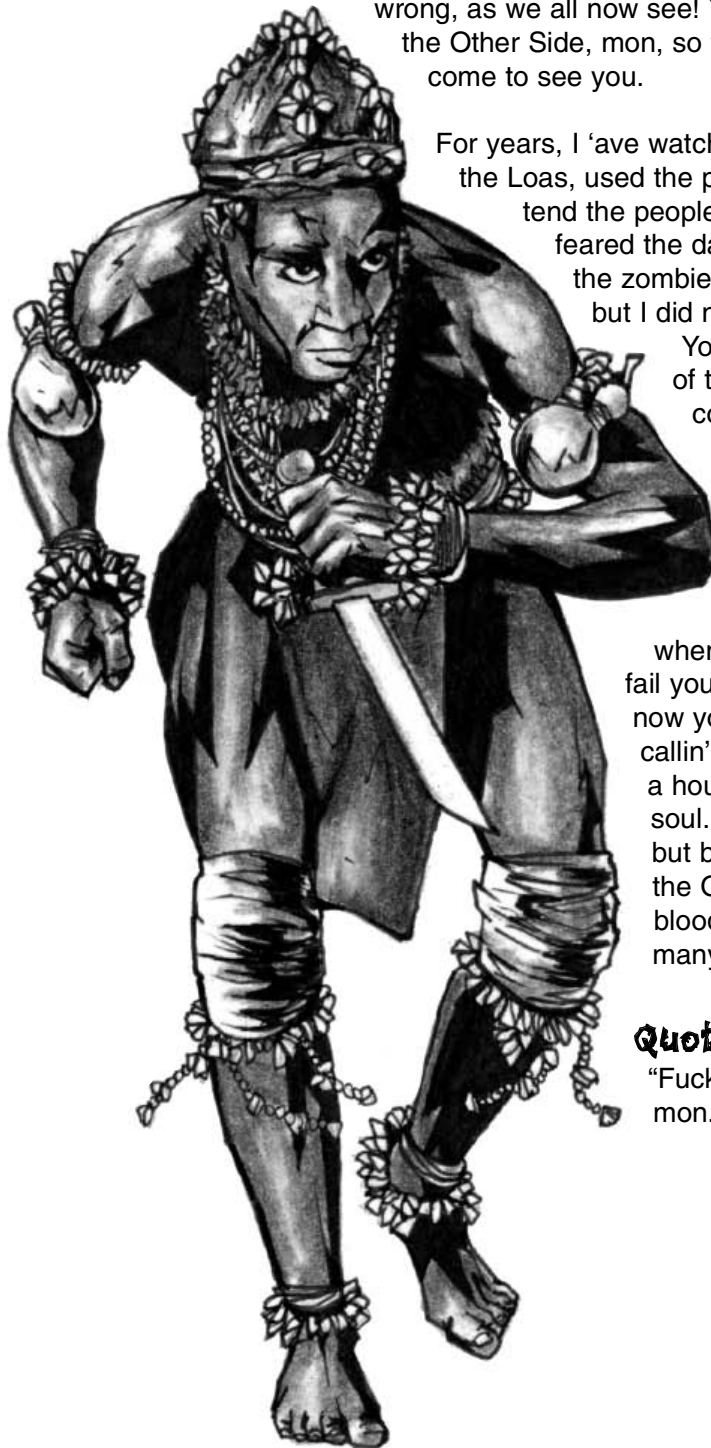
Binding
Blessing
Visions

Gear

Knife, Ritual Materials

Personality

The Other Side, it has always been there, but you, you 'ave been blin' to it. The foolish mon, he say voodoo is nuthin' but mumbo-jumbo, but 'e be wrong, as we all now see! You would not see the Other Side, mon, so the Other Side has come to see you.



For years, I 'ave watched the visions of the Loas, used the powers of voodoo to tend the people aroun' me, an' I feared the day would come when the zombies came unbidden, but I did not know the day. You can't see the eyes of the zombie, 'til he come callin'.

What do you want from me, mon? You come callin' to the mumbo-jumbo man now, when all your science, it fail you. You is scared, for now you see dead come callin', and you is wantin' a houngan to protect your soul. I will do this, mon, but be warned—fightin' the Other Side require blood and sacrifice of many kin's.

Quote

"Fuckin' voodoo magic, mon."

"Volunteer"

NORM

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2

Int 2 **Per** 3 **Wil** 3

LPS 26

EPS 26

Spd 8

ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Cowardly 1 (-1)

Delusions (Know-it-all) (-1)

Emotional Problems (Fear of

Rejection) (-1)

Good Luck 2 (2)

Obsession (Survival) (-2)

Photographic Memory (2)

Resistance (Lack of Sleep) 1 (1)

skills

Brawling 2

Cheating 1

Climbing 2

Dodge 2

First Aid 1

Guns (Handgun) 1

Fast Talk 3

Hand Weapon (Knife) 2

Notice 2

Running (Dash) 1

Humanities (Sociology) 3

Humanities (History) 3

Stealth 2

Swimming 2

Writing 3

GEAR

Binoculars, .45 Caliber Handgun, Twenty Bullets, Large Knife, Battered Copy of "On the Road" by Jack Kerouac

personality

Why me?

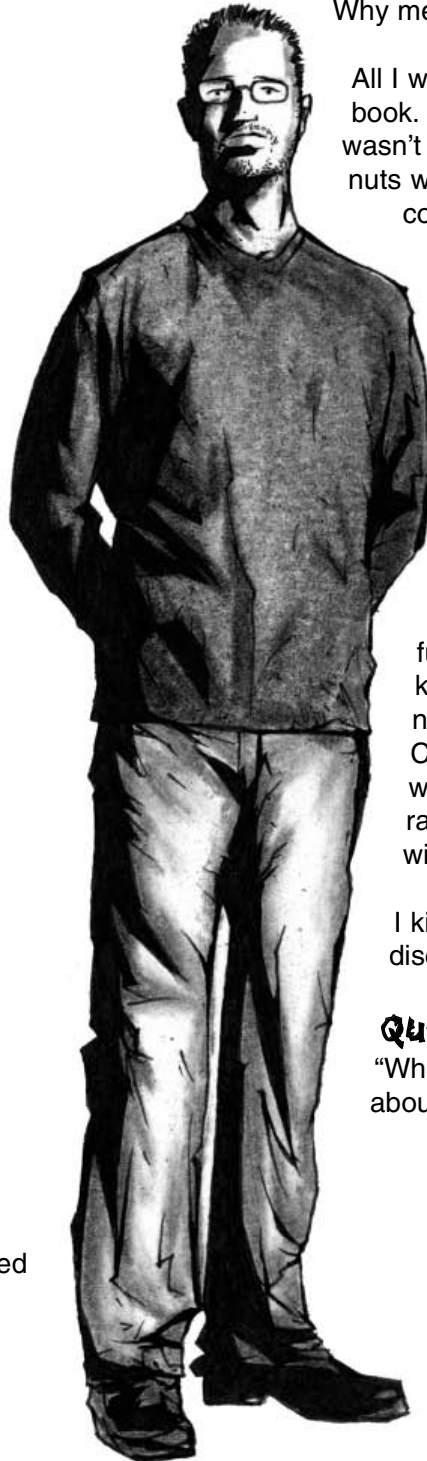
All I wanted to do was finish reading my book. Was that so wrong? I sure as hell wasn't in the mood to join up with those nuts who get sent outside to patrol the countryside. Especially since by now everyone's heard the stories of weird monsters roaming around out there. Ten years ago, I was a grad student getting my sociology degree; what do I know about guns, or patrolling, or monsters?

But do they care about any of that? No, all they can say is, "We've got to think about the needs of the community." So what if I spend my time reading instead "doing something useful?" Someone's got to preserve the knowledge, right? What about my needs! It's Jack freakin' Kerouac for Christ's sake! I'm usually able to talk my way out of stuff like this; guess my luck ran out this time. Well, hopefully my luck will change while I'm out there patrolling.

I kinda doubt the monsters will be open to discussion.

Quote

"Whoa, slow down there man! Let's talk about this . . ."



The Well-Meaning Slacker

NORM

STR 2 DEX 3 CON 3

INT 2 PER 1 WIL 3

LPS 36

EPS 29

SPD 12

ESSENCE 14

Qualities/Drawbacks

Hard to Kill +2 (+2 on Survival Tests)
Good Luck +3 (+3 to any action once per game session, can be taken as one bonus of +3, three bonuses of +1, or a bonus of +2 and one at +1 at player's discretion)

Honorable (Does not lie to or betray friends or loved ones)

Talentless (-3 to anything creative, including artistic endeavors and Social Skills like Intimidation, Seduction and Smooth Talking)

Skills

Acrobatics 2

Brawling 2

Climbing 3

Dodge 2

Fine Arts (Painting) 2

Gambling 1

Intimidation 2

Lock Picking 2

Smooth Talking 1

Sport (Skateboarding) 4

Sport (Surfing) 2

Sport (Volleyball) 2

Streetwise 3

Throwing (Frisbee) 3

Throwing (Sphere) 2

Gear

Couple days worth of clothing (really baggy pants, tight tees and a cap made to be worn backwards), skateboard (+10 Speed if proper surface is available), hacky-sack, extra large bag of Fritos, six pack of Heineken, two dollars in change

Personality

Dude, so this college has turned out to be a major party school. It's totally awesome! All you have to do is kick back, listen to some tunes, grab a brew and some honeys. They don't even make you go to class! I haven't been to a class in like three months dude!

Even though this is a great place and all that, it still gets like kind of boring and stuff. I've beaten all the games I have for Playstation 2 and I keep getting hassled about doing skateboard stunts off of all the steps on the Quad. I just want to go somewhere different for a change. Somewhere like Alabama.

Alabama? Why not?

Quote

"Dude!"



Wild West Retired Sheriff

SURVIVOR

Str 3 **Dex** 3 **Con** 5
Int 4 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2
Lps 57
Eps 35
Spd 16
Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

Addiction (Heavy Drinker) (-2)
Attractiveness -2 (-2)
Cruel (-1)
Fast as Hell (1)
Hard to Kill (5)
Honorable (-1)
Humorless (-1)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Number One with a Bullet (1)
Reckless (-2)
Recurring Nightmares (-1)
Situational Awareness (2)
True Grit (3)

Skills

Brawling 4
Climbing 2
Dancing (Square) 1
Dodge 4
Driving (Horse Drawn) 1
Escapism 2
First Aid 2
Guns (Handgun) 5
Guns (Rifles) 4
Hand Weapon (Knife) 2
Intimidation 4
Notice 4
Questioning 3
Riding (Horses) 4
Tracking 3

Gear

2 Bottles Of Bourbon, 2 Colt
Lightning Pistols With
24 Shots Each, 2
Fast Draw Holsters,
30' Of Rope, Henry
Repeater Rifle With 45 Shots

Personality

I am sorry, but I gave that life up a long time ago, or at least I thought I did.

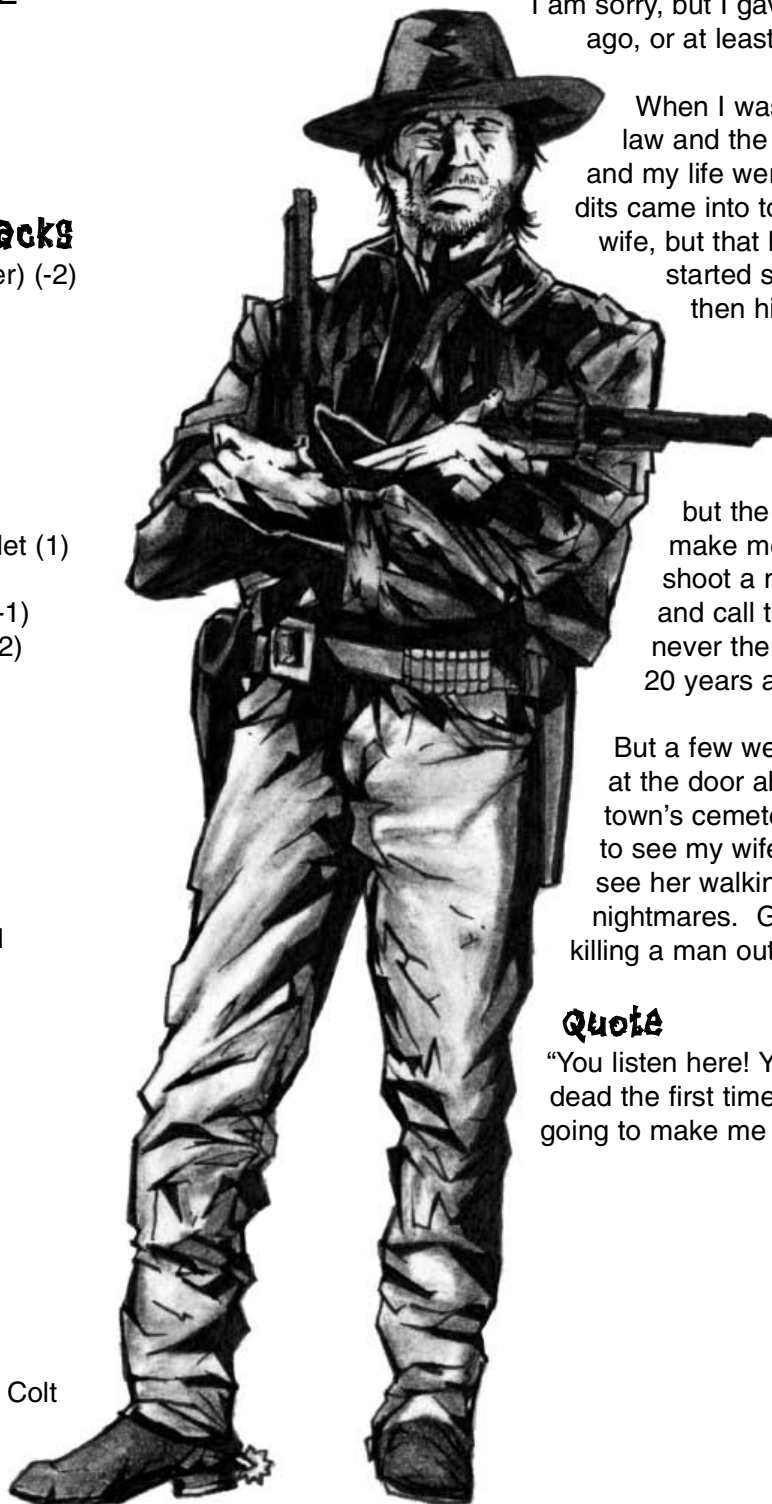
When I was sheriff, the law was the law and the citizens knew it. My job and my life were secure until those bandits came into town. You see, I had a wife, but that head honcho low-life started shooting off his mouth, then his gun.

I am sorry my life and work had gotten so close. That bastard killed her to get to me, but the only thing it did was make me mad. I guess you can't shoot a man in the head six times and call that your job. My life was never the same, and that was over 20 years ago.

But a few weeks ago, I got this knock at the door about some trouble in the town's cemetery. It was bad enough to see my wife killed like that, but to see her walking around again gave me nightmares. Guess I deserve this for killing a man out of anger.

Quote

"You listen here! You should have stayed dead the first time! <BLAM> This is only going to make me mad!"



Wild West Reverend

Inspired

Str 3 **Dex** 2 **Con** 2
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Wil** 5
Lps 36
Eps 35
Spd 8
Essence 40

Qualities/Drawbacks

- Adversary (Other Gamblers) (-2)
- Contacts (The Church) (2)
- Delusions (Prejudice against Non-Christians) (-1)
- Gift (5)
- Hard to Kill (2)
- Honorable (Christian) (-3)
- Increased Essence Pool (4)
- Inspiration (5)
- Obsession (-2)
- Situational Awareness (2)
- Secret (Former Gambler) (-2)

Skills

- Cheating 5
- Climbing 1
- Dodge 2
- First Aid 1
- Gambling 5
- Guns (Handguns) 4
- Notice 2
- Riding (Horses) 1
- Sleight of Hand 4

Metaphysics

- Holy Fire
- The Binding
- The Touch of Healing

Gear

- Bible

Personality

There are some people born to do profound and heroic things.

My mission in life has certainly changed these last few years. I used to be a famous gambler and I loved it. The only problem with being a successful gambler is that you develop a long list of enemies. So, after a few confrontations with some sore losers I decided to give this life up and start a new one.

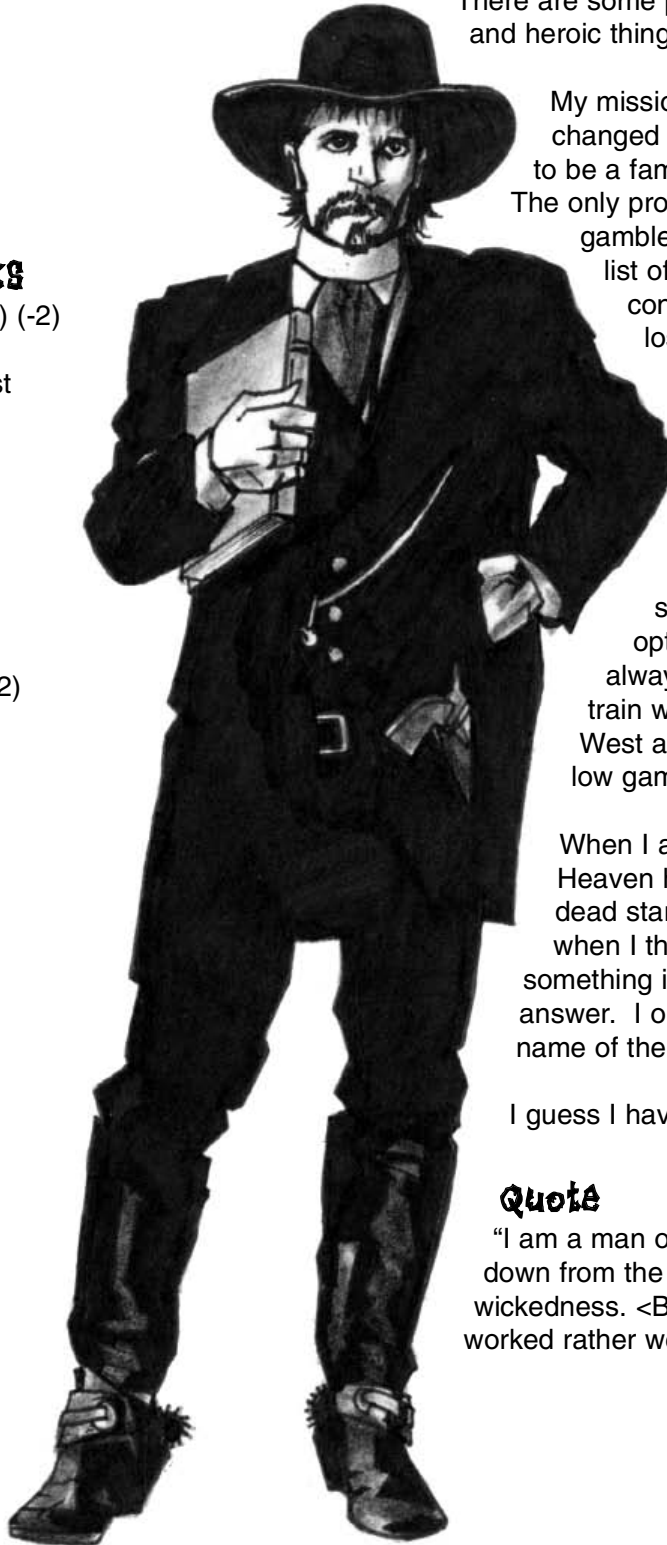
It was an easy transition for me. I went back East and devoted my life to the Lord. I studied for many years reading the good book, some chapters filled me with optimism but the last chapters always disturbed me. I boarded a train with the decision to return West and spread the word to my fellow gamblers.

When I arrived in Deadwood, I guess Heaven had filled up because the dead started to arise. First, I ran. But when I thought my life would end, something inside me gave me the answer. I ordered the dead to stop in the name of the Lord and they did just that.

I guess I have a purpose in life after all.

Quote

"I am a man of the Lord, so let fire come down from the heavens and annihilate this wickedness. <BA-BOOM, BA-BOOM> That worked rather well."



Wild West Zombie Rancher

Survivor

Personality

Zombies are harmless, as long as you feed them.

Str 4 **Dex** 3 **Con** 5

Int 3 **Per** 3 **Wil** 2

Lps 55

Eps 38

Spd 16

Essence 20

Qualities/Drawbacks

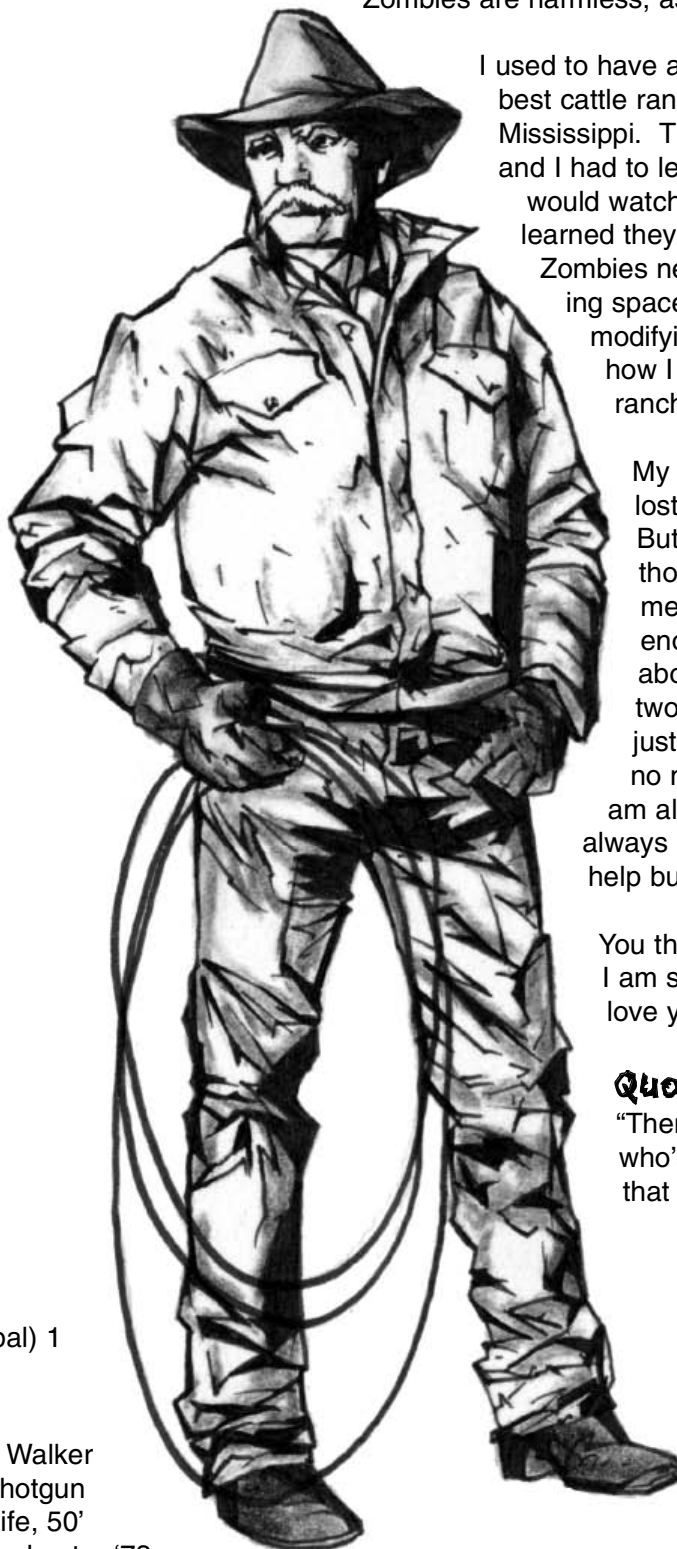
Adversary (Townfolk) (-2)
Contacts (Cattle Ranchers) (2)
Cruel (-3)
Delusion (Zombies are Harmless) (-2)
Hard to Kill (3)
Nerves of Steel (3)
Resources (Well-off) (4)
Secret
(Rustling Zombies) (-2)
Status +3 (3)

Skills

Brawling 3
Cheating 2
Climbing 1
Dodge 3
First Aid 2
Gambling 2
Guns (Handguns) 4
Guns (Rifles) 4
Guns (Shotguns) 4
Hand Weapon (Axe) 2
Hand Weapon (Knife) 2
Intimidation 2
Lasso 2
Notice 2
Questioning 2
Riding (Horses) 3
Surveillance 2
Traps 1
Unconventional Medicine (Herbal) 1

Gear

Axe, Beef Jerky, Canteen, Colt Walker with 24 Shots, Double Barrel Shotgun with 12 shots, Horse, Large Knife, 50' Rope, Saddle, Saddlebags, Winchester '73 with 30 Shots.



I used to have a different job. I was the best cattle rancher this side of the old Mississippi. Then they began to rise and I had to learn real quickly. So I would watch these zombies and I learned they are just like cattle.

Zombies need food and some grazing space, that's all. I decided to modifying my fences and see how I could do as a zombie rancher.

My first attempt went badly, lost two workers that day. But I did learn something, those zombies love fresh meat. If they are hungry enough they will eat just about anything. Then those two workers rose and that just added to my stock, and no matter what happened I am always the winner. I am always looking for some strong help but not too strong.

You think you got what it takes? I am sure my deadstock will love you.

Quote

"There you go, show them who's boss. Play fair now, that little one wants a nibble."

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Young Apprentice

Lesser Gifted

Str 2 **Dex** 2 **Con** 3
Int 4 **Per** 4 **Wil** 5
LPS 30
EPS 35
Spd 10
Essence 59

Qualities/Drawbacks

Adversary (Rival Sorcerers) (-2)
Artistic Talent (Music) (3)
Artistic Talent (Singing) (3)
Attractiveness +3 (3)
Charisma +2 (2)
Covetous (Power) (-1)
Cruel (-1)
Delusions of Grandeur (-3)
Essence Channeling 3 (6)
Gift (5)
Increased Essence Pool (3)
Minority (Female) (-1)
Showoff (-2)

Skills

Acrobatics 2
Dodge 2
Martial Arts 2
Myth & Legend (Mandarin) 3
Notice 3
Play Instrument (Flute) 2
Rituals (Buddhist) 3
Science
(Alchemy) 3
Singing 4
Uncon Medicine (Herbalism) 3

Ghi Techniques

Animate Objects 2 (4)
Brew Potion 3 (6)
Flaming Sword 2 (4)

Gear

Beginner Alchemist's Lab, Flute,
Sword

Personality

They think that I am not as powerful as they are, because I am a girl. Just wait until they see my Flaming Sword technique. I have learned well from Master. He does not think I am ready to take on the dead by myself, yet. I will prove him otherwise.

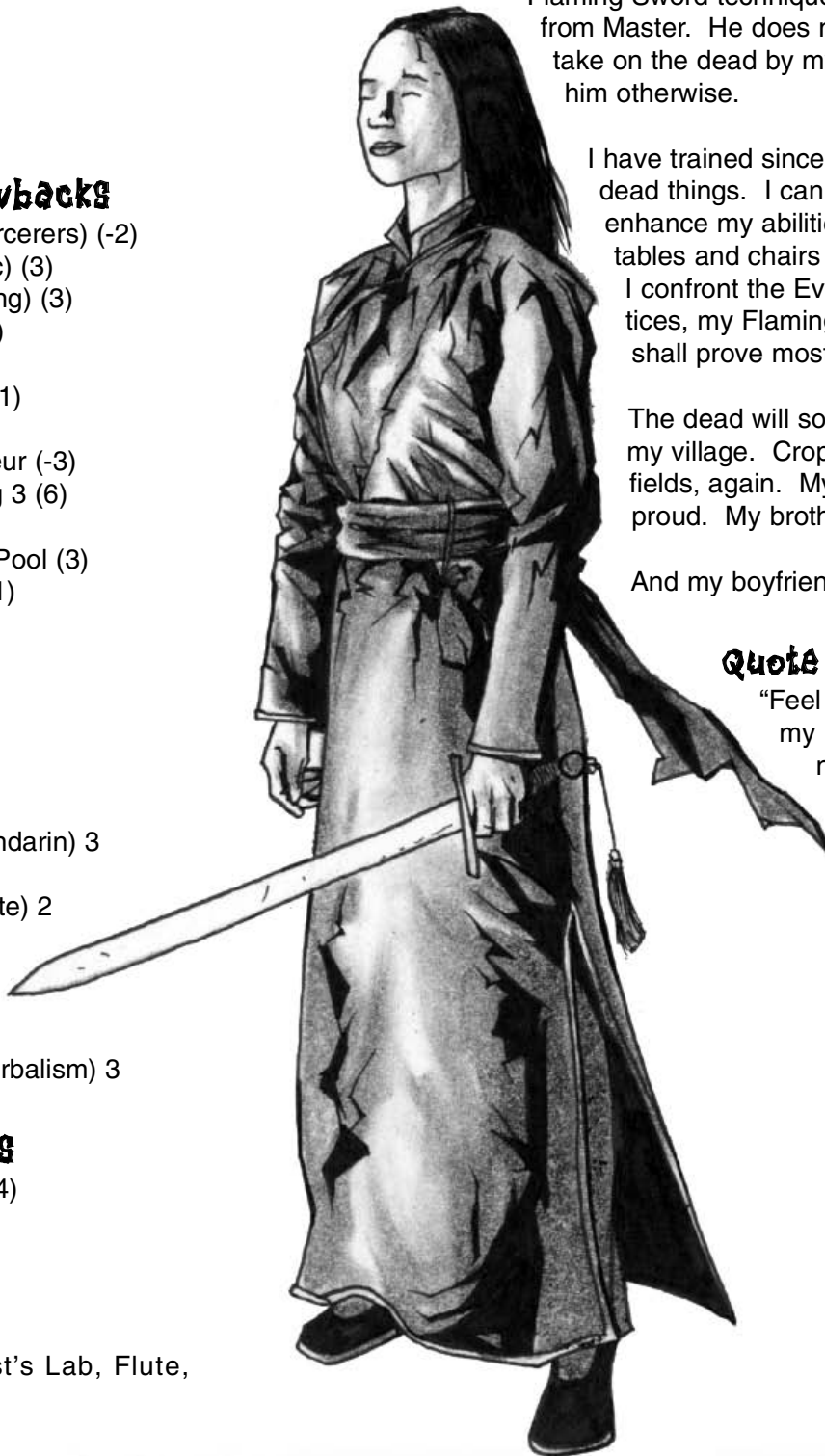
I have trained since birth to fight evil dead things. I can brew potions to enhance my abilities. I can animate tables and chairs to protect me. When I confront the Evil Sorcerer's apprentices, my Flaming Sword technique shall prove most worthy.

The dead will soon cease to plague my village. Crops will grow in the fields, again. My parents will be proud. My brothers will be awed.

And my boyfriend will be jealous.

Quote

"Feel the biting flame from my Flaming Sword technique, Evil Apprentice Sorcerer!"



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Zombie Rights Activist

Norm

Str 2 Dex 2 Con 2

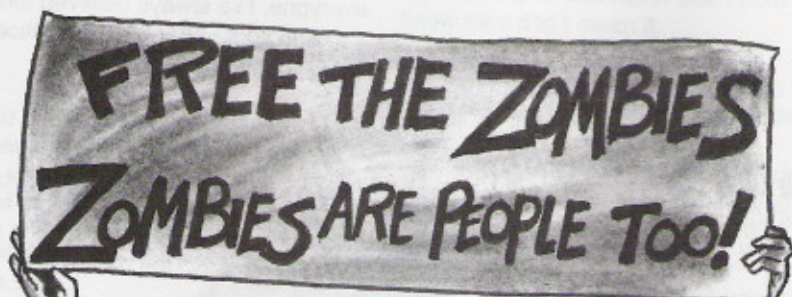
Int 3 Per 2 Will 3

Lps 26

EPS 26

Spd 8

Essence 14



Qualities/Drawbacks

Adversary (-2)

Contacts (Not-For-Profit Group) (4)

Situational Awareness (2)

Zealot (-3)

Skills

Brawling 3

Bureaucracy 3

Climbing 3

Computer Hacking 3

Dodge 2

Escapism 2

Gun (Handgun) 2

Lock Picking (Mechanical) 2

Notice 3

Questioning 2

Research/Investigation 3

Running (Dash) 3

Storytelling 3

Gear

Cell Phone, Megaphone, Handgun

Personality

Zombies are people too.

I know I am too young to remember the Plague. I am too young to remember the Rise and the fight humanity had against its own departed, just to stay alive. But that's a good thing. I can look at it coldly rather than remembering all the suffering. Those days are over now. We are in the present.

You think of them as brain-dead monsters, but look into their eyes. You will see that they are not mindless. They hurt when we hit them; they learn when we teach them. They are a new misunderstood race, born from ours, and we should guide them rather than harm them.

Well, if you're more interested in making profit out of them than helping them, I will fight you. I will show you what a heart and soul is. Even those zombies have more soul than you do.

Quote

"Free all the zombies! Zombies are people too!"

New Gear

Weapons

Brass Knuckles: Brass knuckles reinforce and add weight to a punch. Purpose-made fist loads, heavy rings, studded gloves, and rolls of quarters are included in this weapon type.

Damage: D6(3) x (Strength+1)

EV: N/A

Cost: \$10

Availability: C

Chain: Chains are vicious and impromptu weapons, and include any short lengths of stout, flexible metal, such as motorcycle drive chains, construction chain, or sections of thick, knotted wire.

Damage: D8(4) x Strength

EV: 4/2

Cost: N/A

Availability: C

Katana, High Quality: This sword is extremely well made, despite its unassuming appearance. Crafted by a true master, it has been sharpened to such an unbelievable degree that it can cut through a phonebook without even slowing down.

Because of this, every time the attacker targets a specific body part, roll D10. On a roll of 9-10, the extreme sharpness of the blade severs the targeted body part.

The Achilles heel of these swords is that they are overly sensitive. They can only sustain six impacts, whether hitting a door, body, or otherwise. After six uses, the sword should be cleaned, oiled, and sharpened. This requires an Intelligence and Hand Weapon (Sword) - 2 Task. If maintenance is not attempted, the sword suffers a cumulative 10% chance of becoming damaged or losing its severing ability with each subsequent impact. If the maintenance Task is failed, the severing ability is lost until a successful Task is performed.

These weapons are extremely rare and are unavailable for purchase. They are received as gifts, rewards, or as the spoils of war.

Damage: D10(5)x Strength

EV: 2/1

Cost: N/A

Availability: Rare

Pulse Rifle: This short but powerful assault rifle holds 100 rounds of high-velocity, armor-piercing flechette ammunition. It has a red digital counter on the side that keeps count of the remaining rounds in the weapon. The weapon is for Space Marine military use and is therefore not available to the public.

Damage: D8 x 4(16)

Cap: 100

EV: 10/5

Cost: N/A

Availability: R

New Armor

Multi-Optics and Video Camera Class III Helmet: This is an optical enhancement system built into a helmet. This item is not available outside of the military. Optic systems include:

Targeting Sight (range 550 yards/meters)

Infrared Optics System (range 550 yards/meters)

Telescopic Lens (range 2 miles/3 kilometers)

Thermo-Imaging System (range 550 yards/meters)

The video camera can record up to one hour on a mini-CD or transmit to a remote screen in real-time. Transmission distance is 3 miles (4.5 kilometers).

The targeting sight adds a +1 bonus to aimed single shots, but not bursts.

EV: 4/2

Cost: N/A

Availability: R

See the M-16A4 entry in *Armageddon* (on p. 158) for more information.

New Vehicles

Jetpack

(Complexity +2, Utility +1)

The Jetpack is strapped to the operator's back like an ordinary backpack—if the backpack were made of metal and had twin jet turbine engines. Controls are located in the “buckle” of the belt strap and in two gloves connected by wire to the main engine. Flying with the jetpack takes a bit of practice, as it involves the use of a belt controller, the two hand controllers, and the pilot's own body movement. Once mastered, the jetpack can out maneuver anything else in the air.

Weight: 30	DC: 30
Speed: 160/40	AV: 2
Acceleration: 40	Accuracy: N/A
Range: 50 mi/km	Cost: N/A
Toughness: 1	Availability: R
Handling: 5	

Tricycle

The tricycle is the typical small, three-wheeled cycle, ridden by many small children until they are old enough and big enough to ride a bicycle.

Weight: 20/10	DC: 10
Speed: 5/3	AV: 0
Acceleration: Strength	Accuracy: N/A
Range: (see Bicycle)	Cost: \$50
Toughness: 1	Availability: C
Handling: 4	

New Chi Techniques

Iron Head

Essence Cost: 2 per close combat attack

This Chi Technique operates as per Iron Palm (see *Enter the Zombie*, p. 43), but requires the use of one's skull, instead of palm.

New Qualities/Drawbacks

Curious

2-point Mental Drawback

The Cast Member has an insatiable sense of curiosity and is drawn to investigate anything remotely interesting, mysterious, or unusual. The character must succeed at a Willpower Test in order to bypass interesting subjects. The test should be Simple or Difficult according to the Zombie Master's discretion, depending on how "interesting" the object is. In the dangerous world of *All Flesh Must Be Eaten*, uncontrolled curiosity can be deadly.

Overweight

See the *Book of Archetypes*, p. 47.

Resistance (Weightlessness)

1-point per level Physical Quality

This version of the Resistance Quality is focused on performing in zero-gravity environments. Each time gravity is lost, or each time a violent maneuver is performed in zero-gravity (such as combat), the character must succeed at a Difficult Constitution Test or become nauseous.

Tireless

Variable Physical Quality

A Tireless character can handle a great deal less sleep than a normal person. The character is naturally resilient against sleep deprivation. Tireless gives the character a +1 per level to his Survival Test against falling unconscious (ONLY in relation to sleep deprivation), and adds 9 points per level to the character's Endurance Pool.

New Metaphysics

Spiritual Ally

People with this Miracle have a guide that is not of this Earth. This guide may come in the form of a restless spirit, guardian angel, or some other sort of supernatural being. This being is always with the person, and it can converse with the person at anytime, without anyone else hearing them.

The entity depends upon the Cast Member's Essence to perform actions on this plane of existence. As a result, the character must expend five Essence every time he wants the spirit to manifest on this plane for 5 turns. While here, the spirit can act as a normal person (pick things up, fight, open doors, etc.). However, since they are not normal people they can still do things that spirits can do while not on this plane of existence. No matter what plane of existence the spirits are on, they can pass through surfaces up to 10 feet thick, are always invisible (except to the person they are attached to), never make noise or give off a scent—unless they choose to do so. A spirit might be a ferocious supernatural being or some sort of heaven-

ly entity with a keen mind. The spirit's abilities, background, and disposition are entirely up to the ZM.

The spiritual ally is linked to its Earthly companion, and must have an Earthly vessel. The vessel is always some sort of inanimate object that has some significance to the spirit. For example, if a Cast Member has the ghost of a little girl for a spiritual ally, the vessel could be an old doll, or a piece of jewelry that the child had owned and cared for very much. When the spirit's vessel is destroyed, the spirit is banished forever. In addition, the person's link has been severed so violently the person suffers D10 damage and a permanent D4 Essence loss from the severe shock of losing the link.

Sample Spiritual Ally: "Mickey" Forest Spirit; Int 6; Wil 4; Essence 50; No attack; Metaphysics: Divine Sight; Skills: Instruction 2, Myth & Legend (English) 3, Survival (Forest) 4.

"Mickey" is actually a benevolent supernatural being who lived in a small forest in England until the late 1800s. The forest was turned into lumber at that time. Since then it has wandered the countryside helping lost, stranded, or hurt people. When the dead rose, it felt a great attraction to a man living in the United States. After finding the man, it has stuck by his side giving him advice and faith in his battle against the forces of evil.

Spirit Armor

Some people learn to harness spiritual energy into a protective form. Spirit Armor gives the person a natural Armor Value equal to one quarter their total Essence, but still allows the person to supplement this protection with normal armor. Since Spirit Armor is magical in nature, it protects against both mundane and metaphysical damage.

This Miracle costs 5 Essence to activate and 2 Essence per Turn to maintain. The armor begins to afford the Cast Member protection in the same Turn as the initial Essence is expended.

Invisibility

Through meditation, force of will, or some other method, this Miracle allows Inspired to become invisible. While invisible, anyone trying to see the character makes sight-based Perception Tests at -6. While invis-

ible, Inspired characters get a +2 bonus to their melee combat and Dodge Tasks (you cannot hit or defend against what you cannot see).

The Divine Sight Miracle or Infrared Goggles will show invisible Cast Members. The Inspired still make noise, can be touched or smelled as per usual.

This Miracle costs 5 Essence per 5 minutes of invisibility.

Eye of the Storm

See the first *Book of Archetypes* p. 47.

New Cast Member Type

Lesser Gifted

Sorcerers for *Enter the Zombie* can be created using the *WitchCraft* rules for Lesser Gifted. They receive 20 points for Attributes, 15 points for Qualities (10 may be taken in Drawbacks), 30 points for Skills, and up to 15 points in Metaphysics. They must purchase the Gift Quality (5); Essence Channeling is highly recommended. Note that *WitchCraft* Character Types are built with 80 total points, 10 more than *AFMBE* Survivor and Inspired Character Types. This makes the Lesser Gifted somewhat more powerful at beginning levels. Download the *WitchCraft* corebook at the Eden Studios' web site for more details on Lesser Gifted!

New Gear

Weapons

"Boom Stick" Assault Rifle: This M-16 Assault Rifle with an attached M-203 Grenade Launcher has been modified to utilize a single 20mm cannon shell instead of a high explosive grenade. The weapon gained the nickname "Boomstick" due to the loud "boom" the 20mm shell makes when fired, as opposed to the 40mm round's distinctive "thump."

The weapon was first used by U.S. Army units forced to improvise when they were in need of heavy weapons support but had none at their disposal. Soldiers used the weapon against both deserting units who had armored vehicles in their possession, and the living dead, against whom the M-16's 5.56mm NATO rounds were ineffectual and uneconomical. The weapon became renowned in the southern United States as an extremely effective manner of incapacitating zombified bull steers, which had thick hides too tough for the NATO rounds to penetrate.

Usually created by making simple modifications to the M-203 Grenade Launcher, a common companion to the M-16 Rifle, this weapon was popular not only for its superb stopping power, but also because ammunition was more readily available. Unlike the increasingly scarce 40mm grenades, the 20mm shells could be salvaged from light armored vehicles and AH-1 Cobra attack helicopters, which were largely grounded by heavy flight and support crew losses to zombies. Although the weapon is most commonly found among military units, especially in the western and southern United States, where zombified livestock can be a serious problem, a small number have found their way into the hands of other groups.

Assault Rifle Range: 10/50/150/600/1000

Damage: D8x4 (16) **Capacity:** 20-30

EV: 8/4 **Cost:** \$1200

Availability: U

20mm Cannon Range: 10/50/300/700/1200

Damage: D10x7 **Capacity:** 1 shell

EV: 2/1 **Cost:** \$800

Availability: R

Bokken: A bokken is a wooden version of the Japanese katana. It is usually made of high quality hardwood.

Damage: D8(4) x Strength&

EV: 2/1 **Cost:** \$13

Availability: U

Briefcase Gun: This innovative weapon combines power with discreetness. It is an extremely popular weapon among bodyguards, assassins, and other individuals who need to carry a serious amount of fire-power without attracting attention. What makes the weapon so special is that it is a cut down but powerful assault rifle convincingly disguised within a briefcase shell. A Perception and Notice roll is required to spot the weapon while it is in the shell.

The weapon has been engineered so that it can be moved while loaded, cocked, and ready for action with no danger of the weapon going off. As such, the weapon requires two rounds to use: one to remove the gun from its shell, and the next to fire.

Range: 7/40/100/500/900

Damage: D8x4(16) **Cap:** 15

EV: 4/2 **Cost:** \$1000

Availability: R

Notes: Very concealable, but slightly (-1 to Guns Task) less accurate because of the weapon's pairing of a high-powered round with a short barrel.

Fire Axe: A typical fireman's tool, the fire axe can be used against living or dead opponents with tremendous efficiency.

Damage: (D8+1)(5) x Strength**&

EV: 4/2 **Cost:** \$40

Availability: U

Fire Engine Hose: This is a typical large fire hose used by firefighters. It must be properly connected to an available fire hydrant and fire truck to be operated. If used as a weapon, it does D6(3) damage per Turn and the target must make a Dexterity check or be knocked down. Due to the extreme water pressure directed through the hose, it must be manned by at least three people of Strength 3 or more while in use. If it is left unmanned, it will go wild and flail violently,

All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

striking the ground and/or nearby objects randomly until the water is turned off. Anyone hit by a flailing hose takes D8x3(12) damage.

Damage: D6(3) x 4*@

EV: 10/3

Cost: On Fire Engine

Availability: U

Hotfoot: This improvised weapon is rumored to have been developed by a traveling Minor League Baseball team who had stopped to rest in a small town the night zombies first appeared. Through a series of events the whole team became trapped in their hotel, which was soon surrounded by zombies. The players had no weapons, aside from their baseball bats. The team was about to admit defeat when an industrious player got an idea. He quickly tore a shirt into strips, then wrapped the strips around one of the team's aluminum bats and headed to the bar. There he doused the cloth in alcohol, and took a match to it. After the team escaped the hotel and made their way to the nearest city, word of these improvised, inexpensive, and effective weapons spread quickly. Along the way, the modified bat acquired the nickname "Hotfoot", and the name stuck. Today the weapon is a favorite among gang members, people without access to firearms, and sadists everywhere.

A Hotfoot acts as a normal bat until it's lit. When a Hotfoot comes into contact with something flammable, the object has a 20% chance of igniting. If a lit Hotfoot comes into contact with a person's clothes, the victim is subjected to an additional D6(3) damage per turn for D4(1) rounds or until the flames are extinguished.

A Hotfoot has enough "ammo" from one T-Shirt's worth of rags and 8 oz of alcohol for 5 Turns before it has to be "reloaded" with new rags and alcohol. A reload takes 2 turns.

Damage: D8 (4) x Strength*&

EV: 2/1

Cost: \$25

Availability: R

Shovel: A very common tool, featuring a sturdy wooden handle and a sharp metal head. Not the most practical of weapons, but good enough to bash zombies. An assault rifle is better, they are not found laying around . . . as much.

Damage: D8(4) x Strength&

EV: 2/1

Cost: \$10

Availability: C

New Armor

Fireman Protective Equipment: This equipment is designed to keep a firefighter safe from fire, heat, and knocks to the head.

Fireman's Coat, pants, boots, and gloves

Armor Value: D4 Reduce Fire Damage to 1/4

EV: 10/5

Cost: \$1250

Availability: U

Fireman's Helmet

Armor Value: D6 x 7

EV: 4/2

Cost: \$500

Availability: U

Kendo Armor: This armor is designed to give protection to the body in key strike points, including the head, versus another Kendo practitioner.

Armor Value: D6+7(10)

EV: 10/5

Cost: \$600

Availability: R

All Flesh Must Be Eaten™

Non-weapon Gear

Command Armored Personnel Carrier: This is a wheeled APC that has been modified into a mobile command post, allowing a military commander to direct his troops while on the move. The vehicle has been stripped of its normal weapons and a machine gun has been added to the top. The ceiling of the cabin has been raised to provide more comfort for the commander and his battle staff. The rear of the vehicle, where troops would normally sit, has been modified to hold a command console installed against one wall of the hull. The console contains everything from encrypted long-range radios and satellite communications gear, to computers databases linked real-time to the commanders' intelligence corps.

Crew: 2 + command crew **Weight:** 28,000 lbs

Speed: 62 mph **Acceleration:** 20

Range: 410 miles **Toughness:** 5

Handling: 2 **DC:** 330

AV: 100 +D10x2 (110) **Accuracy:** N/A

Cost: N/A **Availability:** R

Armament: 7.62mm machine gun

Fire Engine: Big, powerful, and usually red. Comes equipped with a fire engine hose (see p. 44).

Crew: 2 **Weight:** 25,000 lbs

Speed: 60 **Acceleration:** 15

Range: 350 **Toughness:** 4

Handling: 2 **DC:** 150

AV: 5 **Accuracy:** N/A

Cost: \$130,000 **Availability:** R

Night Vision Binoculars: These look much like a long-range camera lens attached to a pair of binocular eyepieces and operate just like normal binoculars, only they are meant for night instead of day use. These are often used by the military in a night situation, where normal binoculars are not be as effective. Many models are also available to the average citizen through mail-order military surplus catalogs or electronics and gadgets stores (assuming any of those still exist intact) and are useful for night hunting, bird watching, and similar activities. The binoculars have a 5x magnification and function just like normal night vision goggles, meaning they do not work well in daylight.

EV: 2/1 **Cost:** \$2000

Availability: U

Weight Lifting and Gym Equipment: A common sight in gyms around the country, this equipment allows people to increase their muscle mass and strength, and to get into shape. A typical set includes a full range of barbells in different weight sizes, and a dozen or more pieces of equipment for working specific muscle groups in the body. The available equipment may include separate machines or a few combined pieces, much like higher-quality versions of the equipment sold on television. Typically, a full set of weight equipment fills an entire 20 x 40 room; larger sets may include pieces like running and rowing machines, and physical therapy equipment, and take up even more room.

EV: N/A **Cost:** \$10,000

Availability: C

Notes: Anyone using this equipment for several months gains the following benefits as long as they continue to exercise on the equipment. Those using weight lifting equipment gain +1 to their Strength Attribute, unless the bonus brings the Attribute above the human limit. Those using running machines gain +1 to their Running (Marathon) Skill. Physical therapy equipment allows people to perform related tasks without penalty.

New Skills

Martial Art (Kendo)

This skill covers the use of the shinai, bokken, and katana. The benefit is the same as the Martial Arts Skill (+1 damage per level), but with kendo weapons. This skill counts as a Special Skill (double cost).

Science (Cryptography)

This is the study of making, breaking, and coding messages.

New Qualities/Drawbacks

Absent Minded

1-point Mental Drawback

Some people are a bit forgetful, especially in their old age. They periodically forget everything from appointments to names to daily rituals. At the Zombie Master's discretion, a character with this Drawback must pass a Simple Intelligence Test to remember the information he needs to complete a skilled Task ("Now do I have to cut the red wire or the blue wire?"). If he fails the Intelligence roll, he fails the skill check, as well. The character can attempt another Intelligence Test every two Turns. If he succeeds, he has recovered the information from the depths of his mind, and is free to try to make an unimpeded skill Task.

Flashbacks

3-point Mental Drawback

In situations of great stress, or prompted by appropriate stimuli, the character has a 2-in-10 chance of experiencing flashbacks, reliving a past traumatic event in his mind for D10 Turns. While experiencing these flashbacks, the character is generally incapable of action, but may make a Simple Willpower Test each Turn to snap back to reality. Additionally, strong stimuli, such as violent shaking, pain, loud noises, a friend's yelling, etc. may bring the character out of his flashback, at the Zombie Master's discretion. Of course, such stimuli may be exactly what caused the flashback in the first place.

Gamer

Variable Physical Quality or Drawback

Characters may only have one of the three aspects of this Quality/Drawback. The Zombie Master may make the character switch to a worse version of the aspect when appropriate (e.g., Godlike Endurance to Razor's Edge or Razor's Edge to Burned Out)

Burned Out: This gamer is an old-timer. The caffeine and the lack of sleep have finally caught up to him. Anyone with this level must sleep a full eight hours a day or else have a cumulative penalty of D4(2) to his Endurance Points per successive day without a full night's sleep. These penalties are negated after eight solid hours of uninterrupted sleep. This is a one-point Drawback.

Razor's Edge: This gamer is beginning to feel the effects of the addiction to his hobby. At this level, the gamer can stay up for extended amounts of time. He will and can crash hard if he pushes himself too much. The Zombie Master keeps track of the hours of sleep the character misses. Each block of three hours missed translates into one hour of sleep needed in order to feel rested. The character does not lose Endurance Points for the hours of sleep missed or for staying up longer than 24 hours unless he pushes himself. When the character finally goes to sleep, he must make a Willpower and Constitution Test with a penalty of -1 per hour missed to see if he can resist the siren song of sleep. If he is successful, he gets up at the original time, with a D6(3) penalty to his Endurance Points. If he fails, he sleeps the full time required unless awakened by an outside force. In addition, if he awakens before he has slept the full amount of time, he receives a -1 to all physical stats for his first waking hour. This is a one-point Quality.

Godlike Endurance: Either a relative newbie to the hobby or someone with an almost supernatural Constitution, this gamer can keep playing for days on end. This character does not lose Endurance Points for not sleeping or for staying up longer than 24 hours. Regular Endurance Point loss and penalties apply after being awake for 48 hours. This is a two-point Quality.

Narcolepsy

2-point Mental Drawback

This medical condition decreases a person's ability to resist the Sandman, even at inconvenient times. Every thirty minutes, a character with this Drawback must make a successful Simple Constitution Test (with modifiers as the Zombie Master desires) to stay awake when he is involved in a situation which does not require him to be particularly active or attentive, such as listening to a boring lecture, driving for a long period of time, or guard duty.

Physical Disability (Overweight)

1-point or 2-point Physical Drawback

This Drawback refers to the truly obese, not people with potbellies or who simply need to exercise a little more. As a one-point Drawback, the character weighs 50-pounds over his ideal weight and sees both his Endurance Points and Speed Attributes reduced by 25%. For two points, character weighs 100-pounds or more over his ideal weight and reduces both his Endurance Points and Speed Attributes by 50%.

Quick Learner

3-point Mental Quality

Some people just have a knack for noticing how to do things. People with this Quality are the kind who beat their friend at poker the first time they play, even though the friend has played poker every Friday night for the last eight years. As a result, when the character starts learning a new regular skill he gains one level or specialty free, up to level five. For levels higher than five or for Special Skills, reduce the cost by one point for the next level.

New Miracles

Eye of the Storm

This Miracle extends a calming aura around the wielder equal to Willpower x three feet (one meter) in diameter. The effect confers a +2 to all fear-resisting Willpower Tests for anyone within its sphere of influence. In the event of a failed Fear Test, it also confers a -1 bonus on the Fear Table (see *AFMBE*, p. 96). The Miracle lasts for Willpower x five minutes, unless a separate Fear-inducing incident occurs. Spending an extra five points of Essence adds an additional five minutes to the duration, and +1 to the Fear Test.