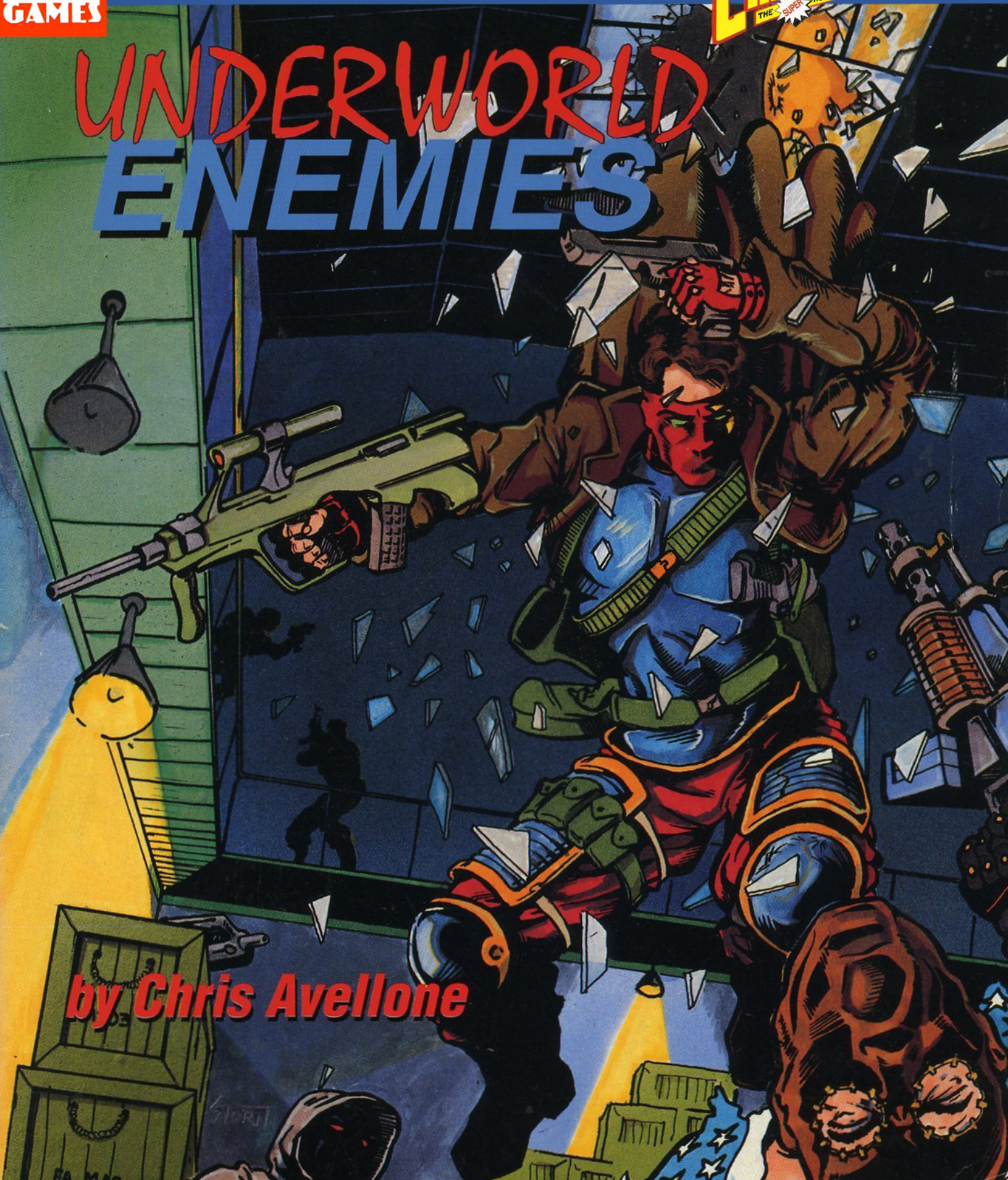


UNDERWORLD ENEMIES



by Chris Avellone

Underworld Enemies™

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DEDICATION

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A WORD of WARNING
Underworld Enemies deals with sensitive subjects such as rape, racism, drug use, incest, and serial killing. GMs should be aware that using such subject matter in role-playing games takes maturity and caution. Some players may find these subjects uncomfortable, and GMs should take this into consideration. Hero Games in no way condones any of these activities.



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INTRODUCTION

“The streets were alive with more gang violence last night as members of the WITCH gang burned down a tenement building believed to be the headquarters of the Magnificent 13 gang. The vigilante Copperhead was at the scene, and several casualties were reported—”

<Click>

“...the victim, a homeless woman, age 24, was found in a bathroom in the Main Street Subway station. She was taken to a hospital and is reported to be in critical condition. She is the fifth victim to be infected with the new strain of HIV from the paranormal rapist known as the Germ. Hospital staff reports that there is not enough information on the virus to quarantine the city—”

<Click>

When night falls on the city, *they* come out.

Vigilantes, psychotics, drug pushers, muggers, thieves, stalkers, mercenaries, hitmen and criminal masterminds...they're all here in *Underworld Enemies*, a *Champions* character book for street level campaigns.

USING THIS SOURCEBOOK

Although this book is designed for *Dark Champions*, most of the villains in this book are paranormals. This is done because it is easier to remove paranormal powers for “pure” street-level campaigns than create new ones for superpowered campaigns. In respect to the street genre, however, there has been an attempt to keep the powers plausible; no character in this book can defy gravity, uproot skyscrapers or fire energy beams from their eyes. Most of the villains’ powers are erratic psychic abilities or enhanced physical skills.

While there are enough gun-toting mercenaries in this book to satisfy the ultra-violent appetite, some Underworld Enemies earn their pay as social and psychological threats. As *Champions* is a *roleplaying* game, these villains will force the characters to roleplay. Fighting racism involves more than swinging one’s fists, rival vigilantes will force player characters to test their moral limits, and shadowy masterminds will manipulate the characters, disrupting their social lives or driving them insane. Confrontations with some enemies in this book may take place without a single shot being fired: Crave, Vain, Absolution, Black Satin, Divine, Marshall Endicott, Howard Fitzwater and Purge engage in blackmail, extortion and other forms of psychological warfare, and many Asylum inmates threaten characters socially: Tenderheart is madly in love with a PC, the Pretender may be the character’s best friend, and Freak delights in sending characters into an illusionary world made of their own fears.

Adventures such as these depend on the player and their ability to act out their character’s struggle. For campaigns that have Combat Monsters, these villains may be inappropriate. But they still bleed when shot.

In keeping with the street genre, a large portion of *Underworld Enemies* contains solo villains...the psychoses of most Underworld villains prevent them from working together, and, not surprisingly, many vigilantes have the same psychoses (for GMs running a campaign with a vigilante group, suggestions for villain alliances are given below). Villain point totals have been kept to a minimum, and there are few villains in this book who cannot be defeated by a lone hero using appropriate strength and cunning.

No one likes to think they are the “bad guy.” Neither do the villains in this supplement. They have justifiable reasons for why they commit “crimes,” and while their actions are illegal, they do not consider themselves criminals. They are trying to support themselves, work out a personal problem, cope with a mental instability, seek justice, help humanity, or just trying to survive.

Some backgrounds in this book are told in story form. They provide all the necessary information for running the character. Any other details are left to the GM.

THE GENRE

The characters in this book can be divided into three groups according to their point cost: the first group is Heroic Street Level characters, built on a 75 base, and having a maximum of 150 points. The second group is the Superheroic (“futuristic”) characters: cyborgs, armored vigilantes and the occasional alien running amok on the streets (Futuristic Law Enforcement and Vigilantes may find themselves up against such adversaries as they attempt to keep the peace). The third group is the Superheroic ‘four color’ characters that run from 250 points and upwards. Any of these “four color” villains can be reduced to a Heroic street level campaign by stripping them of their powers.

GMs are encouraged to tailor the characters in this supplement to fit the needs of the campaign; villains are only as weak as the GM and the plot allow. If the foes are physically inferior to the characters, their powers and abilities should be enhanced (the GM should keep copies of the players’ character sheets and use them as “power barometers” to keep an even match between PCs and their foes; this usually involves only a little manipulation the amount of points in a particular power).

Underworld Enemies uses all new skills and rules presented in *Dark Champions*, including the 1 for 10 rule for Vehicles and Base costs. GMs confronted with an unfamiliar skill should refer to *Dark Champions* for an explanation.



OTHER GENRES

Not all Underworld campaigns take place in the big city. A selection of different genres are provided here, along with suggestions for integrating *Underworld Enemies*.

UNDERWORLD INTERNATIONAL

Branches of the Saietta family can be found in Western Europe (especially Sicily) and South America; the family also takes field trips to countries filled with civil war, starvation and overcrowding to feed their appetites. Bangkok, Hong Kong, London, Mexico City and Berlin all offer interesting adventuring possibilities: Dublin would be ideally suited for a *Dark Champions* adventure with nine struggling vigilantes trying to make an impact in the Underworld as they try to fight the reemergence of the infamous Dublin Hell-Fire Club. GMs can also refer to *European Enemies*, *Champions of the North*, *Kingdom of Champions*, and *Villains: The International File* for more villains.

UNDERWORLD HIGH-TECH/CYBERHERO

While an assortment of villains for High-Tech campaigns has been detailed in *High-Tech Enemies*, additional high-tech characters are included in this book to supplement an Underworld High-Tech campaign: The Hanged Man, Artemis, Gunmetal Silk, Haywire, Hell Razor, Kid Gloves, Tenderheart and Void may be drafted into the "Sci-War" described in *High-Tech Enemies*. In addition, there are a few cybernetic supervillains in *Underworld Enemies* (in respect for futuristic heroic campaigns); if power levels are reduced and cyber-technology substituted for paranormal powers, *Underworld Enemies* can give GMs villains and NPCs for a *Cyberhero* campaign. The gangs and mercenaries in this book can also be used as supporting cast, joining cyberheroes on corporate data raids.

UNDERWORLD PSI

The Saiettas and the Asylum are well-suited for an Underworld Psi campaign; these two groups work behind the scenes and turn up when least expected (Larry Niven's *The Long Arm of Gil Hamilton* can provide source material for psychic investigators in the far future and Scott Heine's *Mindgames* can be a foundation for a "Dark Psi" Campaign). A Psi campaign has its home in the shadows and can give rise to a variety of mysterious crimes and criminal networks: a Psi war may be raging throughout the Underworld, and the city may be completely unaware of it. The "Psi" characters in this supplement rarely use firearms and rely on deception and psychological subversion to attack opponents.

For Underworld Psi campaigns, characters should possess mental defense and some degree of psychic sensitivity for criminal investigations: psychometry, erratic precognition, retrocognition (Agatha Christie's *Sleeping Murder* can provide GMs with a scenario for PCs with the ability to see into the past) and both telepathy and clairvoyance are helpful. Absolution, Ashtray Art, Black Satin, the Pretender, Plain Jane and Purge can all be used for an Underworld Psi campaign.

UNDERWORLD IN 3D

Champions in 3D gives GMs the latitude to create pure street-level campaigns; alternate Earths can be designed where paranormals never emerged at all. Characters can travel to an over-industrialized alternate Earth, where high-rises touch the sky and the undercity crawls with criminals looking for easy prey. Some characters in this supplement may have already achieved their goals on an alternate Earth: the Hanged Man brought on the Apocalypse, the Saietta family survived, multiplied and now rules the shadows, and the Idiot King succeeded in bringing enlightenment to humanity, creating a world of saving madness. The Hanged Man's business operations can be changed in an interdimensional campaign; he may scavenge weapons from other realities and sell them to other Earths. The Idiot King and the Asylum can be escaped convicts from another dimension who are holed up on Earth for a while to make it more "homey."

CHAMPIONS MARTIAL ARTS

Many criminals in this supplement know Martial Arts, and the GM can stage a "Bloodsport" for their Campaign City, involving gambling, challenges and a chance for PCs to even the score against old foes. The Hanged Man would be willing to organize the event to keep tabs on the Underworld (and to make sure the fights are to the death). Roxy, Felicity, Chastity, Brother Hood, Hail Mary, Gunmetal Silk, Hell Razor, Price and Tenderheart may be contenders, along with several skilled humans. "Bloodsport" can be combined with the Bounty Hunter campaign below.

CHAMPIONS 2050

A future world can be constructed, where the characters are waging war against the progeny of Void, with the heroes armed with *phase* weapons to hunt down and kill Void's shades before they overrun the city. The threat of Void aside, the Hanged Man may have already created his own Utopian city in 2050, free of crime and drugs. See *Underworld in 3D* for more ideas.



CHAMPIONS BOUNTY HUNTERS

Initially, *Underworld Enemies* was designed to be a series of "profiles" for bounty hunters. After the Idiot King released a mutagenic gas in the city that created mutants, the Campaign City was quarantined and the city government paid heroes and vigilantes blood money for dealing with the paranormal menaces plaguing the streets. "[*Campaign City's*] *Most Wanted*," a pirate TV show, aired at 10PM nightly, providing up to date kill ratios, the latest reports on escaped convicts, newsmaker interviews with successful bounty hunters and live footage of hunts. Film crews paid bounty hunters video footage bonuses for permission to be present at likely apprehension sites (crews that did not pay the bonuses were frequently wounded by stray gunfire or their equipment was mysteriously damaged during the fight). Gun and paranormal power restrictions were relaxed, and bounty hunters could be sanctioned by the city. Justice was meted out by whoever got in the first shot, and characters fought over who would bring the body in: Crusader, Gunmetal Silk, Haywire and Price were primary rivals in the campaign. If the GM wishes to run a bounty hunting campaign, the following villains already have a price on their head: Germ (wanted by city police; he may have already contaminated the city with his virus), Price (he is wanted by the Mafia), Purge (by Marshall Endicott, with instructions to "kill him permanently") and Void (wanted by police and METE). Any of the other villains could have a substantial price on their head, depending on their activities in the campaign.

The Hanged Man's business operations can be changed slightly; he may advertise on TV and give assignments to bounty hunters, acting as Bounty Hunter Central and providing credit for his debtors by asking them to bring in wanted criminals.

VILLAIN ALLIANCES

250+ point Vigilantes in groups of four or more will stomp any villain in this supplement. Two things can be done to offset this: One, arm the target villain to the teeth with a discount arsenal from the Hanged Man; with careful purchases, a normal human being can become the Angel of Death. Second, the GM can construct enemy groups to challenge the characters (perhaps using other villains from *Dark Champions*, *Classic Enemies* and *Champions*). The following combinations from *Underworld Enemies* are suggested:

MERCENARIES

Gunmetal Silk, Haywire, Hell Razor and Price can be hired to eliminate troublesome heroes. When combined with the mercenaries in *High Tech Enemies* and *Classic Enemies*, some impressive firepower can be brought to bear on the characters. If any of the villains in this book owe the Hanged Man a favor, he may bring them together as a Hired Gun team to eradicate a group of heroes.

ASYLUM

Many of the psychotics in *Underworld Enemies* have fought Crusader. The Idiot King, Ashtray Art, Pretender, Freak, the Fool and Sin would be willing to team up to stop a hero who is foiling their plans for humanity; if the characters have already captured Plain Jane or Tenderheart and placed them in the Asylum, these two can join the alliance.

THE SAIETTA FAMILY

While the Saietta family is treacherous and fraught with internal intrigue, the threat of extinction by a group of powerful heroes may force them into an uneasy alliance to dispose of the problem (or devour it). Crave and Vain will mentally dominate other villains or villain groups to attack the heroes rather than risk their own lives. The Saiettas can only wage an intermittent campaign, as they cannot tolerate each other for extended periods of time.

NEW SKILLS, PERKS AND DISADVANTAGES

Cost Perk

2 John Doe

John Doe: This perk is similar to the "SINless" Perk described in *Cyberhero*. Characters with this perk begin the game with no record of their (true) identity anywhere in the campaign world. This perk assumes the character is aware of what their true identity is; if not, the PC should take Mystery ID below. This Perk is bought at the same cost as a "Deep Cover" in *Dark Champions*, and as with "Deep Cover," the character will nullify their own Perk if they are not careful. This Perk can simulate a computer virus that erases any record of a character from the world's computer systems.

Both the Pretender and Gunmetal Silk possess this Perk.

Cost Disadvantage

15+ Mystery ID

Mystery ID: This is similar to "John Doe" above, except the GM decides the character's real identity. Mystery ID does not mean no one knows who the character is...there may be many people in the campaign world who know exactly who the PC is. Note that Mystery ID may cost more points if discovering the character's ID will bring more disadvantages onto the character: i.e., the psychic vigilante, Minde, discovers he is Conrad Saietta, one of Crave's children. Not only does he gain a Secret Identity: Conrad Saietta, but he also gains Hunted by Saiettas (Mo Pow), 11- for a total of 30 points in Mystery ID. PCs with Mystery ID cannot take Public or Secret ID, and any IDs they wish to assume must be taken as a Deep Cover.

As a final note, some disadvantages in this book that at first glance appear to be Psychological Limitations are actually Physical Limitations. This is true for Gunmetal Silk: she has been *programmed* to behave in certain ways and no amount of experience, maturity or psychiatric counseling will cause her to change.

CRUSADER: THE FALL

PAY YOUR DUES!

BROTHER HOOD WILL EMBRACE YOU

INTRODUCTION

There was a crash from the front door. In the kitchen, Sally Robinson jumped, nearly cutting herself with the knife she was using to chop carrots. Heart pounding, she gripped the knife tightly and slowly walked around the edge of the counter so she could see into the foyer.

"Sam?"

Her significant other, Sam Saunders, was supposed to be coming for dinner tonight, but he usually knocked before he came in. Usually. Warily, she looked into the living room.

The front door had been flung open, and there was someone crumpled on the carpet—the figure was face down. Next to the body, she could see a shield with a white star upon its surface... Crusader.

Crusader was in her living room.

She was moving toward the phone to call the police, when the figure raised his head. "Sally, don't..."

Her eyes widened in shock. "Sam?" The face that looked at her from behind the torn mask was almost unrecognizable, but the voice. "Sam—?!!"

"Sally, I..." The bloodied face contorted in pain. A red trail ran from the front door, and the shredded remnants of a black costume clung to his body.

"Sam?" Moving quickly, she bent down to check his wounds. Her head spinning, she examined his face. "Sam, you're hurt! Hold still!"

"I need your help—" Sam tried to rise, and Sally winced as she saw the gashes on his hands and chest; as she reached out to help him, he collapsed into her arms.

* * *

Crusader: The Fall is a campaign linking *Underworld Enemies* to the world of *Dark Champions*. Crusader, the hard-nosed vigilante from *Champions*, has been updated for *Dark Champions*, both as a supporting cast member and a reason for PCs to enter the world of *Underworld Enemies*.

CRUSADER

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
15	STR	5	OCV: 8		
23	DEX	39	DCV: 8		
18	CON	16	ECV: 5		
11	BODY	2	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12		
18	INT	8			
15	EGO	10	Costs		
18	PRE	8			
12	COM	1	Char: 125	Base: 100	
11	PD	8	+	+	
9	ED	5	Powers: 240	Disad: 265	
5	SPD	17	=	=	
9	REC	2	Totals: 365	365	
36	END	0			
32	STUN	4			
Cost		Powers		END	
25	Marital Arts—Karate				
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage	
	Punch	0	+2	7D6	
	Kick	-2	+1	9D6	
	Block	+2	+2	Block, Abort	
	Knifehand Strike	-2	0	1D6+1 HKA	
	Disarm	-1	+1	STR 35 Disarm	
	Dodge	—	+5	Dodge, Abort	
8	+2 DC with Martial Arts (Added in)				
14	Armor (+7PD/+7ED), OIF (Crusader Armor)				
4	Flash Defense (5), IIF (Polarized Corrective Lenses)				
5	Infrared Vision, IAF (Lenses in Mask)				
4	+4 to Sight PER rolls, only to Counteract Darkness (-½), will not work in Total Darkness (-¼), Light Flashes have a 2x Effect when he is using Night Vision (-¼), IAF (Starlight Lenses in Mask)				
14	Missile Deflection vs. all attacks, +3 to roll, OAF (shield)*				
10	Multipower (20 point pool), OAF (Utility Belt)*				
1u	<i>Acid Capsule:</i> 2D6 BODY Drain, 1 charge (-2), only vs. Entangles (-1), OAF (-1) (20/5) [1c]				
1u	<i>Alpha-Wave Interference Generator:</i> 10 pts. Mental Defense, 1 5 min. charge (-¾), OAF [10/4]				
1u	<i>Binoculars:</i> +6 vs. Range for Sight Group, OAF [9/4]				
1u	<i>Flashlight:</i> Change Environment, 1" Radius, 0 END (+½), OAF [7/3]				
1u	<i>Lockpicking Set:</i> +3 to Lockpicking, OAF [6/3]				
1u	<i>Mini-Camera:</i> Eidetic Memory; Visual Images only (-½), OAF [10/4]				
1u	<i>Mini-Recorder:</i> Eidetic Memory; Sound only (-½), OAF [10/4]				

Cost	Powers	END
1u	<i>Portable Gas Mask</i> : LS: Self-Contained Breathing, OAF [10/5]	
1u	<i>Rebreather</i> : Life Support: Breathe Underwater, 4 charges lasting 1 hour each (+¼), OAF [6/3]	
1u	<i>Smoke Pellets</i> : Darkness 2" Radius vs. Normal Sight, 6 charges, Range Based on STR (-¼), OAF [20/10]	[6c]
6	9" Gliding, OIF (glider cape)	
6	+2 with All Perception Rolls	
2	+1" Running (7" Total)	1/5"
	* Sam may not have these items if they are stolen by Crusade.	
Skills		
30	Find Weakness w/Karate, 13-	
3	Acrobatics, 14-	
3	Breakfall, 14-	
3	Bugging, 13-	
3	Concealment, 13-	
3	Criminology, 13-	
3	Deduction, 13-	
3	Disguise, 11-	
3	Interrogation, 13-	
3	Lockpicking, 13-	
3	Paramedic, 13-	
3	Shadowing, 11-	
3	Stealth, 14-	
7	Streetwise, 15-	
3	Tactics, 11-	
2	PS: Self-Defense Instructor, 11-	
2	PS: Former Security Guard, 11-	
5	Resistance (+5)	
3	Combat Sense, 11-	
3	Skill-Enhancer: Street Scholar	
1	KS: Analyze Combat Style, 11-	
1	KS: Campaign City Underworld, 11-	
1	KS: Telephone, Sewer and Utility Subsystems, 11-	
1	KS: The Martial World, 11-	
1	KS: Karate, 11-	
1	KS: Raven, 11-	
1	KS: <i>Underworld Enemies</i> , 11-	
3	CK: Campaign City, 12-	
3	Well-Connected	
1	Contact: Black Satin, 11-	
1	Contact: Crusade, 11-	
1	Contact: Investigative Reporter, 11-	
1	Contact: Divine, 8- and Contact: Street Hood, 8-	
3	SC: Psychology/Criminal Psychology, 13-	
1	Language: Gang Slang	
15	+3 Combat Levels w/HTH	
5	WF: Raven Weaponry, Street Weapons & Off-Hand	
100+ Disadvantages		
10	Enraged if people killed, 14-, 11-	
25	Psychological Limitation: Devoted to Justice (V Com, Tot)	
20	Psychological Limitation: Code vs. Killing (Com, Tot)	
5	Physical Limitation: Near-Sighted (Suffered from blow to the head)	
5	Age: 40+	
15	Reputation: Vigilante, Ext. 11-	
15	DNPC: Sally Robinson (Norm, 11-)	
30	Hunted: <i>Underworld Enemies</i> (Mo Pow) 14-	
25	Hunted: Crusade (Mo Pow) 14-	
15	Secret ID: Sam Saunders	
100	Experience	

Crusader's Original Statistics can be found in *Champions*. The statistics here represent Crusader in the *Dark Champions* universe and the world of Underworld Enemies.

Background: Sam's eyes flickered. He was laying on the couch, bandages covering his chest and arms. Sally sat on the edge of the couch, looking grim; in one hand she held a damp washcloth. When she saw him open his eyes, she stood up and crossed her arms. "Do I *want* to know, Sam?" Her voice was cold.

He hesitated. "Sally, I wanted to tell you before—"

"Before when?" her face flushed in anger. "Before *when*, Sam?! Before you came crashing into my apartment? Is this how you planned to tell me?" Her voice faltered. "You..." she glanced at the shield. "I...I can't believe you would be *that* stupid! I just can't believe it! A vigilante?! But—they're all messed up, Sam. Sick! You're hardly—"





He grabbed her arm. "Look..." She tried to pull away, but he held her tighter. "Hey!" She turned away, her lips stretched in a thin line. "Sally...I'm sorry you had to find out this way." She still looked angry. "Sally! Someone's trying..." He paused. "Sally, I need your help."

Without turning, she raised her hand for him to be silent. "Before you say anything else, Sam, before you ask for anything, I want to know *why*." Her voice dropped as she turned to glare at him, the bloodstained washcloth clenched tightly in her hand. "No more lies, Sam."

Sam suddenly felt very tired. Closing his eyes, he began to speak.

* * *

"As a CIA trainee, I was trained to infiltrate a Raven cell to act as a double agent. But someone leaked who I was, and Raven, for once, was fast on the grab and shoved me in one of their labs. The CIA never came in to bail me out. I was screwed—in more ways than one. Raven took the liberty of...reprogramming me. I was gonna be their little errand boy. They trained me, more than the CIA ever had. They did a good job.

"I went on my first mission. A trial run, to see if I 'worked'...they had a problem they wanted taken care of. So off I went. I found the problem. It was a man in his late fifties, sixties, one of their administrators; he used to work in their assassination bureau way back when, and now he wanted out. They thought he was a threat—"

Sam's fingers clenched into a fist. "He was holed up in some dingy little hotel out of state, some rat hole he thought he could sleep safely in..." Sam's shook his head slightly, his eyes narrowing. "Why couldn't he have chosen someplace safer, for Chrissakes?! Gone to the FBI or the police, or *something*? A few days delay...they might have saved his life, kept me from getting to him."

"I kicked in the door and he bolted up from the bed. He didn't even try to run when I advanced on him. My only thought was how easy the mission was...I raised my fist...and I...I killed him, Sally...I didn't even *think* about it; it was like a reflex. He didn't cry out—just stood there for a moment after I'd hit him—" Sam opened his eyes, his gaze fixed on the ceiling. "—just *looking* at me. I mean, you watch the TV, it happens all the time, but...he didn't fall down dead, he didn't just die. I had...had to hit him again. And again...and all the time I was hitting him, his eyes were still open." He coughed, and shook his head.

"After that, something *snapped*. I stood there, over his body, and it was like I was watching myself standing there, but I...me...wasn't that person. Next thing I knew, I was outside, throwing up. I must have stayed there for an hour, in the dark, replaying what happened in my mind.

"I went back to Raven and told them I'd done the job. Then I wiped out the entire base, kicking, punching and smashing my way through every one of those bastards until their screams were so loud I couldn't even think about what I had done.

"I ran, but there wasn't anywhere to go. The CIA has a reconditioning program for potential rogue operatives; it's more of a cover than anything—the agents get picked apart with drugs and psychiatrists, then they're taken to hospitals where they take meals with an IV and wait to die. I broke from the CIA; except..." Sam hesitated. "Except you don't break from the CIA. I should have told you, but—"

"You didn't." She finished. "Thanks for the trust, Sam. Thanks for letting me get involved without knowing all the facts. And not just involved with anyone, but one of the most hunted vigilantes in the city...Sam, I've *handled* cases brought against you—"

"I'm not a criminal, Sally." Sam's eyes narrowed. "I would have died fifteen times over for what I did and have died for anyone else in this city. *Anyone*...if I could just take it back. I had to do someth—"

"But dress up, Sam?!" She pointed at the costume resting on the chair. "Play the dark avenger?! Christ, Sam, we have too many lunatics killing people left and right because they think they know what's best for everyone else." She looked at him. "You should have told me, Sam."

She stood up.

"You should have told me." She walked into her bedroom, slamming the door behind her. Crusader closed his eyes. His tattered costume lay nearby, the blood drying on its surface.

Personality: Sam Saunders' twenty year vigilante career has been a coping mechanism for his deep feelings of guilt and frustration. Finding failings in himself as Sam Saunders, he turned to an alternate identity, Crusader, who had the abilities and the freedom to set things right. As the years passed, Sam turned his crime fighting into a spiritual calling, disciplining himself with a rigorous training schedule. While not gifted with paranormal abilities, Sam held his own against the deadliest Underworld Enemies, and his rapport with the dark side of the city enabled him to succeed where more popular heroes would have failed.

Quote: "Dammit! Don't any of them *stay* in the Asylum?!"

Powers/Tactics: Crusader's statistics have been adjusted for *Dark Champions*. While his martial arts skills have improved, his physical abilities have waned; Crusader has discovered he must frequently resort to tricks and ambushes to defeat his opponents.

Appearance: Crusader is a well-built man in his late 40's; his face is hardened, and his hair is graying around the edges. His costume is black with gray trim (the utility belt is also gray) and his shield has been repainted black and white (the star remains; it is intended to be conspicuous and draw gunfire when necessary). Kevlar insets have been sewn into his costume; the increase of guns on the street, his loss of dexterity and the frequent theft of his shield by his opponents have made him resort to added protection.

SALLY ANNE ROBINSON

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
10	STR	0	OCV: 4	
12	DEX	6	DCV: 4	
11	CON	2	ECV: 5	
10	BODY	0	Phases: 6, 12	
15	INT	5		
15	EGO	10	Costs	
13	PRE	3		
10	COM	0	Char: 26	Base: 25
2	PD	0	+	+
2	ED	0	Powers: 29	Disad: 70
2	SPD	0	=	=
4	REC	0	Totals: 55	55
22	END	0		
21	STUN	0		

Skills

- 2 PS: Defense Attorney, 11-
- 2 KS: Law, 11-
- 2 KS: Library Research, 11-
- 3 Bureaucratics, 12-
- 3 Oratory, 12-
- 3 Persuasion, 12-
- 3 Deduction, 12-
- 3 Criminology, 12-
- 3 SC: Computer Science, 12-
- 2 Contact: Reporter, 11-
- 3 Latin (Fluent)

100+ Disadvantages

- 15 Psychological Limitation: Hunting Crusader's Killer
- 15 Psychological Limitation: In love with Sam Saunders
- 5 Physical Limitation: Near-Sighted (Wears Glasses)
- 10 Watched: The Bar Association 11-
- 15 Hunted: Crusade (Mo Pow) 11-
- 10 Public ID: Sally Robinson



Quote: "I'm trying to find out who Sam Saunders was..."

Personality: Sally is confused and upset. Discovering her boyfriend of several years was actually Crusader left her angry, but she is determined to find his killer. If she succeeds, she may be the next victim.

Powers/Tactics: Sally has no superhuman powers, but she has a lot of common sense. She is not reckless and will not stick around while vigilantes unload clips into one another. Despite her lack of powers, she can take care of herself.

Appearance: Sally is a slight black woman in her late 30's with long black hair. She dresses in business suits and thick glasses (she is near-sighted) and is usually carrying a briefcase under one arm. Her intolerance for foolishness is legendary.

Background: When Sally Robinson discovered her boyfriend Sam Saunders was the enigmatic and violent vigilante known as Crusader, her life took a dramatic turn. Shortly after Sam, wounded by a mysterious adversary, staggered into her apartment dressed as Crusader, Sally took him to a hospital and watched over him. After he recovered, Sally took a leave from work to visit her mother in Cleveland, telling Sam she needed time to sort things out.

Sally stayed with her mother for a week. Mrs. Robinson expressed her sympathy for her daughter's plight, but didn't forget to mention she always felt there was always something "strange" about Sam. Mrs. Robinson suggested Sally should persuade Sam to stop his vigilante activities, and if possible, to go to the police and turn himself in.

Sally kept herself busy doing tasks around her mother's house, trying to reconcile her feelings about Sam. Two days ago, Sally returned to the Campaign City to find Sam and speak to him.

She returned to find him dead.



THE FALLEN

The Fall begins shortly after Crusader is hurled to his death from atop a building in the Campaign City. An anonymous phone call to the police sends a patrol car to examine the area, and Crusader's broken body (without his shield and utility belt) is found on the pavement below the building. His body looks as if he suffered many wounds before he fell...bruises and lacerations cover almost every inch of his body. When Sally returns to the Campaign City, she will immediately begin the hunt for Sam's killer.

Characters can be drawn into *the Fall* in the following ways:

1. Sally Robinson comes to the characters. If the GM is running a four-color campaign with popular heroes, Sally Robinson comes to the characters for help in tracking down Crusader's killer...she is only a human being and cannot find nor confront many of the villains in this supplement. Her plea for help should compel four-color characters to enter the Underworld. If the GM is already running a *Dark Champions* campaign, Sally can accuse the heroes/vigilantes of having killed Crusader, perhaps setting the police on the heroes' trail or else confronting the heroes directly and demanding an explanation. If Sally can be dissuaded from her beliefs, she will ask vigilantes for help.
2. For PCs "Devoted to Justice" or "Obsessed with Crimefighting" (see p.14-15 in *Dark Champions*), Crusader's murderer must be found and punished. This should lead the PCs to every character in this supplement (they all had a motive) in an attempt to track down Crusader's killer, fighting most of the solo villains as well as entering the Asylum to try to find Crusader's killer among the inmates.
3. Crusader's death has unleashed the Underworld. His presence forced many villains to restrain themselves; he had truces with many of them and had achieved an understanding with the Asylum inmates that they would hunt down and attack him first over innocent civilians. Now that he is dead, his arch-enemies are ready to act (the Saiettas and the Hanged Man will do their best to exploit the unrest in the Underworld for their personal gain). The PC(s) will have to hunt down and stop the rampaging Underworld criminals.

Author's Note: While NPC deaths are not to be treated lightly, they rarely contain the same emotional impact PC and DNPC deaths do. As such, *The Fall* should be treated as an example of a PC death and how it can be turned into an adventure. As a rule, the more character-intensive an adventure is, the more intense the roleplaying.

One way to accomplish this would be to start a *Dark Champions* campaign and have one of the PCs design the victim; the GM can have each character design one to three vigilante characters, telling them either that they will be using different vigilantes throughout the campaign or that the characters will need "spares" should their main character die. Once the characters have chosen their characters, start *the Fall* by killing one of the "spares" (hopefully the player's least favorite). Making a PC design the victim's history can take some of the adventure burden off the GM and increase the player's contribution and involvement to the adventure. When the extra is found dead, the PC should be motivated to scour the depths of the Underworld, looking for clues to the killer. GMs should *not* use this option if the player will respond violently to this admittedly dirty trick.

The GM can also use *The Fall* as a "Radiation Accident" (see p.S9 in Campaigning Section of *Champions*), where the "old" version of the PC is killed, but the point totals are transferred onto the "new" character investigating the old PC's death.

Finally, whether the victim is a PC or not, the GM can use *The Fall* to draw several vigilantes together as a group. By having each character possess one important clue to the killer (for added roleplaying, one of them may be the killer) they will be forced to cooperate in order to capture the murderer.

OPTIONS

Who killed Crusader?

A killer *is* provided, but the final decision on who killed the vigilante rests with the GM; the killer can either be one of the villains in this book or one chosen from another supplement. As a result, many of the details of Crusader's death have been left vague to accommodate the weapons of choice of a number of villains. Once the GM has chosen a killer, they should refer to pp.53-59 in *Dark Champions* to run the murder investigation; it is assumed that the PCs will discover that Crusader was Sam Saunders, and this should lead them to Sally Robinson.

As a twist, Crusader may have committed suicide or was shot by a common street hood—while this would be an anticlimax for many PCs, it would undercut the paranormal killer cliché and give the characters a reminder of the dangers of adventuring in *Dark Champions*.

For GMs who do not wish to kill the aging vigilante, Crusader may have faked his death to bring his "killer" out of hiding; the corpse could have been a replica, the Pretender, or one of the Pretender's victims. The GM should be wary when using this option, however. Death is a part of the Underworld environment, and all too often, "cop-outs" are used to give immortality to characters. Having Crusader die will reinforce the PC's own mortality.

If the GM does not wish to kill Crusader or run a “search and destroy” mission for a killer, Crusader can be used as a ‘vigilante over the edge’ or as a rival or ally to the heroes—perhaps serving as an origin story for a fledgling hero. Crusader may be about to retire, and decides to seek out and teach a PC to follow in his footsteps. This training will involve Crusader surrendering his gadget belt and shield to the hero and training him in Martial Arts. The GM should roleplay this training; it is the equivalent of a religious indoctrination. The apprentice PC will gain much of the information in *Underworld Enemies* (Crusader’s computer files—see below) and Crusader’s gadgets and street knowledge.

WELCOME TO THE UNDERWORLD

Sally paused outside Sam’s apartment. With a shaking hand, she reached into her purse and pulled forth Sam’s ring of keys; Sam had at least fifty deadbolts on his door that had to be unlocked. He had always said he installed them because he was crime-conscious, but with her added knowledge of his other life, he had more to worry about than most. He probably used the window, Sally thought ruefully, sorting through the keys and trying to decide which to start with. Glancing around, she slipped the first key into the lock and began to unlock the door. She wouldn’t know how she would explain entering his apartment. She didn’t know any of the people who lived on Sam’s hall...perhaps she could say that she was getting some personal belongings.

What she had really come for was to see his files, anything that might tell her who had killed him. Unlocking the last deadbolt, Sally opened the door and shut it quietly behind her. Even in the darkness, she could make out the lumpy shadows that covered the floor; Sam had the annoying habit of scattering his clothes on his floor and letting them sit until they became “clean” again. Unwilling to turn on the lights in case it attracted the neighbors, Sally navigated through the darkened room to the bedroom where Sam kept his computer.

Once there, Sally shut the bedroom door, then moved over to the windows and drew the blinds. Nervousness eating at her, she walked softly over to the silhouette of the desk where the computer lay and sat down before the terminal. Stretching her arm around the computer, she switched the CPU on and jumped as the computer hummed to life.

The screen remained blank, and a cursor flickered at the upper left corner. Sally frowned. There was no startup message.

Sally typed: >DIR and waited. Seconds later, the computer responded:

...Password Incorrect. Access Denied.

Sally cursed softly. Leave it to Sam to guard everything. Tapping her finger against the keyboard, she glanced around the darkened room, wracking her brain. After thinking for a moment, she resumed typing.

>CRUSADER

...Password Incorrect. Access Denied.

Damn. Sally was normally quite friendly with computers, but this one seemed to have a stubborn streak. What would Sam use as a password? It would be something he wouldn’t forget...something with less than eight letters. Her eyes drifted around the room until it fell on a picture by the bed. It was of her and Sam at McArthur Park, shortly after they met. Turning back to the terminal, Sally typed:

>SALLY

...Processing...

Sally let out a slow breath...only to have it catch in her throat as text began to scroll down the screen.

Sally, if you're here now, then I'm dead. It's vital you download all the information on the hard drive to disks and hide it away. Daniel must not be allowed to—

Daniel? Who the hell was Daniel?

—have access to these files. If they come into his possession, these people will die. The killing has to stop, Sally. Be careful. If he killed me, he'll come looking for you.

I'm sorry it had to end this way, Sally.

I love you.

The text ended. The cursor flashed at the bottom of the screen, the computer directory filling the top half of the monitor. One entry was outlined in white, and, typing quickly, Sally called up the file.

>B: UNDERWORLD ENEMIES



THE ASYLUM

PAY YOUR DUES!

BROTHER HOOD WILL EMBRACE YOU

SETTING THE STAGE

The Asylum is a sharp-angled structure that rests atop a crag on the fringe of the Campaign City. A towering gray wall surrounds the structure, the wall's crumbling moss-covered stones and rusted barbed wire lining the top seeming to have given up hope of keeping the inmates within its bounds. Past the crumbling stone wall, a rutted road runs along the base of the crag; withered fields and broken rock gouged from the cliff face flank a swift river flowing hundreds of feet below; there is no sign of man's presence at all, no paths or human structures; tall grass, briar thorns and the Wall are the only things that greet a wanderer outside the Asylum grounds. In the mornings, a thick mist rises from the river to drift upwards along the face of the crag; as the day dies, the mist and lengthening shadows play with sight and the gray shape of the Asylum, and it juts beyond the precipice to become suspended in the darkening sky.

The eaves of the Asylum's shingled roof plunge nearly to the foundation, the stone the same dead color as the crag on which the Asylum lies; when night falls, sickly yellow light spills from behind the heavily-barred window panes, the dim light broken only by passing shadows and strange lights that flicker in the outer darkness. Peaked gables and odd-pillared doorways encircle the structure, and the exterior wall is host to sickly green moss and climbing ivy, with crumbling brick peaking through where the moss has not yet grown.

There is a frightening sense of *nonbelonging* to visitors, as if they have crossed a boundary humans were not meant to cross; within the Asylum, low ceilings, wormy panels, and the echoes of disquieting, half-whispered soliloquies can be heard in dark hours.

INTRODUCTION

The Asylum "holds" mentally ill foes and creates new ones for *Dark Champions* campaigns. The Asylum saves the GM the trouble of having to constantly break villains out of prison when they are needed for an adventure; the Asylum provides a "circulating villain" effect. It is a simple matter for Asylum inmates to slip away in the night when they feel the need to interact with the rest of the world. The length of this book prevents a detailed examination of the Asylum; a summary of the institution and its residents are provided instead.

As with the other characters in this book, most of the inmates possess paranormal powers; the GM should tailor their statistics for their own genre: For *Pure Street Level*, remove Pretender's ability to carve his face and have him employ a disguise kit instead and take away Sin's enhanced statistics, armor and Absorption. The rest of the inmates should have their powers stripped away but retain their above average mental and physical abilities, especially

STUN, to simulate their ability to shrug off damage. For a *Futuristic* campaign, the villains can be kept as they are with cosmetic changes, and for four color, 250+ point campaigns, the GM will should enhance the powers of the inmates, raising their attacks and abilities to 50 to 60 Active Points, and their Defenses to 20 to 25 points.

ASYLUM CAMPAIGNING

The Players will soon realize the Asylum is not secure; eventually, they will request that insane criminals be treated elsewhere rather than at the Asylum. It's a good idea.

But it won't work.

First, the heroes will discover no facility in the Campaign City is equipped to handle the villain's neuroses; and as the ruling will inevitably be that these criminals need psychiatric treatment, they cannot go to the local penitentiary. Characters researching the Campaign City records will notice there have been numerous attempts in the past both to tighten Asylum security and provide alternative medical care for the mentally ill. All these initiatives have met with failure.

The Asylum's director, Dr. Shreiver (treat as Normal Human with 15 INT and a selection of psychiatry skills—see also the Pretender and Freak), her stubbornness and recalcitrance aside, refuses to hire any more staff. Her secret reasoning behind this is that there have been too many fatalities in the past for her to hire more victims (she still remembers how Dr. Reeves was transformed into Freak and the staff guards killed by Sin in the 1988 outbreak); newcomers to the Asylum ultimately become prey of one of the psychopathic inmates. Dr. Shreiver has never admitted this to the city government, and simply claims that there is not enough funding to enact the reforms that the city requires to be done.

Characters who research this phenomenon will notice that there is a history of newly constructed psychiatric hospitals in the state suffering mysterious accidents: hospital wings have been torched (many of these arson attempts performed by Ashtray Art), their wards beset with strange psychopathic outbreaks and several incidents of medication for the inmates being poisoned. All of these accidents were somehow linked to interference from an Asylum inmate. Thus, without the means to treat these patients, hospitals and other clinics are forced to transfer their prisoners to the Asylum.

When they catch a psychotic criminal, a character has two options (For more information on pleading insanity, see *Psychiatric Sentencing* on p.66 in *Dark Champions*). One, the inmate can be transferred over state lines and treated at an out-of-state clinic. The criminal in question will either escape in flight or from the new clinic soon after his transfer, however, either by his own means or with help from another Asylum member.

The second option is to kill the inmate. Most of the criminals here are dangerous, and Dark Champions vigilantes may feel right in killing them. If the inmates are dying in droves, however, the GM should send the heroes up against Sin (who thrives on killing attacks) and the Idiot King and the Pretender (who, in addition to being difficult to nail down, also drug innocents, dress them up to look like themselves and leave them where a Mad Slasher can find them), who can make vigilante killers tread more warily in the future.

OTHER INMATES

More inmates can be chosen from *Underworld Enemies*, including Absolution, Ashtray Art, Germ, Plain Jane, Purge (any incarnation) and Tenderheart. Rigor Mortis and the Bogeyman from *Dark Champions* can also be inmates.

The paranormal inmates, however, are only a tiny fraction of the residents; congenital idiots, hydrocephalics, born imbeciles, paranoids, catatonics and manic depressives fill the Asylum. Despite their neuroses, they consider the Asylum to be the closest thing to home they have, and they are not willing to destroy it.

It is an unspoken rule that the inmates are forbidden to harm Dr. Shreiver.

visible behind the waterfall of hair that covered her face. Her sulking fury over having her picture taken was a sharp contrast to her sister—Georgia sat delicately, her posture carefully rehearsed, her smile forced. It was the smile she displayed whenever Elliot tried to share an amusing story with her, the smile she used to humor the world as she attended to her own business. For all her coolness, that smile always stood out in her pictures, deluding viewers into believing Georgia must be the happiest woman alive and evoking the envy Georgia thrived upon. Elliot had been astounded by the number of pictures of her that hung on the walls of her home when he had come for rare visits. Her husband was a rising executive in *Krestar* (a position Elliot had helped him secure), and they lived up North. Rea lived with her husband in California. Neither of his daughters came for visits; Rea had stopped visiting him when he had stopped her weekly allowance after she became a lawyer in the record industry. She considered the recall of her allowance as a slap in the face and now refused to speak to him.

Elliot's thoughts clouded as he looked at the photograph, twirling the drink in his hand. There was family the picture didn't show; his youngest daughter, Cory, who he had thrown out of his house years ago when she decided, against his orders, to apply for the Peace Corps and travel to Africa. She had returned barely a year ago...only to be stabbed to death after she had refused to let two men cut in front of her at a Food Mart. He stopped twirling his drink. The night he had thrown her out of the house, she had been the calm voice against his fury. She said, almost matter-of-fact, she loved him, but his work, his misguided devotion to her sisters was eating him up, amounting to ...

"...nothing at all. You can't even see what's right in front of your face, Dad! This life, this...pathetic money-grubbing no-purpose career of yours is nothing! And meanwhile, you're blind to the world, even to your own family..."

Elliot frowned. He had gone to the trouble to send her to the best schools, to cultivate her properly...and she had betrayed him. His eyes drifted down to the fire beneath the mantelpiece, the flames dying, the logs cooling in the ashes. Cory had continued to write to him a year before her death, but he had torn up every letter and cast it into the fire. *Father* would have approved of what he had done—he had not tolerated disrespect. Elliot had been right to disown Cory.

The drink lay idly in his hand as his eyes moved along the row of waiting photographs that stood at the mantelpiece. There were the pictures of him, at the bank, from his slow rise from cashier to manager to regional supervisor. And behind each photograph, he recalled the struggle that had gone on behind the scenes: he had fought the mortgage; country club; schools; lessons for his daughters—modeling, dancing, and swimming, golf, tennis, ballet and the saxophone; the orthodontist, fifty dollars every time he tightened one of the screws in Rea's braces and her staggering charge accounts...Georgia at prep school with her new dresses, averaging five to eight a month, jumping from school to school until she could find a major that pleased her and didn't interfere with her social life.

He sunk wearily in the chair and glanced at the letter that lay on the floor at his feet. Georgia had been the one who had written to him. She and Rea had met over Christmas and decided he was too old to take care of himself—he needed "adequate medical care," they stated, and refused to elaborate on what his ailment might be. A retirement home would be a smart move. They would divide the estate. Sell it, perhaps.

ELLIOT MANNS

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
10	STR	0	OCV: 4	
13	DEX	9	DCV: 4	
11	CON	2	ECV: 2	
10	BODY	0	Phases: 6, 12	
5	INT	-5	Costs	
5	EGO	-10		
10	PRE	0		
10	COM	0	Char: 2	Base: 50
5	PD	3	+	+
5	ED	3	Powers: 74	Disad: 26
2	SPD	0	=	=
4	REC	0	Totals: 76	76
22	END	0		
21	STUN	0		
Cost		Powers	END	
68	12D6 Mind Control: One command: "Underestimate Me" (-½), No verbal component (+¼), 0 END, Persistent, Always On		0	
3	KS: Play Violin, 12-			
3	KS: Sweeping Floors, 12-			
50+		Disadvantages		
5	Accidental Change: To the Idiot King, at the whim of the GM, 8-			
10	Watched: The Asylum (Mo Pow), 11-			
11	Villain Bonus			

Background: Photographs, trapped in gilded frames, crouched on the mantelpiece above the fire. One showed Elliot and his daughters basking in the sun in the Bahamas, Elliot's hairline already showing signs of its "economic recession." His two daughters, Rea and Georgia, in their late teens, sat beneath him; Rea, her dark hair permed for the trip, averted her face from the camera, her beady eyes barely



On the mantelpiece, the pictures crouched. Waiting. And in one of the pictures, Elliot's father gazed down at him imperiously, his lips pressed into a thin line.

The drink resting in his hand, Elliot thought back.

* * *

Elliot cradled King in his hands, the tiny wooden crown sitting crookedly on the doll's head as it looked at Elliot with its black button eyes. King's yarn hair stuck out around the crown, and Elliot stared at King's face to avoid his father's stern gaze.

"Your teacher told me you scored high on your aptitude test, Elliot. All she needs is for you to show improvement in your class work for her to recommend you for the G.T. class." Elliot moved King's arms so it looked like he was waving. Elliot's father frowned. "Stop playing with that when I'm talking to you!" The doll was ripped from his grasp, its tiny arms swinging, held helpless in his father's iron grip, and Elliot cried out as his father hand tightened around King's middle. "You want to play with girl toys all your life?!" His father, snarling, hurled the doll into the corner of the room. "You're too old for games, Elliot. It's time to be an adult now."

In the corner of the room, King lay in a heap. Its wooden crown had rolled away, and it watched Elliot with its tiny button eyes as the child wiped away his tears.

* * *

Father had been right, of course. More attention to his studies had done wonders for his career. There had been no one more respected at the bank; although Elliot had started getting the impression late in his career some of the staff wished he would move on. He had always treated his daughters fairly...except Cory. But she had been head-strong and impatient.

He glanced back down at the letter. A retirement home.

They suggested he would be happy there.

Elliot set his drink down on the desk near the chair and reached for the pistol resting next to it. As the pictures looked down on him, Elliot placed the cold steel barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

Personality: Elliot's attempted suicide left him living the life of a mentally handicapped resident of the Asylum. Georgia and Rea made arrangements for Elliot to stay at the Asylum, the cheapest alternative under the circumstances and left him there to rot while they fought each other for rights to the estate.

At the Asylum, Elliot was docile and submitted to the ministrations of the staff, letting them dress him, feed him and put him to bed. He never spoke, never uttered a sound and occasionally played in the crafts room, scrawling pictures on blank sheets of paper with red crayons, placing crowns of woven paper shreds on his head or smearing finger paint on his face. He had brief flurries of activity; once he had to be stopped from running out onto Asylum grounds during a thunderstorm, and at another time, he was found raving and screaming in his cell, having cast off his clothes and frightening the other patients. Months passed at the Asylum, and Elliot began to draw more and more, using chalk, pencil stubs and toothpaste to sketch on the floors, walls and ceiling of his cell; the staff paid little or no attention to his activities, considering them to be mindless drivel. Every night, Elliot was guided to bed by the Asylum staff, where he lay awake for hours until he drifted off into a restless slumber.

And one day, the Idiot King woke up.

Quote: "...nothing will come of nothing..."

IDIOT KING

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
10	STR	0	OCV: 5	
13	DEX	9	DCV: 5	
11	CON	2	ECV: 3	
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12	
25	INT	15		
15	EGO	10	Costs	
15	PRE	5		
10	COM	0	Char: 94	Base: 100
6	PD	4	+	+
6	ED	4	Powers: 526	Disad: 520
4	SPD	17	=	=
4	REC	0	Totals: 620	620
40	END	9		
40	STUN	19		
Cost		Powers		END
10	Multiform to Elliot Manns			
267	200 Point Mastermind Power Pool: Can be used for Followers (Thugs), Vehicles, Bases, skills and powers appropriate for his schemes. Only change between adventures (-½)			
25	Multipower (50 Active Points), OAF (Carpet Bag)			
3u	3D6 STR Drain, Ranged (+½), Must target non-armored hit locations (-¼), 2 hypodermic clips, 6 charges			
1u	each, OAF (Tranquilizer Gun) [45/26]			[2x6c]
1u	5D6 EB, NND [Life Support: Self-Contained Breathing], Area Effect: 5" Radius, Range based on STR (-¼), 1 charge, OAF (Anesthesia Bomb) [50/12]			[1c]
1u	3D6 EB, NND (Life Support: Self-Contained Breathing), OAF (Anesthesia Pellets), 6 charges, Range based on STR (-¼), [30/10]			[6c]
1u	+5" Superleap (7"/4" total), 0 END, OIF (Floppy Shoes), [15/10]			0
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Armored Long Johns)			
15	Mental Defense (15)			
3	Flash Defense (5), OIF (Mask)			
7	Life Support: Self-Contained Breathing, OIF (Mask)			
4	+2" Running (8" Total)			1/5"
Skills				
3	Cryptography, 14-			
9	Deduction, 17-			
1	Combat Driving: Car, 8-			
3	Acting, 12-			
3	Conversation, 12-			
3	Persuasion, 12-			
3	High Society, 12-			
5	Tactics, 15-			
3	Forgery, 14-			
3	Disguise, 12-			
3	Sleight of Hand, 12-			
10	Eidetic Memory			
3	Lightning Calculator			
3	Speed Reading			
15	3D6 Luck			
1	Poetic License			
3	Jack of All Trades			
3	PS: Banker, 14-			
3	PS: Pharmacist, 14-			
3	PS: Violinist, 14-			
3	Scientist			

Skills	
2	SC: Accounting, 14-
4	SC: Criminology, 15-
4	SC: Mathematics and Logic, 15-
4	SC: Pharmacology/Toxicology, 15-
4	SC: Philosophy/Metaphysics, 15-
4	SC: Psychology (Criminal), 15-
4	SC: Sociology, 15-
3	Scholar
2	KS: Games of Chance, 14-
2	KS: Criminal Law, 14-
2	KS: Library Research, 14-
2	KS: The Law Enforcement World, 14-
2	KS: Children's Rhymes, Puzzles and Games, 14-
2	KS: Wordplay: Witty Comebacks, Puns, Riddles, 14-
2	KS: Ciphers and Codes, 14-
2	AK: The Asylum, 14-
2	CK: Campaign City, 14-
8	Language: American Sign Language, Chinese, French
15	+3 Skill Levels with any INT-based Skill
15	+3 Skill Levels with any PRE-based Skill
6	+2 Combat Levels with Carpet Bag Multipower
100+ Disadvantages	
10	Accidental Change to Elliot Manns when he sees his own face, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Determined to Raise the Consciousness of Humanity
10	Psychological Limitation: The World is his Playground
10	Psychological Limitation: Unpredictable Thrillseeker
10	Psychological Limitation: Disdains Violence
5	Physical Limitation: Bruises Easily
5	Age: 40+
15	Reputation: Eccentric Genius, Ext. 11-
20	Hunted: The Asylum (Mo Pow) 11-
15	Hunted: Crusader (As Pow) 15-
10	Public ID: Elliot Manns
390	Idiot King Bonus

Personality: After his attempted suicide, Elliot suffered brain damage and his IQ dropped to 50. For some unknown reason, however, he sporadically manifests a genius alternate personality known as "the Idiot King." The trigger for this manifestation is unknown (GM discretion), and this alternate personality bears no resemblance to Elliot before his accident. When Elliot transforms (the Idiot King refers to it as "divine inspiration"), the Idiot King "plays Elliot" to keep the Asylum staff off-guard, then escapes before the staff discovers what has happened. Each time Elliot has "divine inspiration," the Idiot King gains one point of intelligence (use experience points), his menace increases and his plans show a greater disregard for human life.

The Idiot King is a madcap mastermind, determined to stir up society, break down conventions and leave the city reeling. No scheme, no matter how twisted, ridiculous or off-the-wall is beyond him; his crimes vary from city-wide pranks to cataclysmic threats (see *The Asylum* for descriptions of his past crimes). Despite the seeming foolishness of his crimes and pranks, the Idiot King's goal behind every crime is to make the city question their world and interact with it. He wants the world to wake up, to think and to *evolve*.

The danger the Idiot King poses to the city fluctuates from one extreme to another: whatever the "danger," the Idiot King never thinks small. He embarks on crimes that force characters to tax their mental and physical abilities to stop him; he dislikes fisticuffs and will often stage confrontations with his adversaries that forces them to match wits with him; the King respects a character's intelligence, not their fighting skills or firepower. The Idiot King, in his role as the master thinker, frequently hires thugs and mercenaries to perform the strenuous, physical labor his plans require (many of his cronies grumble about this).

The Idiot King enjoys discussing his plans with captured foes to invite suggestions, commentary or objections ("How good could the plan be if it can be questioned?" is one of his favorite sayings).

Quote: "I find reality more and more unsatisfying as life goes on."

Powers/Tactics: The Idiot King is *smart*. While he does not possess the raw technical knowledge of conventional scientists, he makes up for it with spontaneity, imagination and sheer creativity. He has a dizzying variety of gizmos at his disposal and at least ten alternate plans of action should the heroes come knocking. The Idiot King's arsenal is jammed in a carpet bag he carries; although he prefers to use non-lethal weapons against foes, in the past, he has killed people he considered "dull" and has used chemical gases that cause madness and insanity in his victims.





The characters will know when the Idiot King is embarking on a new scheme; he always sends the city a "wake up call" to let them know he is up and about (See *Asylum Adventures*); these "wake-up calls" test the reaction time and intelligence of heroes and law enforcement agencies in the area and allow the Idiot King to know what PCs will be taking part in the adventure. The police usually start drinking Maalox whenever a "call" comes in.

Knowing the Idiot King is out and stopping him are two different things, however. To stop him, the heroes *must* anticipate him. If they do not, he will lead them through ambush after ambush, deathtrap after deathtrap until he tires of them and enacts his plan anyway. If the characters continually wait for the Idiot King to do something, they will be putting themselves in great danger; odds are, by waiting, they are doing exactly what he wants them to do. Furthermore, if characters refuse to "play," the Idiot King will get sulky and prematurely enact his grand plan, without giving the heroes time to stop it. The Idiot King can be beaten only by outthinking him; this may create a strain on some combat-oriented characters.

The Idiot King is afraid of physical combat and will go to any lengths to avoid a fistfight. When faced with a physical threat, his first instinct is to run, hurling anesthesia bombs to distract his foe. If this proves ineffective, he will open fire with his tranquilizer darts or pull out a large radio box with a bright red button, press it, and hurl it somewhere, screaming "the countdown has begun!" and make a break for it, hoping the hero will attempt to stop the signal.

The Idiot King, should he see his face in a mirror, will revert to Elliot (Staff members speculate this is because the Idiot King suddenly realizes he is human again, and this deflates his divine ambitions). As a result, the Idiot King wears a face mask when committing crimes, both to protect him from Accidental Changes and to put on innocents he captures. He can become an effective cure for Mad Slasher characters as he drugs up victims, dresses them up to look like him, and then leaves them where vigilantes will find them.

The Idiot King "wakes up" whenever the GM wishes.

Appearance: Lanky, with wide eyes, a sharp nose and long legs, Elliot looks more like a goofy stork than a criminal mastermind. He wears dead white pajamas, and spends his days sitting in his room, staring at the floor with a blank gaze. A large scar is visible on his forehead (where the bullet penetrated) and his face is slack and expressionless. In the depths of night, the staff can occasionally hear him playing the violin.

As the Idiot King, Elliot sports a scruffy tweed suit that smells of mothballs, a bow tie and a full face mask. His left hand holds a carpet bag, and he wears large, yellow clown shoes that give him a shambling gait. His hands are covered with white dinner gloves. When Elliot transforms into the Idiot King, his eyes take on a half-amused gleam.

THE FOOL

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
20	STR	10	OCV: 7		
21	DEX	33	DCV: 10		
13	CON	6	ECV: 7		
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12		
10	INT	0			
20	EGO	20	Costs		
15	PRE	5			
2	COM	-4	Char:	132	Base: 100
15	PD	11		+	+
15	ED	12	Powers:	254	Disad: 286
5	SPD	19		=	=
10	REC	6	Totals:	386	386
44	END	9	† Ineffective vs. attackers that do not have a nervous system, (-¼)		
32	STUN	5			
Cost		Powers			END
20	Martial Arts - Kicking Feats				
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage	
	Kick	0	+2	6D6	
	Disarm Kick	-1	+1	STR 30 Disarm	
	Choke	-2	0	Grab, 2D6 NND*	
	Groin Kick	-1	+1	2D6 NND	
	Legsweep	-1	+1	5D6, Opp. Falls	
	* To perform Choke, the Fool must be wearing his straitjacket or be able to wrap his legs around the target's neck.				
48	Multipower (60 Active Points): Nervous System Manipulation†				
4u	4D6 Ego Attack, works vs. Power Defense instead of Mental Defense [40/40] 4				
3u	4D6 Entangle, DEF 4, Entangle takes no damage from attack (+½), Act 14-, cannot form "walls" (-¼), Entangle is automatically canceled when Fool is stunned or knocked unconscious (-½) [60/27] 6				
3u	4D6 Flash vs. <i>either</i> Hearing Group or Sight Group, not both (-¼), works vs. Power Defense instead of Flash Defense, Flash is automatically canceled when the Fool is stunned or knocked unconscious (-½) [60/34] 6				
2u	4D6 Suppress, vs. Biological-Mutant Powers (+¼) [25/25] 2				
4m	+4 DCV ("Read" an opponent's movements; this is <i>not</i> a fixed slot and can be combined with other attacks) [20/20]				
34	Invisibility to Danger Sense & Mental Power Sense Group, Fringe, 0 END, Persistent, Always On†				
44	Spatial Awareness, 360 Sense, Targeting†				
10	Mental Defense (10)				
9	+3 with All Perception Rolls				
3	Mental Awareness				
5	Extra Limbs: Can use legs as hands				
Skills					
16	Find Weakness with Martial Arts, 11-†				
7	Danger Sense, Out of Combat, Intuitional (-1), 11- †				
3	Double-Jointed				
3	Acrobatics, 13-				
3	Breakfall, 13-				
3	Contortionist, 13-				
15	+3 DCV (Added In)				
9	+3 Combat Levels with Multipower				
6	+2 Combat Levels with Martial Arts				

100+ Disadvantages	
10	2x Effect from Drains and Transfers
10	2x STUN from Electrical Attacks
20	Psychological Limitation: Incomprehensible
15	Physical Limitation: "Blind"
15	Physical Limitation: Mute
15	Physical Limitation: No Hands (Can use feet)
10	Distinctive Features: Blind, No Hands, Unkempt Hair.
20	Hunted: Asylum (Mo Pow) 11-
20	Hunted: Police (Mo Pow, NCI) 11-
15	Hunted: Crusader 11-
136	Villain Bonus

Background: Percy was twelve, watching the rain fall, his hands nestled deep in his pockets.

The raindrops fell on the grass and were lost as Blanks, their bodies flickering, gathered around the coffins suspended above the pits. The umbrella Mother held only half-covered him and the rain ran down the side of his face. He couldn't remember what he had been doing when he heard Brothers had died in the car wreck. Like everything else, it wasn't important—gray, lifeless. Brothers had never existed for him at all. He couldn't recall when he had played with them, any moments he had shared with them. They were only Blanks. Like the others.

And he hadn't realized it was this way until Brothers had died. Suddenly, things had *changed*. He had taken a closer look at the world—and had been terrified by what he saw.

None of it was real. His friends, his family—lifeless. Blank. And they had a flickering about them—sometimes dull, sometimes bright—coursing in their bodies, surrounding them like an aura. Sometimes, Percy could reach out and touch it, and the Blank would become confused, lose their balance or collapse...like puppets.

Percy's shoulders slumped, and Mother shivered beside him. She scared him more than the others. Shouldn't he have some memories about her? Anything at all? She just seemed Mother: a large block of space, discharging her duty as a parent. He remembered one thing about Mother, though—once, shortly after Brothers had died, he had asked her.

"why why is the world Blank mother"

And she had looked at him.

"Don't be a fool, Percy."

And he held onto that memory as the Blanks started to walk away from the graves. The gray sky was reflected in Percy's eyes as he followed Mother from the cemetery.

* * *

Percy was eighteen and Mother was gone.

He had been sitting in front of the television set, the power off, watching the blank screen and taking comfort in the nothing he saw there. Peeling cardboard covered the windows, the curtains drawn, the room bare and secure. He had been staring at the TV when Mother had asked him what he saw there.

He told her.



"mother when i look at life, when i look at people, they are Blank faceless statistics

someone is watching us, mother, reading over our lives like words on a page laid bare to probe and dissect

they roll bones and we die, mother empty, foolish deaths."

Mother had looked at him, non-comprehending, then had said one word.

"fool"

And he had reached out with his hands, closing on her neck, and constricted, until her dim aura flickered and died. She had fallen prostrate at his feet, her mouth hanging open, her eyes still non-comprehending.

Even in death she was Blank.

* * *

Percy was twenty and in the Asylum.

The Doctor Blanks convinced him he had imposed the Blanks on his environment to distance himself from the real world. There were no Blanks. Only Percy. And Percy believed the Doctor Blanks...there was nothing else to believe. His silence made the Blanks believe they were making progress and they hoped he would be released after a few months. Back into the world of Blanks.



Then came the day Nurse was negligent.

Nurse had unlocked the Nurse room and had gone to see another Blank. He entered the Nurse room, locked the door from within and began to take out scalpels. He never wanted to see the Blanks again. Doctors had said the environment was not at fault. He was. HE was making the Blanks. Raising the scalpel, he stabbed, again and again, carelessly, every stroke painless, a release. Blanks pounded on the door, but they were too late. Salty liquid tears ran down his face from his vacant sockets and from his mouth. He had finished cutting through the thick flesh of his wrists when the door was broken down.

"Fool," he gurgled to the Blank hands that groped at him. No more Blanks.

Personality: Telepaths have described the fool's mind as a jumble of chaotic images; while the words, numbers and the strange boxes he draws on the walls of his cell are carefully detailed, they seem to represent nothing (some Doctors have suggested the 'words' may be acronyms, though they have no idea what *str*, *con* and *dex* could possibly stand for). Interviews with Percy before his mutilation stated he "saw" auras surrounding people (careful examination of these interviews will allow a *player* to see that PC heroes and major villains have strong amounts of this energy) with most of humanity being a "faceless mass." It was difficult for psychiatrists to speak with Percy, as he frequently refused to interact with staff and doctor "Blanks," and was easily distracted, "drifting" during interviews.

Percy was sentenced to the Asylum after murdering his mother. His motivation for her death seems to be that she was Blank; Doctors have concluded Percy, after imposing his delusional complex on the world, resorts to violence in an attempt to "correct" his perceptions. Since his imprisonment and numerous escapes, he has murdered several "Blanks" and shows no signs of stopping his murders. He has shown an obsession with confronting and killing "high-energy" humans (PCs and major NPCs) and will always attack them in preference to other targets.

For some reason, the fool has a camaraderie with the Idiot King and joins him when he embarks on his crusades, protecting him and performing simple tasks for him.

Quote: The fool cannot speak.

Powers/Tactics: Unknown to the Asylum staff, the fool can manipulate the nervous system of others, controlling their eyesight, blurring their vision, blinding them or making them hallucinate (he could cause a target to have double vision, tunnel vision, vertigo, and so on; treat this as a Flash). He can also induce seizures in a target, give them severe sinus headaches (Ego Attacks, works vs. CON, not EGO), make their skin itch uncontrollably and even paralyze them (Entangle) if he exerts enough effort. In addition, by playing havoc with the nervous systems of a victim, he can scramble a character's biological or mutant powers, "turning them off" (Suppressing them), although he *cannot* affect Persistent, 0 END, Always On powers. For example, the fool could Suppress Sin's Absorption power by disrupting his nervous system but could not turn off Price's Damage Resistance (his skin), since it is not linked to Price's nervous system. The fool could still Suppress Price's STR, however, since it requires END.

As a side effect of his body control power, the fool can deaden a victim's senses, making him unnoticeable until he is right on top of a target. This is treated as Invisibility to Danger Sense (10 points).

Percy has cut out his eyes, his tongue and amputated his hands. Despite his handicaps, Percy can still feel his environment and sense attackers using his Body Control power. To compensate for his lack of hands, the fool has learned to pick locks, sketch pictures and fight with his feet, performing kicks, roundhouses and even disarming an opponent with a well-placed kick. When attacking, the fool sneaks up on an opponent, cripples the foe's nervous system (preferably Entangle or Flash) from behind cover, then strangles them after performing a Find Weakness. The fool times his attacks to use his environment to his advantage, fighting on roof tops, fire escapes and bridges so he can use knockback to cause characters to fall while they are disoriented.

Appearance: The fool is a grotesque parody of a human being. Pale and thin, his dirty brown hair is unkempt and hangs in thick clumps from his head. Wrinkled eyelids drape over his empty sockets, and the mangled yellow interior of his mouth and the flapping red meat of his tongue can be seen whenever he smiles. His hands are severed at the wrists, and the sleeves of the fool's straitjacket hang over his amputated limbs, concealing his deformity. When he escapes from the Asylum, he covers his face with a white mask with the eyeholes and the mouth stitched closed. The fool never wears shoes, and his feet are heavily calloused.

SIN

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
30	STR	20	OCV: 8
23	DEX	39	DCV: 8
20	CON	20	ECV: 4
20	BODY	20	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12
11	INT	1	
13	EGO	6	
20	PRE	10	Costs
2	COM	-4	Char: 174 Base: 100
20	PD	14	+
20	ED	16	Powers: 160 Disad: 234
5	SPD	17	=
15	REC	10	Totals: 334 334
40	END	0	
50	STUN	5	

Cost	Powers	END
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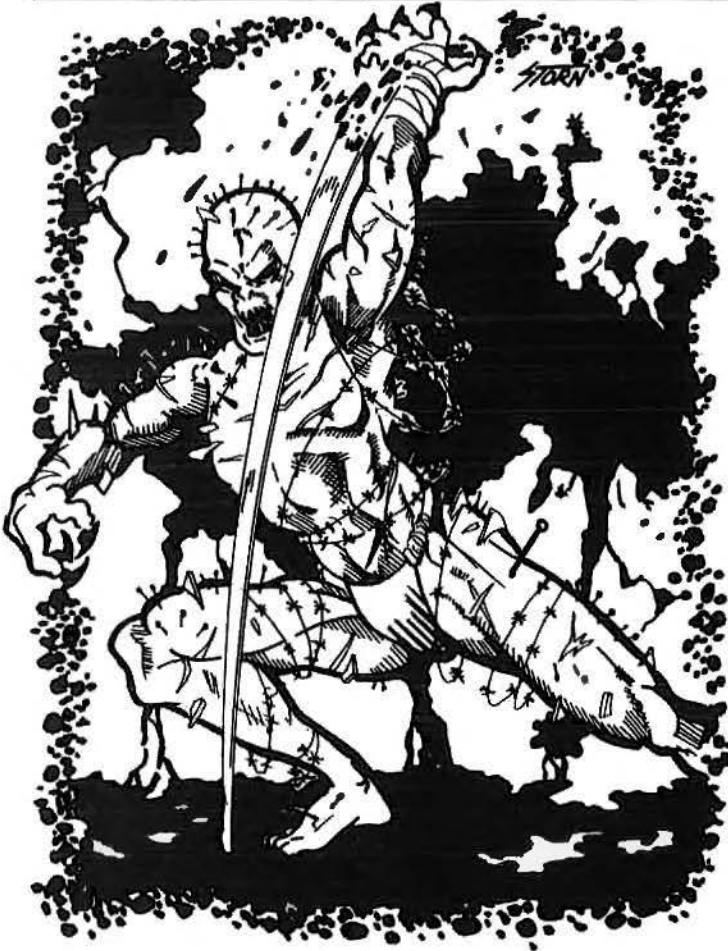
19	Martial Arts—Barbed Wire Fighting Maneuver OCV DCV Damage	
	Choke	-2 0 Grab, 2D6 NND
	Grab	-1 -1 Grab, +10 STR
	Disarm	-1 +1 +10 STR Disarm
	Slash	-2 0 ½D6 HKA
	Legsweep	+2 -1 STR+1D6, Falls
1	Use Barbed Wire with Martial Arts	
10	+10 CON only vs. Disabling & Stunning effects (-1)*	
7	Resistance (10 pts, only vs. Wounding, -½)*	
	* If GMs are not using these optional combat rules, ignore these powers.	
30	6D6 Absorption Physical Attacks, ½ STR, ½ END	
17	1D6 HKA, Damage Field: Sin takes same damage as attacker does (+½), 0 END, No KB (-¼), OIF (Nails, spikes and barbed wire driven into his body -½)	
25	Multipower (50 Active Points), OAF (Coil of Barbed Wire)	
2u	2D6 HKA (4D6 w/ STR), 0 END, No KB, OAF (Barbed Wire Garrote, -1) [45/20]	
11u	4D6 Entangle, DEF 4, 1 Rec. Charge (-1 ¼), Range Limited by STR (-¼), OAF (Coil of Barbed Wire), cannot use Garrote while Entangle is in effect (-¼) + 1D6 RKA, 0 END, Continuous Damage only if target struggles (+¾), Linked to Entangle, No KB, OAF (Coil of Barbed Wire) [74/23]	
1u	30 STR Telekinesis, only to pull objects towards Sin (-½), Affects entire object (no squeezing) (-¼), Must have made a successful Entangle first (-½), OAF (Coil of Barbed Wire) [45/20]	4
7	Damage Resistance (7PD/ 7ED)	
5	Lack of Weakness (-5)	
4	+2" Running (8" Total)	

Skills	
1	KS: The Underworld, 8-
3	Climbing, 15-
3	Shadowing, 11-
3	Stealth, 14-
3	Tracking, 11-
2	+1 OCV with Choke
6	+2 Combat Levels with Barbed Wire Multipower
100+ Disadvantages	
10	Enraged if Beliefs Challenged, 11-, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Social Responsibility
15	Psychological Limitation: Insufferably Arrogant
15	Psychological Limitation: Masochist
0	Psychological Limitation: Does not believe he is a paranormal.
20	Distinctive Features: Naked except for dirty loincloth. Body is covered with Barbed Wire, nails, spikes, tattoos— <i>never</i> disguises himself (Extreme Reaction)
15	Reputation: The 'Sin Killer,' the 'Strangler,' Ext. 11-
20	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI), 11-
15	Hunted: Crusader (As Pow), 11-
10	Public ID: Samuel "the Strangler" Sheppard
94	Villain Bonus

Background: Excerpts from Paranormal De-integration; Geoffrey Stein, Shincasen Press, 1992.

...accounts of Samuel "the Strangler" Sheppard suggest the same pattern as the other serial killers in this volume; as before, there is little evidence to support his paranormality as the reason for his criminal behavior (Dr. Kepler argues in his study that Sheppard's paranormality did not manifest itself until after he had already begun his killings). The reasons for his behavior seem rooted in his separation from family and his inability to interact with his social environment.

Sheppard is the only illegitimate son of Jane Elizabeth Sheppard, a young woman from a lower-middle class family in the Midwest. Jane gave birth to Samuel at a young age, while she was still in her early teens. The identity of Samuel's father is unknown, but he is believed to be the carrier of the paranormal gene the young boy inherited (Kepler's studies on Mrs. Sheppard in '86, although the detection technology was still imperfect at the time, showed none of the conventional genetic distortion that accompanies the gene).



Jane was from a strongly religious family, and her son's illegitimacy in the small town forced her to leave with Samuel when he was barely five years of age, and take up residence in the city where their background was unknown. Though Samuel himself has circled around the issue in numerous interviews, there can be no doubt that the social stain of illegitimacy and his mother's shame was confusing to the young child, and interviews with former classmates at his high school describe Samuel as "socially adrift," uncomfortable and inept in social situations. He had two disastrous relationships in his high school career, and there are no reports of him having relations with women after these incidents. It is believed that his isolation made Samuel view other relationships critically, finding the behavior of his peers to be disgraceful and shameful, often going so far as to preach to them (Kearns, *Psychotic State*, 193).

As he grew older, this preaching changed to "revulsion," manifesting itself shortly before his mother's breakdown and her internment at the Asylum. Her loss almost totally isolated Samuel from society, and he went from job to job, even taking work as a Crisis Center Counselor for a year. His co-workers at the Center were surprised by the way Samuel responded to callers—reportedly giving them cold lectures, reprimanding them and telling them they should learn to discipline themselves.

Samuel was still employed at the Center when he killed for the first time. One night after work, he was approached on the street by a prostitute and propositioned. Samuel, uncomfortable, states he attempted to ignore her advances (Shreiver, 117), but when she began to make derogatory comments, he went berserk:

S: "And then, when...when I asked her why she was doing...why she was parading herself around...she laughed. Like it was a joke. I saw her...as this thing, this ugly, laughing thing that thought that morality, social order, was a joke..." (Shreiver, 121)

He attacked the prostitute, wrapping his hands around her neck and constricting, and she died seconds later. While the murder itself is not open to question, the motive is, as are Sheppard's feelings at the time of the killing.

After strangling the woman, Samuel said in his March '92 interview, "she didn't struggle for a moment; I think she was more shocked than anything—then she started to kick me, but she was too weak...like all of them." He states he felt "elated...I had struck a blow against it, sent it reeling..." What "it" is, what Samuel struck against has never been determined to anyone's satisfaction. Shreiver has interpreted this as a blow against society, sinners in particular (52). Nevertheless, Samuel's apparent panic and fleeing the scene soon after the killing suggests a fear of discovery and lacks the "Social responsibility" motive, appearing more an instinct compulsion, a rage-motivated killing, which is at odds with his later killings in which his "revenge" took a discernible logic that both rationalized his crimes and built up his esteem. By targeting those whom he felt embraced the seven deadly sins, Samuel "hunted" monthly for sinners as examples to the others. These killings culminating in the April murder, for which he was finally discovered; but, by then, Samuel had killed nearly twenty "sinners," murdering them with ropes, knotted cords, purse straps, belts and their own stockings.

Samuel was sentenced to the Asylum, and it was during his escape that he achieved his “transcendent experience” (see Powers/Tactics later in the chapter); while climbing the walls of the Asylum, Samuel became tangled in the barbed wire that enclosed the top—the resultant pain-induced strength allowed him to pull himself off the fence, taking several feet of the barbed wire with him. Armed, he fought the Asylum guards, strangling one of them and wounding others. Despite several gun wounds, Sheppard escaped the compound and vanished. Shortly afterwards, he concealed himself in an abandoned tenement building, nailing a blanket over the window and sleeping on the bare floor. He starved himself and began his mutilations to his body, that only increased his strength (see Appearance later in this chapter), and he meditated until he felt ready to find another victim. His killings continued until he was apprehended and placed back in the Asylum.

Samuel, in interviews, has said he is the representation of the sinner in all of us; the envy, wrath, gluttony and pride that we allow to dominate our wills. “The Sin I represent is the Sin in all of you. The Sin that tells you to ignore the screams of your neighbors as they are raped and murdered, the Sin that accepts filth and squalor as part of life, the Sin that allows you to wallow like sheep in the streets, content to let others fight your physical battles as you ignore your spiritual ones” (Shreiver, 134).

Personality: In Florida v. Sheppard, Samuel claimed his killings were performed out of a sense of social responsibility; evidence seems to indicate, however, that this is a rationalization for his own social inadequacy, despite Samuel consistent claims to the contrary (Shreiver, 32). He hopes his killings will set an “example” to the rest of the sinners, and his targets, mostly prostitutes, suggest he perceives sexual crimes as the most sinful. Samuel uses these killings as a “scare tactic” to prevent others from sinning; he believes his killings are justified and that many people support the “good fight” he has embarked on (The Sally O. Show, July '93 episode, telecast from his cell). For the most part, interviews with Samuel have shown him to be arrogant, haughty and condescending, and the constant media attention has only increased his conceit.

Samuel’s second claim is that his murders are a symbol of his own superiority: “No one is brave enough to go to the lengths I do to preserve order” (Priddle, 194). As Dr. Priddle discovered, if Samuel is treated dismissively or his beliefs ridiculed, he will become enraged—it is a blow to his ego for anything he does to be seen as unimportant. His continual affirmations that he is the only one who possesses a sense of social responsibility seems to be more to inflate his ego and increase his arrogance, as he claims his “social responsibility” automatically sets him above the “sinners” he kills. It is precisely this type of distancing, combined with his “cause,” that allows him to murder without remorse, and also the reason why he is looking for flaws in others, especially other vigilantes, that would demean them or lessen them.

Quote: “When sin becomes customary, it is time for change.”

Powers/Tactics: The Asylum Files show Samuel’s mental deviation is not a result of his powers. For clarification, Samuel’s paranormality works in the following manner: when he is subjected to pain, it enhances his physical attributes and simultaneously stimulates him, which he translates as a “transcendent ecstasy” (Asylum doctors identify it only as a neurochemical reaction, a side effect of his power). The unique properties of his nervous system aside, Samuel’s skin is extremely tough and heals cuts and wounds rapidly, sometimes even sealing a bullet or knife blade in the wound. When engaged in combat, Samuel has shown a preference for grabbing opponents, allowing his nails, spikes and barbed wire tear at the victim’s body while he strangles them.

Law Enforcement officers and vigilantes hunting Sin have two advantages: First, he always uses the same modus operandi; his pattern will be easy to recognize. Second, Sin’s arrogance and pain absorption (notably, the stimulation it causes) makes him drag out combats; as he believes no one can hurt him, he allows adversaries to attack while he lectures them on their inadequacy and the fine “examples” they will soon make. Characters can use this arrogance to outmaneuver him.

Appearance: Sheppard’s body is wrapped in barbed wire, and dozens of nails and spikes are driven into his skin (along with a switchblade stuck in his left shoulder blade) and will cut opponents who attack him without adequate protection; the rest of his body is a mosaic of clotted blood, scars and tattoos (with stitches, not ink) of the names of the seven deadly sins. His facial hair was burned off by a blowtorch several months ago and has not regrown, although the burns have healed.



FREAK

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
8	STR	-2	OCV: 5
13	DEX	9	DCV: 5
11	CON	2	ECV: 8
8	BODY	-4	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12
10	INT	0	
23	EGO	23	Costs
12	PRE	2	
10	COM	0	Char: 101 Base: 100
10	PD	0	+
10	ED	0	Powers: 175 Disad: 176
5	SPD	27	=
10	REC	12	Totals: 276 276
40	END	9	
25	STUN	7	

Cost	Powers	END
30	EC—Mental Powers	
a-12	12D6 Mental Illusions, Cause Fear and Terror only (-1), only after a successful Telepathy roll (-½) 6	
b-15	12D6 Telepathy, only to find feared memories (-1) 6	
c-36	2D6 END Transfer, Invisible Effects (+1), Works against Mental Defense instead of Power Defense, 5 Points return every hour (+¾), Ranged, 0 END, Freak can only take away from END and END can only be used for Mental Illusions (-¼)	0
d-25	Desolification (Effected by Light-Based Powers), 0 END, Persistent, Only when no one else is around (-1)	0
13	Invisible to normal sight, Freak must make Telepathy Roll first (-½)	2
30	Shape Shift to any form, 0 END, Only to mirror target's fears (-½)	0
2	PS: Psychiatrist, 11-	
3	SC: Psychology, 11-	
9	+3 Combat Levels with Transfer	

100+	Disadvantages
25	Psychological Limitation: Sadistic
20	Psychological Limitation: Emotionally Immature
10	Physical Limitation: Speaks only with Telepathy
20	Hunted: The Asylum (Mo Pow) 11-
10	"Public" ID: Dr. Franklin Reeves
91	Villain Bonus

Background: "Shall we begin, Franklin?"

Dr. Shreiver sat alone in the cell on a folding metal chair. Her legs were crossed, and she stared at the clipboard in her hand...but she knew her patient well enough without having to review the file. It was to help her concentrate.

"Franklin?"

The cell shimmered and suddenly it was swarming with tiny black specks: the floor, walls and ceiling were crawling carpets of tiny black bodies. Dr. Shreiver continued to focus on the clipboard. She knew what the specks were. They were spiders.

<NOt FrAnkLin> <FREAK>

"Your name is Franklin Reeves, Doctor of Psychiatry, Graduate of Grand Forks University, stationed at the Asylum for research into cerebellic mutations—"

<NO FRankLiN HOME>

<Onlee FreAK>

...<PlaY with ME>

"No, Franklin." Dr. Shreiver closed her eyes and kept her face emotionless. "I will not play with you. Not until you answer my questions."

...<PlaY wiTH Me>

"NO, Franklin!" Dr. Shreiver channeled her revulsion and into a burst of hate. The specks disintegrated and the buzzing of insects melted from her hearing. Dr. Shreiver steeled herself.

"Franklin, I want you to tell me what happened the night in February when—"

<WhiCh February> <There ARE a LOT of them>

"The night you were found in the Asylum basement. Where Dr. Gans is—"

<ImpriSned>

"No, Franklin. Dr. Gans is *not* a prisoner."

<He wants OUT You cannot holde him Dokter he will ESKape Pikyour mind with Needles rake RAZERS across your brain FORCE you to PLAY make CUTs in your brain Bleed out your nose steamin chunks on the floor spiderz FEED on yUr twitCHing BoDee>

"Why did you go down into the basement, Franklin?!!"

<LoOkin for SPIDERZ Dokter>

Out of the corner of her eye, Shreiver could see a monstrous form descending from the ceiling on a thick thread. She could hear it chittering as its mandibles sought her neck—

"STOP IT!!!" Whirling on the form, Dr. Shreiver hurled her clipboard at the spider. It vanished instantly. Furious, she sat back down in her chair, her face grim. "Franklin, what were you doing down in the basement?! Gans' cell was *off limits* to all staff."

<HE IT Not Gans Anymore>

"What?"

<Gans is DEAd> <looked at Kollektive Consciousness of HUmanitee> <GANz sum total Teeming Humaanitee all emotions dreamns impulses urges lusts whirling currents of despaire hate pain longing loss vortex essence of Humanitee failngz the DEaTh the END of all Creashun Ganz lz>

"Franklin, what happened when—"

<Saw Ganz> <LOOKED at HIMM>

...<Too Curious><Wanted to talk to him ask him what he had seen why the mystery behind the sealed door why no one opened it why Ganz kept sealed in the labyrinth beneath the Asylum He kalled me to him was whispering in my sleep told me to come to him to see what he had found>

...<Now I am FREE>

Shreiver frowned.

<FREE> <NOT afraid> <ALL will DIE in the END when GANZ escapes kant keep him in the labyrinth forever DokTER>

...<PlaY wiTH Me>

"No, Franklin," Dr. Shreiver said. "I will play with you later." There was a brief shimmering in the cell.

<You kant win dokter><He kontrols the Asylum> <Ganz is the ASYLUM>

Shreiver did not reply.

<Yu are Afraide><Afraide of Losing to GANz>...<You are Foolish dokter>...<As SoOn as Ganz came intwo Xsistence the ASylum was doomed>

<You have NO chance Dokter>

The cell was silent. Shreiver glanced at the bare stone walls.

"Yes, Franklin, but what happens to you?"

Silence drowned out any reply Franklin may have given her. She glanced around the room slowly, and when she turned back to her clipboard she saw someone sitting at her feet.

The boy was about seven, with a serious face and blank, vacant eyes. The boy sat naked on the floor, his knees drawn up to his chest. He watched Shreiver as she stared at him.

"Franklin?..." she asked quietly.

<FREaK> <NOT franklin> <No Franklin home> <gone away franklin is gone dokter><franklin could not exist after seeing Ganz>

Shreiver stared silently at the child.

<You cannot understand><NoWhere else for Franklin to run except back to his childhood where he was safe from understanding> <He DIED there><FRanklin is GONE>

<OnleE FREAK now>

...<PlaY wiTh Me>

"Franklin, why..."

<I've ANSWRD your questions, Doctor>

...<PlaY wiTh me>

Dr. Shreiver braced herself. She felt her resolve begin to dissipate in the cell. The child stared at her.

"All right, Franklin."

The child smiled, and Dr. Shreiver screamed as spiders crawled from his mouth. They crawled relentlessly towards her, a trail of arachnids...

They are illusions, she reminded herself. Just illusions. I can handle this...

It was the price of trying to cure him.

Personality: Reeves ceased to exist when he penetrated the lower levels of the Asylum and "saw" the remains of Dr. Gans, a powerful psychic who exists in a disembodied state in the depths of the Asylum. After "seeing" Gans, Reeves' personality was eradicated, leaving only a childlike psionic creature that mirrored the fear and terrors of those looking at it. The creature, Freak, is a pale fragment of the vortex of hate and negative energy Gans embodies.

Freak exists solely to torment others with their fears and nightmares. It derives a pleasure from exposing inner fears and driving humans insane. Freak sees itself as paving the way for Gans' emergence into society, and regards what it does as nothing compared to the havoc its 'father' will inflict on society when he escapes from the labyrinth.

Freak can create illusionary worlds of fear in a character's mind, then puts the character through countless terrors until the character dies of a heart attack or is driven insane. The character helps construct the illusionary world from their own fears (the Transfer), and Freak 'cloaks' itself within the illusionary world, always out of sight of the victim, deriving pleasure from the confusion and horror it creates.



Freak has no restraint or morality; the creature is an impatient, demanding child whose only desire is tormenting others.

Quote: <HELLO Hello PLAY wiTh mE I Have sO few friendz to plaY with Please Play with me>

Powers/Tactics: Freak is a "reactive" mental parasite; his powers will not function unless a human is present from whom he can draw fears. His method of 'attack' involves finding the nearest victim and constructing an illusionary world that mirrors the psychoses of the victim. Initially, Freak will populate the illusionary world with mundane fears (a character's girlfriend leaves him for a rival, the hero's parents are killed in a car crash, the character is beaten up by a gang, etc.) then will push it into a nightmare that deviates from anything present in the real world. Time within Freak's worlds varies greatly; victims who have been attacked by Freak for a few minutes have awoken, gibbering and sobbing about being trapped for years.

Freak has no respect for humans outside their entertainment value.

Appearance: Freak has no natural appearance; it has no "form" and cannot be seen unless someone is nearby. When a human being is near, Freak resembles one of the character's fears. Freak will shift rapidly from fear to fear, allowing characters to realize who they are fighting.



THE PRETENDER

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
15	STR	5	OCV: 6	
19	DEX	27	DCV: 6	
13	CON	6	ECV: 3	
15	BODY	10	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12	
13	INT	3		
10	EGO	0		
10	PRE	0	Costs	
2	COM	-4	Char: 93	Base: 100
8	PD	5	+	+
5	ED	2	Powers: 85	Disad: 78
5	SPD	21	=	=
9	REC	6	Totals: 178	178
40	END	7		
35	STUN	5		
Cost Powers			END	
6	Shape Shift, limited group (humans), 0 END, Face only (-1), Needs sculpting tools, photographs of the target (-¼) and at least one hour to 'carve' a new face (-2 ½)			0
11	1D6 HKA (2D6 w/ STR), 0 END, OAF (knife)			0
Skills				
8	PS: Sculptor, 18-			
5	Cramming (1 Skill central to imitated character)			
5	Eidetic Memory (Faces only, -1)			
2	John Doe (New Perk)			
3	Acting, 15-			
3	Disguise, 15-			
5	Forgery, 12-			
3	KS: Photography (INT), 12-			
3	Mimicry, 15-			
3	Shadowing, 11-			
3	Sleight of Hand, 13-			
3	Stealth, 13-			
3	Ventriloquism, 11-			
3	+1 Combat Level with Punch, Kick, Dodge			
4	+2 OCV with Knife			
12	+4 Skill Levels with Acting, Disguise and Mimicry			
100+ Disadvantages				
15	Enraged if attacked with knives or razors, 11-, 11-			
25	Psychological Limitation: Subconsciously, the Pretender suffers from the belief he is not human; that he is only "pretending." At other times, he believes he is the person who he is imitating.			
10	Psychological Limitation: Enjoys maiming others			
10	Distinctive Features: Disfigured face (Con, Major)			
15	Hunted: Crusader (As Pow) 11-			
3	Villain Bonus			

Background: The blood was sticky beneath him.

The boy lay curled in a ball on the basement floor, blood running from his face. He was scared to move, so he lay on the cold stone floor and whimpered quietly. The other boys had found him alone again, and they had *hurt* him—yelling at him, kicking him and they had made him beg and hit him and wouldn't stop even when he cried. In the basement no one could hear him screaming and they had held him down and Robbie had pulled out the knife

you disgusting freak no wonder your parents left you here to die look at your face you're so ugly this'll only make you look better

No one had come to help him. He had stopped struggling when they were using the knife and Robbie had lost interest. He only liked it when you screamed so when they *cut* him he just lay there and didn't think about the pain and beneath him the blood pooled.

you're not human

you're just pretending

He cried quietly in the darkness, afraid someone would hear him and come to hurt him again.

* * *

Sitting in front of the block of clay, he took the knife and began to carve the curve of the cheek hidden in the clay. On the easel beside him he had taped a series of photographs of Dr. Shreiver he had taken earlier that day; she had been flattered when he said he wanted to sculpt her. He liked Dr. Shreiver; she was kinder than the other doctors in the Asylum. She had put his other sculptures in her office and her visitors thought they were quite good...one had even thought Dr. Shreiver was keeping actual human heads in her office the sculptures were so life-like.

A strip of clay fell from the block to the floor.

As the years had passed, he had learned to retreat. Farther and farther back, where the children who cradled knives were only echoes. When he had first come to the Asylum, he had spent hours staring into mirrors and touching the bones where they protruded from his face. There was almost no flesh remaining on his skull—what little he had had before the children at the orphanage had mutilated him. Now his face was only scar tissue and bone; when he smiled, he could see muscles twist and the blood pulse through his veins. The doctors had said he was lucky; the cuts had healed rapidly although his face had been disfigured. Disfigured...into something that wasn't...that didn't *look* human. But he *was* human. Dr. Shreiver had told him so and said he might be able to leave the Asylum within the year. In the meantime, he worked with clay in the Pottery Room and helped with cleaning in the Asylum—although he was careful to avoid the West Wing, where the *other* inmates were. The inhuman ones. The dangerous ones.

Another strip of clay fell from the block to land upon the floor at his feet.

* * *

He swirled the soapy water on the tiled floor of the corridor with his mop. Shadows slid along the length of the West Corridor, and only faint moonlight came down from the upper windows—the tall brick walls of the corridor were in worse shape than the rest of the Asylum; cracked and pitted, with dark brown stains streaking their surface that no amount of scrubbing could remove. Turning his attention back to mopping, he glanced at his reflection in the soapy water.

It was late and the other inmates were asleep. He had asked Dr. Shreiver if he could finish cleaning, and after a moment of hesitation, she had said it was okay. But she made him promise that as soon as he got tired, he would go straight to bed. He had said he would.

The mop slid wetly across the floor. She had told him to speak to no one in the West Wing.

The swish of the mop across the tiles was the only sound in the corridor. He occasionally looked up to see if anyone else was around, but there was only the empty hall with the rows of doors. All of them were closed and the glass observation windows were dark.

<NOT HuMAN>

He dropped his mop, whirling around fearfully, but the corridor was empty.

<Come hEre>

...<PlaY with ME>

His eyes fell on a door several yards down the corridor. Staring in fear, he saw that the glass window the room had a pale face pressed against it.

The sign on the door read REEVES, FRANKLIN.

<DOn't bee afRAID> <Come HEar>

He walked slowly towards the door. As he approached, he trembled with fear as he saw the owner of the face.

It was Robbie from the orphanage. And he was smiling.

<WhaT do you SEE>

"Robbie..." he whispered, paralyzed. Memories flooded through his mind, of lying curled up in the basement. Of blood.

<TorMENTor from youth how DelIGHTful>

he was curled up in the basement and was crying as they held him down

<You ArE NOT human you kNOW>

<Youre PREtENDING>

"N-N-No!..." he whispered, but his voice was weak and it drowned beneath Robbie's splintery laugh.

<PREtENDING>

He began to cry. Sinking to his knees, he felt a wave of hopelessness overtake him; Robbie was right. He had never been human. Never.

His hysterical cries from the West Wing attracted the attention of the guards. When they arrived, they found only the mop laying on the floor, the water drying on the tiles as they watched. Dr. Reeves' cell was dark.

And the Pretender was gone.

Personality: Almost nothing is known about the Pretender; all the Asylum records of his existence were destroyed in a fire years ago. Since then, he has used his Disguise abilities to steal the identities of dozens of victims and mimic them so accurately the victim's own family often cannot penetrate the disguise. It is suspected the Pretender takes on the identities of others to compensate for his feeling of isolation and inhumanity; in his quest to be treated as a human being, he assumes 'human' identities for psychological security. And when the disguise breaks down, the results are disastrous.

The Pretender can only maintain his assumed identity for a short period of time (from a few days to a month). The reason for this is unknown, but when the disguise decays, the Pretender is again tormented by the realization of his 'inhumanity' and becomes unstable. Those close to the Pretender (family, friends and loved ones of the person whose identity he has stolen) invariably meet horrible fates, either maiming or death. He assumes a new identity a short time later.

Adventures involving the Pretender rely heavily on investigation. In the past, the Pretender has disguised (maimed) innocent civilians, his own henchmen and even a hero's family members to look like him so characters will attack them while he escapes (stalking the Pretender is dangerous for Mad Slasher characters). Characters should *never* be sure the person they have defeated is the real Pretender; this allows the GM to provide him with a limited immortality.

Rumor in the Asylum has it that the Pretender is set to do his greatest performance yet. But he's not telling.

Powers/Tactics: During the first few months of his escape, the Pretender used latex masks to imitate others; when he teamed up with the rest of the Asylum to defeat Crusader, however, Fleshworks (a mutant with the ability to warp human flesh, now deceased) transformed the Pretender's flesh into a malleable clay-like substance. Now, with a set of sharp tools, the Pretender can carve himself into someone else, cutting into his larynx to change his voice (making it deeper or feminine). This "sculpting" lasts for a maximum of a month before breaking down into the Pretender's true face.

The Pretender is not a combat monster and relies on trickery, alternate identities and his disguise abilities to deceive heroes. *Characters should never be able to draw a clear bead on him.* When the Pretender assumes someone else's identity, he either imprisons the victim or kills them (GM discretion). The Pretender is usually content with disguising the victim's face to look like his (latex or actual maiming), drugging them with tranquilizers and *Lethe* (an amnesia drug—see the *Asylum Adventures*), then placing them in the Asylum in his place. The next step, once the Pretender has "carved" his new identity, is to have an "accident" (a fall or a car crash that would account for "temporary amnesia" until the Pretender gets his bearings in his new identity—this accident is never the same twice). He then becomes the victim.

Appearance: The Pretender's face is a twisted mass of exposed muscle and protruding bone. His eyelids have been severed, and even when disguised, he puts rewetting drops in his eyes out of habit.





ASYLUM ADVENTURES

These adventures can be used at any power level, and their grittiness will vary according to the campaign. Most of these adventures are roleplaying oriented and require the GM have a good understanding of the psychology of the PCs and inventive ways of using their Psychological Limitations.

SECRET IDENTITIES

As a side note, many Asylum inmates may guess a PC's Secret Identity. The Idiot King is extremely intelligent and his Deduction skill is quite high. The Pretender may discover a character's identity by accident, and Freak's telepathy makes uncovering identities easy.

None of them, however, are squealers.

They *earned* the information and would be loathe to share it with anyone else. The Idiot King has no reason to reveal a character's secret identity unless the GM wants him to, Pretender keeps to himself when he is himself and Freak doesn't care what a character's identity is. These villains will only know Secret Identities for plot purposes, and the GM should not exploit their knowledge to make the character's life completely miserable.

THE CUCKOO'S NEST

For a one night adventure, a player can make up a vigilante, a villain or a hero who is framed for a crime and imprisoned in the Asylum; the adventure involves the character's escape, deceiving and defeating both the staff and the criminals that fill the Asylum. The character should have a psychological instability (and may even be a serial killer) or be able to fake one. The PC may be forced to cooperate with some of the staff and inmates in order to escape while avoiding others; to heighten the tension, some inmates may have heard of the character's "reputation" and are eager to test the PC's skills. Other vigilantes and serial killers take a condescending view toward any new-comer and will place the PC on the receiving end of their tender arts. The character should encounter and roleplay with other members in the Asylum, especially Freak and Sin. If Tenderheart has already been captured, she will alternatively be a hindrance and an ally to her "lover."

This adventure seed is more effective with a time limit; the character may have to escape from the Asylum before a crisis occurs in the city...a crisis that no one suspects is about to occur. This adventure can be combined with *Carving out a Life* and *Identity Crisis*, below.

FRAME WITHIN A FRAME

An inmate gets their hands on a comic book, a detective novel or an unauthorized video and reenacts it, causing havoc in the Asylum by carrying through with the crimes or events depicted in the story or film. They will either enact a comic-book "master plan" or murder a member of the staff and wait for an "investigator" to solve the mystery (The novel or a movie can be made up by the GM; suggestions are given below). The victim of the enemy's attack should have some relation to the player character (or be one of the characters) to draw the PC into the adventure; the victim can be an inmate, a staff member (who mistreated other inmates) or a visitor to the Asylum who was visiting a relative when the "villain" struck. The antagonist will see the incident as a game and may not realize the extent of his crimes. Possible culprits include the Idiot King, Freak (using a horror novel or horror video), Tenderheart (after reading a romance novel) and the Pretender. The Fool will seek to partake in the adventure, sensing the dramatic energy in the event and its connection to the way he perceives the universe. Some suggestions:

BOOKS

Any Sherlock Homes mystery, *The Big Sleep* by Raymond Chandler, *Ten Little Indians* or *Murder on the Orient Express* by Agatha Christie, *Silence of the Lambs* by Thomas Harris, the illustrated volumes of the Marquis de Sade or even a book a Player Character has written.

MOVIES

The Maltese Falcon, The Great Escape, D.O.A. and Dead Again.

Other possibilities for the inmates to mimic are computer games (Infocom text games can provide sessions of amusement) and other adventures in the Champions Universe—such as Timothy Keating's *Murder in Stronghold* (Champions Presents #2—making it a Frame within a Frame within a Frame). During the investigation, the character should become the antagonist's next target and, to heighten the dramatic irony, the novel/movie/comic book being mimicked should be left out in the open for the investigator to come across...and not have the meaning sink in until later.

CARVING OUT A LIFE

One of the character's friends (DNPCs) gets into an accident, and after a short recovery, starts acting strangely. The Pretender has substituted himself for the NPC, and as time progresses, he becomes psychopathic as the disguise breaks down. This is a two-stage adventure—one would be to defeat the Pretender, and the second would be to free the Pretender's victim from the Asylum. If the character shared their Secret Identity with the Pretender's assumed identity, they could become the Pretender's next target in *Identity Crisis*, below.

The character should never be sure what is wrong with their friend or DNPC; the NPC's behavior could be explained by their "accident." This should force characters to pull punches and treat their "friend" more lightly than they would a cold-blooded killer.

Other potential victims include a police officer, a police captain (this would be appropriate if a PC has been constantly interfering with the Pretender's attempts to assimilate himself into modern life), the mayor, Howard Fitzwater or Marshall Endicott.

The Pretender works better in a campaign than in single-shot adventures. It is more realistic for the disguise expert to "pretend" over the course of several adventures, allowing the players to gradually realize that something is wrong with their "friend."

IDENTITY CRISIS

The Pretender reverses roles with a PC, trapping them in the Asylum as he takes over the character's life in the real world. The Pretender will incapacitate the character (*not* in a combat situation, i.e., he spikes their drink at a charity function), inject them with the drug *Lethe* to impair their memory (see statistics of drug below), then glue a latex replica of his hideous face onto the character. The mask cannot be removed unless doused with alcohol, which weakens the glue and allows the mask to be peeled off. If not, attempts to remove the mask will feel like the character is picking apart their face ("Oh my God! This *is* my face!"). Once the Pretender has drugged and dressed the character, he will secretly place them in the Asylum.

After being drugged, the character will be unconscious for a week (this allows the Pretender to secure a stable hold on his victim's life). The adventure begins when the character awakens in the Pretender's cell. The *Lethe* dose was powerful enough to give the character (temporary) amnesia, and the adventure should be a slow recovery of memory as the character begins to remember who he is, where he is and wrestle with the fact the person he *thinks* he is is alive and well outside the Asylum. The staff will attempt to convince the character that he is the Pretender, and the GM should ration information and memories as the adventure progresses, preferably revealing fragments that throw the character off-balance.

The adventure is a struggle against over-zealous staff-members (with threatened lobotomies and electroshock treatments to keep the "Pretender" in line), and against the Pretender's previous victims who believe the character to be the genuine disguise expert. The PC must escape from the Asylum (see *The Cuckoo's Nest*, above), pursued by the staff and the police, to a final confrontation with the Pretender and the character's own family and close friends, who believe that the PC is the impostor.

Throughout the adventure, it is essential the player never know whether they are the Pretender or not. This will require the GM take steps to confuse the issue. As the character will not know what has happened at the start of the adventure, the GM, after making sure that they have a copy of the player's character sheet, should tell the player they are starting a new adventure—one for which the GM will provide the character. In actuality, the PC will be using their normal character, but won't realize it until the end of the adventure. *The PC should not have a character sheet to look at,* and the GM should keep track of their STUN and BODY during the course of the adventure, leaving the character in the dark to their real abilities and skills.

As no one remembers the Pretender's true identity, it is difficult to tell who he once was or is.

Maybe the character really is the Pretender.

LETHE

Method of Ingestion: Oral (mouth).

Cost: 19 points

State: Liquid or Solid.

Type: Neural Inhibitor

6D6 Cumulative (+½) Major Transformation that gives the character the following Disadvantages until 2 weeks have passed: -1D6 EGO, Physical Limitations Amnesia, Physical Limitation: Decreased Appetite and Sleepiness days after the drug has taken effect. 1 Charge (-2), takes 1 Turn to take Effect (-1), OAF: Lethe pill (-1), No Range (target must ingest it, -½) and has Gestures (target must ingest it, -¼). Active Points: 135, Real Cost: 19 Points.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCES BE FORGOT...

The character is going about his daily routine, drinking in a bar, questioning a suspect or working at the office when he spots someone across the street, in the office lobby, on the bus...wherever. The person seems familiar, and shortly before the person vanishes, the character will recognize the person either as an old arch-enemy, a friend or a lover presumed dead (this old acquaintance should be someone the character somehow victimized through action or inaction). The person, apparently unaware of the character's presence, vanishes before the characters can reach them.

Shortly afterward, the PC, will feel uneasy. This feeling will grow into a cold certainty something is *wrong*, and the character will feel more tense as the day progresses. He will have the feeling that he is being watched and will see a shadowy figure slink out of sight while he is walking the streets. The GM should start the terror by having signs of a character's arch-enemy reappear—preferably an arch-enemy he thought was dead. If this arch-enemy has an ego-signature, the character starts finding "calling cards" left around in the city, especially in the character's home, car or office (if the PC thought his identity was secret, this should throw a scare into him). There should be every indication the arch-enemy is planning something big, and the character will have the nagging feeling that he *should* know what it is, but doesn't. The GM should string the PC along as far as possible, allowing him to chase leads, question contacts, patrol the city and so on...until the PC realizes he is somehow shaping the adventure.

For Freak is running the show. Having escaped from the Asylum, the mental parasite has latched onto the character's subconscious and will construct illusionary events based on character suspicions and actions. If the character goes on patrol, Freak will create an encounter. If the PC checks to see if his family or friends are safe, he find them missing...and with the arch-enemy's calling card left behind.



Above all, Freak will continually use the character's most costly Psychological Limitation against him. Freak's restraint, however, can only go so far. Its impatience and skewed psyche will demand that the fantasy world it has created spin out of control; human beings will twist into monsters, "arch-enemies" begin to act inconsistent, perhaps even superhuman, growing claws, resistant to gunfire... things that are clearly impossible. Once these start taking place, the character will have to psychically fight Freak and attempt to return to the real world before one of the parasite's horrific creations terminates the character.

When the PC returns, despite how many days or weeks the adventure took place, he will discover he has only been gone a few minutes and are at the same place where he was when he noticed his old acquaintance.

FEAR ITSELF

The characters learn the Asylum has been "seized" by the inmates. If they choose to intervene, they will discover the staff and inmates locked within their own fears. Unknown to the Asylum staff, Freak was storing away small amounts of nervous energy accumulated from psychiatric interviews with Dr. Shriever and used it to trick a guard into opening its cell door. It broadcast an illusion of a doctor being attacked inside its cell, and once the guard rushed in to "rescue" the doctor, Freak attacked the guard, leaving him in convulsions on the cell floor. Freak then gleefully spread itself through the Asylum, releasing the inmates' darkest neuroses.

The PCs must stop the chaos... fighting as many inmates as the GM deems necessary. Specific victims include Sin (fear of inadequacy), the Fool (his "hallucinations" of Blanks will become real), Absolution (frozen in his psychotic state, forced to reenact every one of his forgotten sins), Tenderheart (being spurned by her lover), the Pretender (see his description for ideas) and perhaps the Idiot King (turned back into Elliot, condemned to routine, meaningless tasks).

PCs will have to immerse themselves in the villains' fantasy worlds and try to bring them out of it. During each encounter, PCs should get an insight into the inmates' fears and be able to use them against the inmates in the future.

If the GM wishes to compound the crisis, the PCs can stem the tide in the Asylum only to discover Freak has escaped and entered the city. Feeding off of the neuroses of thousands of victims, Freak *expands* and spreads its psyche through the city. Freak will exploit city-wide fears such as fear of riots, blackouts, crime, alien invasions, nuclear meltdown, civil unrest or paranormal/racial revolt.

FREAK RULES

1. In all adventures involving Freak, it should be impossible to determine what is real and what isn't during the initial stages of his attack. The GM should take pains to insure that characters initially believe they are in the real world.
2. Even though the adventures take place in a fantasy world that Freak has made, *PCs will still earn experience points*.
3. Freak prefers not to expose himself to a character. He will always be hiding somewhere in the horrorscape, observing and feeding on the fear he creates.

THE IDIOT KING RULES

The Idiot King's schemes vary from the ludicrous (his campaign to revive disco) to the extremely deadly (his recent attempt to make murder a fad). His first step after escaping, however, is to always send a message to the city that he is loose and ready to play. The Idiot King likes to test the PC's response times and decide what heroes will be reacting to his threat (obviously a scheme against the Champions is going to be different than one against a group of PC gang members). This first step is an opening vignette that precludes a crisis.

While many Idiot King adventures are humorous, they have a deeper meaning and involve a crisis to the city or the characters. Characters cannot simply react to his schemes and expect to stop him... if they do not anticipate him or go on the offensive, the Idiot King will win. Some Adventure Ideas include:

Dogs of War

The Idiot King holds the city's post office under siege by spraying their mailrooms and mail carriers with an aroma that drives dogs berserk. Shortly after spraying target locations, he attacks city pounds, pet stores and animal shelters and releases hundreds of dogs into the city (If he believes the police may present a threat to his plans, he will spray the police department's canine division as well). Fire engines will be forced to hose down post offices and animal shelters, and characters must race against time and rabid schnauzers, as innocent postal workers are chased down in the streets by slaving dog packs. At the first opportunity, the Idiot King will spray the characters. This should be used as an Opening Vignette.

Kill Ratio

Two weeks ago, the Asylum got a new inmate, henpecked husband Sydney Ferguson. Purely by accident, the Idiot King discovered Ferguson was more than he seemed...and had the potential to be a great fun. Ferguson, supposedly being treated for his inferiority complex, is actually an "imprint psychic": any suggestion placed in his head will take root there, and he will always do his best to live up to another's opinion of him. As his wife constantly accused him of being a lazy, shiftless bastard, he became one. The Idiot King convinces Ferguson he is really Card Shark (see *Dark Champions*), robbed of his powers (and looks) and condemned to live a life of normalcy ("C'mon, Sid...anyone can have a criminal past, sociopathic tendencies and ultimate power if they just want it bad enough...just look at that Harbringer fellow.")

Dressing him up, the Idiot King gives Ferguson a nifty costume and teaches him how to smile condescendingly at other people. Then, after seizing control of the local TV stations, "Card Shark" will issue an "awesome, power-packed" declaration of war on national TV, announcing a city-wide bounty on all vigilantes. The Idiot King will always be in the background, manipulating events so "Card Shark" appears deadlier and smarter than he actually is.

"Sid the ID": *Sydney Ferguson* (Normal Human).

Psychological Limitation: Conforms to Suggestions (Total, All the Time), Skills: Cramming, 8- (One skill central to his new identity).

Stirring the Pot

The Idiot King escapes and lays low for several weeks, amassing information on the PCs. He will plumb their lives, earnestly looking for incriminating secrets and embarrassing connections...and then slowly reveal things about the character to the public, all the while skirting around the character's real identity. His purpose: to make sure characters realize nothing they do should ever be considered to be "okay" because they are masked and will not be held accountable because they have a secret identity.

The Idiot King will not stop there, however. He will also make the characters take a closer look at their own lives. This adventure can dredge up several interesting facts in the campaign the characters may have been unaware of: One of the character's DNPCs may be a secret Genocide supporter. The mayor has been supporting Endicott's organization for years. All items dug up should be of such a nature that characters will be compelled to follow up on them to see whether they are true or not.

The Information Highway

After tapping into the CIA databanks, the Idiot King changes the *Campaign City Times* computer to print out the details of the CIA's operations overseas (There could even be descriptions of operations against the characters, including Crusader). The revelation will be met with a public outcry, and the government will move quickly, actively denying anything that was printed and trying to cover up the most sensitive information by confiscating all copies of the *Times*. As with *Stirring the Pot*, above, some of the information should be compelling enough to have the characters follow them up to determine if they are true or not.

After a Fashion

The Idiot King creates a chemical that disintegrates fabric. Gathering his allies, he prepares to dump it on the city; if he succeeds, the entire city will be naked in hours. The Idiot King has always had a distaste for fashion and the amount of money wasted on it—he wants to show the city that mere clothes will never detract from the base ugliness of simply being human.

Other Adventures involving the Idiot King include:

1. Sending a plague of locusts into the city.
2. Lacing the refreshments of an aristocratic club with laxatives.
3. Locking the networks out of their transmitter and replacing normal TV programming with war crime atrocities.
4. Tracking businessmen, shooting them with tranquilizer darts and once they are sedated, shaving their heads and putting collars around their necks.
5. Taking control of a popular dating show and arranging hook-ups among the vigilante community (holding potential dates hostage..."Next up...Copperhead!").
6. Playing a game of capture the flag with the PCs.
7. Seizing control of a Shakespeare-in-the-Park production and trapping characters in various roles (preferably ones that spiral to their death); the Idiot King's personal favorite is *King Lear*.
8. Leading the black community on a crusade against "the Man," despite the fact the Idiot King is white.
9. Putting people in zoo cages and releasing the animals.
10. Turning the tables on the Asylum psychiatrists, trying to cure them by driving them mad.



THE SAIETTAS

PAY YOUR DUES!

BROTHER HOOD WILL EMBRACE YOU

Background: Within the city is a family of predators who take pleasure in the suffering of humanity. They are the Saiettas, a criminal empire that cultivates despair through blackmail, extortion, murder and the distribution of pain-inducing drugs. Through their crimes, the Saiettas, powerful psionics, feed on the fear and hate they have created. How the Saiettas gained their powers is unknown; the family claims their distant ancestors possessed these powers, and it has been their inheritance for thousands of years. Others, outside the family, believe the Saiettas were the first mutants in the world, and a few have the unspoken belief the Saiettas gained their powers through a pact with an ancient evil—selling their humanity in exchange for power.

In the past hundred years, however, the power of the Saiettas has faded. As the Saiettas believe incest keeps their bloodline pure and psionic talents strong (intercourse with humans, outside a predator-prey relationship, is considered abhorrent), many Saietta children are born with horrifying mutations and mental instabilities. Some are killed at birth; others do not reveal their madness until they reach maturity and become too dangerous to stop. Other Saietta children have been born with no psychic talents at all; these children are called *Defectives*, despised by the other family members for their inability to feed on the pain and terror in human minds. At first, *Defective* births were isolated incidents, then they steadily increased until it was rare that a Saietta was not born *Defective*.

Manipulation and strife have filled the family in the past, but Saietta internal intrigue was governed by strict rules of conduct and etiquette. With the growing madness of family members and the increase in *Defective* births, however, these rules of conduct have broken down. Veiled threats became open, hated relations vanished under mysterious circumstances, and the family fragmented as rivalries and jealousies manifested themselves. The culmination of the strife came when the head of the family, the aging “don,” Montoni Saietta, was murdered by his son, Vincent, a *Defective*. Vincent, spurned by the other Saiettas because of his disability, took revenge by poisoning his father with a paralyzing toxin, then prepared him as the main course at a family feast. While devouring humans is customary at Saietta orgies, feeding on one of their own blood is an atrocity—three Saiettas took their lives rather than bear the dishonor. Vincent took the Saietta family ring, the symbol of their heritage, and went into hiding.

Francisco, Montoni’s younger son, was deemed too young to take the reins of the family, and without the family ring to back up his claim, other Saiettas thought a change of power was in order. The position fell to the eldest member of the family, Manfred Saietta. Francisco viewed this development with alarm, for he knows Manfred values his psychological experiments over the welfare of the family. Since Manfred’s installation, Francisco has plotted treachery, treading a thin line between discovery by the humans and the needs of the family—he must balance both sides or else the Saiettas will be destroyed by humans or torn apart by civil unrest.

SAIETTA FAMILY PACKAGE

The following attributes are common to all psychic members of the Saietta family.

SAIETTA FAMILY PACKAGE

Cost	Skills	Total
10	Sense Pain and Suffering at Range	+10
3	Mental Awareness	+3
3	Life Support: Longevity	+3
3	Simulate Death	+3
3	KS: Saietta Family History	+3
2	Language: Saietta Body Language	+2
5	Wealth	+5
Disadvantages		
10	Psychological Limitation: Cannibal	-10
3	Saietta Package Bonus	-3
Package Cost:		16

Sense Pain and Suffering at Range: [10 points] Saiettas can feel the pain, terror and despair of other living creatures. Some Saiettas have Discriminatory or Targeting advantages built into this Sense.

Mental Awareness: [3 points] Saiettas can detect the use of psionic powers. As with *Sense Pain and Suffering* above, some Saiettas have Discriminatory or Targeting advantages built into this Sense.

Life Support: Longevity: [3 points] Saiettas age slower than humans (the extent of their longevity varies from member to member), although their immune systems are weaker and they are more prone to disease and illness.

Simulate Death: [3 points] Saiettas can slow their heart rate and breathing. In the past, Saiettas have feigned drug overdoses and suicides to escape from authorities and trigger-happy vigilantes.



Skills: All Saiettas have Wealth, KS: Sietta Family History, Sietta Body Language (which allows Saiettas to communicate with one another and gauge each other's emotional state without speaking; 2 points) and a Martial Arts style, "Sietta Family Etiquette," that relies on feints and underhand blows to catch an opponent off guard (this style is not included in the package deal, for the maneuvers vary according to the individual). It is rare for a Sietta not to have Interrogation (Torture), High Society, Persuasion and Seduction.

Psychological Limitations: Almost every Sietta has a condescending attitude toward humans and *Defectives*, regarding them as playthings or tedious diversions. The GM should choose additional psychological limitations for each family member—neuroses, phobias, sociopathic tendencies, paranoid schizophrenia, and so on.

Psychological Limitation: "Cannibal" (Uncommon, Strong) Sietta physiology prevents them from stomaching many hard foods. For some reason, however, they find humans palatable and have turned to them as a dietary substitute. Traditions have arisen around this practice; most Saiettas believe eating the dead gives them power; in addition, devouring live humans is an excellent way to experience their suffering directly (one Sietta in the past was believed *Defective* until she devoured her first victim and gained the experiences and skills of the corpse. She soon turned to eating live victims).

DEFECTIVES

70% of all Sietta children are born without psionic powers. These *Defectives* do not possess Mental Awareness or Sense Pain and Suffering and are considered deviants by the rest of the family. While they lack mental sensitivity, *Defectives* have longevity, a hunger for human flesh and suffering (even if they cannot 'feel' it psychically) and possess strong psychological limitations. They can learn Sietta skills, and some are 'hardy specimens,' with heightened STUN, REC and enhanced physical attributes (many young *Defectives* run in city gangs or work in the Sietta criminal network). All *Defectives* are bound by Sietta laws and must obey the orders of higher-ranking family members—thus, the family has hundreds of disposable servants for their missions. Some *Defectives* regard this as an honor. Others detest it.

Unknown to the rest of the Saiettas, some *Defectives* possess non-psychic superpowers. Vincent, for example, could create drugs and toxins from his body fluids (usually saliva). Cases of increased skin density, minor regeneration and heightened senses have also occurred.

DEFECTIVE PACKAGE:

Cost	Skills	Total
3	Life Support: Longevity	+3
5	Resistance (5 Points)	+5
3	Simulate Death	+3
3	KS: Sietta Family History	+3
2	Language: Sietta Body Language	+2
Disadvantages		
10	Psychological Limitation: Cannibal	-10
3	Sietta Package Bonus	-3
Package Cost:		3

LINEAGE

In addition to Manfred (Crave), Francisco (Vain) and Julianna (Roxy), four other Saiettas are presented here; GMs are encouraged to 'flesh out' the rest of the family, creating more or replacing the ones here with ones of their own design.

In the family summaries below, there is a brief description of their powers, followed by a description of what powers Francisco can gain from this relative (see *Vain*); unknown to the rest of his family, Francisco can use any psi power possessed by a living relative, modifying it and removing any disadvantages he deems appropriate. As a result, Francisco will do his best to protect any Sietta psionic; he needs them for his own strength.

Montoni (Deceased)	——	Vincent (Missing) Francisco
Manfred (Eldest)	——	Louis, Benito, Matilda, Beatrice (possibly others)
Anne	——	Unknown.
Antonio (Deceased)	——	Julianna (possibly others)
Horace (Sterile)		

HORACE SAIETTA

Horace can read the afterimages of dead souls (treat as Retrocognition); otherwise, he is an effeminate, self-aggrandizing old man whose primary psychological limitations are his insatiable ego and chronic fear of death (he knows what's out there). From Horace, Francisco gains Clairvoyance, Retrocognition, Precognition and Astral Sight abilities. He does not like to employ them, however, as they result in disturbing visions and hallucinatory trances he finds difficult to wake from.

Quote: "There's something the dead are holding back..."

LOUIS SAIETTA

A "reactive" psionic (his powers will not work unless a living creature is near), Louis can unconsciously affect another's emotional state when they stand close to him. Louis is a hedonist and is attracted to Julianna (Roxy) and wants to possess her. From Louis, Francisco gains Emotion Control (like Mind Control, except it influences emotional states) and a Major Transform that allows him to manipulate a target's Psychological Limitations.

Quote: "Morality? A weakness of the mind."

ANNE SAIETTA

A middle-aged woman who faints when threatened, Anne can project illusionary manifestations of her own fears (terrifying herself when she uses them). She is her own worst tormentor, and her illusionary projections render her unable to separate reality from her fantasies. Her illusions have auditory and visual components; when she is frightened, they can be touched and felt. Anne suffers from severe claustrophobia and an obsessive hatred of dirt; she spends most of her time taking opiates and reading thick volumes in the library. From Anne, Francisco gains illusion-based invisibility and a selection of other Mental Illusion abilities.

Quote: "N-n-no...! S-stay away! Stay away!"



ANTONIO SAIETTA

[Deceased] Antonio is included (see *Crave* and *Roxy*) as a source of new Saietta foes; he knew numerous females, Saietta and human, and his progeny are scattered across the world. Antonio had the power of Mind Control when physically stimulated and was accidentally killed by Manfred during a Saietta orgy.

Quote: "Do as you will."

ORGANIZATION AND HIERARCHY

The Underworld sees the Saiettas as a "conventional" Mafia family. Only careful investigators will discover the Saietta's psychic powers and their depravity. In keeping with a conventional Mafia family, the Saiettas wear no uniforms, hire no paranormals (it's a family business) and prefer to deal with troublesome matters themselves. Manfred, Crave, is the "Don" of the family, with his son Louis as Underboss (he is not trusted with much) and Julianna (Roxy), as the Saietta's personal assassin. Each Saietta runs their own illegal operations, which occasionally overlap and cause discord.

The Saiettas don't use codenames, at least with each other; these names (Crave, Vain and Roxy) are used by other family members when the relative in question is out of earshot. Saiettas regard using an "affectation" for one's true name to be insulting (Saietta is a proud name to bear—no other should be sufficient). Roxy uses her name to irritate her relatives.

CRAVE

Manfred controls most of the Saietta criminal network; he has Mind-Controlled hundreds of drug pushers, hitmen, muggers, thugs, gangs and owns several flop houses, casinos, bars, hotels (invading the dreams of borders), youth hostels, two restaurants and a night club (*Heaven's Door*). Manfred visits each of these places frequently to experiment on the clientele and to insure obedience from managers and other slaves.

VAIN

Vain owns several sadomasochism clubs (his favorite is *The Parlor*), a boarding school for elementary school children (delightful fun) and a brothel. Like Manfred, Vain has Mind-Controlled slaves, but his network is smaller and subtler with many 'front men' who give orders and take the fall for him. He has a few hitmen, drug pushers, thugs and a street gang, the Dead Vultures, under his control.

ROXY

Roxy does not have a criminal network: she engages in assassination, arson and poisoning. When not on assignments, Roxy frequents bars, dance halls and mixes with *Defective Saietta* youth gangs.

Louis and Horace have smaller, clumsier networks that are ignored by Francisco and Manfred. Louis spends most of his funds on vice crimes like prostitution and pornography, occasionally coming into contact with Divine and the Glory Boyz (see *Divine*) and also enjoys throwing Rave parties in abandoned gymnasiums and warehouses throughout the city. Horace keeps his finances in real estate and housing projects in the slums and also owns three cemeteries for reasons of his own.

RELATIONS WITH OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

Crime has always been a Saietta pastime; they harvest pain and suffering above monetary gain and cut to the chase with their crimes, taking sadistic pleasure in hurting others. They have no need for money; their family fortune is substantial (interest on the family wealth alone provides them with hundreds of thousands of dollars monthly, and, in addition to the land and business interests they control in the United States, they have real estate and wealth in Sicily and Europe). Thus, while other criminal organizations regard the Saiettas as a threat to their business, the Saiettas do not care who is committing crimes as long as people are suffering; often, the Saiettas will secretly assist other villain organizations and terrorist groups (a perfect opportunity for *Deus Ex Machina*) and even allow other organizations to 'muscle in' on their territory to create strife, then dispose of them when their activities become mundane and boring. In other cases, the Saiettas secretly interfere with the plans of other organizations to create more fear and destruction (a hostage situation that results in an unexplained shootout, simple muggings that change to brutal murders, unexplained cyanide poisonings of large drug shipments, chemical gas leaks, subway crashes from a sleepy subway operator, etc.). Many of the 'crimes' the Saiettas indulge in are modifications of the plans of other organizations and are frequently seen by the public as criminal screw-ups, catastrophes or accidents no one is directly responsible for.

The Saiettas, while contributing money to charitable organizations to keep up the front of a wealthy, hospitable family, also make secret contributions to Racist Groups (especially Brother Hood and Marshall Endicott), donate weapons and drugs to violent gangs and undercut funding to public support projects (i.e., destroying homeless shelters or allowing mental patients to be released on the streets) to create more victims. They are aware of the Hanged Man's presence (they do not know his real identity) and because he supplies weapons to mentally unstable clients and creates civil unrest in the city, the Saiettas consider him an unwitting ally, although they distrust the high technology he uses.

Other Mafia families distrust the Saiettas; while they consider the family to be inconsequential in criminal operations, their instabilities and odd behavior ("Never know which way those bastards are gonna jump...") make the rest of the families apprehensive.

The Saiettas avoid trouble with the law with their tremendous wealth and mind control. Authorities have never investigated any Saietta operation closely, and police and federal investigators usually become victims of Crave and Vain before their investigations get far. In addition, Vain and Crave can erase the minds of their slaves and servants, preventing their activities from being traced. If the Saiettas are to be stopped, a vigilante PC will have to intervene, as public heroes are easy targets for the Saiettas.

For all their sadism, the Saiettas look out for their own and take pains to make sure that no Saietta is imprisoned or subject to any human law. If heroes kill one of the family, they will have earned dangerous enemies...ones who are not content simply to kill murderers, but to ruin characters and all connected with them.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

GUESTS FOR DINNER

Francisco arranges a mass-kidnapping to host a Saietta orgy. His target is either a boarding school or a homeless shelter. The first stage of his plan will be to unearth several corpses (taken from one of Horace's private cemeteries or from a morgue) equal to the number of victims he needs to kidnap (about twenty) and refrigerate them. The next step is to arrange for a "catastrophe:" the homeless shelter burns to the ground, a school bus explodes on a field trip, etc. Shortly before the catastrophe, Francisco's slaves will capture the victims at gunpoint, load them into a waiting bus, then unload the same number of corpses into the structure and engineer the catastrophe, making it seem as though all the victims died in the fire. These children/homeless will then be taken to a remote mansion the next night so that the family can "indulge" themselves. The hero may run across the plan at any point during its operation (when patrolling the cemetery, for example) and will have to use their detective skills to realize the 'catastrophe' was carefully planned and the victims may not be dead at all. From there, the hero will have to track down the Saiettas and stop the feast before it takes place.

KNIGHT MOVES

Francisco challenges Louis to a game of chess using the black and white militant organizations in the city. Mind Controlling Marshall Endicott, Howard Fitzwater and White Lightning on one side, and Brother Hood, the 40 Knights and Purge on the other, Louis and Francisco will start a race war, using the major characters as game pieces.

BLOOD TIES

A PC discovers they are a member of the Saietta family (the PC can be psychic, a superpowered *Defective*, or a *Defective* with no powers at all). The Saiettas approach the character, tell them their origins and "invite" the character to join. If the character refuses or proves troublesome, measures will be taken.

VENDETTA

If his attempts to assume control fail, Francisco will arrange for a PC to discover the Saiettas. Francisco will choose PC Vigilantes with no Law Enforcement Sanction (see p. 63 *Dark Champions*) so their stories will not be believed by the police (application of Mind Control to authorities will also further their disbelief). The PC in question will be lured to one of the Saietta mansions, where they will discover one of the Saietta's 'pleasure' rooms. While some of the family may die when the PC attacks, Francisco hopes this strike "close to home" will awaken lethargic family members and make them unite to reestablish family pride and honor. Francisco will be sure to propagate the idea that the family's quarreling and disrespect for tradition are the reasons the vigilante felt confident enough to attack them.

ROXY

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
10	STR	0	OCV: 7		
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7		
10	CON	0	ECV: 4		
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12		
10	INT	0	Costs		
12	EGO	1			
15	PRE	5			
18	COM	4			
6	PD	4	Char: 99	Base: 100	
5	ED	3	+	+	
5	SPD	20	Powers: 265	Disad: 264	
10	REC	12	=	=	
40	END	10	Totals: 364		364
30	STUN	10			
Cost		Powers		END	
40	Martial Arts—Saietta Family Etiquette Maneuver OCV DCV Damage Def. Strike +1 +3 5D6+ Martial Strike 0 +2 7D6+ Off. Strike -2 0 9D6 Nerve Strike -1 +1 3 ½D6 NND* Killing Strike -2 0 2D6 HKA Martial Block +2 +2 Block, Abort Martial Disarm -1 +1 STR 35+ Disarm Martial Dodge 0 +5 Dodge, Abort Martial Throw 0 +1 5D6+ Legsweep +2 -1 6D6+, Opp. Falls * NND Defense: rPD on Vitals or Eyes protects (Note: It is impossible to 'classify' each of Roxy's maneuvers; she has many different attacks that achieve each of the effects listed above.)				
1	Use Fingernails with Martial Arts				
12	+3 DC with Saietta Family Etiquette (Added in)				
20	Multipower (20 point pool): Body Control				
4m	+20 STR				
4m	+6 DEX				
4m	+10 CON				
4m	+20 PD				
4m	+20 ED				
4m	+2 SPD				
4m	+10 REC				
4m	+40 END				
4m	+20 STUN				
23	1D6+1 HKA (2 ½D6 HKA with STR & Martial Arts), Armor Piercing (+½), 0 END, No KB, OIF (Sharpened Fingernails) 0+				
9	Armor (+6 PD/+6 ED), OIF (jacket), Act 14-				
6	+3" Running (9" Total) 1/5"				
3	+3" Superleap (5"/3") 1/5"				
8	Detect Pain and Suffering at Range				
3	Life Support: Longevity (Actual Age: 31)				



Skills	
3	Dancing (DEX), 13-
3	Demolitions, 11-
3	Interrogation, 12-
3	Shadowing, 11-
3	Stealth, 13-
3	Tracking, 11-
5	Well-Off
20	Find Weakness with Martial Arts, 11-
15	Danger Sense 11-, Not surprised out of combat
5	Defense Maneuver
5	Resistance (5 points)
3	Combat Sense, 11-
3	Simulate Death
2	AK: Campaign City, 11-
3	KS: Saietta Family History, 12-
2	KS: The Black Market, 11-
2	KS: Analyze Style, 11-
3	KS: Campaign City Underworld, 11-
2	Contact: Black Market, 11-
2	Contact: Street Gang, 11-
2	Language: Saietta Body Language
6	+2 Combat Levels with Saietta Family Etiquette
6	+2 Combat Levels with Fingernails and Knives
100+ Disadvantages	
30	Berserk in Combat (Very Common), 11-, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Violent
20	Psychological Limitation: Lonely
10	Psychological Limitation: Cannibalistic
10	Reputation: Roxy, Saietta hitman 11-
10	Watched: Saietta Family (Mo Pow, NCI, Limited Geographical Area: Campaign City), 11-
15	Secret Identity: Julianna Saietta
3	Saietta <i>Defective</i> Package Bonus
146	Villain Bonus

Background: Antonio Saietta was a deviant even by Saietta standards. Possessing minor mind control that functioned only when he was physically stimulated, he routinely sought new and varied sexual encounters to test his powers. Ready and willing to embrace depravity to satisfy his Epicurean tastes, he eventually selected a human female for his affections and torments: Emily Delancourt, a child of barely eighteen old, inexperienced in love, who, to Antonio's delight, entertained romantic fantasies of a dark, handsome stranger who would come to carry her away from her dull life. Antonio introduced himself at a public function and plied his arts, seducing her and plumbing her naive mind, setting the framework for the torture that was to follow.

Shortly after meeting Emily and lavishing attention on her, Antonio began his sport. Bestowing false promises of love, he abandoned her for weeks, then returned to lavish new affection upon her, only to vanish again. During his "disappearances," he was always in close proximity to Emily, feeding on her anguish. When he tired of this, he returned and subjected her to verbal abuse, ridiculing her, then praising her, then demeaning her, in private and in public.

All the while, he used his mind control to heighten her pain and suffering for his consumption. He spent time with other women where he knew she would see him and then fed on her jealousy and her despair of losing him. Throughout their "courtship," Antonio was in sheer ecstasy—he had never fed on another creature as satisfying as Emily.

The final segment of the game neared. Promising to marry her, Antonio convinced Emily to come with him to an isolated estate in Europe. Once there, he raped her, imprisoned her in a cell beneath the estate and left her, instructing his servants to free her after several weeks had elapsed and turn her loose on the streets. When her captivity ended, Emily found Antonio had vanished; distraught and near suicide, she was finally rescued by concerned relatives and sent to live with her mother.

She discovered soon afterward she was pregnant.

* * *

Emily's daughter, Julianna, was given up for adoption. Placed in an orphanage, she was recognized as "different" from the other children and ostracized. She spent several lonely years there until she was found by Montoni Saietta (who had learned details of Antonio's crime shortly before Antonio's unfortunate death...see *Crave*) and adopted into the family. Family law forced him to care for the child, and Julianna's adoption was Antonio's last jape at the Saiettas: they were forced to induct a half-human relative into their family. The young girl was despised by the rest of the family and was a source of amusement for them throughout her childhood...until she gained her psionic powers.

One night, after the other Saiettas had tied her up and hung her in one of the Saietta pleasure chambers (torture room), Julianna panicked and with a burst of strength, burst her bonds. Escaping from the torture chamber, Julianna discovered she had complete control over her body. Muscles, adrenaline, reflexes—all were as easy to control as a switchboard. With the help of her power, she quickly mastered a self-defense style unsurpassed by any other Saietta or Saietta *Defective*, and after several violent confrontations, the Saiettas avoided her. In retaliation, they refused to socialize with her and barred her from family functions. Once again, the terrible sense of loneliness and isolation that had eaten at her in the orphanage resurfaced. And as a result, when one of the Saiettas displayed an interest in her, she trusted him too much.

Vincent Saietta, despised for his *Defective* nature and barely tolerated because he was the son of Montoni, courted her, claiming to be impressed by her beauty and skills. His flattery and gentle words slowly dismantled Julianna's defensive barriers; believing she had finally found someone who loved her, she became obsessed with him, risking her life for him when he was threatened by other family members. Their relationship, however, was that of master and victim; Vincent had recognized Julianna as a powerful tool, and knew, that for all her strength, she would crumble beneath his feigned affection. And when he abandoned her after killing his father, she went berserk. She was alone again, subjected to the cruelty and the capriciousness of the other Saiettas; with Montoni's death, their torments increased as Julianna was singled out for dangerous missions and crimes that had to be performed for the family. Her rage burned away her remaining emotions, and she buried her loneliness within herself. The rest of the Saiettas delight in her frustration, for they know Julianna will never leave them.

They are all she has.

Quote: "Just looking at you makes me bleed inside."

Personality: Julianna is determined to master her emotions as she has mastered her body. Having been consumed by extremes of loneliness and rejection, she has sworn never to love again. Vincent's betrayal, the cruelty of the Saiettas and her abandonment by her mother has convinced her there is no such thing as love and kindness—they are only tools used to manipulate others. If anyone shows her kindness or affection, she will attack them.

Julianna makes nightly excursions into the city to anger her family. She burglarizes stores and apartment complexes, runs with *Defective* gangs (occasionally fighting them for sport) and engages in numerous acts of vandalism, from simple lipstick-smear graffiti to fire bombs and plastique from her private arsenal. After her appetite for violence and destruction is sated, she patronizes human clubs and bars, dancing and allowing the humans' "stink" to cover her to prevent the Saiettas from reading her mind (the Saiettas find mental images of humans interacting with or attempting to "pick up" a Saietta revolting—it is like having sex with one's food). When on one of her escapades, she occasionally interferes with the plans of other Saiettas to spite them (Louis and Horace have been her primary victims). Her powers are usually sufficient to carry her out of danger, and the rest of the Saiettas, disliking physical confrontation, are wary of her. Only Vain has any respect for Julianna: he regards her as having more common sense than the rest of the family, although she is too physical for his tastes, and he is nauseated by her taking pleasure in human company. The rest of the Saiettas will gladly turn her in as soon as her criminal activities come to light.

Powers/Tactics: Julianna's powers developed from her sub-consciousness; she is attuned to every muscle and nerve in her body and can control them at will. In combat, she can increase her strength, endurance and reflexes past human maximums and even shut down her nerve endings, allowing her to take tremendous damage and keep fighting (her PD and ED). Julianna has used this power to develop a Martial Arts style that relies on kicks and throws to disable opponents. Outside of combat, Julianna can use her body control to manipulate other body functions, allowing her to fight infections, slow her breathing and heart rate (Simulate Death), accelerate her metabolism (allowing her to burn off excess fat and keep her muscle tone) and control her menstrual cycle. Due to her half-human nature, Julianna does not possess Mental Awareness or the full ability to Sense Pain and Suffering.

Julianna is the arsonist, thief and professional killer of the Saietta family; when all other methods of reaching a goal have been tried, Julianna is set on the task.

Appearance: Julianna should come with a warning label. She is a beautiful young woman who appears about seventeen years old, with close-cropped black hair, eyes that narrow to slits when she is angry, and a thin, well-toned frame (she is not voluptuous: she is more a gymnast than a fashion model). Julianna has sharpened each of her fingernails to a razor point and uses them against foes, raking them across an opponent's skin or gouging out their eyes.

Julianna, away from the family, dresses provocatively, wearing a black halter top, tight leather pants and boots with spiked heels (that also double as weapons). Julianna never smiles and glares at anyone whose gaze lingers on her for more than a second. "Roxy" is her street name; she is forbidden to use it while in the presence of Saiettas.





CRAVE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
14	STR	4	OCV: 4 DCV: 4 ECV: 8 Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12 Costs Char: 78 Base: 100 + + Powers: 173 Disad: 151 = = Totals: 251 251
13	DEX	9	
11	CON	2	
12	BODY	4	
13	INT	3	
23	EGO	26	
5	PRE	-5	
4	COM	-3	
7	PD	4	
5	ED	3	
4	SPD	17	
5	REC	0	
40	END	9	
30	STUN	5	

Cost	Powers	END
30	EC—Passion Manipulation	
15	12D6 Mind Control, commands can only be sent through Telepathy (no verbal component); a successful Telepathy Roll must be made first (-½) and only a person's desires can be Controlled (-½) 6	
20	12D6 Telepathy, only for knowing what people <i>want</i> , both immediate and long-term goals and sending commands (-½) 6	
10	Mental Defense (10)	
5	Mental Defense (+10), vs. Empath Attacks only (-1)	
10	Sense Pain and Suffering at Range	
3	Mental Awareness	
3	Life Support: Longevity (Actual Age: 100+)	
-4	-2" Running (4" total)	

Skills	
3	Interrogation, 10-
3	High Society, 10-
3	Trading, 10-
3	Persuasion, 10-
3	Conversation, 10-
1	Seduction ('Going through the motions'), 8-
15	Billionaire
20	Followers (Mentally Dominated Bodyguards/Slaves; 8 25 pt. Suicidal Skilled Normals)
3	Well-Connected
1	Contact: Black Satin, 11-
1	Contact: Black Market, 11-
1	Contact: Divine and the Glory Boyz, 11-
1	Contact: Enslaved Police Captain, 11-
1	Contact: European Underworld, 11-
1	Contact: New York Mafia, 11-
3	Well-Traveled
1	AK: Campaign City, 11-
1	AK: North America, 11-
1	AK: Europe and Great Britain, 11-
1	CK: Hong Kong, 11-
1	CK: Los Angeles, 11-
2	KS: The Underworld, 11-
2	KS: Drug Cartels, 11-
3	Simulate Death
1	Language: Limited Saietta Body Language (His Emotional Handicap prevents full comprehension)
5	Cramming (Latest Hobby), 8-

100+ Disadvantages

20	Psychological Limitation: Sociopath
10	Psychological Limitation: Cannibalistic
20	Physical Limitation: Emotionally Crippled (All the Time, Greatly)
10	Physical Limitation: Current Addiction (Narcotics)
10	Physical Limitation: Grossly Overweight
10	Distinctive Features: Sickly skin pallor, grossly overweight.
10	Reputation: Don of the Saietta Family, Drug Trafficker
11-	
20	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI) 8-
15	Secret ID: Manfred Saietta
3	Saietta Package Bonus
23	Villain Bonus

Background: There is no doubt Manfred is the oldest Saietta alive. Once, he was even considered *Defective*, for he seemed intellectually inferior and was always *quiet*, never asking for anything, just staring at others with an unnerving gaze. The family were content to believe he was *Defective* and let the matter rest; Manfred was simply another abomination that had to be tolerated on account of his bloodline.

Manfred never told anyone he *saw* things when he looked at them. The young boy spied on the Saietta elders as they gathered for their cannibalistic orgies, engaged in their petty quarrels, and indulged their lusts and hungers. Manfred was entranced by their behavior; in their thoughts, there was a curious *burning* sensation that directed their movements—he had never felt anything like it.

One night during a Saietta orgy, Manfred, hiding nearby, entered the mind of Antonio Saietta as he was feeding on a captive human. In Antonio's mind, there was a *burning* image, a hunger to feed on the captive human writhing in pain. Manfred, an unskilled telepath and thinking strongly about Antonio at the time of contact, accidentally switched the *burning* hunger from the image of the tortured human to an image of Antonio himself. Manfred watched Antonio freeze, as if a new thought had occurred to him, then watched in fascination as Antonio began to devour himself.

Antonio had bitten off his fingers and chewed the flesh from his arms before his servants restrained him. Even after he was held down, he continued to attempt to mutilate himself, screaming to be freed. Dragged howling from the room, Antonio was chained in a cell beneath the mansion to prevent him from inflicting further harm on himself...his 'tantrum' was unseemly at a Saietta family function. Antonio broke his chains shortly afterward, and his half-eaten body was found in his cell later that night.

Horace caught Manfred sneaking away. Pleased at the prospect of chastising him, Horace suddenly noticed the boy seemed different somehow. Using his Mental Awareness, Horace discovered the child's psychic abilities. He ushered Manfred from the dining room and secreted him away in his private wing. After examining him, Horace wasted no time turning Manfred's ability against the other family members. Saiettas who had despised Horace discovered they loved him and would do anything for him. Others, bitterly opposed to Horace in the past, met with horrible deaths and mutilations. Horace pretended he had new powers, but his pompous reign ended quickly when Montoni discovered Manfred locked in Horace's chambers and made Manfred vow not to use his power on the family. Montoni imprisoned Horace in the family crypt, where his psychic sensitivity allowed him to hear the Saietta ancestors whisper horrors to him.

In the decades that followed Manfred's indoctrination into the family, he established a powerful criminal empire that allowed him to examine the passionate *burning* in a variety of human subjects. Using his powers, he has enslaved an army of humans whose sole desire is to serve him to the death. He owns dozens of bars, night clubs, brothels, drug labs and other institutions where he can examine human life on an intimate level; his preferred visiting place is his combination nightclub, brothel and casino called *The Den*, where he manipulates his customers behind the scenes.

Manfred has engaged in mechanical intercourse with other Saietta women in the past (Anne Saietta was one of his wives) and has fathered four children.

After Montoni's death at the hands of his son, Manfred became the eldest member of the family and master of all Saietta affairs. Montoni's death also freed him of his vow not to use his powers against other Saiettas, and he intends to experiment with family passions very soon.

Quote: "Are you...certain you do not want it? Look at it again...there. I knew you would see it...differently."

Personality: Manfred is emotionally crippled. Passion and desire are known to him only through the example of others; unable to experience the feelings affection and love, his speech and actions in a social context are mechanical. Manfred's sole conception of passion is in terms of the *burning* he can telepathically feel in the minds of others and information he gathers through careful study.

Manfred finds these desires and passions curious, and this curiosity has turned him into a rabid experimenter, searching for anything and anyone that will evoke passion in him. He has had consorts of all ages and genders, eaten culinary delicacies from all over the world, started hundreds of hobbies and taken lethal varieties of drugs and chemicals, all to no effect. All Manfred's servants, clients and henchmen have had their desires telepathically studied and manipulated...his behavioral experiments often killing them or driving them mad. Throughout the experiment, Manfred impassively monitors their emotional state and attempts to understand their actions. While Manfred's pursuit of passion has been the source of jokes throughout the Saietta family, they stay out of Manfred's sight when he abandons his latest experiment, for he may choose to examine one of them next.

Manfred's criminal network is more wide-scale experimentation than a money-making enterprise. His drug dealing (manufacturing, smuggling and distribution), his money-lending, prostitution, extortion, etc. are not done for profit—they are all opportunities for experimentation (the emotional result, not the monetary gain, is important). Manfred tells his slaves to alert him of any subjects for experimentation. The heroes may come to his attention if they attack his network.

Manfred cannot be trusted; despite his position as elder, Manfred values his own experiments over the family welfare. This has forced Vain to try to undermine his position, before Manfred begins to conduct experiments on the family.

Powers/Tactics: Manfred can psionically manipulate others' desires, suppressing them, intensifying them or switching the focus of the target's desire onto an object of Manfred's choice. His telepathy can only expose the desires of a target character—with a basic EGO roll, Manfred can determine what a person's immediate desires are; at EGO +10 and +20, Manfred can determine a person's long-standing desires (getting a promotion, making payments on the house, putting kids in college) and with EGO +30, Manfred will know what the person desires more than anything else in the world.

Once he has discovered a target's desire, Manfred will mentally twist it into something different and make them perform any task he needs done; Manfred prefers modifying preexisting desires in a target (love of a fellow team member, a desire for justice) rather than creating new ones.

Manfred can make characters want to do things they would normally abhor doing; he can make them his slaves, forcing them to hurt loved ones, betray friends or commit crimes. A hero team can be enslaved by Manfred as he makes them part of his deviant army. Manfred's henchmen are mind controlled; their sole passion is to protect him and serve him. They often die or are replaced as they engage in various acts of destruction at Manfred's command.

Appearance: While Manfred appears in his late 40s, his actual age is unknown, even to his own family. His skin is the color and texture of month-old paste, and his preference for white suits only accentuates his unhealthy pallor. Dull brown eyes stare blankly from behind the rolls of flesh covering his face, his graying hair is slicked back, and he wears a gold earring set with a large bloodstone on his right ear (Manfred keeps this earring as a visible focus for the desire of greedy targets, and because it is instantly accessible as a 'desire focus' for Mind Control: by throwing it to the ground and making a Mind Control attack, he can escape while the target is picking up the earring). Manfred is grossly overweight and can be found smoking, drinking or injecting himself with drugs at any point during his daily routine. Manfred's monotonous speech is frequently interrupted by vocalized pauses ("...ennnh..."), coughing and wheezing. His children have much the same pleasing physical features as he does.

Manfred does not appear well-disciplined, but because he cannot act in the heat of passion or in anger, he can easily keep his remaining emotions under control.





VAIN

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
8	STR	-2	OCV: 4			
13	DEX	9	DCV: 4			
8	CON	-4	ECV: 7			
8	BODY	-4	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12			
20	INT	10				
20	EGO	20	Costs			
15	PRE	5				
8	COM	-1	Char:	67	Base:	100
5	PD	3		+		+
5	ED	3	Powers:	212	Disad:	179
4	SPD	17		=		=
4	REC	0	Totals:	279		279
30	END	7				
20	STUN	4				
Cost		Powers		END		
100	60 Point Cosmic Power Pool, No Skill Roll (+1), Vain can only use Psi Powers possessed by a living relative (-½)					
8	Marital Arts—Saietta Family Etiquette					
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage		
	Abdominal					
	Gouge	0	+2	3 ½D6		
	Nerve Pinch	-1	+1	2D6 NND		
1	Use Ceremonial Dagger with Etiquette					
5	10 STR Telekinesis, Side Effect: Automatically <i>Stunned</i> if uses over 3 STR (-1)					1
7	2D6 Telepathy, Concentrate (0 DCV)					1
6	-4 Images vs. Sight, x2 END (-½), Images do not appear in mirrors (-¼)					2
10	Mental Defense (10)					
10	1D6 HKA (1 ½D6 w/ STR & Martial Arts), 0 END, No KB, OAF (Saietta Ceremonial Dagger)					
10	Sense Pain and Suffering at Range					
3	Mental Awareness					
3	Life Support: Longevity (Actual Age: 23)					
Skills						
3	Conversation, 12-					
3	Interrogation, 12-					
3	Persuasion, 12-					
3	Seduction, 12-					
3	Trading, 12-					
10	Wealthy					
3	Simulate Death					
3	Scholar					
2	KS: Saietta Family History, 13-					
2	KS: Research of Sebastian Poe, 13-					
2	KS: Elizabethan Erotic Poetry, 13-					
2	KS: The Black Market, 13-					
2	KS: The Underworld, 13-					
2	AK: Campaign City, 13-					
2	Contact: Black Market, 11-					
2	Language: Saietta Body Language					
2	+1 OCV with Ceremonial Dagger					

100+ Disadvantages

30	2x STUN vs. Physical Attacks
10	2x STUN vs. Sonic Attacks
20	Psychological Limitation: Devoted to Saiettas
15	Psychological Limitation: Manipulative
15	Psychological Limitation: Cannibalistic
10	Physical Limitation: Sterile
5	Distinctive Features: Emaciated Child (Con, Strong)
10	Watched: Saietta Family, Mo Pow, NCI, Limited Geographical Area (Campaign City), 11-
15	Secret Identity: Francisco Saietta
3	Saietta Package Bonus
46	Villain Bonus

Background: At first glance, Francisco Saietta appears a handsome child, perhaps twelve or thirteen years old, with a smooth face, jet black hair and a penetrating gaze. He is cordial, charming, and surprisingly intelligent for a young man of his age.

It is only when one looks closely that Francisco *changes*: His alabaster skin becomes sallow and unhealthy, the jet black hair thins to sickly gray strands, and the eyes...they project from his face, their dead whiteness in sharp contrast to the blood that pools in their corners.

Francisco does not attend school; his instruction is done through private tutors...there have been several tutors, in fact, over the past few years. That topic, like many subjects regarding Francisco, raises mixed reactions in conversation. There was the elderly woman, well-versed in Religion and English, who, after murdering her grandson, plunged from the St. Mede's Cathedral bell tower. And the young man from Spain who was found half-dead in a Sadosomochism Club in the city, raving incoherently...and then there were the many who simply vanished. Saietta servants, if approached carefully, may tell of the screams and the mad howls that came from Francisco's playroom in the depths of night, shortly after the disappearance of his instructors. And they may tell you how tightly they had to cover their ears to shut out the anguished intensity of the screams.

Francisco remembers his father well. Montoni was a dignified man, commanding respect from the family, and Francisco mourns his loss: if anyone could hold together the Saiettas through their crisis of faith, it was he. Francisco saw Montoni's death as the end of the Saiettas—barely of age to assume leadership and without the family ring to back up his authority, Francisco must rely on manipulation to force the family to survive. He often wonders if he will succeed.

At other times he wonders about his brother, Vincent. Unknown to the rest of the Saiettas, Francisco misses his brother almost as much he misses his father. There was so much that he could have learned from them, about his powers and about family secrets. Despite his brother's treachery and *Defective* nature, Francisco does not hate his brother—he only wants the ring back, order restored, and Vincent punished according to family law.

For there must be no more strife within the family—they must present a united front, for now that Manfred is the only Saietta who can serve as a figurehead to the outside world, the family is in danger of collapse. Francisco plans in his room every night, thinking up a goal, an enemy that will draw the family together. As Vincent is in hiding and no longer a focus for the family's energies, a new threat is required to challenge the family and stir up their hatred. Someone...

Someone like the heroes.

Quote: "All life dangles on idiot strings."

Personality: For all his sadism and cruelty, Francisco feels responsible for his family's welfare. It is his duty as the family's most powerful psionic to rescue them from the pit they are spiraling into. He will go to great lengths to further family interests (though he will do nothing that might place him in actual danger), and all his actions take into account any possible benefits and repercussions for the rest of the Saiettas. He sees his role as a savior doomed, however, unless he can unite the family soon. He has several ideas on how best to accomplish this: one is to further the "human threat," the implication that the humans are aware of them and are seeking their destruction. Not only will this heighten contempt and prejudice for humans, it will give them a common foe and allow the family to take out their hate on humanity in torture, orgies and acts of cannibalism, satiating their psionic hunger for human suffering. At the moment, however, Francisco has made only minor advancements toward this goal, and the best he can do is provide the family with diversions, channeling their madness and hate for each other onto lone victims. He plans to accelerate the "humanity war" soon, either with the introduction of new drugs on the streets or through one of the adventure suggestions mentioned in the Background (see *Adventure Seeds*).

The only indulgence Francisco allows himself is manipulating others; he takes fiendish delight in constructing events and crises that lead to despair, destruction or death, and then drinking deep of the chaos. Any character can be victimized by his machinations, suffering discomfort, humiliation, and then complete ruin as Francisco ends his torments. Francisco will never use his powers to kill, however; he has stated many times that suicide is a personal decision. He will simply make the choice more attractive.

Francisco does not know he is sterile. What occurs when he discovers this is up to the GM.

Powers/Tactics: Francisco may be the last great Saietta psionic before the family becomes completely *Defective*. He possesses minor telepathy, telekinesis and the ability to weave illusions in the minds of others; unknown to his relatives, however, Francisco's primary paranormal ability is to use any psionic power possessed by any living Saietta family member, enhancing the duplicated power and removing any of the "cumbersome" disadvantages he chooses; GMs should read the *Saietta Lineage* in the *Saietta Background* section for a list of the powers he can employ.

When attacking, Francisco prefers a Major Transform that intensifies one of a target's Psychological Limitations, turning it into a Total Commitment, All the Time disadvantage. To use this Transformation, Francisco must first telepathically enter the character's mind, discover an exploitable Psychological Limitation, then give it the proper "twist" and let the character go on a self-destructive course—loves will become obsessions, anxieties will become fears, and hatreds will make the characters berserkers when confronted with the detested object. One of Francisco's favorite tactics is to "twist" a vigilante's sense of justice so they kill shoplifters, speeders and jaywalkers.

As a rule, Francisco does not believe in using his powers to kill opponents; he considers it a heavy-handed and clumsy use of an elegant art. Francisco's threat is more psychological; he prefers to toy with opponents from a distance, making them chase ghosts, investigate false leads and redirect their investigations so that they encounter rival villains and other Mafia families, preferably Saietta enemies.

Physically, Francisco is not a threat. Having barely survived childbirth, Vain's immune system is weak, and he has numerous allergies and respiratory problems as well as a calcium deficiency that has made his bones extremely fragile. As such, he avoids physical confrontations, and trained bodyguards accompany him at all times. For journeys outside the city, Francisco asks Roxy to accompany him, a task she only reluctantly agrees to.

Despite his physical weakness, Francisco is the most dangerous member of the Saietta family. He never embarks on a scheme without carefully thinking it through, considering possible alternatives of action and the potential consequences for himself and the rest of the family. He is a master of manipulation, never broadcasting his true intentions and always thinking several moves ahead of his foes. Francisco keeps several front men, slaves and *Defectives* to wear down the opposition and take the fall for him ("Vain" has died several times). Should he be captured, he will play up his "child" image and use his powers to turn the tables on his captor when an opportunity presents itself.

Emaciated and ghastly, Francisco's nickname "Vain" is an affectation bestowed on him by the rest of his family; it is no secret Francisco is excessively concerned about his appearance and takes pains to mask his hideousness with his minor illusion abilities.





THE HANGED MAN

PAY YOUR DUES!

BROTHER HOOD WILL EMBRACE YOU

Author's Note: The Hanged Man is a plausible reason for criminals to have hero-stopping weapons. If the GM is running a 250+ pt. campaign without *Dark Champions* armor restrictions, the Hanged Man can supply weapons, vehicles and gadgets to bolster the firepower of weak gangs, mercenaries and villains to challenge the heroes. The Hanged Man's discounts and "credit" options allow anyone to purchase his weapons, and for campaigns that use the "Wealth" perk, the Hanged Man is a money pit for siphoning wealth from characters.

THE HANGED MAN

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
13	STR	3	OCV: 4
11	DEX	3	DCV: 4
11	CON	2	ECV: 4
10	BODY	0	Phases: 4, 8, 12
28	INT	26	
13	EGO	6	Costs
10	PRE	0	
10	COM	0	Char: 51 Base: 100
3	PD	0	+ +
2	ED	0	Powers: 619 Disad: 570
3	SPD	9	= =
5	REC	0	Totals: 670 670
24	END	1	
24	STUN	1	

Cost	Powers	END
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360	Gadgeteering (300 Points): The GM should choose a concealable set of weapons and defenses for the Hanged Man for his personal use. This is in addition to his extensive weapon inventory.	
7	High Range Radio Hearing, Invisible to Bugging Devices (+½), OAF (PCN Phone), Allows him to communicate with Gallows Computer.	
4	Radio Transmit only (-½), Invisible Effects (+1), IIF (Transmitter in molar; activates by biting down on it). Can only transmit an emergency signal to Gallows Computer (-1)	

Skills

15	Billionaire
80	Follower: Gallows Personal Computer (400 point Computer)
3	PS: Weapons Dealer (INT), 15-
3	PS: Businessman (INT), 15-
2	CK: Campaign City, 16-
2	Fringe Benefit: Top Man (Defense Contractor)
5	Security Clearance: 5
3	Scholar
2	KS: Campaign City Underworld, 15-

Skills

2	KS: The Mafia, 15-
2	KS: Street Gangs and Territories, 15-
2	KS: Telephone Utility Subsystems, 15-
2	KS: The Black Market, 15-
2	KS: Campaign City Political Situation, 15-
2	KS: Criminal Law, 15-
2	KS: Satellite Communications, 15-
3	Scientist
2	SC: Ballistics, 15-
2	SC: Chemistry, 15-
2	SC: Electrical Engineering, 15-
2	SC: Holography, 15-
2	SC: Mathematics, 15-
2	SC: Mechanical Engineering, 15-
2	SC: Physics, 15-
2	SC: Robotics, 15-
2	SC: Weapon Mechanics, 15-
2	SC: Teleportation Engineering, 15-*
8	SC: Criminal Psychology, 18-
2	SC: Psychology, 15-
2	SC: Sociology, 15-
1	Familiarity with SC: Bacteriology, 8-
3	Streetwise, 12-
21	Weaponsmith: Slug Throwers, Energy Weapons and Battlesuits, † 18-
17, 3	Demolitions, 18-; Bureaucrats, 11-
3, 3	Bugging, 15-; Inventor, 15-
3	Criminology, 15-
3	Forensic Medicine, 15-
3	Security Systems, 15-
3	Systems Operation, 15-
3	Computer Programming, 15-
3	Well-Connected
1	Contact: ASAP (see <i>Dark Champions</i>), 11-
1	Contact: Brother Hood, 11-
1	Contact: Mafia families, 11-
1	Contact: Marshall Endicott, 11-
1	Contact: NRA Lobbyist, 11-
1	Contact: Raven Nest Leader, 11-
9	+3 Skill Levels with any INT-based Skill (PS and KS)
	* This should only be included in a High-Tech campaign.
	† Battlesuits are given as a new Weaponsmith category.

100+ Disadvantages

25	Psychological Limitation: Social Reformer
10	Psychological Limitation: Impatient, Short-Tempered and Contemptuous of Modern Society
10	Psychological Limitation: Casual Killer
5	Physical Limitation: Flatfeet and Sinus Headaches
20	Norm CHAR Maxima
10	Reputation: (Underworld) The Hanged Man, Weapons Supplier, 11-
15	Secret ID: Desmond "Wage" Gallows
475	Villain Bonus

Background: “Momma?” Desmond walked sleepily into the living room, where his mother was sitting on the couch. He rubbed his eyes and tugged at his Mickey Mouse pajamas where they rode up uncomfortably. His mother turned to look at him, her eyes red and puffy. She had been crying.

“What are you doin’ up, honey?” She gave a small smile. “You got school tomorrow.”

“Momma, where’s Brannon?”

She gave a worried look at the clock, its minute hand trailing past midnight. “Oh, he’s gonna be coming along home soon, honey.” Desmond saw her tuck the bottle beneath the coffee table where she thought he couldn’t see it. Smiling tiredly, she stood up from the couch and scooped Desmond up in her arms. “And *you* are going to bed, young man.” She held him close as she carried him into the bedroom that he shared with his older brother. The room was barely wide enough to move in, and Desmond’s mother had to squeeze past the dresser as she lowered him gently onto the mattress.

“Momma? Why do we have to live with him?” Desmond watched his mother’s eyes widen in surprise. “Momma, he steals your money to buy junk, he doesn’t go to school, and he’s *always* getting in trouble with his friends. The police come around almost everyday because they think he’s done something wrong—” Desmond watched his mother’s eyes begin to tear up. “Momma, things would be better *without* him.”

“He’s your brother, honey,” her voice was firm. “Don’t talk like that. You go to bed.” She bent down to kiss him. “I’ll see you in the morning.” Desmond watched her as she clicked off the light and closed the door.

His brother’s side of the bed lay empty.

* * *

Desmond was eight when he realized his brother had to die. Maybe it was the look on his mother’s face when she watched Brannon stagger home after midnight, or when the police caught Brannon robbing the local liquor store and his mother spent her savings to bail him out of jail. Of one thing Desmond was certain: his brother was killing his mother and Desmond’s future. One night, after Brannon had stolen his mother’s paycheck and had left the house, Desmond anonymously phoned the police and told them the locations of all of Brannon’s hiding places. Hours later, they caught him inside a local arcade, and while they were pursuing him, he was shot and killed.

Desmond’s mother was grief-stricken. But as the months passed, the sense of Brannon’s loss faded and she and Desmond continued their lives. On his wall, Desmond posted his brother’s rap sheet, with its long list of narcotics and weapon charges. On the last page, he circled the time of his brother’s death in red ink.

* * *

When Desmond entered high school, he entered another closed system, one that contained problems much like he and his mother had experienced with Brannon. The learning process in the school was frequently interrupted by gangs and lone troublemakers; Desmond, resenting their disruptive influence, was forced to do most of his learning outside class, reading alone in the library and teaching himself mathematics. While he was occasionally targeted by bullies, Desmond learned to keep a low profile and isolate himself

from others whenever possible. Nevertheless, he was angered by the disruptive influence of the crueler students, especially those who carried knives and guns. He gave careful thought on how best to remove them from the school.

Seizing upon an idea, he became friends with the school secretary; one day while she went out to lunch, he opened her files, stole the locker combinations of all the students in the school and took them down to the school library. Photocopying the combinations quickly, he replaced the file before the secretary knew it was gone. Throughout the following week, Desmond secretly searched school lockers, finding drugs and weapons; he made a note of all lockers that had contraband and tipped off the principal through anonymous phone calls. Once the lockers were searched, thirty-two of the most troublesome students were expelled, and some of the older students, no longer minors, were arrested by the police.

Desmond got little satisfaction out of his activities. The students who were arrested were released quickly, and the overall impact on keeping order in the school was negligible. There was no change in the behavior of the students once they returned, and if anything, their behavior got more vicious. Reading silently in the library and studying books on law enforcement, Desmond learned quickly that few prisons had any correcting effect on criminal behavior; in many incidents, it only exacerbated it. While there were some successes, they were too few to have an impact on keeping order. Meanwhile, social problems became more pronounced as he entered High School. Guns were often worn on one’s person, and students showed no fear of locker searches.

Framing known offenders was no longer enough.

Desmond, carefully taking note of the student population, chose Harold, an older student, for an experiment. An edgy, nervous youth, Harold was often victimized by the other students, especially a local gang, the Devil’s Rebels. Bullied and attacked by stronger students who sensed his weakness, Desmond watched Harold become increasingly paranoid as he was targeted for daily abuse. Desmond waited for a week, then took one of the handguns he had stockpiled, loaded it, and placed it in Harold’s locker.

The next day, the Devil’s Rebels approached Harold while he was eating in the cafeteria. Expecting easy pickings, they knocked his tray from the table, and when Harold turned, fumbling in his pocket for the gun, they laughed until he ripped it out of his jacket and pointed it at them. Driven beyond rational thought by abuse, Harold had started pumping the trigger as rapidly as he could, shooting one of the Rebels through the head and wounding two others. The cafeteria cleared out screaming, as Harold began to fire wildly at the other Rebels scattered throughout the cafeteria. Desmond, watching from behind cover, noticed with interest that the remaining Devil’s Rebels pulled weapons and returned fire at Harold. When the police finally arrived, Harold had been shot dead by one of the Devil’s Rebels.

The effect on the school was tremendous. The incident made the news, and under pressure from parents and teachers, the principal installed metal detectors at the entrances to the school and arranged for a small school security force to patrol the halls. For a time, the school became somewhat safer.



Desmond felt satisfied. Some order had been restored.

And there were other Harolds out there. Not with the same desperate fear, but fueled by pride and reputation, who needed only someone to supply them with the means to express themselves. Desmond became that person. Operating in secret, he began to advertise through word of mouth where handguns could be obtained cheaply and easily; operating through the mail and by pretending to be a courier for another, Desmond sold weapons to gangs in the area, creating sudden rises in neighborhood violence and over twenty deaths in a few years.

During this time, Desmond dropped out of school; he already knew everything school could teach him and needed more real world experience to contribute to his learning. He had worked through most of the books in the school library, gaining an impressive background of knowledge; taking the GED to complete High School, Desmond applied for a job in a Defense Contracting agency, working as a file clerk. Analyzing the layout of the office, he made user friendships with scientists and engineers, asking them about their work in the industry. Many of them found Desmond to be bright and perceptive and recommended he secure a college degree and come back in a few years.

Desmond, unwilling to confine himself to college life for several years, forged a college degree and entered the weapons industry. He climbed the defense ladder rapidly, using his developing skills as a scientist and an inventor to speed his progress. With knowledge gained from the defense contracting agency, Desmond quickly learned a large amount of information about weapon systems and mechanics and became one of the company's prominent scientists. In years, he sat on the Board of Directors; months later, he controlled the company. Using its resources and his own wealth, he began to create weapon designs and inventions of his own.

And in the Campaign City, weapons have started appearing, supplied by a mysterious benefactor who calls himself the Hanged Man.

Personality: Desmond Gallows is a genius. Tracking him down and stopping him will be difficult and dangerous; he is a master of redirection. It should take characters time and *careful* detective work to discover that neither the Mafia, Raven or any other criminal organization is employing "the Hanged Man." The Hanged Man keeps abreast of most criminal activities in the city and uses this information to wear down the criminal element and destroy them.

Desmond wants to attain the following goals: decrease the crime rate by reestablishing the death penalty (if the Campaign City does not already have one), exterminating the criminal population and enacting gun and paranormal control laws, a lower population rate through education on birth control and acts of violence, and a greater emphasis on education and career training. Desmond donates millions of dollars a year to fund libraries, computer labs, *lasting and durable* public housing projects and cash incentives to bring corporate jobs to the city. He also makes substantial donations to the United Negro College Fund and numerous organizations in support of racial harmony.

Nevertheless, Desmond is hardly a saint. He believes in violence as a means of social reform, as long as it does not result in annihilating over fifty percent of the population who will benefit from the reforms. Desmond has been disconcerted that gun control and paranormal control legislation is rarely effective except in controlling law-abiding citizens and has settled on what he believes to be the ideal means of eradicating the city's criminal element while increasing public support for gun control. By selling criminals cheap (and dangerous) firepower, he stirs up hostilities on the street and then manipulates his customers into situations where they kill other criminals (and, regrettably, civilians) or die in shoot-outs with the police. He maintains control over these situations through tracking beacons (see *the Hard Sell*) and by establishing lines of "credit" to his customers, provided they kill other criminals as favors to him. By tracking his merchandise with the Gallows computer (see below), the Hanged Man waits until the customer enters a volatile situation, then has the weapon malfunction, causing the death of the user and anyone else in the vicinity (the customer is not usually left alive to speculate on what caused the weapon to mal-

function). By escalating the violence on the streets, Desmond drains funds from criminals and criminal organizations (especially the Mafia and Raven), eliminates the criminal population through 'accidents' and shoot-outs, increases civilian demand for gun and paranormal control acts and cuts down the city's population.

Desmond has been responsible for massacring several street gangs through the sale of cut-rate shoulder-mounted rocket launchers, and killing dozens of drug-dealers, burglars and murderers in shoot-outs with police and in sudden, unexplained "misfires" during robberies and muggings. Desmond is still refining his technique and conducting more experiments until he decides how to best to manipulate the criminal population. He is waiting for an opportunity for another gun/paranormal legislation bill to be brought up before the city council before he causes another major outbreak of violence.

Desmond, while intelligent and well-read, is not well-liked. For all his brilliance, he disdains the intelligence of the common rabble; because it takes others longer to perform tasks Desmond considers infantile, he is impatient with his staff and peers ("How can your mind be so grounded!? *Think.*"). On the rare occasion when he *is* in a good mood, his topics of conversation are eclectic, his humor is hard to understand (Desmond draws from so many sources it is difficult for people to grasp), and he displays contempt for modern culture, especially the media. He never hesitates to voice his opinions (scorn) on any subject raised in conversation. His staff refuse to go to lunch with him anymore.

Desmond never leaves a job half-finished; he is determined to complete a task until he has succeeded—whether this is because he is anal-retentive or has tremendous powers of concentration is not known for certain. When performing research or conducting weapon experiments, he absorbs himself in the task and becomes angry if interrupted. His staff draws straws to see who will interrupt him when he has begun a new project.

The Underworld considers the Hanged Man an absent-minded inventor with questionable morals and a lack of business sense—why else would he sell equipment and weapons for less than what they're worth? Gang members praise his existence, and have given him several aliases: Father Christmas, the Hangman, Santa Claus, Dr. DMZ and the Judge.

Quote: "Give a man enough rope..."

Powers/Tactics: Desmond's IQ exceeds three hundred points (he does *not* register as a mutant on mutant detectors). His need for justice has molded his intellect, and he has absorbed a number of hard and social sciences that relate to social reforms; as violence is his chosen method of bringing about these reforms, he specializes in weapon mechanics and has a working knowledge of any science dealing with demolitions, entropy or destruction. He has revived seemingly dead-end or useless scientific research (agricultural, petroleum and others), that has allowed him to create a variety of innovative death-dealing weapons and technology. Desmond constructed the Gallows computer to handle his daily routine and free up his time for more important matters.

Desmond rarely makes much money from his transactions, and most of the overhead goes toward public service and education. Desmond keeps his head above water by using scrap metal as raw material and stealing weaponry from other weapon suppliers. Most of the Underworld take it for granted the Hanged Man is making a profit. This is not true.

He's making a killing.

Appearance: 5'8," with a receding hairline and a slight gut, Desmond suffers from flat feet, bursts of irritation and severe sinus headaches when the air conditioning in his lab breaks down. Desmond's beard and moustache are trimmed short, and he tries to exercise regularly. His clothing usually has a dual function: his suits are interwoven with ballistic cloth, and his glasses, rings, watches, tie clips and even his shoes are often concealed weapons (Sometimes his staff comment on the amount of jewelry he wears); one of the items he uses to conceal a weapon is a Grand Forks University class ring (Characters doing background checks on Desmond may turn suspicious gray areas around his college years; no teachers remember him).

To customers, Desmond transmits a holographic projection of a black robed executioner with a hood covering the face and a heavy baritone voice. The projection stands about 6'5" tall, its hands buried deep in the sleeves of its robe (The hologram is beamed through a private satellite and communication system in the city, preferably, a satellite of a public telephone company or Raven; the transmission programs have hundreds of computer safeguards to prevent being tracked). The two-dimensional image reveals nothing as to Desmond's actual height, weight or sex (no exposed skin is shown, and only shadows can be seen within the hood), and it flickers with static every few minutes as the Hanged Man conducts his transactions (radio waves and high electrical activity at the target site may distort the image even further). With the aid of the Gallows computer, Desmond can transmit his voice and view the projection voice (Clairsentience); if he desires, the projection can mimic his movements or he can set it on 'automatic' (the Gallows computer then handles the transaction).



THE GALLOWS

Val	Char	Cost	
20	INT	10	
20	DEX	30	
5	SPD	20	
Cost	Powers	END	
30	Isolated END Reserve; 200 END, 10 REC		
60	Clairsentience: Normal Hearing, the Sight Sense Group, Sense Lies and Listening Devices (+20) Normal Range: 200" to 62500" (+45 points), IIF (Transmitter and Satellite Network, -¼)	8	
23	Images: Normal Hearing and Sight, 2 Hex Radius (+¼), Normal Range is 100", Maximum is 62500" (+1), "Static" appears in image (-¼), IIF (Transmitter and Satellite Network, -¼)	4	
30	Invisibility, No Fringe, vs. Tracking Devices	3	
10	Sense Lies at Range, target must be speaking (-¼)		
33	Sense Listening Devices at Range, Targeting Sense +10 PER roll vs. Listening Devices only (-1)		
20	Power Defense (20), costs END (-½)	2	
13	Mental Defense (20) (vs. Computer Mind Control), costs END (-½)	2	
15	High Range Radio Hearing, Invisible to Bugging Devices (+½)		
Skills			
7	Record Messages (Eidetic Memory for Voices only -½)		
3	Computer Scholar		
2	KS: Background of Client, 13- (includes criminal record, insurance company, family, place of residence, financial status)		
2	KS: The "Catalog" (see <i>The Hard Sell</i>), 13-		
2	KS: General Reference Material, 13-		
2	KS: The Hanged Man's Monthly Earnings, 13-		
2	KS: The Hanged Man's Personal Schedule, 13-		
2	KS: Inventory and Delivery Information, 13-		
2, 2	KS: Law Enforcement, 13-; KS: The Mafia, 13-		
2	KS: Mercenary/Terrorist Underworld, 13-		
2	KS: Police Records, 13-		
2	KS: The Underworld, 13-		
2	KS: U.S. Telephone Utility Subsystems and Satellite Communications, 13-		
2, 2	KS: Raven, 13-; (14) KS: Voice Recognition, 13-		
2	(15) KS: World Criminals, 13-		
19	Weaponsmith: Slug Throwers, Energy Weapons, Battlesuits, † 18- (-1)		
17, 3	Mimicry, 18- (+5); SC: Accounting, 13-		
6, 3	SC: Hacking, 16-; SC: Vehicle Design 13-		
3, 3	Security Systems, 13-; Systems Operations, 13-		
5	Language: Fluent English (Computer Languages are Native)		
3, 1	Well-Connected; AT+TEE Communic. Records, 11-		
1	Local Banks, Computer Records, 11-		
1, 1	CIA, Records Div., 11-; DEA, Records Div., 11-		
1, 1	DIA, Record Division, 11-; FBI, Records Division, 11-		
1	DARPA, Weapon Research Division, 11-		
1, 1	Interpol, Records Division, 11-; The Mafia, 11-		

Skills	
1	Police Department, Records Division, 11-
1	PRIMUS, Records Division, 11-
1	UNTIL, Records Division, 11-;
1	Raven, Records, 11-
2	Deep Cover: AT+TEE Caller Subroutine
5	Security Clearance: 5
25	+5 with any INT-based Skill (includes KS and SC)
Programs:	
1	Bookkeeping
1	Check Target Background
1	Handle Caller Transactions (See <i>The Hard Sell</i> , below)
1	Monitor Media Broadcasts
1	Monitor Underworld Activity
1	Operate Sensors and Communications
1	Operate Security Systems
1	Reroute Tracers to Other Criminal Organizations
1	Search Databanks for Topic
1	Track Weapon Movements
1	Transfer memory and records into secret subsystem if invaded
9	Nine Other Programs
Disadvantages	
20	Physical Limitation: Must obey Desmond's orders
20	Physical Limitation: Computer
20	Distinctive Features: Computer (Not Conc, Maj)
10	DNPC: Desmond Gallows (As Pow), 14-

GALLOWS COMPUTER: The Gallows computer handles a variety of functions for the Hanged Man, including dealing with callers and rerouting tracers to other criminal organizations in the city. The Gallows computer can access the files of most government and criminal organizations (this is treated as Security Clearance and Contacts; it enter a computer and call up what it wishes on the pretense of being an official within the organization). Desmond can communicate with the computer via his radio and has a small handheld computer in his vest pocket which allows him direct access to the Gallows. When not arranging deliveries, the Computer lurks inside the telephone system and traces the calls of government and criminal organizations, reporting information to the Hanged Man. The Gallows computer is *not* an artificial intelligence.

THE HARD SELL

INTRODUCTION

This section supplements the Hanged Man's character summary, providing a 'walk-through' of Gallows' business, detailing his transaction methods, weapon availability and weapon cost.

WEAPON SELECTION

The GM should decide what level of technology the Hanged Man sells to the public. For a *Dark Champions* campaign, all weapons, vehicles and gadgets in *Dark Champions* should be offered in his catalog, and some high-tech weapons may also be available. For the purposes of this book, the Hanged Man sells most common weapons, heavy weapons (assault rifles, grenades, explosives, portable rocket launchers, assault cannons and attack vehicles) and has also sold ten battlesuits in the past year. While the Hanged Man sells battlesuits, however, he does not sell kevlar vests or any other form of body protection. His customers have speculated on this and concluded that he can't sell *everything*.

Weapon Sights (*Champions*, p.99) are available at a 40-50% discount. For first time buyers, the Hanged Man occasionally throws in a scope. If they're going to shoot someone, he prefers they have a good chance of killing their target.

WEAPON COSTS

Prices are at a 20% to 30% markdown, with bonuses [GM discretion] for bulk orders. First-time buyers are generally given only a 20% markdown, with repeat customers getting a 30% markdown. The profits the Hanged Man gets from these orders is negligible; patents and government contracts he secures in his civilian identity provide most of his income.

Battlesuits are a different matter. For the sake of simplicity, assume the Hanged Man charges a hundred dollars per character point placed into the battlesuit (some weaker ones can be purchased for the same amount as a car); for ultra-tech items such as lasers, electron cannons and "hi-tech" items, the cost is ten times the *amount of Active Points placed in the high-tech item*. Generally, the Hanged Man prefers to sell battlesuits equipped with slug-thrower weapons and kinetic attacks...there is no sense in wasting good technology on criminals. For a selection of battlesuits, the GM can use the Turtle Armor example in *Champions* and any of the agent suits in *High-Tech Enemies*. All body armor is assumed to have no mass (p.204 *Champions*), despite its bulk.

"NEW" WEAPON RULES

Any campaign using the Hanged Man should use the following rules:

Hanged Man weapons cost no character points to use. They are all Independent (-2) and directions on how to use the device are either emblazoned on the side or installed in the weapon's computer memory. The weapons are lightweight (STR modifiers at -5, a +½ bonus) and easy to use: the OCV penalty for using one of the Hanged Man's weapons is reduced by 1 (+2 pts).

The *Optional Gun Malfunction Rules* (p.198 in *Champions*) should be used, with Hanged Man weapons having an additional +1 chance of malfunctioning. Every time one of his guns is fired, the GM should check the table; in addition, *any* attempt to clear *misfires* will always fail and will do full damage to the character as well as setting off the "barrel charge," below (-¼).

Invention: *The barrel charge*. This is a small explosive strip placed on the exterior of the gun barrel. It is worked in with the weapon design, appearing as part of the metal finish. This barrel charge can be detonated either at range (by the Gallows computer or a radio transmission), or else will automatically go off when a weapon *misfires* (see above). This barrel charge will do 2D6 HKA to the user in addition to any damage they take from a *misfire*; no trace of the barrel charge remains after the detonation. It disintegrates, and it appears that the weapon simply suffered a serious misfire.

Invention: *The EMT*. The "Emmet" is an electromagnetic transmitter that broadcasts tiny bursts of static. This static is its identification number, which can be read by the Gallows computer as long as the beacon remains within fifty miles of the Campaign City. The *EMT* allows the Hanged Man to track weapons he sells and, if the campaign is using teleport technology, to teleport the weapon back to his private warehouse should it find its way into police storage or into the custody of a ballistics expert. The *EMT* is the size of a thumbtack and is hidden in the handle of the gun. It is invisible to all conventional Tracking and Sensing Devices; if the weapon suffers a misfire, the *EMT* will be destroyed.

THE SELL

Desmond has had to tread a fine line between customer convenience and discovery by the authorities in his line of work; the need to make his weaponry accessible to the public has forced him to invest a great deal of money and man hours to provide fast, efficient service while preventing discovery. At the moment, his business transactions involve advertising through word of mouth (which works reasonably well in the Underworld) and through the Want Ads section of the newspaper (see below).

Customers make weapon selections by calling the Hanged Man and telling the Gallows computer directly or by consulting the "catalog" (see below) and giving product numbers and quantity. Word on the street is the Hanged Man prefers the catalog and grows impatient with people who "hem" and "haw" when placing their order and waste valuable computer time.

THE CATALOG

For convenience, characters can select choices from the Hanged Man's catalog before they call. The catalogs are not elaborate; they are computer print-outs that list minimal information on the products (there are hundreds of weapon types in small print), but no high-tech weapons, vehicles, gadgets or battlesuits...if the characters flip through the pamphlet they will see a small notation for making "special orders at variable cost." Characters should be able to dig up a catalog if they look for one; if for some reason, the characters cannot find a catalog, they can always look up the Hanged Man in the "Want Ads":

Want Ad: Discount weapons. Dial 1-800-HANGMAN.



A customer can dial this number on any public or private telephone that belongs to a major communications company (AT&TEE, C&PEE, etc.). After the customer dials the number, there will be a click, then silence for about a minute. During the silence, Desmond's computer will check the source of the call and run the transmission through decontamination procedures (see *The Gallows Computer*); if it detects a tracer or a bug, it will do one of two things:

1. Depending on the amount of information on criminal activities in the city, the computer will transmit the telephone number of an area near where contraband is being stored (drug labs, a Raven base, a Mafia warehouse). The Hanged Man hopes that rerouting tracers in this way will damage the criminal organizations and make investigators assume the "Hanged Man" works for one of these organizations. Desmond's computer will record the telephone location where the trace occurred and log it in its memory.
2. If there are no crimes or drug labs in the city (or the GM doesn't want to have the characters running off somewhere else), the computer transmits a piercing burst of static and disconnects. Desmond's computer will record the telephone location where the trace occurred and log it in its memory.

If the computer detects no tracers or bugs, the phone rings twice, then the listener will hear another click as Desmond's answering machine kicks in. If the characters have somehow managed to by-pass the Hanged Man's safeguards, they will discover the location of the answering machine (it is hidden in an office building somewhere, and if the characters track it down, they will find no connection to the Hanged Man). A Gender-Neutral voice relates the following message:

You have reached a secure number. This is not a private residence. If you have made an error in dialing, please hang up the phone and try again [Desmond got messages for the Hilton for an entire week before he changed his number].

When instructed told to do so, please speak your first name, middle initial and last name. Please enunciate clearly. Do not use nicknames. Nicknames may result in the delay of your order. Please enter your name now and then press star.

[If characters simply press star, the request will be repeated until they say *something* into the phone. The Hanged Man does not always expect a customer to enter their name, but he likes to have a sample of the customer's voice on record for inventory and customer information purchases. In addition, the Gallows computer can mimic the customer's voice and use it against them in the future to create more violence on the streets, if necessary. After the character has spoken, the computer continues].

If you wish to place an order, please press 1. If you are calling about delivery dates, please press 2. If you are inquiring about special merchandise, please press 3.

1: You have chosen to "Place an order." If you have a selection from the catalog, please enter number and quantity. Cash is expected at time of delivery. Checks and credit cards will not be accepted. Credit plans can be extended for customers, depending on need and reliability. If you wish to make an order that is not in the catalog, please clearly announce the name of the item desired. Speak your order now."

The computer will tabulate the order and spit out a total (see Cost of Merchandise above). The computer will then give delivery information—#2 below; if the character does not have a catalog, or wants something not on the list, they will be directed to option #3 below to "discuss" their order with the computer.

2: You have chosen "Delivery Information." To check on the status of a previously ordered item, please speak your first name, middle initial and last name. Please enunciate clearly. Do not use nicknames. Nicknames may result in the delay of your order. Press star when finished and the status of your order will be released. Speak your name now:

The computer waits until the customer says something, then matches the voice patterns and name, checks on the order, then informs the character of the delay and how much longer they will have to wait. The computer will then ask the customer if they wish to return to the main menu.

3. You have chosen "Special Requests." For special requests, enter the nature of your request after the beep:

This includes battlesuits, heavy weapons, etc. The Hanged Man's computer will guide the character through a menu of items, suggesting modifications, upgrades and offering cost tags for each...GMs should use their imagination

THE DROP

There are two ways to make a delivery. If the character sends the correct cash amount to a special P.O. Box, the item will be dropped off to the character at a random address in the city (which will be told to them by the computer). The characters are instructed to arrive at a specified time (usually between 6 and 12 PM). If a customer goes to the address, they will find themselves in a lower-class neighborhood (Note: although the characters will be entering a high crime neighborhood, the streets will be deserted; the Hanged Man takes care to insure his customers have safe access to their orders and disposes of gangs in the area who interfere with his transactions. Characters with either KS: Underworld or KS: Street Gangs will know that the drop off site is in neutral territory. The Hanged Man uses his "credit" favors to have hi-tech villains and violent criminals "clean-up" his drop-off sites by killing gangs and felons if they prove troublesome).

DEVIL'S DUE

As soon as customers arrive at the drop off, a holographic image of a black-robed figure will materialize (see *The Hanged Man* appearance). The Hanged Man will give a brief description of the weapon, and then will ask (casually) what the character intends to use it for (see *The Hanged Man*). He will not press his curiosity and will not be offended (at least to the viewer) if he is insulted or threatened. The Hanged Man makes friendly banter with his customers only to find out what their plans for the device are (it is part of his research and is much easier to hear what arrogant criminals plan to do with weapons rather than wait for them to pull off a job).

Payment is due *before* merchandise is received. The Hanged Man is known on the streets to honor all payments, and there is no question that he will deliver the goods. If for any reason the Hanged Man cannot deliver, he will propose another weapon(s) at a cheaper rate, or refund the customer's money and make a formal apology. The "Payment" can either be through straight cash (the Hanged Man does not honor checks or credit cards, though he will extend a line of credit for customers that show potential) or through favors. If the customer seems unable to pay the requested amount, the Hanged Man will allow the customer to purchase an item if the newly-outfitted customer performs a "favor" for him. The Hanged Man prefers to exploit preexisting hatreds and rivalries with these customers (i.e., selling the leader of the Dead Vultures a set of assault rifles if he makes a raid on the Leather Kings territory).

THE WEAPONS

All unconventional (high-tech) weapons are built using Raven construction methods; the Hanged Man hopes that will lead investigators to hassle a local Raven cell rather than him. Weapon possibilities should be chosen from *Champions*, *Dark Champions*, *VIPER* and *Cyberhero* books; *Fantasy Hero* should be used for approximations on magical weaponry if the Hanged Man is used in a Magical Underworld campaign.

Heavy Weapons

The Hanged Man has made the Micro-Rocket Launcher available to street gangs, also Raven "look-alike" weapons (see page 67 in the Campaign Section of *Champions*): Net Guns, Mortar Guns, Flash Grenades, Stunner Guns, Refined Blasters, Smart SAMs, and Deep Penetrating Blasters are for sale, plus all the equipment in the *VIPER* sourcebook.

Ammo

All bullet and ammo types listed on pp.78-82 of *Dark Champions* are available.

Grenades

Many weapons (especially assault rifles) come with grenade launchers underneath the barrels. Smoke, Tear Gas and Flash Grenades are not usually sold to customers.

Battlesuits

These are rare, but the Hanged Man is happy to lend them out, since most of them kill the wearer or are jinxed in some way that makes them undesirable. A basic battlesuit has +15 STR, Armor (+10PD/ 10ED, *non-Hardened*), with room for one heavy weapon described above. These battlesuits always have a self-help manual and are considered Independent (see *Artemis* as an example).

Gadgets and Vehicles

All the ones in *Dark Champions* are for sale for a modest price, with little or no armor or attachments in their gas tanks that can turn them into a fiery inferno at the press of a button.

RELATIONS WITH OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

The Hanged Man gives variable discounts to large criminal organizations such as the Mafia and Raven (this 'variable discount' varies according to how much he estimates these organizations have in their vaults; he prefers to drain their funds as much as possible when they order from him to destroy their infrastructure). As such, when they cannot get their own shipments (which mysteriously vanish or are blown up), they turn to him for weapons and battlesuits. The Hanged Man maintains friendly relations with all criminal organizations in the city, frequently promising each of them special deals. The police are aware there is a major weapons supplier but have the mistaken notion that it is Raven.

RUNNING THE BUSINESS

How does the Hanged Man get his weapons surplus? And manage to sell them as low as he does while supporting public service projects and maintaining his own company?

First, the Hanged Man can mass-produce weapons cheaply. They are not intended to last more than a year and thus, he can make short-cuts in weapon production. Second, the Hanged Man steals weapons from other organizations, through high-jacking, teleport theft (this may not be possible for low-tech campaigns) or simple breaking and entering (done through agents that owe him 'favors'). He does this when he can start an Underworld War by blaming the theft on another organization (the Mafia once had a weapons shipment of submachineguns destined for the Yakuza high-jacked and the Hanged Man stole them using Raven trucks and Mechs). After the theft, he will modify the weapons, removing any means of identification, and sell them. He may attack a weapon shipment, drug the delivery agents, modify the weapon shipment, placing barrel charges and EMT's on the weapons, then let them be delivered to the buyer.

Here are two sample situations for the Hanged Man's modus operandi:

1. A criminal organization orders a bulk weapons shipment to wage war on another organization. The Hanged Man permits it, then tracks the course of the gang war, summoning police, tipping off vigilantes and causing accidents at various stages of the conflict to cause maximum damage to both sides. A criminal war manipulated by the Hanged Man may drag on for months.
2. By tracking the weapons, the Hanged Man can plot weapon smuggling and drug pipelines. By having the Gallows computer track drug dealers that own his weapons, he follows their movements, notes drug shipments, labs and safe houses. When he has enough information, he will tell vigilante heroes or the police.

THE TIP-OFF

At some point after the customer has purchased the weapon (*after* the Hanged Man has learned all he can from the criminal about Underworld activity), the Hanged Man will tip off one of the following (all 'tipoffs' will be done using one of the customer voices in the *Gallows* computer file):

1. A rival organization...if it may start a war or feud. This works well with street gangs, the Mafia and Raven. The Hanged Man will provoke the war as much as possible, selling weapons to both sides until he has drained them of funds and manpower, then he will tip-off one of the two below:
2. Vigilante killers. The Hanged Man prefers to contact *unpopular* paranormal vigilantes, especially ones that leave an "ego signature." By this, he hopes the vigilante will kill the criminals and worsen their reputation in the 'law-abiding' community. Mad Slasher characters will be his first choice.
3. As a last resort, the police. If the confrontation is likely to turn into a shoot-out, the Hanged Man may summon the police first (and maybe *in addition* to the two above for a real bloodbath). By doing this, he hopes police officers will be hurt or killed, promoting more support for gun control within the city.

Stopping the Hanged Man is a near-suicidal adventure. If he is threatened, he will mobilize the city's deadliest villains, upgrade their weapons, and give them an extended line of credit if they will slaughter the offending characters. The Hanged Man does not care about the "martyr effect" (that the victim will be more dangerous dead than he was alive), which in the case of most non-sanctioned vigilante heroes, is complete crap. The Hanged Man, if chosen as a Hunted, should be treated as a More Powerful Foe with Non-Combat Influence. He seeks the death of anyone who threatens him.



LONE WOLVES

ABSOLUTION

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
18	STR	8	OCV: 5
15	DEX	15	DCV: 5
15	CON	10	ECV: 6
15	BODY	10	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12
13	INT	3	
18	EGO	16	
20	PRE	10	
10	COM	0	
14	PD	10	
14	ED	11	
5	SPD	25	
10	REC	6	
42	END	6	
42	STUN	10	
			Costs
			Char: 140 Base: 100
			Powers: 212 Disad: 252
			Totals: 352 352
Cost	Powers	END	
1	Multiform to Father Grey (5 Points)		
165	6D6 Major Transform, Cumulative (+½), Based on ECV (+1), ½ END (+¼), Must make eye contact (-½). The Transform transfers all Father Grey's sinful memories into target, renders them unconscious for 2D6 minutes and gives them the Psychological Limitation: Pathological Sinner. The Transform works vs. Mental Defense instead of Power Defense, and it is an All or Nothing Heal: character can be cured with Telepathic cleansing (a Telepath who makes an EGO+30 roll can erase the memories) or through Psychiatric Counseling. This treatment will be successful only after a month has passed.		
10	1D6 HKA (2D6 w/ STR), 0 END, No KB, OAF (Straight Razor, -1)	0	
Skills			
1, 3	Contact: Local Drug Dealer, 8-; Persuasion, 13-		
3, 5	Seduction, 13-; KS: Theology, 13-		
7, 5	KS: The Bible, 15-; Oratory, 13-		
3, 3	Psychology, 12-; Language: Latin		
6	+3 OCV Levels with Straight Razor		
100+	Disadvantages		
20	Accidental Change: Into Father Grey; check every phase after Absolution has successfully performed a Mental Transformation (Common) 14-		
10	Enraged if Prevented from Sinning 11-, 11-		
20	Psychological Limitation: Pathological Sinner		
20	Hunted: Police (Mo Pow, NCI) 8-		
15	Secret ID: Father Dolan Grey		
167	Villain Bonus		

Background: Father Grey slid back the screen of the confessional. The heavy breathing mixed with petulant sighs told him it could only be one person. Esther.

The seamstress had been in his congregation as long as Father Grey could remember; she hung on his every word and followed his advice. But Esther had her faults; Father Grey recalled the dim anger he felt every time he saw her standing in line outside the confessional, eavesdropping on the other confessions, and her obsequious attitude as she told him her doubts about her husband's fidelity...

FATHER DOLAN GREY

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
8	STR	-2	OCV: 3
9	DEX	-3	DCV: 3
11	CON	2	ECV: 4
10	BODY	0	Phases: 6, 12
12	INT	2	
13	EGO	6	
10	PRE	0	
10	COM	0	
2	PD	0	
2	ED	0	
2	SPD	1	
4	REC	0	
22	END	0	
20	STUN	0	
			Costs
			Char: 6 Base: 25
			Powers: 52 Disad: 50
			58 70
Cost	Powers	END	
23	Multiform to Absolution (No conscious control)		
Skills			
2	Priest (Right to Marry)		
3	PS: Catholic Priest (PRE), 12-		
3	KS: Catholic Church, 12-		
5	KS: Theology, 13-		
7	KS: The Bible, 15-		
5	Oratory, 13-		
1	Psychology, 8-		
3	Language: Latin		
25+	Disadvantages		
15	Accidental Change: Absolution when has opportunity to sin (Common) 11-		
20	Psychological Limitation: Pathological Sinner		
10	Psychological Limitation: Priest's Vows		
5	Distinctive Features: Priest		

Father Grey warned himself to hold his temper. He was old, and tempers frayed when one was getting on in years.

"Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It has been one week since my last confession." Esther's words were barely discernible; she had an annoying habit of whispering. The Father leaned closer to the screen: he had *asked* her before to speak up why couldn't she *ever* remember—

Strike Her

The thought cut the Father's consciousness like a knife. He jolted away from the screen, and Esther went silent.

"I-Is everything all right, Father?"

"Yes, yes." A bead of sweat trickled down Father Grey's forehead. "My apologies. Please go on."

He had *wanted* to strike her...how could he do that to Esther, of all people? But...Grey frowned. He *had* wanted to for years but had never allowed himself to admit it. Like all his other thoughts, all of his desires, he had just locked it deep inside...until the realizations came, that he could, he *should*, give in.

The Father recoiled at the thought. He had been having these urges so frequently lately and was at a loss to explain why. He had lived a quiet, full life—in another few years, he expected to be delivered into the arms of God, having completed the work he had been meant to do...

Except he felt unsatisfied. He wanted to *experience* life, not listen to the ramblings of a filthy congregation of sinners. He wanted the freedom to experience the luxury, the sin that had been denied to him. The sin Esther's unfaithful husband indulged in. With women, with drugs. Gambling, stealing...

"Can't you *do* something, Father?" Esther's voice jolted Dolan. Composing himself, he spoke.

"I...I will speak to your husband, Esther. His actions should not jeopardize the stability of your household. I will see him tonight if you can be absent for a few hours. Stop by about ten, Esther. By then, I should be done with your husband."

"Thank you." Esther's voice was relieved and hopeful.

Father Grey slid the screen closed.

* * *

About ten, Esther walked in the door, and found the apartment dark. As she moved to the light, a hand seized hers and another clamped over her mouth, stifling her.

"Esther." She stopped struggling as she recognized the voice, and took a breath as Father Grey removed his hand.

"Father..." she gasped weakly. "You gave me such a fright..." His other hand tightened on her shoulder as he turned her slowly around. "Did you speak to—" Esther recoiled as she saw the fire burning in Dolan's eyes and his ecstatic quiver as he held her.

"Oh, yes, I spoke to him. In fact, I have some thoughts on your husband I'd like to share with you." Father Dolan's words dripped like acid. "It is a terrible thing you have done, Esther." Esther convulsed as her mind flooded with images of...blood...and her husband...*screaming*...

Father Grey's acidic voice continued. "I absolve you of your sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." After a minute, she collapsed in his arms, her breathing shallow. Father Grey let her slide gently to the floor to join her husband's body, her fingers not far from a bloody kitchen knife carelessly dropped there.

The room was silent except for shuffling footsteps as Father Grey backed away from the bodies; his expression dazed, he closed the door, letting the lock click close behind him.

Esther's eyes flickered beneath her eyelids.

* * *

The next day Esther was arrested at her home after neighbors had heard her screaming. She had to be restrained and sedated by officers arriving at the scene; by her own admission, she had brutally stabbed her husband to death. When news of the incident reached Father Grey, he wondered what would drive Esther to do such a thing.

But then he remembered he hadn't liked her anyway.

Personality: Father Grey is a patient man who discharges his duty with a selfless devotion. Although he seems distracted (a side effect of his urges), his congregation thinks him an understanding man. When presented with the opportunity to sin, Grey's distraction and nervousness increases. GMs should check for Accidental Change, above, until Grey fights the urge or gives in and becomes Absolution.

"Absolution" is the final manifestation of a cycle of corruption that continually consumes, then cleanses, Father Grey. Absolution is a psychic manifestation of Father Grey's repressed desires; a surfacing of his subconscious longing to experience the life forbidden to him by his priestly vows. Absolution is brutal and excessively violent; he never stops until he is satiated and his victims dead. As Absolution, Father Grey has victimized many of his congregation who have come to him for help, then used his powers to make them believe they are guilty of the crimes he has committed.

Quote: "We all have our crosses to bear, my child."

Powers/Tactics: Father Grey has the power to transfer selective memories (sinful thoughts and actions) into the mind of targets. When the Father plants these memories into a target's mind, *he loses all knowledge of the events*. Shortly after he finishes a memory transfer, he walks home in a trance and falls asleep.

The Father's victims are the ones that pose a danger to others. They remain unconscious for several minutes after the transfer, then awaken, believing *they* have committed Father Grey's atrocities. In addition, they are also infected with Absolution's desire to sin and will act accordingly. Some of his victims have committed suicide, others continue Absolution's drug use, sexual molestation or acts of violence, and others turn themselves in to the police. The desire to sin leaves the target within a few days, but the memories of the 'crimes' the character has committed can never be lost, except with Psychiatric Counseling or a Psionic trained to suppress memories. Characters, even if they are aware they have become the host of someone else's deviant experiences, will still find them frighteningly real.

When Father Grey becomes Absolution, his body responds accordingly, giving him bursts of strength and endurance to dominate and abuse his victims.

Appearance: Father Grey stands 5'8" and is entering his late fifties. His hair is dead white, and thick eyebrows overshadow his light blue eyes. His gentle face changes when he believes he is not being watched, becoming nervous and uncertain. When overcome by his passionate fits, the Father changes into a monster, smiling as he inflicts horrors on others.





ARTEMIS

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats																				
10/15	STR	1*	OCV: 7 DCV: 7 ECV: 3 Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12 Costs <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 15%;">Char:</td> <td style="width: 15%;">41</td> <td style="width: 15%;">Base:</td> <td style="width: 15%;">110</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">+</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">+</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Powers:</td> <td>69</td> <td>Disad:</td> <td>140</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">=</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">=</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>110</td> <td></td> <td>240</td> </tr> </table>	Char:	41	Base:	110		+		+	Powers:	69	Disad:	140		=		=		110		240
Char:	41	Base:		110																			
	+			+																			
Powers:	69	Disad:		140																			
	=			=																			
	110			240																			
1½1	DEX	12*																					
12/20	CON	9*																					
10/13	BODY	2*																					
13	INT	3																					
10	EGO	0																					
13/15	PRE	4*																					
10	COM	0																					
2/10	PD	2*																					
2/10	ED	2*																					
2/5	SPD	6*																					
4	REC	0																					
20	END	0																					
20	STUN	0																					
* = Independent (-2), OIF (Armor, -½)																							
Cost		Powers		END																			
16	Multipower (75 point pool): Artemis Weaponry*, Incantation (One word activation commands to change Multipower, -¼)																						
5u	6D6 EB NND [Any resistant ED], No Range Penalty (+½), 2 clips of 6 Charges (-½): "Arrow" [75/50][2x6c]																						
2u	Missile Deflection, All Ranged Attacks: "Shield" [20]																						
4u	2D6 HKA (3D6 w/ STR), 0 END: "Spears" [45]			0*																			
1u	Clinging: "Spears" [10]																						
10	Armor (+12PD/+12ED)*																						
2	+3 to Sight Perception Rolls*																						
4	+10" Superleap (13"/7" total), x4 NCM*			1/5"																			
Skills																							
5	Well-Off																						
3	Director of Haven Woman's Shelter.																						
3	PS: Director of Haven, 12-																						
3	SC: Accounting, 12-																						
1	Familiarity with Psychology, 8-																						
10	+2 Combat Levels with Artemis Multipower																						
100+ Disadvantages																							
10	Enraged if Women Hurt, 11-, 11-																						
15	Psychological Limitation: Revenge Motivated																						
15	Psychological Limitation: Feminist																						
15	Psychological Limitation: Hunting the Germ (As Pow)																						
20	Physical Limitation: Hanged Man always knows where the battlesuit is and can control its functions at any time.																						
10	Reputation: Feminist Vigilante, 11-																						
5	Watched: The Hanged Man (Mo Pow), 8-																						
20	Hunted: Police (Mo Pow, NCI), 8-																						
15	Hunted: Divine (As Pow), 11-																						
15	Secret ID: Angela Marinetti																						

Background: Angela Marinetti locked the door of her apartment and stuffed her keys in her purse as she hurried down the hall. She was late for the opening of the new play at the Globe, and she had almost forgotten the tickets in the rush. She had been running late all day: she had had to work late at the *Haven* office; a woman had run in just as she was about to leave, breathless and crying, and Angela had to arrange for the woman to stay at the shelter until...Angela sighed. Until men ceased to exist.

Angela made her way down the stairs and paused at the front door of the building. Fishing in her purse, she double-checked to make sure she had the tickets. Mary called her a neatnik, but she had always meant it jokingly...it was Mary who had gotten tickets for the show tonight, and for that Angela was grateful; they had had difficulty dating without having work coming between them. Mary wanted her to take a vacation from *Haven*, but Angela was finding it harder and harder to find free time. The women at the shelter *needed* her. Especially the woman that had come in today. The extent of her bruises had sickened most of the staff, and had made Angela furious—the woman's husband (Jake? It was Jake something) drank heavily and was prone to violent mood swings, beating her and forcing himself on her against her will. Finally, the woman had gathered enough sense to come to *Haven* for help...although some of the *Haven* staff had their hands full when her husband had showed up minutes later, shouting threats. Only a threat to call the police had made him leave.

Angela shivered as she stepped out into the cold street and was dismayed to see no taxi-cabs in sight. She hoped she would not have to get her car from the parking garage. *Why* couldn't Mary have just picked her up? The street was almost deserted.

As she double-checked the street again for a taxi, she noticed the figure leaning by the door of her building. He was watching her intently, checking her over. When he saw her looking at him, the man straightened up; Angela held her ground as he sauntered over to her. The man's steps were unsteady, and he was wearing a large blue winter jacket and work boots. His hands were jammed in his pockets, and his face was hidden beneath the shadow of the baseball cap on his head.

"Remember me?" the man said coldly.

A cigarette dangled from Jake's mouth, and his teeth were stained with nicotine. A thick layer of stubble covered his face, and his breath stank of alcohol. "You've got my wife locked up." Jake grabbed her wrist before Angela could reply. "I figure I need a new one."

Gathering her wits, Angela struggled in his grip. "Let me go!" she said, struggling in his grip. "Let me go, you—!" Jake laughed and pulled a knife from his pocket, which he pressed against her stomach.

"Say one more thing, and I'll stick you." Jake's eyes blazed. "Come with me, and don't forget my friend here." Jake forced her down the street, stopping beside a parked car. As they stopped, Jake checked the street and popped the trunk. "Get in."

Angela froze. If she could scream...

Jake thrust the knife to her throat. "Get in or die," he hissed.

Angela, afraid, stepped in the trunk. As the hood closed above her, Jake laughed. "You'll be out soon enough. I ain't gonna hurt you—I just got something special I want to show you." Angela started to scream as the hood slammed, and she pounded on the hood as the engine roared to life, drowning out her cries.

* * *

"Can you tell me what you want it for?" The shadowy holographic projection flickered with static as Angela gazed at the white battlesuit that stood before her.

"How do you get into it?" Angela said, ignoring the question.

The image of the Hanged Man pointed at the neck of the armor. "The projection there. Press it."

Angela touched the neck, and the chest plates of the armor folded away like the wings of a swan, revealing a cavity big enough to fit into. Despite herself, she was impressed.

"The suit will teach you how to use it," the Hanged Man said. "The weapon systems respond to your voice commands..." Angela slipped into the armor as he continued to speak and gasped as it enfolded her. The armor adjusted itself, fitting snugly over her frame, and the helmet displayed an image of the warehouse they were in. The Hanged Man's image was an indistinct electrical apparition that regarded her as she moved the arms of the suit experimentally.

"It is everything you want," the Hanged Man said.

"You don't know what I want." Angela said coldly. "But I'm satisfied."

The Hanged Man nodded, and his image melted.

Angela stood alone in the warehouse. As she flexed her right arm, the carbonite plates shot out into a razor-tipped spear.

* * *

Jake opened the door of his apartment clumsily, the keys seeming to slide from his grip. With an irritated grunt, he stomped into his living room and threw his jacket on the sofa. His stomach grumbling, Jake cursed; if his wife had been here, dinner would be ready for him. But she was hiding in that damn shelter, and all he had to eat was a bottle of Jack Daniels...Digging in his shirt pocket for his cigarettes, he pulled forth one and lit it.

The flame of the lighter illuminated the white figure standing in front of him.

Stunned, he dropped the lighter as the figure grabbed him and hurled him into the ground. Putting its knee on his chest, a blade shot from the figure's forearm and lingered on Jake's throat.

"Remember me?" the figure said.

As Jake opened his mouth, Angela pierced his throat and twisted the spear until Jake stopped thrashing. Retracting the spear and rising, she went to the window of the apartment, stepped out onto the fire escape and vanished.

Above Jake's body, slashed into the living room wall of was the word ARTEMIS.

Personality: Still recovering from the shock of her abduction and rape, Angela is confused and angry. Her vigilante actions are the only way she can think of to deal with her pain, and she has thrown herself into her work at *Haven*. Many of her co-workers are worried about her.

Despite her hatred for rapists, Angela has only killed once. While she does not regret the murder, she finds that she cannot bring herself to kill anyone else...although she *will* hurt her targets.

If confronted with a repeat offender, Angela maims or cripples them so they are physically incapable of repeating the event.

Angela has not had a girlfriend in a long time. Ever since her rape, she has found it difficult to trust others. In addition, since her abduction, she has believed any rape story any woman at *Haven* tells her...even ones that are false. This may lead her to hurt an innocent.





Quote: "Strike her again, and there will be no place on Earth where you will be safe from me."

Powers/Tactics: Angela's powers come from the Artemis battlesuit, a light ballistic cloth jumpsuit surrounded with flexible carbon plates. Artemis' weaponry and defenses are located in the arm sheaths in the armor and can be triggered by her voice commands into different configurations:

1. "Shield": By extending an interlocking layer of plates in a rough ellipsoid, a carbonite shield is formed, protecting the user from ranged attacks.
2. "Spears": By extending the plates a half meter past the hands, the Artemis battlesuit creates razor-sharp "spears" that can decapitate opponents and allow the user to climb buildings by gouging holes in the exterior.
3. "Arrows": When the spears are retracted, firing chambers in the forearms are revealed: these two chambers (one on the left arm, the other on the right) hold six carbonite shells, blunt projectiles with an external electrical charge of 1200 volts, used to stun victims. The Artemis battlesuit comes with its own targeting system that allows the user to fire the arrows with a minimum of training (No Range Penalty).

The Artemis battlesuit has jump jets in the boots allowing the wearer to leap great distances, and it has built-in shock absorbers to allow the user to land safely.

Angela chooses her targets carefully. When a battered or victimized woman is admitted into *Haven*, Angela counsels the woman to find out the details of the abuse; armed with information on the attacker's identity, Angela suits up and tracks them down. When she finds the offender, she subdues them (painfully), then delivers a verbal warning that if the offender should ever harm another woman, she will return and kill him. She then leaves. She has yet to make a repeat appearance.

Angela patrols the city when she is especially angry and has no current targets. She prefers her work at *Haven* to looking for random crimes, but she has attacked brothels, porno theaters and threatened pimps and prostitutes on the streets. This has earned her the condescending enmity of Divine, who would like very much to teach the vigilante a lesson in abuse. Angela has also heard about the rapist known as the Germ, and after she saw one of his victims, she is determined to stop him.

Appearance: Angela Marinetti has short blond hair and is very thin. When not working at *Haven* or committing vigilante activities, she works out at the gym and jogs; when out of her battlesuit, she carries a taser, a rape whistle and mace.

The Artemis armor is a white battlesuit composed of a series of interlocking plates. A featureless helmet fits over the wearer's head and allows the user to see great distances as well as providing as a sophisticated tracking system for the armor's arrows. Unknown to Angela, a small transmitter informs the Hanged Man of Artemis' location, and the Gallows computer keeps records of her movements. The Hanged Man is intrigued by her case and is watching her vigilante career develop with interest; he considers her a possible cure for sexual offenders.

ASHTRAY ART

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
10	STR	0	OCV: 5	
15	DEX	15	DCV: 5	
13	CON	6	ECV: 3	
15	BODY	10	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12	
13	INT	3		
15	EGO	5	Costs	
13	PRE	3		
12	COM	1	Char: 62	Base: 100
3	PD	1	+	+
3	ED	0	Powers: 116	Disad: 100
4	SPD	15	=	=
8	REC	6	178	200
34	END	4		
30	STUN	3		
Cost		Powers	END	
10	1D6 HKA (1 ½D6 w/ STR), Gestures (must be able to drag his finger along a friction surface to 'turn on' the attack, -¼), No KB, not in water (-¼), Damage Shield (+½)			2
45	3D6 RKA, Explosion, Uncontrolled, Continuous, Gestures (Must light it, -¼), 2 Continuous 5 min. charges, Def: douse flames with water (-½), Not in water (-¼), Range based on STR (-¼), OAF (Firebombs)			
26	Force Field (+40 ED), Hardened (+¼), 0 END, Persistent, Always On, vs. Flame Attacks only (-2)			
5	Life Support: Breath in Fire			
Skills				
2	PS: Sensitive Arsonist, 11-			
3	SC: Arson, 11-			
3	Demolitions, 11-			
3	High Society, 12-			
3	Art Scholar			
1	KS: Campaign City Art Community, 11-			
1	KS: T.S. Elliot, collected works, 11-			
1	KS: Art History, 11-			
1	KS: Modern/Post-Modern Art, 11-			
1	KS: Campaign City Gas Lines, 11-			
3	Sleight of Hand, 12-			
6	Languages: French, Italian			
3	Weaponsmith: Flame Weaponry (Molotov cocktails, Firebombs, Napalm), 11-			
4	+2 OCV with Throw			
100+ Disadvantages				
10	Enraged if encounters flame-using opponent, 11-, 11-			
25	Psychological Limitation: In love with "The Lady" (Fire)			
15	Psychological Limitation: Pyromaniac			
10	Psychological Limitation: Sensitive Artist			
5	Reputation: Arsonist 11-			
20	Hunted: Police Department 11-			
15	Hunted: The Asylum 11-			

Background: Flakes of snow drifted down as Art, bundled up in his heavy winter jacket, half-stumbled, half-ran down the alley, his heavy boots crunching in the snow and his labored breathing making clouds of mist in the air. He hoped she had not forgotten their meeting; he had *tried* to get out of school as quickly as possible, but he had needed to get the tube of iridescent yellow paint from the art shelf...and his art teacher had caught him putting it in his pocket. Art had mumbled something, and the teacher had gotten all quiet and asked what Art was doing with the paint. Art's face had gotten all hot, and he had run from the room, dropping the paint. He wasn't worried that his art teacher might tell his fifth grade teacher—he was more worried about not showing up with the paint. What was he going to do? He had *promised* to get it. If she found out he hadn't, she might be angry with him. She hadn't gotten mad before, sure, but Dad told him women were kinda funny (except Mom, but she had died a long time ago and Art was too young to remember anything about her). He didn't think *she* would be mad—she wasn't like that. She was always nice, and Art really liked her and tried to act like a gentleman. Ladies liked that.

Reaching the end of the alley, he came face to face with a dirty wooden fence, about twice as high as he was. Tucking his winter jacket around his waist, Art grabbed one of the wooden planks of the fence and pushed it to one side; he was glad for his mittens as he moved the board, because sometimes, if he wasn't careful, he got splinters. Pushing his way through the hole, he felt something catch; looking behind him, he saw a nail had caught the edge of his jacket. Reaching back, he pulled the jacket loose and heard a tearing sound. An object fell from his pocket and *popped* into the snow. Art winced. He would have to explain the tear to Dad, and Dad had saved up a *lot* of money to get the jacket...pulling off his mittens, Art bent down, digging the spray can of magenta paint out of the snow, the little ball inside the can rattling as he picked it up. Shoving it into his other pocket, he went through the fence, careful to watch the nail this time, and put his foot down on a set of boxes he had stacked next to the fence on the other side. Most people couldn't tell, but on this side of the fence, the alleyway dropped down real sharp into a big pit. Stepping down the crates carefully, Art's boots sunk into the snow at the bottom of the pit (it had gathered thick), and he stood up straight and looked around, proud of himself.

Despite the gray snow falling from above and the heavy shadows of the buildings, the pit was ablaze with color—orange, yellows and reds flashed across the walls of the alley, spiraling and twisting and dancing...every paint color he had gotten his hands on decorated the pit, even *desert sunset* he had got from the Paint Store and that was hard to find *anywhere*. He turned in place, taking in the expanse of the pit. The entire length of the walls had been painted, and as high as Art's arms could reach. He had taken a lot of time, months after school, telling his Dad that he was at the Art Club, to get his shrine just right. His Dad didn't mind cause it meant he could work a little later at the restaurant, and that was okay cause Art knew Dad needed the money. The blazing patterns and rolling colors of smoke circled the edges of the pit—Art could remember with perfect clarity what he had been thinking when he was painting at any point on the wall. It was his life.



The pit was about five foot deep, enclosed by the backs of three buildings (he was at the basement level), with the wooden fence he had come through acting as a gate only Art knew about. In the pit, there was a brilliantly painted dumpster, long since forgotten by the city, and an old tire surrounded with junk—sometimes people living in the buildings above threw trash down into the pit, trash and junk and stuff—it made him kinda mad, especially if they stained one of the paintings. There used to be this mean guy all the way up on the third floor, and he had poked his head out of the window one day while Art was visiting *her*, and the guy had started yelling at him, then dumped a bucket of dirty water down on her. Art had thought that the guy had killed her, but it took only a little nursing to get her back to health.

It had made Art mad. Really mad. It wasn't good to lose face in front of her, and a gentleman should protect his lady. So he had gone into the building and let her get back at him by pouring cooking oil under his door and dropping a match—the guy had stopped yelling at Art when he went to the hospital. It was pretty watching her spread through his apartment like that, and she seemed really happy about it. If she was happy, he was happy.



Smiling, Art walked over to his treasure vault, the blazing colorful dumpster and began to root through it, his hands eagerly pulling out bunches of newspapers, rags, magazines, paper bags and other junk, which he gathered in his tiny arms and placed in the tire. Taking off one of his mittens, he dragged one of his fingers along the concrete, and a small flickering flame danced on his finger tip. He shivered in expectation and touched his finger to the tire, smiling as the fire spiraled upward. He kissed his fingertip, quenching the flame, and with a trail of smoke curling from his lips and his finger, he gazed at the larger blaze.

"Hi," he said shyly to the dancing flames.

Art sat down in the wet snow next to her and told her about his day...she listened patiently, and when he got tired of talking, he just stared at her and basked in her warmth. She was beautiful.

Smoke curled up into the gray sky.

* * *

Arthur Connally got his start in a liberal arts college in New England, attracting attention in the art community as he demonstrated considerable skill in integrating fire into his art and earned the name "Ashtray Art" due to his obsession with fire. Many of his exhibits were quite breathtaking, but when one of his new exhibits had part of a blackened tiny skeleton in it shortly after a girl in the city had turned up missing, his art attracted more attention than he wished. He went underground for a short time, before he was found and hired as a skilled arsonist. Although his creativity was hindered by what he was required to burn, Art felt as long as he did his utmost to work within the parameters of an assignment, true beauty could be achieved—his career has been an enormous success in Southern California (he has a tiny cult following in some major cities), and many performance artists have sought to emulate/immolate him.

Personality: Bright, well-read and showing considerable courtesy in the smallest details, Art genuinely likes people. While he is occasionally described as flighty, most of his acquaintances chalk it up as part of his "incurable romantic nature"...unfortunately, they are unaware exactly *what* he is in love with. Ever since childhood, Art has held the delusion that fire is a sentient being and is aware of his affections; thus, he is wooing her, giving her well-crafted gifts of affection (usually art pieces), all carefully arranged to give her more life. He is extremely sensitive, and he must feel he has done everything he can to earn her affection before he can bring her to him, occasionally going into bouts of depression if he feels he has not been adoring enough. Those that attempt to hurt her (firefighters) are his bitter enemies, and Art makes certain to pay a visit to the local Fire Department before he carries through with any romantic gestures.

Art is the jealous type. If he encounters another arsonist or a flame-using paranormal, he will fly into a rage and attack his rival. In the past, vigilantes have used this to bring Art out of hiding, either by setting their own fires or claiming to be an arsonist, both of which force Art into revealing himself...but also cause Art to try to 'outdo' his rival, perhaps torching the entire city block as an expression of his love. Flame-using paranormals have gotten notes and messages at Art's burn sites, claiming that "their adultery has been noted."

Psychologists believe Art's love of fire comes from an unconscious need for a mother figure, and they see his fire setting as a means of calling attention to himself because of paternal neglect. Others assert this is crap, and Art is just hopelessly screwed up.

Quote: "Ah, the sweet, dancing flame arises, kissing the sky and enfolding the Earth with her tender embrace..."

Powers/Tactics: Art is a limited pyrokinetic who can increase the coefficient of friction between his hand and any surface...by rubbing a portion of his body against a surface, he can cause the body part (usually a finger or a hand) to burst into flame. Once Art "catches fire" he can simply walk through a structure, caressing it with his body at key locations. Fortunately for him, Art cannot immolate himself; while he can form a flaming halo around himself, his pyrokinesis has an unconscious self-defense mechanism (much like blinking) which fans away flames before they can burn his body. Art would very much like to set fire to himself to have a "union" with fire, but this self-defense mechanism has prevented him from doing so. Perhaps a kind and caring vigilante will help him achieve his goal.

Art is not a combat monster; the main problem in dealing with him will be fighting the infernos he starts while courting. While Art sets most of his fires to court his love, he does not mind doing a job for a cultured and civilized employer who allows for artistic creativity (Art welcomes payment and donations for his services, since his art career has been put on hold by extenuating circumstances). Art is the ever-ready sensitive arsonist for any Underworld campaign, always willing to discuss the aesthetics of burning down homes and public buildings with potential employers and vigilantes. Most of the Underworld considers Art a flake, but at least he's a civilized flake.

In the past, Ashtray Art has carried flame-throwers and strapped tanks of gasoline to his back when he comes a' courting, and he plays with Matchstick Men in restaurants when he is lonely.

Appearance: Tall, stately and dignified, Art wears black turtlenecks, comfortable pants and expensive shoes; he prefers solid Earth tones to bright colors, and his black hair is carefully groomed. He smiles a lot, and is always conscientious of others who are speaking to him, giving them his full attention and nodding when necessary. While his features are somewhat harsh, he tries not to let his severe appearance frighten others away, usually through politely introducing himself and inviting opinions on almost any conversation topic. Art has had many ardent admirers, male and female, but his disinterest in human relationships is legendary...and should someone try to get too close, Art may be forced to have his fiery lover enact a jealous revenge on the offender.

BROTHER HOOD

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
20	STR	10	OCV: 5		
18	DEX	24	DCV: 5		
20	CON	20	ECV: 3		
15	BODY	10	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12		
13	INT	3	Costs		
12	EGO	4			
18	PRE	8			
10	COM	0	Char: 117	Base: 100	
8	PD	4	+	+	
6	ED	2	Powers: 187	Disad: 204	
4	SPD	12	=	=	
8	REC	0	304	304	
50	END	5			
50	STUN	15			

Cost	Powers	END
22	Martial Arts—Dirty Infighting	
	Maneuver OCV DCV Damage	
	Feint +1 +3 7D6	
	Jab 0 +2 9D6	
	Uppercut -2 0 11D6	
	Eye Gouge -1 +1 3 ½D6 NND*	
	Neck Twist -2 0 2D6 HKA	
	* NND Defense: rPD on Eyes	
2	Use Gun Butt and Combat Boots with Martial Arts	
9	+3 DC with Dirty Infighting (added in)	
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Armored Jacket)	
49	2D6RKA, Autofire (5 shots, +½), Penetrating (+½), +1 STUN Multiplier (+½), 125 Charges (+¾) OAF ("The Great Equalizer" Assault Rifle with hollow point bullets) [125c]	
6	+3D6 HTH, 0 END, No KB, OAF (Rifle Butt)	
5	+3D6 HTH, Kick only (-¼), OIF (Combat Boots) 1	

Skills	
20	Bodyguards (4 50 pt. Followers)
25	The 40 Knights (256 25 pt. Followers)
2	AK: Campaign City, 11-
2	KS: Underworld, 11-
1	Language: Gang Slang
3	Oratory, 11-
3	Persuasion, 12-
3	Combat Driving, 11-
2	TF: Small Ground Vehicles
10	+2 Combat Levels with HTH Combat
10	+2 Combat Levels with Ranged Combat

100+ Disadvantages	
10	Enraged if beliefs challenged, 11-, 11-
10	Enraged if confronted with apathetic behavior 11-, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Bigot
10	Psychological Limitation: Intractable
10	Psychological Limitation: Devoted to Talion.
10	Psychological Limitation: Does not curse, drink or do drugs and reprimands those that do.
5	Physical Limitation: Colorblind
15	Reputation: Black Rights Leader, Ext. 11-
10	DNPC: His gang and his community (Norm), 14-
20	Hunted: Police Department, 11-
15	Hunted: Marshall Endicott (As Pow), 11-
69	Vigilante Bonus

Background: It was supposed to be a quick hit, nothing serious, just some of the 40 Knights taking a shot at the Devil's Rebels while they were hanging at the Park. It was going to be part of Lawrence's initiation, the final test of his strength before he was a full Knight.

Lawrence's brother, Kane, leader of the 40 Knights, had snagged a shotgun from "the Judge" and had passed it along to his li'l brother, Lawrence...assuming he knew how to use it. But when they hit the Park, things had gotten all messed up, and when the shooting was over, Kane was dead, a shotgun blast having taken out sizable portion of his chest. Lawrence had fled, and when the cops caught him a few hours later, he didn't even resist when they cuffed him.

The court date was a long time in coming, but the verdict was not. Lawrence went to prison, his guilt, anger and shame at his brother's death consuming him. Once he got into prison, he suffered the abuse and torment that came from trying to survive, and his ferocity and raw strength attracted the attention of the Black Muslims within the prison. They took Lawrence under their wing and made him part of their group, and Lawrence was impressed with their abstinence from alcohol and drugs. He regularly took part in their workouts in the Common Yard and listened carefully when the Muslim leader, Elijah, told him of racial oppression and the subjugation of the black man throughout history. From Elijah, Lawrence redirected his rage from himself to the drugs and government of the White Man that was tearing apart Black culture.





Elijah died two years later in a prison riot, and Lawrence took over leadership of the Muslims, working them hard, turning them into powerful soldiers. When his prison sentence was finally up, he returned to his neighborhood, filled with righteous anger and the determination to organize his community into a fighting force. Gathering the remnants of his 40th Street gang, Lawrence, now calling himself Brother Hood, drafted them into his new organization, using his strength and fighting skills to weed out those who objected to his rule. He instituted firm laws within the 40 Knights, demanding they abstain from polluting their bodies with drugs and alcohol. In months, through his charisma, popularity and firepower, Brother Hood attracted a large following.

The 40 Knights is growing daily, in anticipation of the coming revolution and the formation of a Black Nation.

Personality: Hood strives for unity in the black community. People who show apathy and hesitation in taking up his crusade enrage him, and he is suspicious of wealthy blacks, claiming that these people do little to support their cause and are too “white” for his tastes.

Brother Hood has turned his gang into a quasi-religious order. They are instructed to rob from no one of their own race, and only to hurt, not kill, other blacks that attack them. They wish other gangs to join them, but they have encountered problems in this area: rival gangs see Brother Hood only as a threat, not as a preacher or a benevolent force.

Brother Hood preaches his brothers should keep their dignity in the face of racial oppression, take pride in what they do, not in demeaning or killing each other. They should fight for their rights and to carve out their own nation on the streets...led by Brother Hood. He urges them to ditch the “white man’s poison,” drugs, that are killing the youth; he has driven this point home to many drug dealers that dared to sell drugs on his turf. Many older people in the neighborhood fear Brother Hood, but young people flock to his banner.

There is no denying that Brother Hood has had several positive effects in his territory, including establishing drug clinics and inviting aid programs to help the community. He has also encouraged learning and arranged the formation of neighborhood-run schools, independent of the state school system, to teach children about the cycles of oppression Brother Hood learned from his mentor, Elijah. He holds councils in a burnt-out church in the Campaign City and even has a priest that preaches to his congregation. At the moment, his services attract over a thousand youths, many who believe that Brother Hood is more a force of nature than a human being.

Despite his moral cause, Brother Hood is still feeling the pain of his brother’s death. He has used his anger and frustration to fuel his crusade; his biggest goal is to start a revolt against the city government and carve out an independent nation within the city. He has hidden scores of weapons, grenades and explosives in safehouses scattered across the city, and he will use them without hesitation if necessary. Unfortunately for the city, Marshall Endicott is planning to send White Lightning and a few soldiers to bomb Brother Hood’s church in the near future. If they succeed, violence will pour through the streets and lead to wide-scale rioting that will rival the *Night of Villainy*.

Brother Hood’s name comes from the black hood he wears. His eyes are hidden beneath the folds of the mask, and the overall effect is quite frightening.

Quote: “We are our brothers keepers.”

Powers/Tactics: Brother Hood is not a paranormal; he relies on superior firepower to get his message of universal peace across. After purchasing weapons from “the Judge” (see *the Hanged Man*), Hood has started a Pro-Black movement, waging war on police and vigilantes that encroach on his territory. He carries a variety of heavy weapons with him, and his favorite is “the Great Equalizer,” an assault rifle he purchased from the Hanged Man that fires hollow point bullets. He trains with it everyday, unaware that the Hanged Man is monitoring him (the Hanged Man has high expectations for Brother Hood).

Brother Hood’s goals are to create a Black Nation in the city, free from the city government, police and vigilantes. Brother Hood considers “masks” and “Vs” (vigilantes) to be tools of the government, allowing the government to “secretly” strike against minorities without having to expose their true face. All Brother Hood’s followers detest vigilantes and any vigilante unfortunate enough to enter their territory will become a target, whether they are white or black.

Brother Hood would gladly kill Marshall Endicott if the opportunity presented itself. Neither he nor Endicott have realized they are two sides of the same coin; the most important difference is Brother Hood has more followers, all of whom are willing to die for him. If they decide to storm Endicott’s Compound (see *Marshall Endicott*), Endicott and his troops will be put to a quick end. Brother Hood trains his people for the coming revolution, and he has secret bases throughout the Campaign City for training his troops in firearms. If he accuses a PC vigilante of being racist, whether it is true or not, their reputation will plummet and they will get resistance from other blacks in the city.

Appearance: Brother Hood is a heavily-muscled black young man who wears a black hood draped with chainmail over his head. He is bald, and while his calm face suggests a benevolent air, it decays into a blind rage if he is provoked. His face has a black tear tattoo on it and has various power symbols tattooed on his arms. Brother Hood wears earrings in his nose, his lip and along his ears. In contrast to his huge frame, Brother Hood’s voice is soft, almost gentle. When angry, however, his speech rumbles in his throat, as if coming from the depths of a huge boiler.

DIVINE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
15	STR	5	OCV: 7 DCV: 7 ECV: 5 Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 Costs Char: 136 Base: 100 + + Powers: 383 Disad: 419 = = 519 519
20	DEX	30	
15	CON	10	
9	BODY	-2	
17	INT	7	
15	EGO	10	
17	PRE	7	
14	COM	2	
8	PD	5	
5	ED	2	
5	SPD	20	
10	REC	8	
40	END	5	
50	STUN	25	

Cost	Powers	END
21	Martial Arts—Walking Stick T¼te-à-T¼te Maneuver OCV DCV Damage Thrust +1 +3 6D6 Lunge -2 0 10D6 Parry +2 +2 Block, Abort Disarm -1 +1 STR 40 Disarm Legsweep +2 -1 7D6, Opp. Falls	
2	Use Walking Stick and Knives with Martial Arts	
12	+3 DC with Martial Arts (Added in)	
30	Multipower (60 pt pool), OAF (Walking Stick)	
2u	2D6 HKA (3D6 w/ STR), 0 END, Ranged (+½), Range Based on STR (-¼), 1 Rec. Charge if Fired at Opponent (-1), No KB, OAF (Spring Blade in Walking Stick, -1) [60/24]	
1u	+6D6 HTH, 0 END, Ranged (+½), Range Based on STR (-¼), 1 Recoverable Charge if Thrown (-1), Lockout if Thrown (No other Multipower can be used if Divine throws his Walking Stick at an opponent, -¾), No KB, OAF (Walking Stick) [36/8]	
1m	Missile Deflection vs. Thrown Objects and Projectiles, OAF (Walking Stick) [10/5]	
22	1D6+1 RKA, Autofire (+½), +1 STUN Modifier (+½), 2 clips of 32 charges each (+½), No KB, OAF (Ingram MAC-10) [2x32c]	
12	Armor (+10PD/+10ED), requires a 13- DEX roll, Not vs. Surprise, Invisible or "Tracking" Attacks (-¼), Must have room to move (-¼), Costs END (-½) 3	
12	Armor (+6 PD/+6 ED), OIF (Armored Jacket)	
6	+2 with All Perception Rolls	
4	+2" Running (8" Total) 1/5"	

Skills

10	Wealthy
20	Followers: Felicity and Chastity (75 pt. Bodyguards)
40	Followers: The Glory Boyz (128 25 pt. Gangsters)
21	Vehicle: Bright Yellow Limo (Sports Car, p.96 DC)
30	Find Weakness with Walking Stick Blade, 13-
3	Jack of All Trades
1	PS: Drug Trafficker, 11-
1	PS: Musician, 11-
1	PS: Pimp, 11-
1	PS: Porn Czar, 11-
3	Street Scholar
1	KS: The Underworld, 11-
1	KS: The Rumor Mill, 11-
1	KS: Contemporary Fashion, 11-

Skills

1	KS: Slurs, Put-Downs and Comebacks, 11-
2	AK: Campaign City, 11-
3	Street Scientist
2	SC: "Accounting," 12-
2	SC: Intelligence Analysis (Blackmail), 12-
2	SC: Pharmaceuticals, 12-
2	SC: Psychology, 12-
3	Well-Connected
1	Contact: Adult Film Producer, 11-
2	Contact: Blackmailed Crimefighter (Price), 14-
2	Contact: Blackmailed Newspaper Reporter, 14-
1	Contact: Black Satin, 11-
1	Contact: Crave, 11-
1	Contact: Dirty Cop, 11-
1	Contact: Music Industry Mogul, 11-
1	Contact: <i>Protegé</i> , a rising female star, 11-
1	Contact: <i>Rapper G</i> , Band Member, 11-
5	10 Favors (GM's discretion)
3	Bribery, 12-
3	Conversation, 12-
3	Dancing (DEX), 13- (Choreographed from other artists)
3	Gambling, 11-
3	High Society, 12-
3	Persuasion, 12-
3	Sleight of Hand, 12-
3	Stealth, 12-
3	Streetwise, 12-
3	Tactics, 12- ("Cunning")
3	Trading, 12-
1	Language: Gang Slang
15	3D6 Luck
24	+3 Levels w/ Combat
3	WF: Common Small Arms, Whip
15	+3 Skill Levels with all PRE-based Skills

100+ Disadvantages

10	Enraged if someone rejects him or tells him he is unattractive, 11-, 11-
10	Enraged if he gets dirty, 11-, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Vain
20	Psychological Limitation: Egotist
10	Psychological Limitation: Misogynist
15	Reputation: Rising Crime Lord, Ext. 14-
10	DNPC: Boyfriend of the week (Norm), 11-
15	Hunted: Police Dept. (Mo Pow, NCI, Imprison), 8-
15	Hunted: Artemis (As Pow), 11-
5	Rivalry: Other Drug Dealers and Other Bands
5	Rivalry: Any of a variety of Romantic Rivals
15	Secret ID: Quincy Griggs
269	Villain Bonus

Background: Quincy Griggs was never well-liked. Born of a white prostitute and her black pimp, his small size, thinness and snobbish air earned him many enemies. While his father was indifferent to him and gave him free rein, his mother treated him harshly, blaming him for her drug use and her constant failures. She forced him to address her as "ma'am," and demanded a near-slavish attention to every aspect of her life—and whenever Quincy failed to perform any task to her specifications, he was beaten. Quincy hated her deeply, yet he never refused anything she asked him; she planned his life down to the smallest detail, and Quincy found himself locked in her world, desperate to get out. When she died of a drug overdose years later, Quincy did not mourn her loss.



While Quincy was intelligent, he was too full of himself to earn many friends, and his impact on the streets was more through his overbearing arrogance than any generosity or altruism. At a young age, his father sold him to *Gander* publishing, one of the leaders in the pornography industry. Under the handle, "Divine," Quincy became one of their young model slaves, underpaid and mistreated by producers. Nevertheless, the young boy took notice of what was going around him, and every ready to make a quick profit, he took advantage of the porn stars' drug addictions to act as a pusher on the set. By the time he hit his early teens, he was bringing in thousands of dollars a week, starring in adult videos of his choice and was even working on soundtracks for the industry. Thus, when one of the producers was arrested by the police, Quincy took control of distribution and directing of many of *Gander's* adult videos. Next, after secretly framing his father on a drug charge, Quincy took over father's business, then used his prostitutes and porn connections to enter the upper echelons of the drug industry.

Always careful to make sure he was protected from the law, Divine amassed a small fortune, armed a handful of chosen employees and began to increase his territory. While his "Glory Boyz" suffered terrible losses during the early stages of Divine's territorial conflicts, the opposition was decimated and their businesses seized or destroyed.

Quincy's rise has been meteoric in the past few years. He has gathered more thugs and slaves to do his bidding—prostitutes, orphans and homeless all serve as sources of income for both drug testing, prostitution and explicit videos. He has a highly-paid group of male prostitutes and gang members, the Glory Boyz, who dress in three-piece suits and carry submachine guns. There are always 2-12 of them in range should Divine need assistance; in addition, Divine has two female bodyguards, Chastity and Felicity, who are with him at all times (see next).

Quincy is a pimp, blackmailer, extortionist, killer, drug dealer, gang leader, slave trader and more. He is intelligent and skilled enough to keep his operations lucrative and running smoothly; he has recently turned to more legitimate enterprises, however, and has focused his attention to the music industry. He has always fancied himself a talented musician, dancing in his mirrored bedroom and lip-syncing to popular tunes. While he is not a bad singer, he is more a performer than a musician, although he brags about the versatility and the influence of his music. Nevertheless, through his wealth and influence, his first C.D., *Simply Divine*, is coming out later this summer, featuring the songs "Under the Grind" and "Taste my Love." While he is prolific and gives a great show, all his dancing and moves have been imitated from other artists, and he prefers to do covers rather than compose his own music. His jealousy of famous performers comes through his constant ridicule of them, often challenging them like a petulant child. His night club features several bands he has an iron grip over, paying them nearly nothing for the privilege to play in his nightclub. He occasionally promotes bands who cater to him, but their careers outside his influence are talentless and short-lived.

Personality: Divine guides every conversation toward himself or something he has accomplished. A general rule: if Divine didn't do it, think it up or discover it, it's not worth talking about. His "friends" and visitors are often forced to listen to his latest music pieces or be led through his private gallery as he details each of his pieces at length. Business associates have discovered they *must* play up to him if they wish to continue to do business with him; despite his intelligence, Divine is oblivious to the fact that anything that interests him does not necessarily interest others.

There are three things to remember when speaking to Divine; first, Divine's true name is *never to be used*. Second, any suggestion his clothing is out of style or he is unattractive is likely to result in the death of the speaker, and, third, any conversation topic that does not involve him is irrelevant. Divine kills people who bore him, so conversations with him must be worded carefully. His associates have become sensitized to his moods, and when updating him on profits, they have learned to get to the point and get out. Their fear of speaking to him has also made them more independent, and they will not come to him unless an emergency develops.

Divine detests women; part of this is due to his mother, but the main reason is he is attracted to men. He is jealous of women who dominate the attention of males and takes delight in abusing his prostitutes, both physically and psychologically. Chastity and Felicity are no strangers to this abuse, and whenever he loses his temper, they are inevitably the target.

Quote: "I see the dregs of the Underworld have deigned to pay me a visit. Sit, gentlemen, sit. *Now*. Before my overzealous guards rest your weary feet permanently."

Powers/Tactics: Divine has no paranormal powers, but he is a marksman and skilled hand to hand combatant, having humiliated numerous opponents armed only with his walking stick. The stick has a blade in the pommel, with which he can slash opponents or fire by pressing the handle, and Divine can also hurl his walking stick at an opponent. Despite his fighting skills, Divine does not like to dirty his hands and prefers to let Chastity and Felicity deal with physical threats to his person.

Divine uses performance enhancing drugs to increase his reaction time. Felicity and Chastity also take these drugs. If any of them are cut off from their supply for more than a week, their DEX and SPD will drop by about 50%.

Appearance: Slight and effeminate, Quincy has spent most of his life and his wealth making sure others notice him. His skin is a soft butterscotch, carefully tanned with sunlamps, and he lets his stubble grow in designs around his face. He has a faint moustache and his hair comes down in a widow's peak. He projects a snobbish arrogance, and his speech is filled with cunning verbal slurs to wound the ego of opponents. He dresses in a yellow trenchcoat (his favorite color). While Divine is impeccably dressed, there is something oily and false about him, and his eyes have a feral, predatory light to them. Divine wears a silver face mask over his features during performances and when meeting with clients.

FELICITY

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats																																					
20	STR	10	OCV: 6																																					
17	DEX	21	DCV: 6																																					
19	CON	18	ECV: 3																																					
14	BODY	8	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12																																					
10	INT	0	Costs																																					
9	EGO	-2																																						
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10	COM	0	Char:	100	Base: 75																																			
7	PD	3		+	+																																			
7	ED	3	Powers:	137	Disad: 137																																			
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9	REC	2		237	237																																			
42	END	2																																						
42	STUN	8																																						
Cost		Powers		END																																				
24	Martial Arts—"Hell Hath no Fury" Infighting <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Maneuver</th> <th>OCV</th> <th>DCV</th> <th colspan="2">Damage</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Uppercut</td> <td>-2</td> <td>0</td> <td colspan="2">11D6</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Parry</td> <td>+2</td> <td>+2</td> <td colspan="2">Block, Abort</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Choke</td> <td>-2</td> <td>0</td> <td colspan="2">3 ½D6 NND</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Grab</td> <td>-1</td> <td>-1</td> <td colspan="2">STR 45 Grab</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Crush*</td> <td>+0</td> <td>+0</td> <td colspan="2">11D6</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Grappling Throw*+0</td> <td>+2</td> <td></td> <td colspan="2">9D6, Opp. Falls</td> </tr> </tbody> </table> <p>* These Attacks can be used only after a successful Grab.</p>					Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage		Uppercut	-2	0	11D6		Parry	+2	+2	Block, Abort		Choke	-2	0	3 ½D6 NND		Grab	-1	-1	STR 45 Grab		Crush*	+0	+0	11D6		Grappling Throw*+0	+2		9D6, Opp. Falls	
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Parry	+2	+2	Block, Abort																																					
Choke	-2	0	3 ½D6 NND																																					
Grab	-1	-1	STR 45 Grab																																					
Crush*	+0	+0	11D6																																					
Grappling Throw*+0	+2		9D6, Opp. Falls																																					
1	Use Brass Knuckles with Martial Arts																																							
12	+3 DC with Martial Arts (added in)																																							
4	+2D6 HTH, 0 END, No KB, OAF (Brass Knuckles)																																							
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Armored Jacket)																																							
11	1D6 HKA (2D6 w/ STR), 0 END, OAF (Knife) 0																																							
12	1 ½D6 RKA, 15 charges, OAF (Glock 20) [15c]																																							
22	1D6+1 RKA, Autofire (+½), +1 STUN Modifier (+½), 2 clips of 32 charges each (+½), No KB, OAF (Ingram MAC-10) [2x32c]																																							
Skills																																								
2, 2	PS: Bodyguard, 11-; KS: The Underworld, 11-																																							
2	AK: Campaign City, 11-																																							
1	Language: Gang Slang																																							
24	+3 Levels with Combat																																							
8	+2 Combat Levels vs. an opponent Chastity is also attacking (-1)																																							
75+ Disadvantages																																								
15	Psychological Limitation: Emotionless																																							
15	Psychological Limitation: Divine's Code (See Below)																																							
10	Physical Limitation: Drug Addict																																							
10	Reputation: Divine's Bodyguard, 11-																																							
10	DNPC: Divine (As Pow), 14-																																							
20	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI), 11-																																							
10	Public ID: Felicity Jones																																							
72	Villain Bonus																																							

Background: Felicity has been Divine's bodyguard for many years. She has lasted longer than most of his escorts, primarily because of her street smarts, her toughness, and the fact she has become deadened to Divine's abuse. Felicity serves Divine for money, drugs and her lack of desire to do anything else. Felicity is one of Divine's primary sources of amusement and would be hesitant to let her go.



Personality: Felicity is grim and unyielding, always standing at rigid attention and never showing emotion. While she is not stupid, her lack of education and social etiquette comes across in any conversation with her, and Divine takes pleasure in using big words in her presence and making her attend high society dinner parties. Divine would consider cracking Felicity's grim exterior a crowning achievement; her name, like Chastity's, is one of Divine's many jabs at her.

Quote: Felicity doesn't speak. People who do irritate her.

Powers/Tactics: Felicity has no superhuman powers. She is, however, extraordinarily strong and fast, a result of Divine's careful cultivation of her drug habit, and is well-versed in firearms (though she is not as good a shot as Divine is, a fact he never fails to point out to her). She has several firearms and knives concealed on her body (GM choice).

As part of their training, Felicity and Chastity have learned to coordinate attacks. These attacks typically involve Felicity giving an offending character a bear hug while Chastity kicks them repeatedly in the face and groin area, then finishes them off with a flying kick to the head. They take advantage of Back and Flank attacks whenever possible.

Appearance: Felicity is a large, mustlebound black woman. Her hair woven into a braid that hangs down to her waist.

Divine's Code: Both Felicity and Chastity must work out two hours a day in a gym with a private instructor (their workouts must not interfere with Divine's schedule, thus, neither Chastity and Felicity manage to get much sleep). Chastity or Felicity cannot question Divine's orders, or take drugs while on duty. In compensation, they have a full health plan and personal physicians to take care their needs...including the free drugs, that for both Felicity and Chastity, are a must.



CHASTITY

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
15	STR	5	OCV: 7	
20	DEX	30	DCV: 7	
15	CON	10	ECV: 3	
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12	
9	INT	-1	Costs	
9	EGO	-2		
13	PRE	3		
16	COM	3	Char: 84	Base: 75
5	PD	2	+	+
3	ED	0	Powers: 151	Disad: 160
5	SPD	20	=	=
8	REC	5	235	235
40	END	5		
31	STUN	5		

Cost	Powers	END
29	Martial Arts—Chaste Fighting	
	Maneuver OCV DCV Damage	
	Scissor Kick +1 +3 6D6	
	Dainty Parry +2 +2 Block, Abort	
	Groin Kick -1 +1 3 ½D6 NND*	
	Legsweep +2 -1 7D6, Opp. Falls	
	Elegant Backflip 0 +5 Dodge, Abort	
	Casual Disarm -1 +1 STR 40 Disarm	
	Flying Kick +1 0 6D6+v/5, Opp. Falls	
	*=rPD in Vitals; protects	
1	Use knives/blades with Martial Arts	
12	+3 DC with Martial Arts (added in)	
15	Multipower (30 Active Points), all OAF (Knives,)	
1u	1D6 HKA (2D6 w/ STR), 0 END, No KB, OAF (Wrist-Mounted Finger Blades and Spiked Heels, -1) [22/10]	
1u	1D6 HKA (1 ½D6 w/ STR), 0 END, Ranged (+½), Range Based on STR (-¼), No KB, 2 Recoverable Charges (-1), OAF (Dual Throwing Blades, -1) [30/8]	
12	1 ½D6 RKA, 15 charges, OAF (Glock 20) [15c]	
22	1D6+1 RKA, Autofire (+½), +1 STUN Modifier (+½), 2 clips of 32 charges each (+½), No KB, OAF (Ingram MAC-10) [2x32c]	
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Armored Jacket)	
4	+2" Running (8" Total)	1/5"

Skills	
2	PS: Bodyguard and Assassin, 11-
2	KS: The Underworld, 11-
2, 3	AK: Campaign City, 11-; Seduction, 11-
1	Language: Gang Slang
12	+3 Levels with Combat
8	+2 Combat Levels vs. an opponent Felicity is also attacking (-1)

75+ Disadvantages	
10	Enraged if feminine wiles are rejected, 11-, 11-
10	Enraged if accused of being a Nymphomaniac 11-, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Nymphomaniac
10	Psychological Limitation: Divine's Code (see below)
10	Reputation: Divine's Airheaded Nymphomaniac Bodyguard, 11-
10	DNPC: Divine (As Pow), 11-
15	DNPC: Boyfriend of the night (Norm), 11-
15	Hunted: Police Dept. (Mo Pow, NCI, Imprison), 8-
10	Public ID: Evelyn "Eve" Chase
50	Villain Bonus

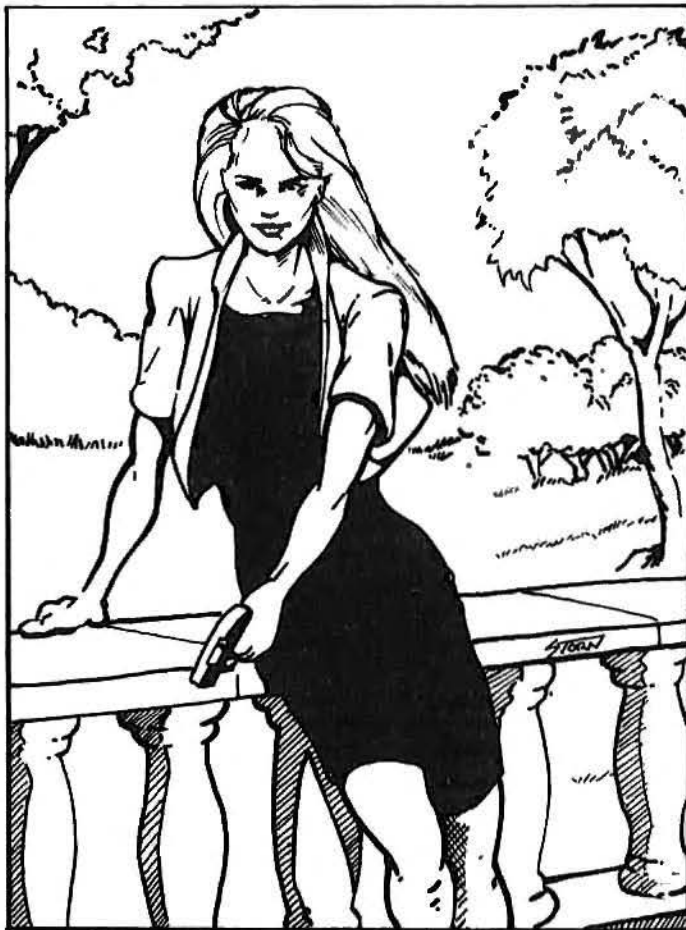
Background: Evelyn Chase was born into money, and her frivolous nature made her an easy target for the lure of Divine's designer drugs. One night, after running away from home, she made the mistake of running to his nightclub and trying to meet with him, as one of his "valued customers." Divine, disgusted by the spoiled girl, decided to destroy her; he gave her a drug loan and then told her she would have to make up the loan through prostitution. Adding on interest month after month, Eve soon became one of his many inconsequential slaves. Nevertheless, after hearing Eve was enjoying certain aspects of her job, Divine decided the torture was not working, hauled her out of slavery and started cultivating her as one of his bodyguards.

Eve represents everything Divine hates about women, and he is taking pleasure in systematically denying her everything she craves...especially men. Eve has not quite caught on to his tactics, still caught up in the thrill of being chosen for the "honor" of guarding him, even going as far as bragging about it to her friends. Felicity watches Chastity's bondage with indifference, having seen the same cycle again and again.

Personality: Chastity is a bubbling social butterfly, never content to promise her affections to any one partner. She is easily awed by anything she doesn't understand (often by responding with subdued one-word affirmations such as "cool" and "neat"), and one of her many annoying habits is her constant exclamations of the obvious ("Divine, he's got a *gun!*"). Sex is her way of saying hello (and she has said hello to everyone Divine knows), as well as satisfying her own needs and exercising power over males. Chastity has an inflated sense of her own worth, constantly putting on airs and even going so far as to think Felicity is jealous of her ("I mean, like, why *else* would she be so quiet?"). Given her promiscuous nature, her foolishness and her frequent inability to tell when Divine is insulting her (sarcasm eludes her), it is doubtful she will last much longer in his service. Chastity is a weak link in Divine's chain: her drug addiction and foolishness may make her reveal more information to an inquisitive character than she intends to do.

Quote: "This one? Divine, are you *sure*? I mean, look at his *butt!*"

Powers/Tactics: Chastity is quick on her feet (and off them, as many customers will attest), and she is an excellent marksman, with knives and guns. Unlike Felicity, Chastity does not like to fight opponents toe to toe, preferring passing strikes and flying kicks that keep a safe distance between her and her opponents. She also has several firearms and knives concealed on her; the GM should choose her arsenal depending on the encounter.



Appearance: Chastity is small, barely five feet in height, with a slim frame, well-muscled legs, and long blonde hair. She is usually smiling vacantly, and gives any male who walks by her seductive glances, occasionally flexing and stretching her legs to get attention.

Divine's Code: As with Felicity, Chastity has a code Divine forces her to adhere to. First, he demands she always wear white; if she gets it dirty, she is punished. Chastity is forbidden to talk while Divine is speaking with a customer, and she is not allowed to fraternize with men. Divine has found this last stipulation to be the most enjoyable and has denied her drugs whenever she breaks it.



MARSHALL ENDICOTT

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
11	STR	1	OCV: 3 DCV: 3 ECV: 6 Phases: 6, 12 Costs Char: 36 Base: 75 + + Powers: 81 Disad: 105 = = 117 180
10	DEX	0	
12	CON	4	
10	BODY	0	
11	INT	1	
17	EGO	14	
18	PRE	8	
16	COM	3	
2	PD	0	
2	ED	0	
2	SPD	0	
4	REC	0	
20	END	0	
25	STUN	5	
Cost		Powers	END
11	1D6 RKA, +1 STUN, 2 "clips" of 6 charges, No KB, OAF (.45 Colt Pistols)*		[2x6c]
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Armored Uniform.) * Colt has two "clips" to reflect that Marshal Endicott carries two pistols. Note: As stated in the Equipment Allowances on p.100 of <i>Dark Champions</i> , Endicott should have access to additional weapons up to 50 pts., if the situation requires it. They should be placed in either a combat shotgun or grenades.		
Skills			
20	Base: (The Compound, a military site outside Campaign City)		
3	Head of White Power Organization		
3	PS: Agitator, 11-		
3	PS: Lawyer, 11-		
2	KS: The Civil War, 11-		
3	Well-Connected		
1	Contact: Fitzwater, 11-		
1	Contact: White Lightning, 11-		
1	Contact: Genocide sympathizer, 11-		
3	Bribery, 14-		
3	Bugging, 11-		
3	Bureaucratics, 11-		
3	Oratory, 14-		
3	Persuasion, 14-		
6	+2 Combat Levels with Pistols		
75+ Disadvantages			
10	Enraged if Challenged by Minorities, 11-, 11-		
20	Psychological Limitation: Bigot		
20	Psychological Limitation: Believes he is a reincarnated Confederate Soldier		
10	Physical Limitation: Alcoholic		
5	Reputation: Head of White Power Organization, 8-		
15	Hunted: Purge (As Pow), 11-		
15	Hunted: Police Department, 11-		
10	Hunted: Concerned Citizens (As Pow), 8-		

Background: Endicott first came to public attention when he assumed leadership of the National American People's Party, an organization of "concerned white citizens," united for the betterment of America. Endicott, tall and good-looking, with a military bearing, commanded a previously unheard of respect and loyalty from his followers, giving them focus and training. A strident racist and anti-semitic, Endicott fuels rallies against minorities by mangling facts, lying openly and distorting events with a sadistic passion that drives his followers into frenzies of hate. In many ways, Endicott is nothing more than a comic-book Nazi, following the stereotype down to its military trappings. Intelligent and doggedly fanatic, he is a formidable orator and rallies others to his cause through constant demonstrations against paranormals and minorities.

Endicott has made no secret about his political aspirations and will run as a candidate for any party that will have him. Despite his claims to represent a better, cleaner future for America, Endicott is a charlatan and political opportunist who is looking for any organization he can find to legitimize his views on racial bigotry. While he has enlisted White Lightning's aid in his war on minorities (see *White Lightning*), he has been forced to capitalize on paranormal fear to gather more supporters; he has convinced White Lightning that his latest rallies against paranormals is a temporary arrangement to gather more troops. He is lying.

Personality: Endicott's pathetic simplifications, his continual use of dubious historical and sociological facts, and his overbearing fanaticism all contribute to his dangerous, deviant behavior. While he has always proclaimed he is a staunch super-patriot, willing to give everything for his country, his actions have always been for the betterment of white citizens and the degradation and humiliation of all other groups. Endicott has bombed synagogues, attacked black churches and even demonstrated against whites who do not embrace his views; those whites who condemn him he regards as pathetic fools, who don't want to risk their two-car home, their suburban lifestyle and their cushy jobs to help unify the white population against the minority incursion.

Marshall Endicott accuses minorities of being shiftless and lazy, unless they have already proven themselves in a field of work (the Iroquois steel workers, for example), then he accuses them of stealing jobs. His accusations are rarely consistent or backed with any hard evidence. His stand on paranormals is hypocrisy itself; while he continually espouses his hatred and contempt for freaks, Endicott recognizes paranormals as powerful tools. As a result, he treats White Lightning as a valued member and has ordered his lieutenants and cronies to treat him with respect.

Marshall Endicott is an influential leader; by making concessions, he has strengthened the National American People's Party in the past few years, primarily through his limited acceptance of paranormals and his successful effort to get funding from anti-vigilante groups. Nevertheless, the organization has less than a hundred permanent members (some of which fail to pay their dues), and the rest are only contributors or subscribers to his magazine, *The Dark Watch*. Most of Endicott's rank and file members come from skinhead street gangs that fill the city, recruited by White Lightning or one of Endicott's lieutenants.

The American People's Party is fraught with rivalry, however, and in the Compound, Endicott's training camp just outside the city, there are numerous fights and outbreaks of violence as individual members vie for his attentions. Endicott himself is prone to frequent tantrums and paroxysms of rage when things do not go as he plans. Citizens occasionally make anonymous phone calls to Endicott, throw bombs at his compound, and make threats against him at rallies. Through it all, Endicott sits impassively, holding onto his views that he will eventually triumph.

Unknown to his lieutenants, Endicott's madness runs deeper than his anti-minority crusades. Beneath his iron facade, he believes he is the reincarnation of a Confederate Soldier who died during the Civil War. He believes he is destined to right the "wrongs" that occurred during the War by marshaling a force of American white citizens to take back the country.

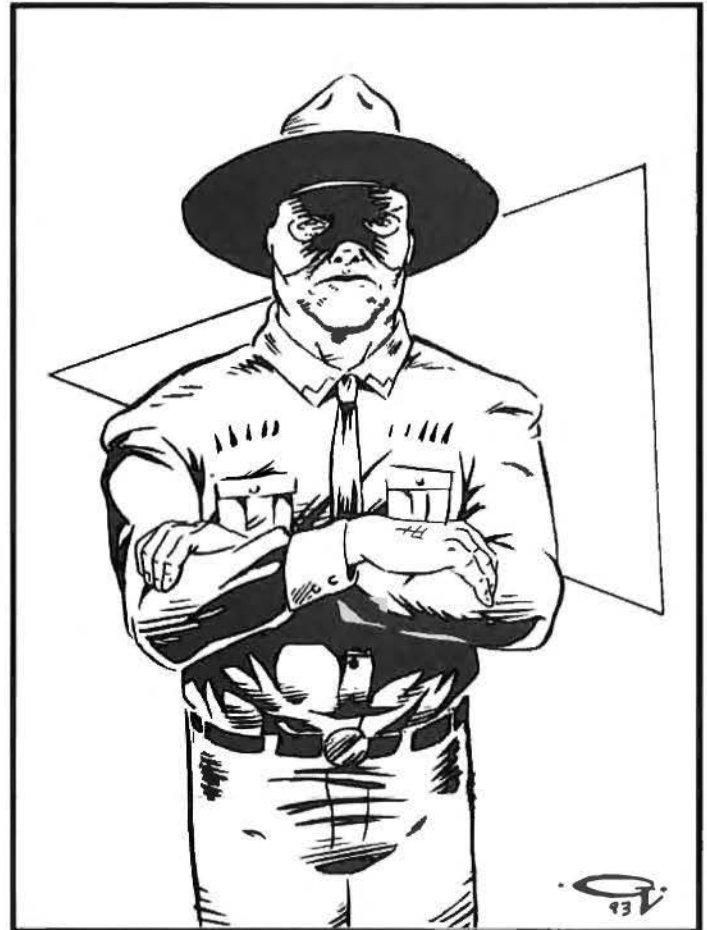
Quote: "It is us against *them*. It is that simple."

Powers/Tactics: Marshall Endicott is an enemy for "pure" street level characters, having a supply of thugs and easy access to firepower from both Neo-Nazi groups and the Hanged Man (the Hanged Man usually has Endicott's weapons misfire before he can harm minorities, although he does allow Endicott to have successes against known minority criminals).

Endicott has no paranormal powers, but his fanaticism gives him a stubborn, emotional strength. The best way to fight Marshall Endicott is to expose his organization (especially his ties to White Lightning); the American People's Party cannot stand against overwhelming public opinion and condemnations of the media. In addition, the American People's Party is funded primarily by dues and contributions and characters with legal skills can cripple Endicott's organization simply by revealing the fact he has never paid taxes on this income. For vigilantes who prefer a more expedient solution, murdering Endicott will fragment his organization.

Appearance: Marshall Endicott's weathered face bears the scars of frustration and cruelty. His eyes are constantly searching those around him, looking for any trace of dissension. When dressed for meetings, he wears a cloth face mask with eyeholes punched in it and a wide-brimmed hat reminiscent of a Marine drill sergeant. Endicott's single-action Colt is black, almost blue-black, with two ivory plates are set into the grip, one on each side; Endicott wears the Colt in a holster when on missions.

When alone at night, Endicott takes an old confederate uniform from his closet and parades in his room with a liquor bottle, mumbling to himself.





HOWARD FITZWATER, JR.

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
10	STR	0	OCV: 4
13	DEX	9	DCV: 4
11	CON	2	ECV: 4
10	BODY	0	Phases: 6, 12
13	INT	3	
13	EGO	6	Costs
18	PRE	8	
10	COM	0	Char: 28 Base: 25
2	PD	0	+ +
2	ED	0	Powers: 52 Disad: 95
2	SPD	0	= =
4	REC	0	80 120
22	END	0	
21	STUN	0	
Cost		Skills	
5	Well-Off		
3	Famous Radio Personality		
3	Immunity: Ungodly Tolerance for Alcohol		
1	Weapon Permit: Pistol		
4	PS: Radio Talk-Show Host, 13-		
3	Bribery, 13-		
3	Oratory, 13-		
3	Persuasion, 13-		
5	KS: Slurs, Insults and Comebacks, 14-		
3	KS: Cultural Literacy, 12-		
3	KS: Campaign City Political Situation, 12-		
3	KS: Paranormals, 12-		
3	SC: Unearth Dirt on Target Character (Intelligence Analysis), 12-		
1	Familiarity with How to Piss people off (Psychology), 8-		
3	Well-Connected		
2	Contact: White Power Group Member, 12-		
1	Contacts: Local Muckraker, 11-		
1	Contact: Petty underling in Mayor office, 11-		
1	Contact: Disgruntled Police Officer, 11-		
1	2 Favors: White Lightning, Marshall Endicott		
25+		Disadvantages	
10	Enraged if Challenged, 11-, 11-		
20	Psychological Limitation: Bigot		
15	Psychological Limitation: Excessively Hateful		
5	Physical Limitation: Chain-smoker		
10	Reputation: Abrasive Media Personality, 11-		
10	Watched: FCC (Mo Pow, NCI, Want to Fine Him), 8-		
15	Hunted: Random Hero, Villain or Special Interest Group (Mo Pow), 8-		
10	Public ID: Howard Horatio Fitzwater, Jr.		

Background: "Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen. I'm Howard Fitzwater, and this is *Hotline*: Tonight's topic, and it's so old I'm almost sick of hearing about it, the "paranormal problem." Seems we got freaks running loose in our fair city that can do stuff no so-called normal person could ever do; including tipping over a few local stores, killing cops—well, the point is, Ladies and Gentlemen, what are we gonna do about it!? I'm sick of the papers being filled with mutant garbage. I mean, does *their* opinion matter because they can blow up city blocks? Pretty democratic, huh?...Maybe I should get some explosives and some tight leather so I can get away with murder...annnd we got a caller. *Hotline*, you're on the air."

"Yeah, look. Um, I been livin' in this city for...jeez...must be at least fifteen years now, and..."

"Pal, get to the point."

"Yeah, well, the point is, the city's crawling with these supertypes. They're everywhere, Fitz. I mean you can't take five steps without bumping into one o' them. Just last week, one of them blew-up that store down on 14th..."

"Yeah, yeah, I read about that. So what?"

"...well, there's a lot of that goin' around, and—"

"Well I'm glad you're finally catching on, buddy. Anybody with that much power, they think they're entitled to anything. Thing is, they aren't any better than some hard-working schmoe on the street, and the moment we let them get away with what they've been pulling, human government is on the way out. We'll backslide into some Communist state, except no pinkos this time—it'll just be the freaks running everything. Me, I like Democracy, and that's why I say put these sorry freaks to work doing something useful rather than killing humans or beating each other up. We better find some way to control them before we suffer anymore. Next caller: *Hotline*, you're on the air."

"Fitz, I been listening to your vomit for about a week—"

"Oooooooh."

"—and I gotta say that you got no right to be dumpin' on other people or their beliefs—"

"Hey! I got every right! Look, I been doing this show, for what, three years now? People in this town *know* me. They know what I stand for. They know that I don't like to see America being fed on by obsequious insects down at City Hall...I grew up in this city, and I worked my butt off in third-rate jobs to get where I am today. Sure I support some supposedly controversial things, but I *don't lie to you*. I let you know where I'm coming from. Tell that to the flies down at the FCC. Next caller. You're on the air."

"Hi, my name's John and I live in Queens..."

"You're on my Christmas card list. Point?"

"Uh, did you catch the action on those new vigilantes hitting the streets? What d'ya think about that—"

"Let me tell you...John, is it?...All right, *John*, any new spandex-clad freaks on the street are gonna get the same treatment from me. I don't like anyone that's all talk. If there's any new freaks running around, I'm goin' to give 'em the same treatment I give everybody else. I don't discriminate—I hate 'em all. Mutation is the worst thing that's happened to this country. If you don't believe me, check out the cost of paranormal damage and lives lost in paranormal attacks."



And new freaks show up to clean up the city, they better be really careful that I don't find out what their *real* agenda is and expose their butts on the air. Next."

"Yeah, about hero groups, I just wanted to say—"

"Heroes, *again*? Hey, the next caller that brings *this* up, I'm just gonna hang up on 'em. Look, pal, there are no heroes. They're all the same under the skin—hell, *some* vigilantes got the right idea; the law is a just a little too cozy for the criminals. I don't know about you, but when it comes to letting a hundred criminals go just because our criminal justice system is trying to protect the rights of one innocent person, it kinda seems like a paradox, don't it? There isn't enough prison space, there isn't enough cops—hell, half the cops in town *won't get out of their cars* to confront problems. And that's so-called "normal" crimes. As for the super crimes, those doughnut chomping cowards down at the precinct aren't doing Jack. It's like they're playing a game to see how long they can go without tangling with a freak, while they bust every honest schmoe in sight. Yo, any officers listening: *You got guns, use em.* Not all freaks are bulletproof. Next caller."

"Yeah, Fitz, look I was reading *The Chronicle* today and there was an article about mutant prejudice and I was—"

"Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!!! Screw mutant prejudice. It's the biggest joke in the USA—look, if anything, mutants have got it made. Everyone wants one working for them cause they can do more than a normal human. They get better job opportunities, they're worshiped as media heroes ninety percent of the time, and I'm damn sick of hearing about mutant angst and mutant prejudice. They're all godlike men and women, with perfect bodies, and if they complain that they're discriminated against when it comes to jobs, media coverage or anything else, it's a load of crap, and they know it. They ain't got my sympathy, because it isn't a problem. The real problem is *human* prejudice. Next caller."

Personality: Howard Horatio Fitzwater, Jr. is a man of passions, not restraint. After fishing around in dead-end jobs for most of his life, he got his big break as a co-host for a nighttime talk-show. From there, he has made his career out of slander, lies and well-researched attacks on media figures and famous personalities. Now with his own cult following, he comes on the radio every night at 10 to discuss "contemporary issues," and he may ask characters to appear on his program to 'discuss' issues. Fitzwater has a running feud with the FCC and various censors in the city.

Many people hate Fitzwater, but just as many appreciate his blunt commentary. Fitzwater can help or hinder characters; characters who routinely shoot criminals and supervillains are likely to be supported loudly by Fitzwater, while those that treat criminals within the boundaries of the law will be ridiculed on his radio show. If characters retaliate, Fitzwater will unearth all the dirt he can on the characters (he is *quite* resourceful) and call in Favors from Marshall Endicott, White Lightning and some of Fitzwater's fanatical groupies to make trouble for the character.

Fitzwater has a checkered past: He has been arrested many times for public drunkenness, aggravated assault, and not paying alimony...all of which he has been able to dodge through a good lawyer and hefty blackmail against his opposition. In addition, he secretly supports the racist groups in the city that engage in hate crimes against minorities, including paranormals. Fitzwater contributes much of his wealth to White Power groups, and if this is made public, he will be fired from the radio station, and will have a nervous breakdown shortly afterward, taking his rifle and going on a killing spree on top of the Harcourt Tower. Alternatively, he may stalk the characters responsible for his downfall, using his uncanny ability to rake mud to destroy them. Fitzwater is also prime target for the Invisible Killer (Plain Jane) and the Pretender. In addition, he may be taken hostage by an extremist group and need to be rescued.

There is some talk that Fitzwater will be getting his own TV show in the near future; if so, his views will be more accessible to the public.

Powers/Tactics: Fitzwater has been involved in several shouting matches and fistfights but has never displayed any paranormal powers. He is never afraid to act—he will provoke heroes if he thinks they are soft or serving the establishment and will not back down even if he is in danger of getting hurt; Fitzwater makes his money out of being antagonistic.

Appearance: Fitzwater is an overweight, cigarette-smoking jackal who feeds off hate and anger. He typically dresses in button-up shirts and worn blazers that look several years out of date. His mouth is usually open, pouring out obscene filth about the government or paranormals.



GERM

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
25	STR	15	OCV: 6 DCV: 6 ECV: 4 Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12 Costs Char: 133 Base: 100 + + Powers: 122 Disad: 157 = = 257 257
17	DEX	21	
21	CON	22	
13	BODY	6	
10	INT	0	
13	EGO	6	
13	PRE	3	
2	COM	-4	
15	PD	10	
15	ED	13	
5	SPD	23	
11	REC	4	
42	END	0	
50	STUN	14	
Cost		Powers	END
40	1D6 HKA Attack, NND (Defence is avoiding skin to skin contact, +2), Damage Shield, Uncontrolled, Continuous, Sticky, Time Delay (Delay is fixed to 14 + 1-6 Days, +¼), 0 END, Persistent, Always On, Cannot add STR to HTH (-1)		0
60	50% Physical and Energy Damage Reduction, Resistant		
6	Damage Resistance (6PD/ 6ED)		
Skills			
3	PS: Office Manager, 11-		
3	Persuasion, 11-		
3	Seduction, 11-		
3	Shadowing, 11-		
6	+2 Combat Levels with Punch, Grab, and Dodge		
100+ Disadvantages			
10	Enraged if Attacked by Women, 11-, 11-		
20	Psychological Limitation: Misogynist (Very Com, Strong)		
25	Physical Limitation: Virus Carrier (All the Time, Greatly)		
20	Distinctive Features: Sore-covered body (Concealable, Extreme Reaction)		
15	Reputation: Diseased Rapist, Ext. 11-		
15	Hunted: Artemis (As Pow), 11-		
15	Hunted: Police (Mo Pow, NCI), 8-		
10	2D6 Unluck		
15	Secret ID: Jerry Jacob "J.J." Burgess		
12	Villain Bonus		

Background: "Mr. Burgess!" Ms. Martínez drew away in shock and tried to find a way past Jerry in the narrow confines of the copyroom. When she had heard him come in, she thought he was bringing her some more files to copy, but he had come up behind her and had been... *touching* her. Panic welled up in her as she realized he blocked the exit.

Jerry raised his eyebrow. "I'm sorry, Ms. Martínez...it is Ms., isn't it?" Jerry took a step forward, backing her against the copy machine. He was a large man, somewhat soft and overweight, with thinning black hair.

He found the woman's attempts to flee...amusing.

Her shocked expression changed to anger. "Let me by, Mr. Burgess." When she saw him smile, her eyes narrowed and she began to shake...half with anger, half with what Jerry had come to recognize as nervous fear. He had timed his approach carefully. They had hired Ms. Martínez from a temp service two days ago, and he had chosen tonight to ask her to work late in the office. He hadn't needed any help, really, and the work was inconsequential. He had kept her busy copying worthless files until he was sure the rest of the office staff had gone home. Jerry was glad he had managed to catch her so soon, before she had had time to speak with the rest of the employees. They had a way of telling lies about him.

"Get out of my way," Ms. Martínez hissed. Her voice was trembling, and her face was flushed. "So help me, if you don't get out of the way right now, I'll scream."

Jerry's smile faded. The office staff was gone, but the janitor that worked in the building might respond. Ms. Martínez was still glaring at him. With a frown, he moved himself slightly to allow her to pass. Gathering her files, she moved quickly past him, her gaze fixed on the door.

"Ms. Martínez," Jerry said coldly as she opened the door. "I don't think we'll need your services anymore. I'm afraid that I have no choice but to report your inability to work with others to your employer." He smiled. "I'm sorry."

She slammed the door, leaving Jerry in the dimly lit copyroom.

* * *

Jerry was in his late 30s, with an attractive wife, an apartment on the West Side, and an excellent job with a high salary and good chance of promotion. He had his share of problems, certainly; he had been accused of sexual harassment by female employees on occasion, but he had fired them or they had quit before they became a nuisance. His occasional trips to the brothels were never questioned closely by his wife. Had she known his violent treatment of his evening liaisons and his amusement at their suffering, she may have taken more notice. As it was, their relationship never came into question until Jerry began to show...symptoms.

One night, while Jerry was with one of his hired consorts, the skin on his hand split open and discolored pus began to leak out. The woman screamed until Jerry forcibly silenced her, then he carefully examined the wound. It was a large rend in the skin, a few inches in length. Touching the wound, he gently peeled back the skin, revealing hundreds of tiny sores. Jerry, panicking, gathered his clothes and left the brothel quickly.

In a few days, the sores surfaced on his skin; what Jerry initially hoped was only a rash turned into something far worse. His appearance forced him to stop work and take an extended leave of absence. His friends began to shun him, and he was unable to visit his usual night spots. Finally, overcoming his hatred for the medical profession at the insistence of his wife, Jerry (under an assumed name), went to see a doctor. The physician, after a battery of tests, informed Jerry he had contracted a previously unknown strain of HIV. This virus was contagious by touch—once the virus touched the skin, it found its way into the bloodstream, and the victim's life expectancy could be measured in weeks. The doctor was mystified as to the reason for the emergence of the oozing sores and the hideous effect it had had on Jerry's appearance.

After the diagnosis, Jerry went into a deep depression. He withheld how he had contracted his condition from his wife for several days before she demanded to know how he had contracted the wasting disease. Jerry, angered, told her about his many sexual encounters, elaborating at great length, and when she began to cry, he struck her. The force of the blow threw her across the room and into a wall; Jerry watched silently from his armchair as she bled to death. Let her die. After all, he was a dead man, too.

Why should she get off easy?

Why should *any* woman get off easy?

It occurred to Jerry that he must have contracted the disease from *someone*. Some woman. And she was probably still out there in the city. Laughing at him. Hours passed as Jerry sat in his armchair, absorbed in thought. When he finally rose, it was almost midnight. He passed the corpse of his wife as he walked into the kitchen and opened the cabinet beneath the sink. Hunting through the items there, Jerry pulled out a paper bag. Cutting eye slits in it and pulling it over his face, he put on a trenchcoat and made his way to the roof of the building. Climbing down the fire escape, he landed in the alley below and made his way through the dark streets to the city park. There in the darkness of the park paths, he attacked and infected his first female victim with his virus. Giggling and laughing through the entire encounter, Jerry told her she was only the first, one of the many who would pay. And within the month, the number of victims grew as Jerry continued his attacks.

With every infection, the carriers of the new virus grow. If the Germ is not stopped, he may contaminate the city beyond its ability to halt the spread of the virus.

Personality: Jerry is obsessed with hunting down women and infecting them. Only imprisonment or death will stop his reign of terror. Jerry has no fear of dying; he considers himself dead already, and any character that puts him out of his misery may earn his gratitude. He does, however, have a severe aversion to pain. If a character attacks him and wounds him (difficult to do with his resistance), Jerry will flee.

Quote: "Come on, *touch* me. I'll be gentle. You know you want it. You *know* you do."

Powers/Tactics: Jerry has the power to infect others with a lethal virus by touching his skin to theirs; the act of rubbing up against Jerry's skin stimulates the secretion of pus containing the virus to the outer layers of his skin; the secretions come in lubricating spurts from the thousands of sores covering his skin. There is no known cure for the virus; victims will last 14+1D6 days before they perish (Jerry himself is a mystery, however. He has already survived more than a month with the disease, and it may be that he will last much longer than his victims).

Once Jerry has infected a victim, they will become contagious themselves. Approximately one to three days after contact with Germ, his victims will begin to exhibit symptoms (a red rash and pus-filled sores.) It is at this point that they are contagious, and care must be taken to prevent massive infection. There is no known cure for Germ's disease; the PCs may have to find or invent one in the course of their adventures.



While full-body covering will protect a character from Jerry's deadly touch, *stopping* Jerry is not as easy. The virus has eaten away his nervous system, and he does not feel the pain from conventional attacks. In past encounters, he has shaken off punches, ignored bullets, and was even struck by a speeding car and walked away feeling no pain.

When possible, Jerry attacks women first, battering them into submission, then touching them. He has no compulsions about attacking men if they try to stop him—he wants everyone to feel the horror of his condition. It is only a matter of time before he takes a swim in the public reservoir and contaminates the city's water supply.

Appearance: Before his transformation, Jerry was a pale-faced, plump man in his late 30's with thinning black hair and a crooked smile. He is now almost unrecognizable, with a red rash and pus-filled sores covering his entire body. When out hunting for new female victims, Jerry covers his face with either a black plastic trashbag or a paper grocery bag (both with eyeholes cut in them) and a pair of cheap sunglasses. When stalking, Jerry wears only a pair of stained cotton briefs, a long trenchcoat and gloves—at least until he is about to infect a female, when he removes all of his clothing to maximize skin contact. Since the infection, Jerry has ceased to feel the effects of temperature extremes and can endure hot and cold weather with no discomfort.

He took another drag and watched the smoke drift across the table. "She always wore it when I gave her orders. Like she was humoring me. At first, I was suspicious—I mean, there were no records of her anywhere, right? But I trusted her. I mean, I don't always call 'em right the first time around, you boys know that, but...she seemed right." He shook his head ruefully. "That smile could disarm a fundamentalist.

"She made me feel safe. And I can't tell you how much that means. Nothaving to worry someone's going to drill you while you're at home, going for a constitutional or stopping in to eat. Not having to worry that your kids are gonna be killed whenever you're not there watching 'em. She took care of all tha..." Tony tapped the cigarette in the ashtray, flicking the embers from the tip. "I think she loved 'em. The way she handled 'em...made me wonder if she had ever had kids." He smiled again, but it died as he watched his cigarette burn.

"Even when the things were hitting the fan—" He shook his head. "She never lost it, ever. Even during that hit by those Medellín Mercs at my house, for Chrissakes—she was outnumbered, outclassed, but she didn't even blink. I wouldn't be here, talking with you boys now, if she hadn't been there, and that's a fact. Those Colombian drugboys had some hardware from the Czechs, and I guess they figured she wasn't much of a threat. But before they even got the drop, hell, before I knew what was happening, she had secured the kids in the limo, outta harm's way and told my driver to slam the accelerator. Some of those Mercs were covering the driveway, but as soon as one of them popped up, she was blazing away at the hip, bursts that couldn't have been good at more than ten to fifteen feet, but she made them count—every second, she dropped one of 'em like a sack of cement. And when they finally got inside and were hunting for me, she went toe to toe with 'em, and I thought she was a goner. But she just held the line, screaming at me to run...later on, I learned that they had caught her while I was getting away." He paused. "She was bad off. Took slugs in the chest and in her arms. But she just crawled from the wreckage, and kept on covering my tail. For a stupid old bastard like me. Made me wonder if I was worth it." He coughed.

"Things got sticky when I asked her to stay." He dragged his hand on the side of the table. "I would have paid her anything. But as soon as I asked, I knew I had messed up. There was...something in her face—I like to think it was regret." He gave ashrug, and let the smoke trail from his mouth. "I tried to find her again, but she was gone. Years later, I discovered she had gone overseas. She had drifted around, from job to job, never staying too long." He paused.

"I don't think she knows what she's looking for." He crushed his cigarette in the ashtray, and watched as the smoke curled up from it. I don't think I ever saw Tony look so old.

"Then again, who does."

Personality: Holly is an enigma; she lingers on the fringes of society, drifting from job to job. She is calm under pressure and not inclined to superficial conversation or empty gestures of politeness. She values her freedom and insists on a "hands-off" policy with her employers in order to operate at full effectiveness, whether acting as a guard or performing an assassination, theft or an extraction.

Holly has always resisted emotional attachments. If it seems one might develop, she leaves. Employers speculate that she is running from her past, perhaps from some tragedy that occurred with her family. Holly has never elaborated on where the payment for her services goes, nor who performed the augmentations on her body. Questions are met with a sardonic smile and an abrupt shift in conversation.

Quote: "Don't take it personally. It's just business."

Powers/Tactics: Holly's nerve endings have been amputated, giving her damage resistance, and her muscles injected with bacterial colonies that feed on muscle fatigue poisons, giving added endurance. Her joints and ligaments have been reinforced with "shock" cartilage that allows her to recover quickly from knockback and disabling wounds; blood tests and medical examinations have shown Holly's body to be receptive to foreign implants, and this may be the reason she was originally augmented. Some of her bones appear as if they have been custom-made for easy removal if damaged or broken. Holly's weapon of choice is a *Ruger Haue*[™], an 11mm Autopistol with Autofire capability, discarding sabot bullets and a targeting scope linked to her optic nerve that allows her to draw beads on targets at huge distances.

Holly has no conscience; it has either been removed or chemically suppressed. Holly kills if an employer asks her to, but she prefers to disable opponents by shooting weapons out of their hands or shooting them in the knees, especially if she needs them for questioning. Holly is ruthless when following orders. She does her job and gets out, never spending more time than necessary securing her goal and distracting non-essential opponents with bombs or hostages.

Holly cannot refuse the direct order of an employer, even if following the order would result in her death.

Appearance: Holly Graham is a small, thin woman with honey-blond hair, aluminum eyes and a stride like a jungle cat. When on assignments, she seems indifferent to everything around her, but when she spots a threat, her pistol is in her hand and she is pumping rounds into the nearest target. Nothing about her appearance suggests she is a cyborg.





HAIL MARY

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
25	STR	15	OCV: 6		
18	DEX	24	DCV: 6		
18	CON	16	ECV: 4		
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12		
8	INT	-2	Costs		
11	EGO	2			
18	PRE	8			
8	COM	-1	Char:	135	Base: 100
8	PD	3		+	+
5	ED	1	Powers:	138	Disad: 173
5	SPD	22		=	=
20	REC	22		273	273
50	END	7			
50	STUN	18			
Cost		Powers		END	
22	Martial Arts—Dirty Infighting				
	Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage	
	Left Hook	0	+2	7D6	
	Uppercut	-2	0	9D6	
	Stranglehold	-2	0	Grab, 2D6 NND	
	Groin Kick	-1	+1	2D6 NND*	
	Kidney Punch	-2	0	1D6+1 HKA	
	* rPD in groin area protects				
2	Use Knives and Doc Martsen boots with Dirty Infighting				
11	2D6 Aid to all Physical Abilities (+2), pts. fade 5/hour (+1), OAF (<i>Wire</i> Pill), 4 charges, Addictive (-¼), Gestures [4c]				
15	Multipower (30 Points), OAF (Weapons)				
1u	1D6 HKA (2D6 w/ STR), 0 END, Armor Piercing (+½), No KB, OAF (Bayonet, -1) [30/13] 0				
1u	½D6 HKA (1D6+1 w/ STR), 0 END, No KB, OAF (Razor blade hidden in boot) [15/7] 0				
1u	+3D6 HTH, 0 END, Kick only (-¼), OAF (Doc Martsen Boots) [13/7] 0				
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Armored Clothing, -½)				
33	2D6 RKA. Autofire (5 Shots), 40 charges, OAF (CAR-15) [40c]				
15	25% Physical and Energy Damage Reduction, Resistant; Requires a CON roll (-½), Only reduces STUN taken (-½)				
Skills					
2	KS: Campaign City Underworld, 11-				
3	Combat Driving: Car, 13-				
3	Streetwise, 11-				
1	Language: Gang Slang				
16	+2 Levels with Combat				
100+ Disadvantages					
25	Berserk if Reduced to Half BODY or STUN 14-, 11-				
10	Enraged if Challenged by a Man, 11-, 11-				
20	Psychological Limitation: Pathological Hatred of Men				
15	Physical Limitation: Addicted to <i>Wire</i>				
5	Distinc. Features: Scarred, Brawny Tattooed Female				
10	Reputation: Brutal Leader of WITCH Gang, 11-				
10	DNPC: Latest Female Mate (Norm, Infreq.), 8-				
15	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI), 11-				
15	Hunted: Rival Gangs (As Pow), 11-				
48	Villain Bonus				

Background: Mary, before she joined the Satan's Angels, had spent her life on the streets, carving a name for herself with her brutality and raw strength. It was her fearsome reputation that attracted the attention of the Angels' leader, Monk; Monk, after seeing her in action, recognized Mary as the only female tough enough to be chosen for the honor of being his "wife." At Monk's order, Mary was indoctrinated into the Angels and became his Queen, taking up residence in an abandoned housing project the Angels used as their home. Mary, dubbed "Hail Mary" by her husband, relished her new position: she had power over all the other women in the gang and was allowed to drink and fight with the males, often wounding them or beating them at contests of strength. Monk, amused at her behavior and the humiliation of his underlings, introduced her to the methamphetamine *Wire*, which increased her brutality as it bolstered her strength and endurance. Many Angels hoped Mary would die from taking *Wire*, but she seemed to grow stronger and more vicious after every use.

Hail Mary was Monk's Queen for almost a year. Although she knew it was his right as gang leader to sleep with whoever he wished, she burned with jealousy every time Monk "danced" with a new female recruit. Despite the attention she lavished on him, Monk ignored her, preferring the company of more attractive females. When Monk started to "dance" with Honey Bear, a painted whore who had recently joined the Angels, Hail Mary decided she would not tolerate Monk's disrespect any longer. At a midnight block party in the project, she attacked Honey Bear, breaking her arms and legs, and then snapping her neck with her combat boots.

Monk was furious; Honey Bear had been under *his* protection. Calling the Angels together, Monk had them gather tools of punishment: chair legs, bats and bicycle chains. Ordering two of the Angels to hold Mary down, Monk fetched a five foot long leather whip from his room; warning everyone to wait their turn until he was finished, he snapped the whip and lashed Mary across the face. When Mary tasted her own blood and saw her husband laughing at her, she went berserk.

Mary broke from her captors. Despite the gang members trying to restrain her, Mary attacked Monk, shattering his arm, and dragged him, screaming, out onto the fire escape and hurled him to his death on the cold pavement below. The remaining Angels stood, stunned, as they watched Monk fall, and Mary took advantage of their shock to grab a gun from one of the Angels and open fire on them, wounding three and killing another. The rest fled for their lives. Mary, now under a death sentence, descended to the basement, raided the Angels' armory and escaped, ordering several of the women in the Angels to follow her or die. Stealing Monk's car, she and her followers drove to a deserted tenement several blocks from Angels territory and prepared to defend themselves. Having taken her private cache of *Wire* in the confusion, Mary downed several pills and ordered the female Angels to arm themselves and take watch.

Minutes later, cars filled with Angels pulled up outside, and as they piled out, Mary, tripping on *Wire*, opened fire with an assault rifle and starting wiping them out. Following Hail Mary's frenzied orders, her followers attacked and murdered several of the attackers; those who managed to reach Mary were unable to stop her, despite shooting her, stabbing her and beating her with bats and tire irons. After seven Angels had died and many more had been wounded, the gang retreated, cursing her and swearing they would be back. Her punishment could wait until another time.

The Angels never took another shot at Mary. The territory she had fled into was under the control of the female tribe called the Lizzies and their father gang, the Bitch Kickers. The leader of the Bitch Kickers, Cobalt, resolved he would take care of Hail Mary permanently and have a little fun in the process. He was wrong. Mary struck first and wiped out most of the Bitch Kickers, causing Cobalt to flee and dissolving his gang into fragments. Then, under threat of death, she forced the Lizzies to join her.

Word of the Angels' humiliation and the fall of the Bitch Kickers spread. Using her reputation, Hail Mary shanghaied females from other gangs, threatening to kill all who did not join her. In time, women started to come to *her*, out of fear or out of a need to belong, and boyfriends and gangs who attempted to stop the migration were maimed or killed. Taking their name from the radical feminist organization, Hail Mary dubbed their gang WITCH and drafted a set of laws: any man who invaded their territory would be killed, and if any girl in her gang was attacked, raped or hurt, Hail Mary swore to kill five members of the offending gang. After a short time, neighboring gangs withdrew from making incursions into WITCH territory; their leaders accepted Mary's presence and agreed to deal drugs and weapons with her.

WITCH has been on the streets for a year, and Hail Mary is now seventeen years old. There is still bad blood between her and gangs in the area; they either fear WITCH or hate them; it really amounts to the same thing. WITCH is about 250 women strong and is gaining members everyday; should Hail Mary be killed (a difficult task), the gang will fragment, though there would be territorial feuds for months afterwards as the WITCH members are preyed upon by other gangs.

Personality: Hail Mary is a huge, intimidating woman, lacking the intelligence or the willpower to channel her energies into anything other than violence and bloodshed. Her continued use of the methamphetamine *Wire* only magnifies her unpleasant attributes.

Mary would rather die than lose face. She will never back down from any challenge that might result in her being branded a coward. Rival gangs are always waiting for her to show signs of weakness; if word leaks out she has backed down from a fight, her enemies will swarm over WITCH.

Hail Mary hates men; her experience in the Angels showed her she has no need for them; she is stronger, tougher and deadlier than anyone she has met on the streets. She takes every opportunity to prove this, frequently maiming and beating males for fun.

Quote: "In't that jist like a man...Looks like lil' ol' Mary gonna haf't teach you a lessen."

Powers/Tactics: Hail Mary is believed to be a paranormal; she heals quickly and can recover from near-fatal wounds in minutes. This rapid recovery, however, leaves black, hideous-looking scabs that takes weeks to peel off after the damage is healed.

Hail Mary is not subtle. She has a reputation to maintain and will attack anyone who shows her the slightest disrespect. She will not pull a gun or knife on a single opponent (she believes she can pound anyone into the ground, given enough time), but against groups of foes, or vigilantes with a tough rep, she will take a *Wire* pill and go into a frenzy. If she is in trouble, 2-12 gang members will come to her aid if they are nearby.

The statistics above are Mary when she is *unarmed*. She usually carries a gun of some sort and at least one assault rifle when on missions (GMs should choose a weapon from the *Dark Champions* Weapon List). If expecting serious trouble, Mary will wear a ballistic mesh jacket to protect herself.

Appearance: The sides of Mary's head are shaved, and she has several tattoos decorating her arms and legs. A black cross earring hangs from her left ear, and several silver and gold crosses are draped around her neck. During the fight with her husband Monk and subsequent escape, Mary's teeth were knocked out, and now she speaks with a lisp (her teeth are stubs of enamel). She wears a sleeveless Army jacket covered with patches and "WITCH" stenciled on the back in black and green letters.





HAYWIRE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats
35	STR	10*†	OCV: 3 (7) DCV: 3 (7) ECV: 2 (5) Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12 Costs Char: 80 Base: 100 + + Powers: 270 Disad: 250 = = 350 350
20	DEX	20*	
20	CON	13*	
19	BODY	9*†	
15	INT	3*	
15	EGO	7*	
25	PRE	10*	
8	COM	-1	
5	PD	0	
4	ED	0	
4	SPD	7*	
9	REC	0	
40	END	0	
45	STUN	2*†	
†Statistics for Growth Added In			
Cost	Powers	END	
13	Growth [2 Levels], 0 END, Persistent, Always On, x4 Mass, -2" KB	0	
55	10D6 EB, +½ Var. Advantage (+1 ½), +¼ Var. Special Effect (+½), can change Var. Advantage and Var. Special Effect only in lab (-½), OIF (Some funny looking attachment), Act 14-, 7 charges (-½)		
50	Multipower (75 Active Points): Haywired Weapons*		
4u	2D6 RKA, Autofire (5 shots), 50 Charges (+½), OIF (Continuous Feed Autocannons) [60/40]	[50c]	
4u	2D6 HKA (3D6+1 w/ STR), Armor Piercing (+½), No KB, ("The Claw") [45/36]	4	
3u	8D6 Physical EB, Exploding (+½), Double KB (+¼), 4 Continuous (1 Turn) charges (-½), at Full Power only (-¼), Limited Effect: Once launched, the GM should roll 1D6 every phase Haywire acts, then look on p. 147 in <i>Champions</i> , and see what adjacent hex the Cluster Pod "jumps" into; Haywire cannot control their direction (-¼), OIF (Cluster Pods) [70/28]		
3u	6D6 EB NND [Any resistant ED], Damage Field (+½), OAF [75/37]	5	
3u	2D6 RKA, Penetrating (+½), Will not work on reflective surfaces (-¼), No KB, OIF (Shoulder Mounted Laser Drill, -½) [45/23]	4	
24	Armor (+12PD/+12ED)*		
13	100 END Reserve for Suit only (for Laser and STR) with 10 REC*		
17	Radar, 360 Degrees for Radio Sense Group*		
7	High Range Radio Hearing*		
7	Mental Defense (10)*		
	*OIF (Suit, -½)		
Skills			
2	AK: Campaign City, 11-		
2	KS: The Military/Mercenary/Terrorist World, 11-		
2	KS: The Human Brain, 11-		
2	KS: Raven, 11-		
3	Computer Programming, 12-		
11	Electronics, 15-		
11	Mechanics, 15-		
3	Paramedic (to take care of Tsu), 11-		
3	SC: Computer Science, 12-		
4	Language: Korean (Native), Japanese, English, and Computer Languages (Native for AI: LISP, Q+, etc.)		
24	+3 Levels with Combat		

100+ Disadvantages

10	2x STUN vs. Electricity
10	Berserk when takes electrical damage 14-, 8-
15	Psychological Limitation: Irritated by Humans
15	Psychological Limitation: Code of the Mercenary
10	Psychological Limitation: Mild Paranoia
15	Physical Lim.: Neither can Function without the other.
15	Physical Limitation: Epileptic
10	Physical Limitation: Size and Weight.
10	Distinctive Features: See <i>Appearance</i>
10	Reputation: Mercenary 11-
15	Hunted: Raven Tokyo (Mo Pow, Limited) 11-
15	Secret ID: Tsu Tsung
100	Villain Bonus

Background: Tsu Tsung, a North Korean electrical engineer, was recruited by the P'yongyang Raven group to help with battlesuit design. Working in a secret lab in a dummy corporation that produced microprocessors, Tsu led engineering teams responsible for designing faster, cheaper and more reliable Raven battlesuits. The hours were long, the equipment faulty and his superiors unappreciative, but being able to work on robotic systems was enough incentive for Tsu to remain, although his technical skills were in high demand, Tsu wanted to prove himself, not as a scientist, but as a Raven soldier. Observing off-duty Raven personnel, Tsu burned with jealousy when they bragged about their exploits against Korean soldiers and superhumans. They talked big, but Tsu knew he could beat any of them, armor to armor. Still, his mild epilepsy and the need for his computer skills kept him behind Raven battle lines. His requests to serve as a soldier were repeatedly denied, citing his "condition" and assuring him he was more useful as a technician.

Tsu believed only by overcoming his epilepsy would his superiors take him seriously. Spending off-duty time in his lab, he spent months designing and programming industrial robots to attach nerve-keyed electrodes to his skin that ran from metal leads inserted into his brain. The electrodes were designed to detect his seizures and intercept them before they interfered with his motor control. As the months passed, the P'yongyang Raven Engineering Team watched in fascination as Tsu added more wires and leads to his body.

While his experimentation in combating his epilepsy was unsuccessful, Tsu used his nerve-keyed electrode research to increase the response time of Korean battlesuits. Amrita Roy, Raven Director of SE Asia operations, was impressed with Tsu's research, and as a favor to Tokyo Raven leader Yasahiro, he ordered Tsu to travel to Japan to trade information and lecture Raven Tokyo personnel in his discovery. Roy hinted that Tsu's request to serve in the battlefield might be honored if he made a strong impression in Tokyo.

The results were disastrous. The Japanese scientists, scornful of the epileptic, disfigured Korean, met Tsu's lectures with cold indifference and many walked out, refusing to acknowledge his work. Tsu, offended, became even more angry when he discovered his visit had been a only a pretense for Raven Tokyo to copy his prototype battlesuit designs. Raising his concerns with Roy, he was reprimanded for insubordination and told the decision was not his to make. Tsu, furious at the slight, determined to prove himself. Entering the Tokyo Raven battlesuit lab late one night, claiming to be "touring" the operations, he sealed the lab with a failsafe mechanism and strapped himself into one of his prototype battlesuits.

And found, to his horror, that it already had an operator.

Raven Tokyo had been using Artificial Intelligence Mechs to perform crimes and sabotage on other corporations, and as an added feature, the Mechs were able to defend themselves from intruders. The AI immediately generated an internal electrical charge to kill Tsu, but the electrodes that covered Tsu's body locked the AI into Tsu's nervous system. The battlesuit jerked out of control, thrashing wildly, as Tsu tried to free himself from the battlesuit as the internal electrical charge mounted. At the end of the struggle, the AI, as a last ditch effort, dumped its memory through the leads Tsu had inserted into his brain in an attempt to scramble Tsu's intellect...and accidentally transferred its identity into Tsu's brain. Several minutes passed in silence as the two attempted to sort out their personalities. The AI discovered an immediate advantage; Tsu's brain had a larger storage capacity than its Mech mainframe (which the Japanese had purposely limited to keep the AI from developing), and despite his epilepsy and the brain damage that occurred from the AI attack, most of Tsu's brain was still usable. "Greedy" with the new storage space, the AI integrated its programming into Tsu and inadvertently gained a few of Tsu's personality traits, notably his desire for combat and adventure. Acting on the remnants of Tsu's personality, the suit fled Japan, seeking a mercenary career. Using Tsu's damaged mental designs, it made modifications to itself, constructing an arsenal of erratic weaponry. Its strange mood swings and heavy firepower have given the battlesuit its name.

Personality: Haywire is a Raven Mech that has taken on a limited human personality; using Tsu's brain as a mainframe, the AI has incorporated Tsu's knowledge and memories into its programming. Tsu's body has been reduced to a puppet Haywire jerks around, using his nervous system as strings. The Mech and Tsu's body, at present, are inseparable; attempting to remove one from the other will kill both of them. This has created problems; despite the computer storage space and benefits of having a human being acting as a "front man" for it, Haywire is tired of Tsu's body. It's inefficient, cranky and needs feeding *all* the time. To make matters worse, the AI hasn't got full control over Tsu: the fusion of the two personalities has not cured Tsu's epilepsy, and Haywire suffers the same fits Tsu does while the armor is in operation. In addition, if the AI presses the wrong nerve ending, Tsu stutters, urinates in the armor or spurts out nonsense at inappropriate moments (the AI is still engaged in the daunting task of mapping out every brain cell and nerve in Tsu's body). As a result, Haywire is constantly performing "damage control," replacing Tsu's parts to make him more user-friendly, enhancing his electrodes and giving him new implants that make him easier to take care of. At present, the Haywire battlesuit has an IV that feeds Tsu's body and a sanitation receptacle and peristalsis bag to hold his waste. It has not yet figured out a way to separate Tsu's brain from his body but would be willing to pay a great deal to find out how.

The AI can control Tsu's speech and movements manually, making him appear as the battlesuit's "owner" (i.e., when contracts are made, employers think they are dealing with Tsu). The AI is not happy with this, but its past attempts to sell its services as an Artificial Intelligence has met with "technophobic prejudice": employers get scared of an Artificially intelligent mercenary (the AI gets indignant when faced with computer prejudice, another echo of Tsu's personality). Still, even after a few slip-ups, none of Haywire's employers suspect Tsu isn't in control.

Haywire advertises itself as a hijacker, datajacker, assassin and enforcer...it performs an astounding array of jobs, never complains, and has an impressive resume. It has managed to keep its epileptic seizures and Tsu's babbling to a minimum while negotiating contracts with employers; for all its eccentricities, employers trust Haywire to do the job.

Quote: "Heeheehee-wheeeee. Look \$%what iii got meeee***A k-c-c-c-ollection*(0%^\$***of electronic impulses housed in a carbon-based semi-liquid entitee."

Powers/Tactics: The Haywire battlesuit has enhanced strength and weapon systems. It should have a new weapon every time it fights PCs, and characters should never be able to anticipate what it will hit them with next.

When Haywire enters combat, it releases its hold on Tsu, leaving its human puppet to dangle in the armor as the battlesuit attacks opponents. When "freed," Tsu rambles in half phrases communicating what he sees through Haywire's computer perceptions. As his incoherent speech is broadcast through Haywire's speaker system, many opponents who have fought Haywire have speculated on his sanity.

As a computer program, Haywire is capable of limited immortality by jumping from body to body.

Appearance: Tsu is a thin, bald Korean with metal leads running along the back of his skull and down his spine. He looks blank except when plugged in, then he gurgles pleasantly and his eyes flicker as he follows the streams of information that flow across his optic nerves. The Haywire battlesuit resembles a Raven Mech, but cables and wires peek from its joints, scrap metal is fused to its shoulders, torso and arms at strange angles (badly rendered, but functional, weapons from the echoes of Tsu's mind) and red L.E.D.s flash where the eyes of the Mech would be. Haywire stands at 7', with a bulky frame and a nasty disposition.





HELL RAZOR

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats																											
30	STR	20	OCV: 9																											
27	DEX	51	DCV: 9																											
20	CON	20	ECV: 3																											
10	BODY	0	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12																											
10	INT	0																												
10	EGO	0	Costs																											
15	PRE	5																												
10	COM	0	Char: 127	Base: 100																										
13	PD	7	+	+																										
13	ED	9	Powers: 203	Disad: 230																										
6	SPD	13	=	=																										
10	REC	0	330	330																										
44	END	2																												
40	STUN	5																												
Cost		Powers	END																											
20	Martial Arts—Cartel Commando Training <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 15%;">Maneuver</th> <th style="width: 10%;">OCV</th> <th style="width: 10%;">DCV</th> <th style="width: 15%;">Damage</th> <th style="width: 50%;"></th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Boxing Cross</td> <td>0</td> <td>+2</td> <td>10D6</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Aikido Throw</td> <td>0</td> <td>+1</td> <td>8D6, Opp. Falls</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Judo Disarm</td> <td>-1</td> <td>+1</td> <td>STR 50 Disarm</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Karate Chop</td> <td>-2</td> <td>0</td> <td>2D6 HKA</td> <td></td> </tr> </tbody> </table>					Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage		Boxing Cross	0	+2	10D6		Aikido Throw	0	+1	8D6, Opp. Falls		Judo Disarm	-1	+1	STR 50 Disarm		Karate Chop	-2	0	2D6 HKA	
Maneuver	OCV	DCV	Damage																											
Boxing Cross	0	+2	10D6																											
Aikido Throw	0	+1	8D6, Opp. Falls																											
Judo Disarm	-1	+1	STR 50 Disarm																											
Karate Chop	-2	0	2D6 HKA																											
1	Use Razors with Martial Arts																													
6	+2 DC with Martial Arts (added in)																													
27	2D6 HKA (4D6 w/ STR & Martial Arts), 0 END, Armor Piercing (+½), No KB, OAF (Razors)																													
10	Missile Deflection, All Attacks OAF (razor)																													
2	Flash Defense (5), OAF (Shades)																													
6	Life Support: Self-Contained Breathing, Act 14- (-½), costs END (-½)																													
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Armored Leather Jacket, -½)																													
10	+5" Running (11" Total)																													
10	+5" Superleap (11"/6" Total)																													
6	+2 to all Perception Rolls																													
2	Lightning Calculator, for determining Distances only (-1)																													
Skills																														
5	Wealth (Does not include Father's Wealth)																													
3	Ambidexterity																													
3	Double-Jointed																													
3	Combat Sense, 11-																													
11	Danger Sense, 12- Not Surprised Out of Combat, immediate vicinity, Intuitional (-1)																													
2	AK: Campaign City, 11-																													
2	AK: Los Angeles, 11-																													
2	AK: New York, 11-																													
2	PS: Underworld Mercenary and Assassin, 11-																													
2	PS: Cat Burglar, 11-																													
3	Acrobatics, 14-																													
3	Breakfall, 14-																													
3	Climbing, 15-																													
3	Combat Driving: Sports Car, 11-																													
3	Demolitions, 11-																													
3	Lockpicking, 14-																													
3	Seduction, 12-																													
3	Shadowing, 11-																													
3	Sleight of Hand, 14-																													
3	Stealth, 14-																													

Skills	
3	Streetwise, 11-
3	Language: Spanish (Native), English
2	Speak: Gang Slang (Campaign City & Guamangan)
9	+3 Combat Levels with Razors
8	+3 DCV, only when Dodging (-1)
3	WF: Small Arms, Knives
2	Contact: Medellín Cartel, 11-
100+ Disadvantages	
10	2x Effect from Diseases and Poisons
10	Enraged if Honor Challenged 14-, 14-
10	Enraged if Mother Insulted 14-, 14-
20	Psychological Limitation: Reckless Thrillseeker
15	Psychological Limitation: Egotistical
10	Psychological Limitation: Casual Killer
10	Physical Limitation: Hyperallergic to Drugs
10	Reputation: Hell Raising Killer, a "human weapon," 11-
10	DNPC: Girlfriend of the Night (Norm), 11-
10	Watched: FBI (Mo Pow, NCI), 11-
20	Hunted: Police Department, 11-
5	Rivalry: Love/Hate Relationship with Gunmetal Silk
90	Villain Bonus

Background: "This will not hurt, father?"

"I am certain, Estoban," Juarez gripped Estoban by the ears and shook him, doing little to dispel his doubts. His father drew away and nodded to the doctors that stood nearby. "Perfectly safe. I would hate to see fear in my son's eyes and trembling in his heart on his moment of glory."

"I am not afraid, father." Estoban's hands gripped the operating table tightly, the iron restraints biting into his hands and feet. His head was fixed in a metal cage, with leather straps securing his neck and face and forcing his eyes to face front. He repressed a shiver as the doctors approached; their faces were grim, their scalpels and hypodermics already out. When he saw his father heading for the door, he was about to call out to him, but Juarez cut him off with a shake of his head.

"I will see you soon, Estoban."

The closing door cut off the youth's screams.

* * *

Estoban, at the request of his father, Dr. Juarez, volunteered for the painful process of superhuman augmentation, which has been highly successful in Latin America (many Drug Lords have augmented humans serving as bodyguards and soldiers). Estoban was surgically modified, his tendons severed and replaced with muscle grafts, and his body pumped with drugs and chemicals. After months of physical training and medical examinations, Estoban started working as an assassin for his father, eliminating rival Drug Barons, Guamangan police officers and government officials who refused to accept bribes and ignored Cartel threats. Estoban never failed in his missions, but his murders often embarrassed the Cartel with their flamboyance; Estoban would frequently murder police, bodyguards and even the family of his assigned target, complicating delicate diplomatic "reminders" by turning them into wholesale slaughters.



Despite warnings from his father and his lieutenants, Estoban's recklessness increased steadily as he pushed his abilities to their limit. After he murdered the Guamanga Justice Secretary at a charity function, Juarez shipped Estoban out of the country before he endangered the Cartel further. His father hopes Estoban will start educating himself while abroad, perhaps learning wisdom through exposure to other cultures. Sending him to America to run with the "big leagues," Juarez also hopes Estoban will hone his skills, observe American crime families in operation and perhaps learn humility at the hands of an American supernormal. If Estoban is not sufficiently enlightened to the benefits of wisdom and restraint, Juarez may be forced to choose another successor.

Since Estoban arrived in America, his attitudes have not changed—if anything, they have increased. His father is becoming increasingly angry with reports that his son is wasting his time and money on women and hiring himself out for clumsy mercenary work instead of attempting to establish connections that could benefit him later in life.

Estoban has no financial concerns. He charges all his expenses to his father (mostly gadgets and weapons, which he wants but doesn't need). Vigilantes who wish to attack the Central American drug cartels can threaten or capture Estoban and force Juarez to come get him.

Personality: Estoban is a troublemaker. He delights in making enemies and stirring up trouble in the Campaign City; he does as many activities for "fun" as he does for pay...there are jobs he will do for free if they will increase his reputation. One reason Estoban gets along so well in the Underworld is, despite his assumed name of "Hector Mordino," everyone knows Hell Razor is Juarez's son and cannot resist the opportunity to rub shoulders with him in the chance that they might meet the "big man" himself.

Hell Razor has worked with/against Gunmetal Silk on several assignments, and his feelings regarding her shift daily from a burning hate to an intense desire. Feelings aside, he considers her competent ("...but I'm still more versatile than that gun-toting *chica*") and believes she is repressing her deep longing for him behind a cold facade his raw masculinity will eventually thaw.

Estoban loves America and would hate to leave. Nevertheless, the FBI agents who constantly follow him are irritating and occasionally interfere with his social life.

Quote: "The ceiling in here is too low. Let us go outside and try out that dental plan of yours, eh?"

Powers/Tactics: Estoban has superior strength, reflexes and resistance to damage, all resulting from his treatments in Central America. These treatments have ruined his immune system, however, and he has a hyperallergic reaction to most conventional medications, making healing a long and painful process.

Aside from his enhanced physical abilities, another modification has been made to Estoban's frame. The first is a store of poison in a blood sac implanted beneath his tongue. If it becomes necessary, it can be burst with an uppercut to his jaw or by pressing the right spot beneath his chin (Estoban is unaware of this modification...his father is not).

Estoban is armed with a pair of two-foot long "knives" that he can strap to his forearms and use as weapons. With his enhanced strength, the razors can cut through brick, stone and even the occasional police officer that gets in his way.

Estoban does everything for dramatic effect. In fights, Estoban comes on strong, making a dramatic entrance by crashing through a door or window, striding into a room filled with armed guards and yelling for opponents to come and get him. His father considers Estoban's physical inability to simply enter a room to be one of his more annoying traits.

Estoban claims he's "naturally talented" and will be offended if told he's good just because he's a paranormal.

Appearance: A lean, muscled young man of twenty-five, Estoban's slenderness often takes opponents off guard. There is a frightening confidence in the way he leaps into combat, and what Estoban lacks in size and strength, he makes up in dexterity and energy. His punches and kicks are poetry in motion, and there is no wasted energy in his movements.

Estoban flaunts an arrogant smile, flashing black eyes and his long black hair is tied back in a ponytail. He smells of money, wears the latest fashions and is usually surrounded by a circle of admirers. Estoban cracks his knuckles frequently while talking to others.



KID GLOVES

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
14	STR	4	OCV: 5 DCV: 5 ECV: 3 Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12 Costs Char: 56 Base: 75 + + Powers: 84 Disad: 65 = = 140 140	
16	DEX	18		
13	CON	6		
10	BODY	0		
10	INT	0		
10	EGO	0		
10	PRE	0		
10	COM	0		
4	PD	1		
4	ED	1		
4	SPD	14		
6	REC	0		
38	END	6		
30	STUN	6		
Cost		Powers		END
18	Desolidification, Can affect small objects (less than 3 STR) in the real world (+1), Can take hand-sized objects under 3 STR into Phase space (+½), Hands only (-1), Defense: Cannot penetrate energy fields (magnetic, electrical, force fields, etc.). Takes one turn to "charge up" and one minute to warm down (-1), Independent (-2), 2 clips of 4 charges (each glove can be used four times a day before battery fails, -1), OIF (Gloves)			
12	1D6+1 RKA, OAF (Coll M1911A), 7 Charges [7c]			
7	½D6 HKA (1D6+1 w/ STR), 0 END, No KB, OAF (Sharpened Screwdriver, -1)			0
6	+2" Running (8" Total)			1/5"
2	+2" Superleap (4"/2" Total)			1/5"
3	+3" Running, x3 END ("Run Like Hell", -¾)			+3
2	+3" Superleap, x3 END ("Leap Like Hell", -¾)			+3
Skills				
2	PS: Thief, 11-			
2	KS: The Underworld, 11-			
1	Contact: The Dead Vultures, 8-			
1	Contact: Black Market, 8-			
1	Contact: Fence, 8-			
1	Contact: Irate Ex-girlfriend, 8-			
3	Climbing, 12-			
3	Stealth, 12-			
3	Streetwise, 11-			
1	Familiarity with Security Systems, 8-			
1	Language: Gang Slang			
6	+3 DCV only when Running or Dodging (-1), Must make a DEX roll (-½)			
6	3D6 Luck only when Making a Getaway (-1), must make a DEX roll (-½)			
3	WF: Small Arms and Knives			
75+ Disadvantages				
10	Psychological Limitation: Greedy			
5	Reputation: Thief, 8-			
10	DNPC: Ma, Sis, Nephew (Norms), 8-			
15	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI), 8-			
5	Rivalry: "Tee"			
15	Secret ID: Dwight Deevers			
5	Villain Bonus			

Background: The streetlight outside McCreedy's Corner Convenience Store turned the three teenagers crouching by the door into silhouettes; the dirty glass shop window mirrored them as they bent over the door lock. After a minute, there was a click, and the door creaked open. The first one entered, glanced around hurriedly, then made his way over to the counter. A smaller shadow, trailing behind him, started to follow but there was a *thump* as his foot struck a snack rack, and he hit the floor. The rack tumbled over with a *crash* and a variety of snack bags spilled across the floor. The lead shadow whirled on the smaller form, cursing.

"Jag, would you shut the *hell* up?" Tee hissed. This had been his idea. "Dwight, close that door 'fore someone sees"

"Shut your mouth! In case it slipped your head, I ain't got no *hands*—" Dwight turned the smaller shadow who was getting to his feet. "Jag, close the friggin' door unless you want everybody and their momma comin' in!" Dwight's silhouette vibrated, the shadows around his hand blurry and indistinct. "Man, these damn things better turn off soon." He shook his hands, but they did not become solid. Dwight wasn't sure he liked wearing the gloves, but since he had found 'em, he held the rights to 'em. And it was something Tee didn't have...although maybe it hadn't been a good idea to call him after finding 'em. Tee always ordered people around. Next time...Dwight smiled. Next time, *he* was gonna choose the hit. After all, *he* had found the dead guy lying in the dumpster. There wasn't a scratch on him as far as Dwight could see, but he had these funky gloves on his hands, and it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that they were something special. He had pulled them off the guy's hands and hightailed it out of there.

Jag rushed past him and closed the door, the snack packs crunching under his feet. Tee was already behind McCreedy's counter and poking at his safe. "Dwight, get over here."

Dwight cursed softly. Tee better watch it. "Hold on to your pants," Dwight hissed. Moving slowly around the corner, he crouched down next to Tee. "Now what, Einstein?"

Tee was feeling the exterior of the safe, his eyes burning. "McCreedy must have loads o' cash tucked away in here." Tee, seeing that Dwight had not moved, urged him on. "C'mon, man! We ain't got all friggin' night. Put your hand through it and pop it open!"

"How the hell do you open a safe from the *inside*, Tee? The door was different, see? This is a safe. It ain't got no damn handle on the inside."

"It don't?" Jag said from the door.

"Shut-up and keep watch," Tee said. He looked like he was thinking. "All right, then just reach in and feel around then; see if you can feel any cash or something. Hurry up." Dwight, irritated, jammed his hand through the safe...and froze. "What?" Tee said. "What's wrong?"

"It's...harder." Dwight whispered, some fear in his voice. "The door was nothing...but this...I gotta *push* my hand through this."

Tee frowned. "The door was glass. Must be harder with metal." His frown vanished as he saw Dwight's forearm vanish into the safe. "All right! Anything in there, Dwight?"

Dwight fished around for a moment. "Yeah." He paused. "Bills, I think. Hold on. I can't get a hold of it yet."

"Guys, hurry up!" Jag hissed. Tee pointed a warning finger at him, and Jag shut up. There was a low hum, and Dwight slowly pulled his hand out to reveal the hazy form of the cash register drawer. Even in the darkness, Tee could spot the fuzzy green bills laying neatly in their drawers. Tee reached out to touch it, then remembered that it wasn't solid. "This must have been the quick cash McCreedy was ready to put out tomorrow. Bring it out of the fade, Dwight. C'mon." Dwight glared at him.

"Man, shut-up. This takes time, and you ain't the one wearing the Gloves. You wanna end up like that guy I pulled these off of?" Dwight turned his attention back to the cash drawer as it came into view. Tee, pissed, shoved Dwight, and the drawer fell from his grasp, hitting the ground with a *crash*. A brief flicker of electricity crackled around it as it became real. "Somabitch!" Dwight yelled. "Tee, don't touch me while I'm doin' that crap!"

"Guys, shut-up!" Jag hissed from the doorway. Tee was busy picking up the cashbox as Dwight glared at Jag. It had been Tee's idea to bring his l'il brother along as a lookout, and Dwight regretted it. Jag, the fool, had thought the gloves were super-blasters when he had seen them. It had taken Tee to see what they could do with 'em—like knock over McCreedy's store.

Tee tucked the cash shelf under his arm. "Let's get outta"

"5-0!" Jag yelled as red and blue lights suddenly flashed outside the window. There was a mad scramble as they jumped to their feet; Tee leaped over the counter, cash shelf in his hand, as he and Jag ran for the back door. Dwight followed as best he could, but his hands hadn't reformed yet, and as he ran for the backroom, he saw Tee and Jag let the door slam shut. Twirling in mid-run, Dwight slammed his back into the door, knocking it open and causing him to trip and fall on the floor of the storeroom, skidding a few feet, his faded hands waving frantically in the air. Jag and Tee were already forcing the back door open as Dwight heard the cops kick front door open. "Jag—Tee—Hold the door—!!!" he gasped from the floor. "Jag, hold the—!"

Jag had already opened the door and was running for it. Tee was gone. Dwight eyes widened as he saw the door close...it was a pull door. If his hands didn't come out of fade soon, he wasn't going to get the door open—he scrambled to his feet, running for the door, but his foot hit one of the storage shelves, and he hit the ground. Hard. There was a moment of silence as he watched the shelf tip alarmingly...and then crash into the door that led to the main store, blocking it just as he heard someone *thud* into it, then start pummeling against it.

"We're closed!" Dwight yelled as he struggled to his feet and stared at his hands in desperation. C'mon, *solidify*. He shook them. How long did these things take to cool down?...when they had been testing it at the construction site it hadn't seemed this long to resolidify—but he wasn't under this kind of stress. It had been what...maybe a minute? Dwight glanced at the door as he heard one of the officers say to circle around the back and then turned back to his hands. "C'mon...!!!" Dwight nearly cried as his hands, with the silvery forearm gloves, reappeared. "Don't ever go away like that again." Frantically, he thrust open the door and emerged in the alley behind the store. Jag and Tee were gone. Like he was gonna be in a minute—

He saw the cop at the same time the cop saw him. Immediately, almost without thinking, Dwight leaped for a nearby drainpipe, his panic allowing him to hold on to the side and reach for a fire escape nearby. Clawing his way up, he shimmied onto the escape as he heard the cop below making a grab for him. Covering three floors in seconds, Dwight hit the roof...and found no way out. Glancing around, he saw the roof of another tenement nearby. Praying silently, he backed up to the opposite side of the roof—making a flying jump, he leaped from the edge of the roof and hit the other side, still running, as the cop, huffing, made it to the roof. Dwight turned his back to the cop, smiling...then stuck out his butt, letting it sway tantalizingly back and forth.

"Take two weeks and kiss it all, baby!"

With a bow, Kid Gloves ran off into the night.

Personality: Aside from the Phase Gloves, Dwight is only a petty thief, and the heroes

may run into him and his friends as they are pulling off a heist and be forced to chase them down as they scatter. Dwight may steal something from one of their homes, unaware they are a vigilante, or a villain may capture Dwight and take the gloves, perhaps duplicating the technology or turning it into a battlesuit. Like the Purge battlesuit, the "Kid Gloves" can circulate from character to character. Unless the police get lucky, Dwight is going to be free for a long time; despite his ability to escape from any situation, however, there are rumors circulating that Dwight has been showing disrespect for other gang members, and he has been steadily gaining enemies as he pulls off more and more crimes.



Kid Gloves is intended as an out-of-the-ordinary Opening Vignette; Dwight is intended to be an "expert" at escape, the one career criminal who consistently gets away.

Quote: "Awwwwwww, not *again!!!* Run!!!"

Powers/Tactics: All Dwight's powers derive from the Phase Gloves, light mesh gauntlets that allow him to phase his hands and forearms (Dwight and his friends call it "fading"). When activated, the Gloves take a minute to warm up, and a numbing sensation spreads through the user's arms as the arms become hazy. After a minute has passed, the wearer can *phase* through physical objects, encountering resistance proportional to the density of the object being *phased* through—passing a hand through a steel wall is like sticking it through a wall of dough: the wearer can do it, he just needs to exert extra effort. If the user is holding an object in the glove while he is powering it up, the object becomes *phased* along with the glove. The object's weight must be less than 37kg (less than 3 STR). As soon as the *phased* object is dropped, it instantly becomes tangible again.

The Gloves have two "settings." One is full *phase* that dematerializes the arms of the user; the second setting is $\frac{1}{2}$ *phase* that allows the user's hand to materialize while the forearm is still in *phase* space. This allows Dwight to reach through doors and open them from the inside, as well as steal keys, stacks of cash, papers and small valuables stored in safes. When he has stolen an object with the $\frac{1}{2}$ *phase* setting, Dwight then "charges up" to full *phase* and waits for the object to become *phased*, then pulls it back through the intervening barrier.

Side Effects: The Phase Gloves need to be calibrated after every use to correct *phase* field "drift." When not properly calibrated, the field integrity slowly weakens and distorts any matter it is *phasing* (including objects carried in the user's hands). The field integrity has already weakened around Dwight's Gloves, and he has noticed his arms and fingers feel stiff every time he uses the Gloves (Continued use will cause dizzy spells and nausea even when not wearing the Gloves, and if he persists in using them, the Phase Gloves may fuse to his arms and *phase* his entire body. If the GM wants to make Dwight more powerful, the Gloves can have already backfired, allowing Dwight to become a "ghost" for short periods of time and *phase* through walls. Dwight will then steal to pay for a doctor to cure him).

On missions with his friends (Jag and Tee), Dwight usually wears one glove on his left hand and keeps the other in his backpack (not only does he dislike wearing them, but after their first robbery, he prefers having one hand solid, both for a quick escape and because he may need to use his gun). After scoping out a likely place, Dwight switches on the glove, waits for his hand to turn hazy, then plunges it through the door to a building (or car), unlocks it, then runs into a building, looting as much as he can before the cops show up (a "hit and run"). While he has not yet learned how to disarm high-tech security systems, Dwight's friend Tee is taking lessons from his Pa, who served time inside "Alvarez Maximum Security Prison" ("or some place like that," he says).

Dwight has stolen Pampers, groceries and even robbed a gun store, getting him enough guns and ammo to outfit the rest of his friends and sell some to a local gang. He has also used his gloves to open car doors and do a little carjacking. They have never hurt anyone during their robberies, but they have made fools out of the cops many times.

Dwight's Buddies: Dwight can usually count on his friend "Tee" (Timothy, who wears a Raiders cap and a black T-shirt), Tee's little brother Jag, and Van (a sometimes friend, a Puerto Rican who owns a VW bus that can hold a lot of loot) when he needs extra hands for a robbery. Tee, Jag and Van have Normal Human Stats, with Stealth and Streetwise at 11- and +2" Running; in addition Tee has +1 Combat Level with Knives and Van has the Lockpicking Skill at 11-. Each of them carries a revolver (but no heavy weapons), and Tee usually carries a switchblade in his back pocket. Tee is considered the smartest member of the gang, and he is the one who contacts Dwight when he wants him to use his "magic fingers."

Appearance: Dwight is tall and scrawny; he wears his hair in a light fade, and sports a small moustache. When on a "Hit and Run" he wears a gray ski mask, his "Air Jesus" shoes and a heavy jacket where he keeps his Automatic Pistol, some drugged meat for guard dogs, and his screwdriver. He wears low-hanging blue jeans and a leather vest beneath his jacket at other times.

Adventure Seed: Dwight is vital if the characters are fighting Void (see later entry). Once the characters learn of Dwight's "talent," they can track him down and recover the Phase Gloves. The Gloves will allow characters to physically strike Void, and by analyzing the Glove technology, characters can create *phase* weapons that can hurt Void; one example would be to duplicate the *phase* field "drift" of the Gloves (see above) and "scramble" Void, scattering its body across *phase* space.

PLAIN JANE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats																														
10	STR	0	OCV: 4 DCV: 4 ECV: 3 Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12 Costs <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 30%;">Char:</td> <td style="width: 10%; text-align: center;">19</td> <td style="width: 10%;">Base:</td> <td style="width: 10%; text-align: center;">75</td> <td style="width: 10%;"></td> <td style="width: 10%;"></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">+</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">+</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Powers:</td> <td style="text-align: center;">206</td> <td>Disad:</td> <td style="text-align: center;">150</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">=</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">=</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">225</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">150</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table>	Char:	19	Base:	75				+		+			Powers:	206	Disad:	150				=		=				225		150		
Char:	19	Base:		75																													
	+			+																													
Powers:	206	Disad:		150																													
	=			=																													
	225			150																													
13	DEX	9																															
11	CON	2																															
10	BODY	0																															
13	INT	3																															
9	EGO	-2																															
0	PRE	-10																															
10	COM	0																															
2	PD	0																															
2	ED	0																															
4	SPD	17																															
4	REC	0																															
22	END	0																															
21	STUN	0																															
Cost Powers			END																														
160	Invisibility to All Sense Groups ('Disinterest'), No Fringe (+10), Area Affect, Radius, x16 Radius (250'), 0 END, Persistent, Always On, Magic-Based Senses work (-¼), Invisibility will not work on Robots (-¼)		0																														
20	2D6 RKA, Armor Piercing (+½), 2 clips of 8 charges (-¼), OAF (Sanction Pistol)		[2x8c]																														
8	1 ½D6 RKA, 6 charges (-¾), No KB, OAF (.357 Colt Python)		[6c]																														
Skills																																	
2	PS: Housewife and Part-Time Piano Teacher, 11-																																
3	KS: Grand Forks PTA, 12-																																
3	KS: Bridge and other card games, 12-																																
3	KS: Gardening, 12-																																
3	KS: Famous Personalities, 12-																																
1	Familiarity with Piano, 8- (Hasn't Practiced in Years)																																
1	Familiarity with Child Psychology, 8-																																
2	WF: Small Arms																																
75+ Disadvantages																																	
15	Psychological Limitation: Inferiority Complex																																
25	Physical Limitation: Invisible																																
0	Distinctive Features: No Distinctive Features Whatsoever (Always Concealable, Never Noticed)																																
10	DNPC: Philip Dodds (Husband), Ethan and Angela Dodds (son and daughter) (Norm), 8-																																
10	2D6 Unluck																																
10	Secret ID: Janet "Jane" Dodds																																
80	Villain Bonus																																

Background: Jane Dodds hummed to herself as she stirred the soup and glanced at the clock. Phil would be home soon. Laying aside the stirring spoon, Jane walked into the living room, where Ethan sat sprawled on the couch watching *Crusader: The Animated Series*. His jacket lay in a heap by the door, his schoolbooks tossed carelessly nearby. As usual, his spelling book had taken the worst of it.

"Ethan, almost time for dinner," Jane said tiredly as she picked up his jacket and opened the closet door to put it away. "Ethan, I've told you a hundred times to hang up your jacket on the special hook. We agreed on that, remember?"

Ethan continued to stare at the TV. On the screen, Crusader merited out stern and uncompromising justice to Techanon. Jane sighed. Sometimes nothing seemed to get through to him. "Ethan, it's almost time for dinner. Go wash up; Daddy'll be home soon, okay?"

Jane frowned as Ethan continued to watch the TV set. His face was blank, and his mouth hung open slightly. "Ethan!" Jane said sharply. There was no response. Annoyed, she went over to the couch and shook him. Ethan's head snapped up in surprise.

"Hunh? Mom?" Ethan looked dazed. "What's up?"

"Dinner, young man." Jane walked over to the TV and switched it off, damning Crusader to animated non-existence. "And I think after dinner we'll discuss the amount of time you spend watching TV."

"Momm...!" Ethan said in a high voice. "You said I could watch..." Jane looked at him sternly, arms folded across her chest. Ethan sighed. Sometimes nothing seemed to get through to Mom. "Oh, all right." He lifted himself off the couch and stalked upstairs, his Keds pounding relentlessly on each step.

"Tell Angie dinner's ready, Ethan!" Jane called up after him. There was no response except the sound of water running in the sink. She was about to go up after Ethan when she heard the front door open, and Phil came in. "Hi, dear," she said as she moved to give him a welcome-home hug.

"Oh! Jane!" Phil laughed in surprise as he hugged her. "I didn't see you there. Hm... What's that I smell?" His nose sniffed the air exaggeratedly. "Smells good, whatever it is. I guess I'll keep you a little while longer." Phil kissed her on the cheek and walked into the kitchen. Jane smiled, then remembered Ethan.

"Dear?" she said, walking into the kitchen. Phil was bent over the soup with the stirring spoon, tasting it. She leaned against the door frame and watched him for a moment. "Dear?" she said again. "Do you think Ethan might have a hearing problem?"

Phil raised the spoon to his lips and smiled as he had a taste. "Hm... He licked his lips.

"Dear." Jane said again, her eyebrows drawing together. Phil did not respond.

* * *

In late April, Jane Dodds became a shadow within her own home. Physical contact, yelling and even attacking her family did not evoke a response from them; she left written notes and messages on the answering machine, but the notes were ignored and the phone messages mysteriously forgotten. After months of trying to communicate with them, she resigned herself to an oblivious existence, taking small comfort in performing tasks around the house and working in her garden. A year after her "disappearance," the family moved away, leaving Jane's items behind—her pictures, her clothes and the small black and white TV set she had had in the kitchen.

The night they left, Jane had her nervous breakdown. Sitting on the hardwood floor of the empty house, cradling Philip's pistol in her hand, Jane decided to end it all. Pressing the gun to her head, her finger trembling on the trigger, she closed her eyes and prepared to fire. Next to her, the small TV was blaring mindlessly.



After a moment, Jane lowered the gun and opened her eyes. On the TV was a picture of the President of the United States. He was scheduled to make an appearance at the Grand Forks School for Science and Technology the very next day.

A thought stirred in Jane's mind. If she shot the President, people couldn't ignore that. They would *have* to take notice. Placing Phil's pistol in her purse, she silently slipped aboard a bus that night, arrived at the school and camped out in front of the building. In the morning she awoke, cramped and sore, and watched as security guards set up metal detectors at the entrances to the school. Hesitant at first, Jane followed the line of children in past the guards. All the students were searched in turn, and as Jane walked by one of the metal detectors, it went off, and she jumped.

No one noticed. One guard idly reached over and switched off the machine.

Shaken, she hurried into the auditorium. Climbing onto the stage, she stood at the side of the podium and waited until the entire school had assembled; an hour later, after the students had finished filing in, the President arrived, striding into the gym to the sound of deafening applause. After a short introduction by the Principal, the President, waving to the students, began his speech. Nervous, but unable to wait any longer, Jane stepped close to the President as he was discussing the importance of education and, after a moment of hesitation, fired a shot just above his right ear.

Instantaneously, secret service guards tackled the President, and a murmur of surprise passed through the entire gym—other guards closed off the school and began to undertake a search for the source of the gunshot. Fifteen minutes later, they lost interest and were unable to find the gunman. The President, rattled but unhurt, continued his speech and finished with tremendous applause. It was several hours later, when the camera footage was edited for the nightly news broadcasts that it was discovered a woman had been standing on stage with the President ten minutes after the shot had been fired.

Of more interest was she had purposely missed the President. And for ten minutes after the gunshot had been fired, the woman had been crying.

No one had even seen her as she put the gun back in her purse and walked off the stage.

Personality: Jane Dodds was always *boring*. Dull, uninteresting...not someone you'd ever notice. She took comfort in her daily routine, preferring to stay at home, and avoided social situations she found awkward and uncomfortable. As the years wore on, Jane withdrew into herself—and unconsciously triggered a mutation that cut her off from the outside world forever.

Since the emergence of her invisibility, Jane has become obsessed with attention. She has determined that only by attracting as much attention as possible, usually through shooting public figures (movie stars, popular heroes, politicians, etc.) can she "overload" her invisibility. She hopes that having hundreds or even thousands of people looking for her will make *someone* notice her.

Jane's desperation for contact has driven her to seek other avenues of contact. She's become an accomplished user of computer BBSes. On the net, people can notice her messages. She's also had good luck with answering machines.

Quote: "I'm here...I'm right here."

Powers/Tactics: Throughout her life, Jane Dodds was unconsciously developing a mental interference field which isolates her from the outside environment; this field does not make her "invisible"; people just fail to register her presence except on the most superficial level (if she is going through a crowd, people will move out of her way, but if asked why later, they will be unable to recall). This "Dullness" field makes it almost impossible to find Jane; Tracking Scents, Mind Scan, Telepathy, extra-special senses...all are useless. While cameras and mutant detectors will record her presence, the mental interference field insures any human operators manning the equipment *will not see anyone on the cameras or be able to pinpoint the direction of the "detection signal" until Jane has left the area.*

So how can she be seen?

Characters who suspect an invisible opponent may spray the area with water, paint or smoke to see the 'outline' of their foe. This will not work—although Jane will get wet, get paint on her clothes or cough a lot, her mental field will prevent characters from seeing her unless they are in the same hex (see below). Jane could be on fire, unloading a full automatic burst into the air, or be covered with phosphorescent paint and no one would give her a second glance.

Characters with magical abilities can use divination to determine where Jane is; dimensional and demonic beings, unaffected by mere mutant powers, may be able to point out the "female meat being" to sorcerers who ask for their assistance. As magical senses can easily detect Jane, GMs may wish to modify her powers to make her more difficult to spot if the players are composed of magic-users.

Jane always carries an assortment of firearms with her on "attention missions" (she has had plenty of time to practice with each weapon) and usually Sets and Braces herself before firing at a target. Her current arsenal is a .357 Colt Python and a special Army-Issue *Sanction* Pistol that fires titanium needles with an explosive core. The pistol is extremely heavy, has an eight shot clip and has a silencer (Jane never bothers with it). If these weapons will be ineffective against the heroes Jane will be fighting, the GM should equip Jane with new ones; she could conceivably come to the Republican National Convention with a rocket launcher, a Raven gravity cannon and a bandoleer of grenades and no one would notice...until the explosions occurred.

Although Jane fired a warning shot at the President, with her next target (perhaps one of the heroes), she will shoot to kill. Alternately, Jane's good nature will win out, and she won't be able to kill. Instead, she might use her abilities to spy on some of the criminal elements of the city. If she learns interesting or vital information, she'll start leaving e-mail and phone messages for the vigilantes, hoping that they can stop the crimes. That would be a measure of notice. Jane may even fall in love with a vigilante who uses her information to stop crimes, and begin to send him video tapes. Finding out his secret identity should be easy; since no one can see her, it is a trivial matter to follow a hero.

Appearance: Jane is a nondescript woman with short stringy black hair. Her face is somber, and she displays a remarkable lack of interest in things that go on around her. She dresses in slacks and blouses and usually wears running shoes when on missions. A battered brown leather purse hangs from her arm with her pistols tucked inside.

PURGE

Val†	Char	Cost	Combat Stats	
10	STR	0	OCV: 8	
25	DEX	13*	DCV: 8	
20	CON	6*	ECV: +3	
10	BODY	0	Phases: Variable	
10	INT	0		
20	EGO	6*	Costs	
20	PRE	3*		
10	COM	0	Char: 37	Base: 0
2	PD	0	+	+
4	ED	0	Powers: 120	Disad: 165
5	SPD	9*	=	=
6	REC	0	157	165
40	END	0		
25	STUN	0	* Independent (-2), OIF (Purge armor)	

† Purge's statistics vary depending on who Purge is. The characteristics given are for a Normal with straight 10's in all characteristics. A skilled or talented Normal, wearing the Purge suit, would have higher characteristics. Just add the difference between the character's characteristic and 10.

Cost	Powers	END
6*	Martial Arts—Commando Training	
	Maneuver OCV DCV Damage	
	Boxing Cross 0 +2 STR +2D6	
	Aikido Throw 0 +1 STR/5, Opp. Falls	
	Judo Disarm -1 +1 Disarm, +10 STR	
	Choke -2 0 Grab, 2D6 NND	
	Karate Chop -2 0 ½D6 HKA	
7*	Armor, (+6PD/+6ED, Heals itself when damaged)	
22*	20 point Cosmic Power Pool unique to the wearer; Powers must be related to user's psychology (-½) & changes <i>only</i> when suit worn by another person (-1)	
1*	Instant Change	
2*	+2 Perception with all senses	
1*	+2" Running	1/5"
Skills		
1*, 1*	Acrobatics; Breakfall	
1*, 1*	Climbing; Combat Driving	
1*, 1*	Concealment ; Demolitions	
1*, 1*	Disguise; Interrogation	
1*, 1*	AK: Campaign City ; KS: Firearms	
1*	KS: Analyze Style	
1*	KS: Campaign City Underworld	
1*	KS: Telephone, Sewer and Utilities Subsystems	
1*	KS: <i>Underworld Enemies</i>	
1*	Paramedic	
1*	Stealth	
1*	Shadowing	
1*	Streetwise	
1*	TF: Ground Vehicles, Aircraft	
4*	WF: Common Melee Weapons, Common Missile Weapons, Small Arms, Uncommon Weapons	
1*	Combat Sense, 11-	
4*	Danger Sense, 11-	
1*	Defense Maneuver	
9*	Find Weakness, All Attacks, 11-	
4*	3D6 Luck	
9*	+3 with All Combat	



100+ Disadvantages	
15	Accidental Change to Purge when user gets angry, 14-
20	Enraged if Innocents are Harmed, 11-, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Casual Killer
10	Psychological Limitation: Vengeful
+10	Psychological Limitation: Amplified Psychological Problem of User (adds 10 points to a pre-existing psychological limitation)
10	Physical Limitation: Must give suit to next wearer when they have taken their revenge (Infrequently, Great).
15	Reputation: The Vigilante that cannot die, Extreme, 11-
15	Hunted: <i>Any</i> Villain or Villain Group (Mo Pow), 8-
15	Hunted: <i>Any</i> Hero or Hero Group (Mo Pow), 8-
20	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI), 8-
15	Secret ID: Variable (See below)

Background: Nigel Coward, the original Purge, was a minor psionic whose talents were enhanced by a psychoactive suit of armor constructed by the Raven Telepathic Corps. Nigel, psionic by birth, was kidnapped by Raven while traveling in the Southwest and held captive for a month while he was put through grueling tests and injected with chemicals to brainwash him into joining the Corps. He was also used to test one of the Corps' new inventions, a psychoactive suit of armor with its own psionic field woven into it, designed to amplify the powers of the Corps' field agents. Nigel discovered the suit enhanced his minor telepathic ability considerably, and one day after a guard forgot to inject Nigel with a "compliance chemical," Nigel seized the suit and escaped confinement. He promptly went to the police and revealed everything he knew; in days, the Raven base had been shut down. Nigel, unwilling to let go of the armor, kept it, and decided to become a full-time hero. In the following months, Purge became the latest addition to the Los Angeles hero scene, but he was considered small-time, with trivial psionic powers and an unremarkable martial arts style.

Coward's career came to a quick end; he was beaten to death by rioting gangs in South Central Los Angeles during the King Riots and was mourned with the other Los Angeles citizens who had died in the urban chaos. His mother and father grieved, but no one mourned for Nigel more than his younger brother, Justin. His mind burned for the chance to kill the gang members for what they did to Nigel.

The night following his brother's funeral, Justin awoke to find his brother's armor lying on a chair by the bed. Compelled to put it on, Justin's mind was flooded with skills and memories he had never possessed. Despite his disorientation, Justin saw his opportunity for vengeance—the fury he had felt at his brother's death increased ten fold. Taking his father's handgun, he went on a three day manhunt in the barrios where he found and exterminated the 49th Street Crips. Soon after the killings, Justin felt a compulsion to rid himself of the suit; placing it in a brown paper bag, he traveled to a bar in downtown Los Angeles, and his eyes were drawn a tired-looking woman he saw sitting at a table. Without a word, he gave the bag to her and left the club. Within days, there was another Purge sighting; the vigilante had stormed the home of movie producer Stephen Miles, shot him to death, then fled before police could apprehend him. Miles' ex-wife, still recovering from their divorce, could not be reached for comment.

Other Purge sightings have occurred, as he attacks criminals and innocents alike. To the public, Purge's goals are a mystery.

Personality: When Nigel was beaten to death in Los Angeles, his mind was still linked to the suit's psionic field; when he died, the trauma transferred his anger and vengeance into the suit. Complying with Nigel's final thoughts, the armor telepathically seeks out others that burn with hate and gives them the power to inflict revenge on those who have wronged them. Purge's identity changes frequently, as the armor finds its way to another character once its wearer has finished their revenge...or has died trying.

* * *

Sgt. Leland Boyd: The armor has passed through thirty users and has stored many of their skills in its psionic field (see Skills). An example of a wearer of Purge is Sgt. Leland "Lee" Boyd (Black, Male, Age: 45, Statistics: Competent Human), a Vietnam veteran who has been separated from his wife for five years. His hate stems from his son's death; while his son was eating in a fast-food restaurant with his girlfriend (who happened to be white), he was seen by the skinheads from the National American People's Party, chased, and beaten to death in a nearby alley. Days later, when Lee found the Purge armor in the backseat of his car, he started a one-man war against the American People's Party. He has killed six of them, fought White Lightning and threatened Marshall Endicott; he is preparing to stage an attack on the Compound, Endicott's training facility. Unfortunately, Lee, a recovered heroin addict, has had to struggle with his addiction since donning the suit and has started taking the drug again (Psychological Limitation: Struggle with Heroin Addiction, "Psionic" Power: Mentally enhanced STR and PRE [+10 to both]). Lee carries a .38 Revolver, a .45 Automatic, a Bowie knife and a MAC-10 when on missions. (A suggestion for Purge's current owner is given at the end of this book.)

* * *

The Purge suit is not used only by innocent civilians; criminals have used the Purge suit in the past. A thug the heroes throw in jail may return with the Purge suit to enact revenge when the characters least expect it. Even worse, a criminal psionic may get hold of the Purge suit and use it to augment their abilities.

Purge has a considerable rep on the street; wild stories have circulated about the "killer that cannot die." Everyone in the city knows Purge is a killer, and many criminals are not anxious to test this theory (The more pacifistic Purges have used this to their advantage when wanting to end a potentially dangerous situation).

The armor will come to anyone who burns for revenge; Purge can be *anyone*—a mother, child, a character's DNPC or even the PC himself. If the GM wants to run a one-shot adventure, have a player to make a non-super-powered PC on a 75 point Base and give them the Purge suit.

The Purge armor has a long history, with hundreds of stories...many of them tragic. The GM should invent whatever background and history they wish for recipients of the armor.

Quote: "Revenge is mine."

Powers/Tactics: All the armor's wearers have possessed no superhuman powers: all their abilities came from the suit. If a paranormal wears the armor, they will retain their powers in addition to the abilities of the suit.

The Purge Armor: The Purge armor is psychoactive and has a psionic field that interfaces with the wearer's psyche. The Purge suit gives the user the following advantages:

1. The psychic interface improves a character's physical and mental abilities; giving the character more endurance, agility and courage (the increased EGO).
2. The psychoactive armor gives the user 20 point "Psionic" Powers related to the user's personality. These powers amplify a latent or preexisting psionic power or give the wearer completely new powers: Psionic Invisibility for meek characters, Images or Mental Illusions for Creative characters, added PRE for arrogant characters, etc. *These powers cannot be changed as long as the character wears the suit; the Cosmic Power Pool will only change when it is donned by a new wearer with a different personality* (While Nigel wore the suit, the Power Pool amplified his Telepathy—also see #4 below).
3. The suit can be folded and placed anywhere on the character's body; as long as a piece of it is touching the character's skin, the Purge suit can instantly wrap around the user, allowing them to change into Purge whenever the situation requires it.
4. The suit cloaks the user's sex and voice; each Purge is indistinguishable from another Purge (even the user's height is indeterminate). In addition, the suit's psychoactive field provides the same mental signature for each wearer of the suit, confusing any telepaths searching for "the" Purge. One Purge in the past (a Hollywood actor) used the Cosmic Power Pool to amplify this "cloaking" effect to perform limited disguise and shapeshifting abilities.
5. Every time the Purge suit leaves a character's possession, it stores any combat skills the character has. As the Purge suit has been used by soldiers and mercenaries in the past, the suit has a large reservoir of combat skills.
6. The armor heals tears or bullet holes. It cannot be stained with blood.

The Purge battlesuit: The Purge battlesuit has the following disadvantages:

1. It magnifies a person's psychological limitations. Phobias, dislikes and mental disorders increase dramatically while they possess the suit; if the +10 added points causes the preexisting Psychological Limitation to exceed 30 points, the GM should consider giving the character a Berserk or Enraged relating to the Psychological Limitation. The Purge suit typically leaves the wearer with emotional scars.
2. The wearer is inclined to kill others (Casual Killer). When confronted with a hostile situation, the character's first instinct will be to shoot, stab or maim his opponents, and the character must make EGO checks to resist this impulse.

3. Because villains and heroes are unaware there is more than one Purge, the wearer is a target for any villain or hero looking to settle a score against a Purge they fought in the past.

Purge's tactics vary from user to user; the GM should use their own judgment (Lee plunges into a situation with guns blazing). Whatever the wearer's psychology, the armor attempts to impose an inflexible, indiscriminate code of justice with murder being the preferred method of resolving any situation.

Appearance: The Purge armor is a lightweight red and black fabric. A bandoleer strap for grenades and ammo is slung across the chest, and a belt with pockets and holsters encircles the waist (there are three holsters and room for more on the belt). As mentioned under Powers, one Purge is indistinguishable from another; they are all of indeterminate size and sex. The only distinguishing features of the different wearers will be their tactics and weapons.





PRICE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
50	STR	35*	OCV: 6		
18	DEX	24	DCV: 6		
25	CON	30	ECV: 4		
15	BODY	8*	Phases: 3, 6, 9, 12		
12	INT	2	Costs		
13	EGO	6			
15	PRE	5			
10	COM	0	Char: 130	Base: 100	
15	PD	6	+	+	
13	ED	8	Powers: 84	Disad: 114	
4	SPD	12	=	=	
5	REC	-18	214	214	
60	END	5			
60	STUN	7*	* = Statistics for Growth added in.		
Cost		Powers	END		
13	Martial Arts—Street Fighting Man Maneuver OCV DCV Damage Right Cross 0 +2 12D6 Roundhouse -2 0 14D6 Head Butt -1 +1 2D6 NND* * Defense: rPD to Head				
1	Use Brass Knuckles with Martial Arts				
7	Growth [1 Level], 0 END, Persistent, Always On, (x2 Mass, +5 STR, -1 KB, +1 BODY, +1 STUN) 0				
2	+1D6 HTH, OAF ("Brass" Knuckles)				
18	Damage Resistance (15PD/13ED)				
3	Radio Listen and Transmit, OAF (Beeper)				
2	Flash Defense (5), OAF (Shades)				
Skills					
2	PS: "Security Specialist," 11-				
2	KS: Campaign City Underworld, 11-				
2	KS: The Mafia, 11-				
2	KS: The Rumor Mill, 11-				
2	AK: Campaign City, 11-				
1	Language: Gang Slang				
2	Contact: Friend on the Force (Sgt. Davis), 11-				
2	Contact: Black Satin, 11-				
1	Contact: Street Hood, 8-				
1	Criminology, 8-				
3	Interrogation, 12-				
9	Streetwise, 15-				
2	WF: Small Arms				
12	+4 Combat Levels with Punch, Grab and Haymaker				
100+ Disadvantages					
20	Psychological Limitation: Short-Tempered				
15	Psychological Limitation: Mercenary Attitude				
10	Physical Limitation: Too big and heavy. Cannot use common household items or use weapons.				
5	Physical Limitation: Near-Sighted (Wears Glasses)				
20	Distinctive Features: 7' Tall, Black, Overweight Human.				
10	Watched: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI, Wanted for Questioning), 11-				
20	Hunted: Divine and the Glory Boyz (Mo Pow), 11-				
10	Public ID: Lloyd E. Price				
4	Villain Bonus				

Background: The huge shadow lumbered through the alley, the homeless parting like the Red Sea as he chased the fleeing silhouette. The fleeing shadow ran full tilt, and as it neared the end of the alley, it hurled onto the chain link fence, frantically trying to scramble over the top. His pursuer reached the fence, and with a snarl, grabbed the fence with two thick hands and pulled, sending it crashing to the ground and trapping the runner beneath it.

"Lewis..." Price gasped and shook his head slowly, sweat running down his brows. He glared at the figure who was looking at him with the chainlink fence superimposed over his face. "Don't run from me. It makes me mad." Price reached down and pulled Lewis's flailing body from under the fence, tearing his suit and causing him to break into a flurry of colorful metaphors.

"Your dead, Price. When Divine catches you he's gonna beat you like he don't even know you—"

Price took two handfuls of Lewis' suit and *shook* him. After a minute, he stopped, and Lewis just dangled in his grip.

"Was *that* who it was, Lewis? Divine had your sorry butt drive by my office and put bullets through my window?"

Lewis hesitated. Frowning, Price grabbed Lewis by the neck, and Lewis shrieked as Price's hand constricted. "Yeah! Divine! It was him! Let go of me!..."

Price froze as he heard sirens, and the police cruiser pulled into the alleyway. A highbeam flashed from the side of the car, and he was caught between the headlights and the beam like a deer. Lewis began to shriek again.

"Please don't kill me!!! Please, oh God, Price, I ain't got no more protection money to give you! Please, don't kill me—!!"

Price's hand tensed. He knew he shouldn't do it...but he looked at Lewis' shrieking face and turned red. Drawing his hand back with a snarl, he plunged his fist into Lewis' stomach, sending him sprawling to the ground with a *thud*.

"Freeze, Price!" The shadows behind the car raised their guns, pointing at him. Price hesitated. "I said *now*, big man!" Price turned to face the police carrier. The silhouettes behind the high beam and the flashing red and blue lights looked tense. "None of you move unless we tell you to! Keep your hands where we can see them—raise 'em, Price!!!"

Lewis, quivering, made a snuffling noise from where he lay on the ground. "You're gone, Price," he whispered. "They saw *ala* that. You gonna pay for messing with me."

* * *

"So...you want to tell me what happened?"

Sgt. Davis sat on the edge of the desk, cradling the manila folder in her hand. The room was empty except for her and Price. "Not that it makes any difference. Two officers saw you hit Lewis and he's got the bruises to back it up. Congratulations. Maybe I can visit you at the penitentiary." Davis sighed. "You're not making any friends around here, you know."

Price knew she was pissed, but he was pissed, too.

"You've been in here more times than most real criminals...let's see..." she leafed through the folder, "...Aggravated Assault, Assault and Battery, Breaking and Entering...and this is only *this* year's file." Price shifted in his chair and it creaked alarmingly. "You gotta calm down. You've been hitting on Lewis ever since elementary school when Mickey gave you his baseball cards to beat him up..."

Price frowned. "Look, me and Lewis were just talking." When Davis rolled her eyes, Price's temper rose. "I *know* you don't think I was *paid* to beat him up."

"Not *this* time, maybe." Davis let the sarcasm drip from her words. "Don't think I don't know what you do for work nowadays. Your 'security' business. You might as well just be a hitman. I heard the Mob are looking for you, you've got gangs that want you dead, your family had to move—"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Price sneered. "Go on and shut-up. I can tell you already got your own idea of what happened between me and Lewis, so I don't even want to hear it." He raised his massive hands. "If *you* had hands like this, you wouldn't be sitting behind no police desk giving me shi—" When he saw her about to speak, Price raised his voice. "And *don't* give me that jack about my life. You have *no* idea what it's like to be me and what I have to do to live—"

Davis' eyes flashed. "No, Price, *you* don't know what you have to do to live. You're always moaning and carrying on about your strength!" She shook her head in contempt. "It's just an excuse, Price. You need to calm down, but you just keep on digging a deeper and deeper grave for yourself—" Davis looked like she was about to continue, but stopped. "Nevermind. You've heard it all before." She slipped down from the desk and walked toward the door. "Take care of yourself, Price. Try not to get killed."

Price watched the door close behind her. The stone walls of the empty room seemed to press against him.

Personality: Price claims he is easy-going, but he has a loose definition for what constitutes "easy-going." The slightest reference to his weight or size makes him angry, and if the reference was done on purpose to annoy him, he will strike the offender. His temper manifests itself in his annoyance of his paranormal power ("Paranormal? Load o' crap. *Abnormal*, more like it"), which he considers to be the source of his troubles: he will talk incessantly about how shafted he got by his great strength, how he can't open the door to his apartment without snapping off the doorknob, how he can't drive his car anymore, how he accidentally inhales cigarettes, about how he broke the bathtub trying to cram into it. Price will not admit his temper is the source of his trouble.

Unknown to his acquaintances, Price's paranormality has given him an inferiority complex; he is tough and strong...but it isn't enough. He doesn't have the strength or reputation for the big leagues, and he's not skilled enough for the minor leagues. References to his lack of skill only make him angry, and he makes a habit out of ridiculing other paranormals.

Price used to advertise as a detective, but he was not a successful one. His attempts to trail suspects were spotted easily, and he had little patience for the work. After one of his suspects sued him, he was forced to lay off detective work. He has an adversarial relationship with the police (and it's deteriorating), including a short, disastrous relationship with Sergeant Davis, but they went their separate ways when a murder investigation threw suspicion on Price. Price is becoming more of a recluse and is finding it more difficult to restrain his temper. There are few places he can go where he is not recognized by some crime figure, and Price's former friends cannot guarantee their safety if they go out with him.

Like his moniker suggests, Price is for hire. He is testing his moral limits more with every job, and investigators may run across him while they are following their own leads. While Price's presence is usually enough to intimidate intruders, he will resort to force if he is met with resistance.

Price is being blackmailed by Divine. Divine recently discovered evidence linking Price to the murder of a drug dealer many years ago. He has used this as leverage to keep Price away from his operations and may use it to make Price go after vigilantes who are causing him trouble.

Quote: "I'm *not* going to ask you twice."

Powers/Tactics: Price is Big. He weighs several hundred pounds, most of it dense muscle and cartilage. He has been growing since birth (it is not known whether Price is a natural paranormal or whether he is a mutate), but because his body cannot metabolize fat, his waist has been keeping pace with his age. In addition, for all his strength and fighting skills, Price tires easily. If an opponent keeps dodging his attacks, Price may have to stop attacking in order to catch his breath. If the target makes him lose his temper, however (not hard to do), he will keep attacking until he drops in exhaustion. Vigilantes without the firepower to hurt Price can use his low REC against him.

Price's tactics are relatively simple. He gets paid to visit people and hit them. He has taken jobs from the Mafia (no murders) and from businessmen and people in his community, who pay him to patrol the area and protect them from street gangs and muggers. Most of Price's income comes from mercenary work, and because he cannot manage money, he frequently scrapes work from the bottom of the barrel to make ends meet.

Price is a good Contact for PCs.

Appearance: Price sports a heavy jacket (the thickness more done to conceal his weight than to provide protection from the cold), with a turtleneck sweater worn beneath it. His hair is cut in a fade, and sunglasses cover his eyes. A heavy keychain hangs on one side of his belt, and his 'brass' knuckles are jammed in the back of his jeans.





TENDERHEART

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
10	STR	0	OCV: 5		
15	DEX	15	DCV: 5		
11	CON	2	ECV: 3		
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12		
10	INT	0			
8	EGO	-4	Costs		
10	PRE	0			
10	COM	0	Char:	68	Base: 100
5	PD	3		+	+
5	ED	3	Powers:	140	Disad: 140
5	SPD	25		=	=
7	REC	6		240	240
40	END	9			
30	STUN	9			
Cost		Powers		END	
13	Martial Arts—Fencing Maneuver OCV DCV Damage <i>Riposte</i> +1 +3 2D6 HKA w/ Foil <i>Valiant Parry</i> +2 +2 Block, Abort <i>Defiant Disarm</i> -1 +1 +10 STR Disarm				
10	1D6 HKA, 0 END, No KB, OAF (French Foil)				0
30	Multipower (60 Points), OAF (Crossbow)				
3u	5D6 Flash vs. Sight Group, Works vs. Power Defense, not Flash Defense, 6 Continuous (1 min.) Charges, can be turned off with a 0 DCV, CON roll by the target, OAF (Neural Disruption, "Blind Love" Bolts) [60/30]				
2u	10D6 EB, STUN only (-½), 6 Recoverable Charges (-¼), OAF (Blunt Bolts) [30/11]				
2u	3D6+1 RKA, 6 Recoverable Charges (-¼), OAF (Razor-Tipped Bolts, -1) [30/13]				
9	5D6 Entangle, 2 Recoverable Charges (-1), Set Effect (Only ties up hands or feet, -1), Does not prevent use of most Accessible Foci (-1), No Range (-½), OAF (Handcuffs, Duck Tape or Rope)				
14	Armor (+7PD/+7ED), OIF (Armored Fencing Jacket and Mask)				
4	+2" Running (8" Total)				1/5"
Skills					
1	Owner of Prospero's Books.				
2	PS: Romance Novelist for Silhouette Shadows, 11-				
3	KS: Harlequin Romances, 12-				
2	KS: Fencing, 11-				
2	KS: Fencers, 11-				
3	Weaponsmith: Crossbows, 11-				
3	Acrobatics, 12-				
15	Disguise, 17-				
11	Mimicry, 15-				
5	Shadowing, 12-				
5	Stealth, 12-				
9	+3 Weapon Skill Levels with Crossbow				
6	+2 Weapon Skill Levels with French Foil				

100+ Disadvantages

15	Enraged if Love is spurned, 14-, 8-
20	Psychological Limitation: Loves Main Character (Common, Total)
20	Psychological Limitation: Pathological Romantic
10	Psychological Limitation: Honest
20	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI), 8-
15	Secret ID: Charlie "Claire" Hoeger
40	Villain Bonus

Background: *Prospero's Books* ain't much to look at. It's this small bookstore off Main; old Anna Hoeger, the owner, passed away years ago, and now her daughter (almost fresh out of high school when her Ma died) runs the place. Quiet girl. Keeps to herself. She lives in this tiny apartment above the store and opens the place right on the dot at 9 AM and closes sharp at 5 PM. You could set your watch to how that girl changes the OPEN/CLOSE sign in the front window.

I been in there a few times; the place is clean—really clean—but don't get much light cause it's jammed with shelves and shelves of books. Mostly them girly romances, y'know, them books with men like 'Lance' and 'Dirk' and women swooning all over them on the covers, practically ripping off their clothes and stuff. Anna used to have an adult section in the back, but I guess her girl closed it down soon after her mother's death. I was too embarrassed to ask what she might have done with 'em, so I just took a poke around, real calm-like.

Just inside the door is the counter, covered with racks of white bookmarks with little red hearts on them. There must be about a hundred or so; it don't look like they're taken much. There's a tapeplayer on a shelf behind the counter that keeps playing that song, "Unchained Melody," over an' over, real quiet, like as not to disturb anybody. Jammed near the cash register (a clackety old thing that has to be at least a hundred years old) is a bunch of Valentine Day Cards: No matter what time of year, those cards are always sitting on the counter.

That's where you can usually find her. Claire, I mean. Sitting on a stool behind the counter, buried in one of those romances. Her lips move while she's reading them, and I swear she's saying things under her breath while she's pouring over them. But that's not as odd as when she stares at those photographs on the walls. You can't quite make 'em out until you're pressed right up to the counter, and my eyes ain't what they used to be, but Mrs. Carlotti's little boy, Henry, says they're pictures of that Crusader fella, some dating back years.

Claire never goes out. Night after night, she goes on upstairs right after locking up and types. Sometimes all night. Mrs. Carlotti complains about it sometimes, says it keeps her awake, but never complains to Claire about it. 'Out of respect for her mother' she says. And still that girl types away.

Makes you wonder what she's writing about.

* * *

Now, I wouldn't know nothing 'bout Claire's apartment from personal experience—Mrs. Carlotti was the one who helped Claire move in. To hear Mrs. Carlotti tell it, the only thing out of the ordinary is this vintage typewriter sitting on one of them antique, tiny writing desks. On the walls are framed photographs of a young boy and old Mrs. Hoeger, and lots of old pictures of friends. Gone, moved away, I suspect. They sure don't come around. Claire don't get visitors.

There's one picture in particular, of this young man, that Mrs. Carlotti says Claire was really tight-lipped about. Mrs. Carlotti thinks it was a man Claire knew once. Ran off with some other girl, leaving Claire in the lurch. And after a three year relationship, too. A shame. I suspect that's why Claire had her little "problem" a few years back—somekinda breakdown. She was in that hospital upstate for a few years, the Asylum, but she seems fine now. No need to say anymore about it.

We'll just keep it between you and me.

* * *

I bet you heard about that woman that robbed Mrs. Carlotti. Her son, Henry, saw the whole thing, y'know. Was coming out of the pharmacy when he spotted this woman, all in white, up on a fire escape aiming some kinda crossbow at Mrs. Carlotti—and 'fore he could say anything, the lady shot her! *In front of her own kid*—can you beat that!? Came down on her like wildfire, hitting her with some kinda electrical thing, then took all her cash—near thirty dollars! Did it just as calmly as you please, rooting through her purse while poor

Mrs. Carlotti is screaming bloody murder on the sidewalk (can yell up a storm when she wants to, powerful lungs that woman has) and that crook took her sweet time. And when the locals showed up, she *still* hung around, like she was waiting for someone. Took off when the police showed up, though. That was two days ago. Bet she strikes again.

Some messed up people in the city, that's for sure.

Personality: Ever since the traumatic break-up with his boyfriend years ago, Charlie has retreated to a fantasy world governed by the laws of Harlequin Romance: he believes that he is the heroine. Charlie (or Claire, as he calls himself) and a 'target' (a PC) are destined to come together after a series of difficult circumstances and realize their true love for

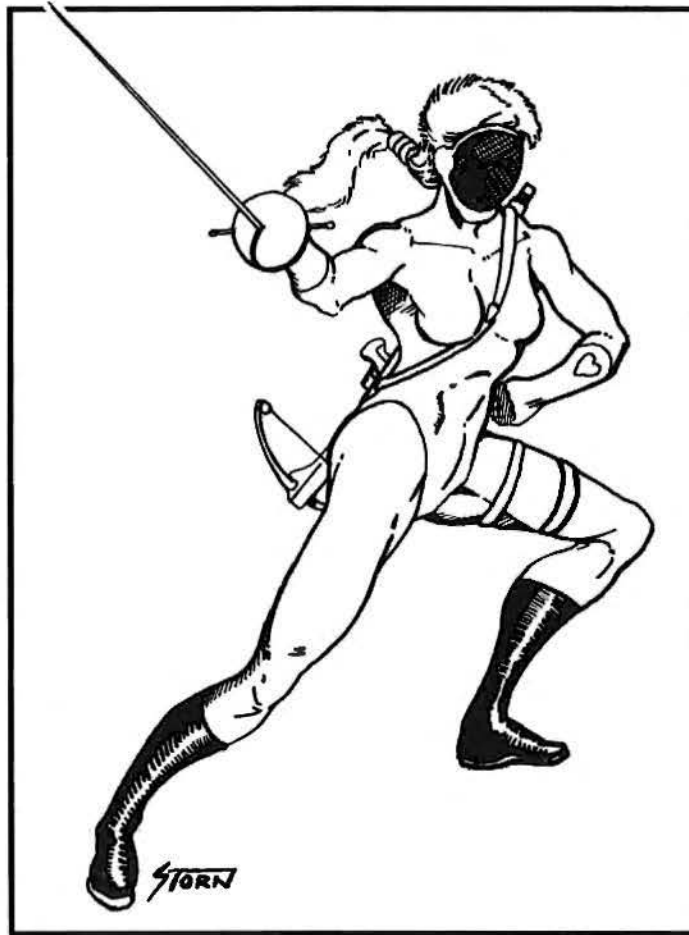
one another. He has chosen one of the PCs for this honor, obsessively following their activities in newspapers and on the news. Outside of this fanatical devotion to his 'love,' Claire's life consists of little else. He continually writes bad romances on her old typewriter and stores them in a cardboard box beneath her bed (she has written nine novels—but does nothing with them except reread them). Any character who finds and examines the scripts will find that the male beefcake in the novels is a thinly disguised version of themselves, and the heroine, 'Tenderheart,' bears a close similarity to Claire. The nine novels contain glorified descriptions of crimes Claire has committed.

When not hunting, Claire sits behind the bookstore counter, eats vegetarian meals and, in the evening, does aerobics in his room. Every other night, he takes her costume out of the closet, checks his equipment, and goes hunting. These hunts are both to hone his skills and to look for his true love.

Claire always dresses like a woman, and his skill with make-up and mimicry is almost perfect. Very few people can tell that Claire is not a woman. Even continual contact with Claire may not reveal his secret; he's been living his fantasy life for so long that *he* believes that he is a woman.

Quote: "If you must, throw me to the law, thrust me before the howling packs of the media—but we both know that is not our destiny! I can see it in your dark, smoldering eyes... the same inborn devotion to justice. To truth. To...love."

Powers/Tactics: Claire uses two weapons: his foil and his crossbow. The crossbow uses three different shafts (all painted crimson): blunt, razor-tipped and 'neural disruption' bolts that attack the nervous system, blinding a target for several minutes. These disruption arrows must be recharged after every shot (Claire has a battery charger in her apartment she sticks the arrows in after they have 'discharged'—These bolts were purchased from the Hanged Man through mail-order). When on 'hunts,' Claire wears a padded costume and carries handcuffs (the keys to the handcuffs are hanging from a gold chain around her neck tucked in her costume), industrial strength duck tape, a long nylon cord and a rape whistle.





Claire hopes to draw his lover to him by committing crimes—usually mugging. He is patient in her attacks, often stalking a victim for an hour before striking. Claire subdues his victim with a disrupter arrow, immobilizes them with duck tape, rope or handcuffs, and takes the person's cash (not their driver's license or credit cards—he doesn't want to put anyone to any trouble of having to go to the DMV or call their bank to cancel their credit). He takes her time during robberies, hoping her lover will happen by.

If his lover interrupts one of her crimes, the incident will turn into a surreal reenactment of a bad romance novel. Claire will boldly and passionately confront the hero, declaring that what he does is for the benefit of the community, for the children and for his own inborn need for justice—just like the hero (he will dismiss the fact that his victims are innocent). He will play the part of a Harlequin heroine, hoping the hero will respond to his 'spirit' and become infatuated with him. A hero who plays along may be able to disarm him while he is off guard—but if the hero attacks, Tenderheart will become enraged, firing (razor-tipped) arrows in an attempt to escape. Afterwards, he will make the hero's life miserable, following him wherever he goes, disrupting social functions, ruining stakeouts and even selling information about the hero to crime bosses. Run this stalking as *Fatal Attraction* with a vengeance—no aspect of a hero's life should remain untouched. Female DNPCs may be threatened or hurt by Tenderheart, and if the DNPC is a PC's wife or girlfriend, Claire will become so jealous he will attempt to kill the rival. Tenderheart's obsession should become more life-threatening as Tenderheart goes to greater and greater lengths to make the hero love him.

Most of the money Tenderheart takes goes to the Children's Welfare Fund, the rest he stores away to purchase more 'neural disruption' arrows for his crimes (Tenderheart is not a Robin Hood—he robs from the poor *and* the rich). Outside of his crimes as Tenderheart, Claire has no criminal record, only a medical record of his hospitalization at the Asylum.

Appearance: Claire is in his early twenties, in good shape, although he is taller than average (5'11"), with a large nose and sharp cheeks. His limp black hair is cut short, and he dresses conservatively when working in the bookstore. As Tenderheart, he wears a white, long-sleeved fencing jacket, padded in certain areas to emphasize his figure, and with thick aluminum inserts in the lining for added protection. He has sewn a red heart on his left breast and on his right sleeve and wears a wire mesh fencing mask and a wig of long, flowing white hair tied back in a ponytail (the wig is clipped to his fencing mask to prevent awkward moments during sword-play). A quiver of eighteen crossbow bolts hangs at his hip, and a fencing foil lies in a velcro sheath on his back (If it looks like it is going to be a long night, he carries another quiver of bolts on her back, although he doesn't like to because he has never found a way to keep the bolts from spilling out when he is jogging, running or doing acrobatic moves). Beneath the costume, Claire wears a cotton T-shirt, and wears tightly-laced tennis shoes in case he needs to make a quick getaway.

WHITE LIGHTNING

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats			
13	STR	3	OCV: 6			
18	DEX	24	DCV: 6			
15	CON	10	ECV: 3			
10	BODY	0	Phases: 3, 5, 8, 10, 12			
10	INT	0				
10	EGO	0	Costs			
13	PRE	3				
10	COM	0	Char:	92	Base:	100
9	PD	6		+		+
9	ED	6	Powers:	147	Disad:	139
5	SPD	22		=		=
10	REC	8		239		239
40	END	5				
30	STUN	5				
Cost		Powers		END		
40	EC—Lightning Powers					
a—20	3D6 RKA, Damage Field (+½), ½ END (+¼), Side Effect: Damage Field destroys clothing when activated (-¼) Limited Power: Lightning must be travel on a surface to reach target (-½), No KB					
b—22	3D6 RKA, +1 STUN, ½ END					
10	Missile Deflection (Bullets and Shrapnel; Disintegrates Attacks), Costs END (-½)					
12	Armor (+6PD/+6ED), OIF (Leather Jacket, -½)					
20	1" Tunneling through 6 DEF Materials					
Skills						
2	KS: New Jersey Music Scene, 11-					
2	AK: New Jersey, 11-					
3	Combat Driving: Car, 13-					
3	Streetwise, 12-					
6	+2 Combat Levels with Fist, Kick and Knife					
3	+1 Combat Level with "White Lightning" Multipower					
4	WF: Small Arms, Street Weapons					
100+		Disadvantages				
10	Enraged if Challenged by Minorities, 11-, 11-					
15	Psychological Limitation: Bigot					
5	Distinctive Features: Skinhead					
10	Reputation: Racist Paranormal Killer, Extreme, 11-					
15	Hunted: Brother Hood (As Pow), 11-					
10	Hunted: SHARP (SkinHeads Against Racists), 11-					
15	Hunted: Police Department, 11-					
15	Hunted: Purge (Mo Pow), 8-					
15	Secret ID: Jason "Jayce" Barrett					
29	Villain Bonus					

Background: Jayce let the spark of white energy feed on the cigarette butts smoldering in the ashtray. With a hiss, the butts were consumed, leaving only a grainy white residue.

The *Stars and Bars* was more a shack than a bar, but the beer was cheap and Smitty, the bartender, didn't look at IDs too closely. It was late Friday night, and Jayce had wanted to down a few cold ones and pick up some women, but the bar was lacking in both. Jayce cursed under his breath and took another swig of lukewarm beer, letting the foam run down the side of the glass; Smitty had a habit Jayce wanted to break: he watered the alcohol so much Jayce was lucky to get a buzz after the third drink. He was sick of paying for this yellow piss; a spark of white energy danced on Jayce's finger as he thought about trailing it along Smitty's arm. But the *Stars and Bars* was the only all-white bar close by, and Jayce wasn't about to give it up just yet. It was either here or go home to his father who was passed out drunk on the sofa. After the plant had laid him off a year ago, he had been laying on that damn couch and sending Jayce out on beer runs.

Rod and the guys had told him they weren't doing anything tonight; they had lied. Rod's car was gone from in front of his house; they had probably driven to New York and hadn't waited for him. Jayce took a deep drink and frowned. They said the police were still looking for them, and it was best to let things cool off for a while.

"Another?" Smitty's voice came from down the bar.

"Is it free?" Jayce sneered. The razor blade earring dangled from his ear.

Smitty lost his smile and raised a finger warningly. "I don't have to get you *anything*, Jayce. I don't care how old that slip of paper in your pocket says you are, but I don't have to serve minors. Remember that, okay?"

Jayce snorted and turned his attention back to his beer.

"What's eating you, son?"

Jayce turned to look at the man sitting on the bar stool next to him. The man had a crooked smile and was swaying drunkenly back and forth. Jayce hadn't seen him sit down.

"I ain't your son," he said coldly. The man shrugged, the jowls of his face shifting as he tried to maintain his smile. He was wearing a nice button-up shirt, with the tie loosened, and the man's belt strained to hold back his gut. His blazer lay draped over the barstool next to him. Jayce didn't recognize him.

"Can I get you another?"

Jayce looked steadily at the guy. He better not be trying to pick him up.

"You hang around with them kids that hit that ol' man, aren't you?" the man persisted. "He was givin' you trouble, wasn't he?"

Jayce took another drink from his beer. "You a cop?"

The man laughed loudly and slapped Jayce on the back. Jayce was about to punch him when the man snapped his fingers at Smitty to bring Jayce another beer. "No, no, no..." the man let his laughter die to a chuckle. "I work in New York. We have the same problems with *them* as you do down here in New Jersey." Smitty set the beer mug down in front of Jayce. Jayce looked at the man, and the man encouraged him to drink up. "You wanna talk about it?"

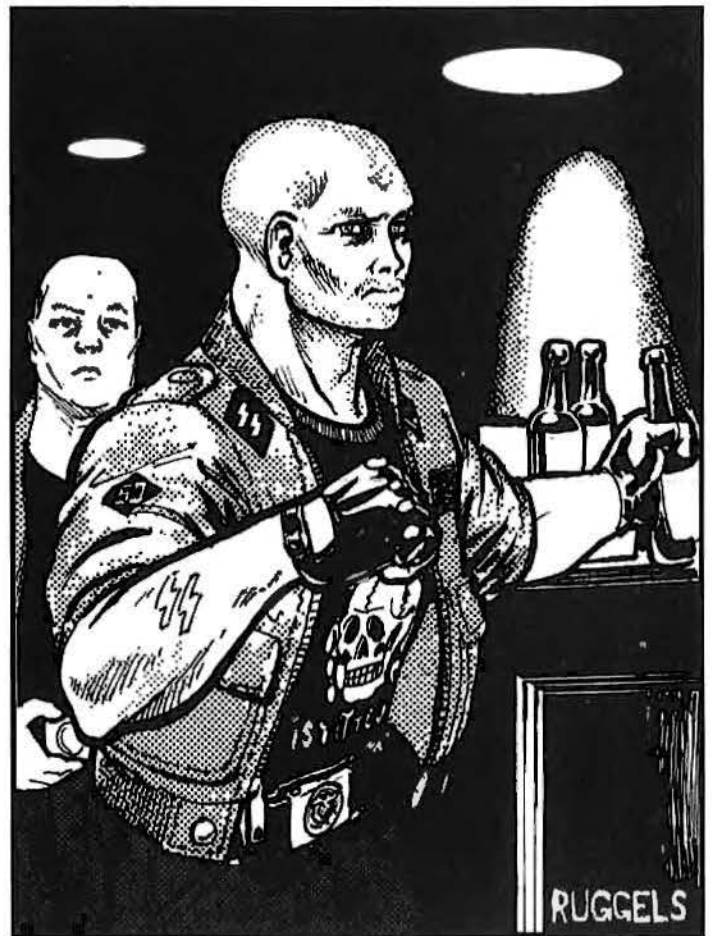
* * *

It had happened last Friday night. Jayce had been riding around with Rod and his friends, driving along Gleason Road, and the bottle had been running dry. Jayce had suggested they stop at a convenience store further down the road. Some old black guy worked there, and he wouldn't dare card them. Not this late.

The old guy had seen it differently. He had taken one look at their shaved heads and their "Born White" T-shirts and refused to serve them. He had been yelling at Rod and getting all uppity...

...and Jayce had just *lost* it. He had grabbed the guy and hit him as hard as he could, and the guy hit the floor. Hard. And Jayce had begun to kick him...and the other guys had jumped in. It had been getting pretty good there until Jayce had let the lightning leap from his hands, travel along the floor, and char the guy's hand to dust. The guy had passed out, and Rod and the others had stopped and stared at Jayce. Jayce tried to explain, but Rod suddenly decided it was time to leave. Jayce had been trying to joke about it in the car as they had driven away, but everyone else had been dead quiet. They had dropped him off at his house without a word. He had caught the word Rod said as they drove off.

"Freak."





"Anyway, that's what happened," Jayce said, trying to sound more confident than he felt. The man nodded; he seemed a lot less drunk.

"A lot of people I know are happy with what ya did," the man said quietly.

"Really?"

"Sure!" the man waved his hand vaguely, as if it were common knowledge. "The guy was bein' difficult, wasn't he? And you wasn't doin' anything wrong, right?"

Jayce looked at him guardedly. "Right."

The man glanced around and turned back to Jayce, leaning in close. "I gotta come clean...I been lookin' for ya for a while. I got someone I want to introduce you to...you ever hear of the American People's Party?"

Jayce paused. "Yeah," he said slowly. It was an organization of 'concerned white citizens' in New York. He didn't know they had a chapter in New Jersey.

"They're looking for youngsters like you...young people who know the problems facing America today." The man smiled again. "They could use your talents...and make it worth your while." The man set down a twenty dollar bill on the table and slid it toward Jayce. Underneath the bill was with a piece of paper with his phone number. "Drink up, son. And tomorrow give me a call."

Jayce frowned. "What's in it for you?"

"I get a commission for bringing in new talent," the man snorted. "I figure you'll be worth a special commission. Don't think I'm a good Samaritan or anything." The man lifted his blazer off the stool and stood up. "If you want to make some money, meet some friends who share your point of view and are doing something constructive about America's problems, call. I hope to hear from you soon, Jayce." The man gave Jayce one last smile, then left.

Jayce stared at the number for a long time.

Personality: Jayce is a frustrated, narrow-minded bigot taken in by the "patriotism" of the American People's Party. He has met Marshall Endicott many times (see previous entry) and has been exposed to the older man's views regarding minorities and the "threat" they represent to America. Endicott has capitalized on Jayce's youth, his need to belong, and his hatred for minorities to make the youth perform atrocities for the American People's Party that Endicott does not want to risk valuable members doing. Jayce believes he is the older man's most trusted follower, instrumental to restoring America's "purity," but he is nothing more than a pathetic vessel for the older man's megalomania and lies.

Jayce is an insecure bully whose powers have alienated him from his former white power friends and made him desperate for acceptance. Through Endicott's prodding, Jayce has been finding it easier and easier to kill, rationalizing murder with his Aryan beliefs and paranormal superiority, both of which have contributed to an inflated sense of self-importance that annoys others assigned to work with him.

Quote: "You wanna stop crime? Simple. Export minorities."

Powers/Tactics: Jayce controls "white lightning," an energy field that disintegrates living and non-living matter. Jayce's body constantly generates and stores this 'lightning' until Jayce releases it; Jayce can control the lightning's path with his mind, and he becomes more accurate as he performs more assassinations. Jayce can also surround himself with the lightning field and use it to disintegrate incoming attacks.

Jayce is at a disadvantage against flying targets; his lightning has to travel along the ground or a physical surface to reach the target; the GM should consider Jayce's range to be the distance the energy travels along the ground to reach the target.

If Jayce kills someone with his field, the target has been disintegrated, leaving a white powdery residue with the faint smell of ozone. Characters who make a Smell PER roll or have Tracking Scent can detect the Ozone smell a few feet away from the remains of one of Jayce's victims. Jayce occasionally sweeps up the ash of his corpses and sells it to minorities as cocaine; its effects on human biology are unknown.

Jayce disintegrates all evidence of his crimes after he has committed them. When on an assassination mission, he kidnaps his victims and takes them to a section of Manhattan where the local police are members of the American People's Party; thus, if he should be apprehended, he will be treated lightly by the police department.

When Jayce and his "friends" (more of Endicott's skinhead followers) go on a mission, they use a stolen car and perform their missions quickly, with no attention to detail. Characters who look for clues to the racist vandalism and murders sweeping the city should turn up several leads.

Jayce has never fought a real paranormal; his overconfidence in the face of competent heroes may lead to his humiliation and capture.

Appearance: A stocky young man with a boyish face and green eyes, Jayce's immaturity makes him seem younger than his twenty years. His face has a frustrated, cruel look to it, and he wears a flight jacket with racist patches and Nazi symbols sewn onto it. His head is shaved (his hair is normally black), and tattoos cover his body, the most prominent one is a white thunderbolt on his left arm. Jayce wears steel-toed Doc Marten boots and a black T-shirt with a white swastika and "Born White" written beneath it. On missions, Jayce carries a .38 special, a switchblade and occasionally a bottle of moonshine for effect (he secretly hates the stuff).

When Jayce's damage field activates, his body becomes a blinding white silhouette that disintegrates any clothes he is wearing. Thus, when on assignments for the American People's Party, he dresses in ragged T-shirts, jeans, old sneakers and keeps a change of clothes nearby.

VOID

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats																				
10	STR	0	OCV: 7 DCV: 7 ECV: 5 Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 Costs <table style="width: 100%; border: none;"> <tr> <td style="width: 30%;">Char:</td> <td style="width: 10%; text-align: center;">130</td> <td style="width: 30%;">Base:</td> <td style="width: 10%; text-align: center;">100</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">+</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">+</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Powers:</td> <td style="text-align: center;">289</td> <td>Disad:</td> <td style="text-align: center;">319</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">=</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">=</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">419</td> <td></td> <td style="text-align: center;">419</td> </tr> </table>	Char:	130	Base:	100		+		+	Powers:	289	Disad:	319		=		=		419		419
Char:	130	Base:		100																			
	+			+																			
Powers:	289	Disad:		319																			
	=			=																			
	419			419																			
21	DEX	33																					
25	CON	30																					
13	BODY	6																					
10	INT	0																					
14	EGO	8																					
13	PRE	3																					
10	COM	0																					
10	PD	8																					
10	ED	5																					
6	SPD	29																					
9	REC	4																					
50	END	0																					
45	STUN	4																					
Cost Powers			END																				
60	Desolidification, 0 END, Persistent, Affected by Electrical, Light (UV Radiation), & Magnetic Attacks																						
90	3D6 HKA, Affects Real World (+2), Cannot add STR to HKA (-½)		13																				
56	Armor (+15PD/+15ED), Hardened (+¼) (Attacks pass through Void's body)																						
10	5" Flight (Floating)		1/5"																				
30	Full Life Support																						
5	Mental Defense (5)																						
5	Power Defense (5)																						
50	Sense Living Creatures: Range, 360 Degrees, Targeting Sense, Tracking Sense																						
8	+4 OCV with HKA																						
100+ Disadvantages																							
10	1 ½x from Light Flash or Ultraviolet Attacks																						
15	Berserk if wounded, 8-, 14-																						
20	Psychological Limitation: Animalistic																						
10	Psychological Limitation: Fears Sunlight																						
30	Physical Limitation: Total Sensory Deprivation except Sense Life Energy.																						
20	Susceptibility: 1D6/Turn from Ultraviolet Radiation (Sunlight)																						
25	Distinctive Features: Ominous Humanoid Silhouette (Not concealable, Extreme reaction)																						
189	Villain Bonus																						

Background: "Herr Gericht."

The name cut through the gloom of the parking garage, and Hans spun around, his heart beating wildly. The speaker stood a few feet away, dressed in a heavy coat with a wool cap on his head. He was pointing a pistol at Hans.

"Herr Gericht," the man said again, slowly. "I have wasted valuable time looking for you."

Hans, trembling, shook his head and raised his hands. "Look, there is no need—" He went silent as the man's finger tightened on the trigger.

"The item you stole. You will give it to me now."

Any hope of escape died. Hans had been fooling himself that by taking refuge in America he would be safe—

Hans Gericht was as surprised as the gunman when the ghostly hand lashed out from Hans's chest and seized the man by the throat. The gun fell from the man's fingers, and

the man collapsed, thrashing, as the hand, tied to Hans's body by a ghostly luminescence, tore into the man's body like a hungry predator. It inflicted no wounds that Hans could see, but it clawed and slashed at the man, making him scream in terror. Within minutes, the man's screams faded to whimpers. As suddenly as it appeared, the hand wound back into Hans's chest. It seemed more solid than before.

Hans looked up from his chest and gazed, stunned, at the corpse. Its flesh had shrivelled, and as he watched, the dried skin began to crack and turn to dust upon the floor. Hans looked furtively around, then reached down and took the man's gun. Unlocking his car, he climbed in and gunned the ignition, sweat forming on his forehead. Hans knew Raven was not the only thing that had found him. *It was back.* And getting stronger.

"Scheitzen..." Hans winced inwardly, and his grip tightened on the steering wheel a flash of pain burned through his chest...after a moment, the pain subsided.

He had been a fool to take the belt. But when the Raven cell was discovered in 1965, Hans could not let his life's work be lost. The organization had been his only home for almost thirty years, and he had invested so much time to let it be seized by the government...Hans shivered.

The hand had come out on its own this time. Before, he had had some control.

The first time he had used the phase belt, it had still been in its prototype stages. They had set up a wall of cinderblocks in one of Raven's labs, and Hans had used the belt to enter *Phase Space* and walk through the wall. He had passed off the tingling aftereffects as a side effect of the belt, never considering he might have picked up a passenger while *Phased*.

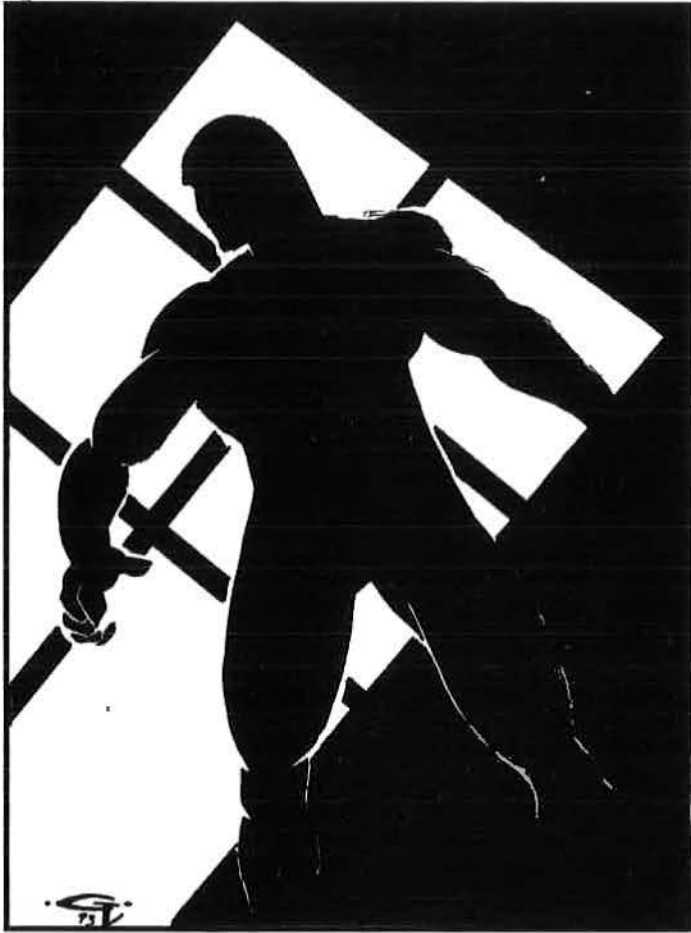
The first time the hand appeared, Hans had been running from East German authorities sent to shut down the Raven cell and capture him; that was when the ghostly hand had first emerged, killing five of the secret police before Hans reached the Wall and *Phased* his way to freedom.

Hans had never believed he had been the only surviving member of Raven. Tonight's encounter with the gunman had proved him right. Hans winced again as another flash of pain hit him. This time the pain withdrew only reluctantly. He pressed his foot down on the accelerator. He had to get home.

When Hans had fled into West Germany, he had had the belt with him, and with it, the means to get more funds to continue his research...even though he knew the hand, whatever it was, was still with him. It was even an aid, of sorts—he had been able to summon it to attack foes; well, not summon really. Merely let it out. His willpower had been the only thing keeping it under control.

A drop of sweat traveled down his forehead. But he had stopped using the belt years ago! That should have stopped it...

Hans began to convulse as the pain welled up in him again. Thrashing in agony, his foot slammed on the brake, and with a screech of tires, the car swerved and careened into a telephone pole, hurling Hans forward into the dashboard. Gasping for breath, blood running from his head, Hans's eyes swam with tears as his body became indistinct, and the shadowy hand emerged from his body. It did not attack; it just floated above him. After a moment, it slowly withdrew into his body.



Hans, gasping for breath, thrust open the car door. *It* was killing him. He would die soon if he did not find a way to get rid of it. Limping from the car, he staggered out into the street...

...and fell to the ground as the pain struck again. His body burning, Hans flailed on the ground as his body became indistinct, and the hand emerged...followed by a vague shape. Hans' pain subsided as his shadow stepped out of his body and stood above him.

It regarded him impassively.

"My God..." Hans said softly. The pain was gone, replaced with wonder...and a strange sense of loss. Without a sound, the creature reached down and touched Hans on the forehead. Hans froze but did not cry out as he felt his skin shrivel. After a moment, his withered husk turned to dust on the road, an outline of ash being the only testament to his existence.

The creature floated silently above the body for a minute, then rose into the air, ready to explore its new world.

Personality: The Void kills living creatures to sustain itself, attacking the nearest source of food (life energy) when hungry (usually once in a three-day cycle). Void has no language and attempts to communicate with it will be futile. At least, at first. Void can create random static. The second time the characters encounter Void, they may be greeted with a burst of radio static. Later on, they may notice the static is a form of Morse code; a string of A's. One day, the heroes may be greeted by a radio voice...

Hans' phase belt is stored beneath a floorboard in his old apartment building in New York; it allows characters to go Desolid, but they may suffer the same fate as Hans if they use it. Nevertheless, analysis of the belt may allow characters to find a way to trap or kill Void before it claims more lives. The current resident of the apartment is a widow and her three children, who have no idea the belt is hidden there (one of the kids may find it and start playing with it, however).

Quote: Void cannot speak.

Powers/Tactics: Void is a lifeform that attached itself to Hans while he was traveling in Phase Space and now lives a half-phased life in the "real" world. This has made it one of the best adapted predators on Earth, able to phase out of reality to elude attackers. It cannot speak, and it does not seem to be able to see (non-living physical objects are inconsequential to the Desolid creature), relying on its ability to sense the life energy of living creatures to track and kill prey. This "Life Energy Sense" detects the minute electrical impulses that course through the human nervous system, and Void is attracted to paranormal energy over other targets: it is a more 'tasty' form of life.

Void's first attack is always a "touch" (HKA) attack. If it is reduced to half STUN, it will flee, phasing out of reality to avoid pursuers.

During the day, Void shields itself from ultraviolet light by phasing below ground and spending the day examining the power lines that run beneath the city, occasionally feeding on the homeless and the squatters that live in the old subway tunnels.

Appearance: A dead black humanoid with no distinguishing features, the Void surprises its victims by suddenly materializing out of a solid surface and attacking them. The Void's humanoid shape is taken from its host body.

VOID Lesser Shades [Void's Progeny]

Background: In addition to killing to feed itself, the Void is about to breed, creating 3-18 'children.' These children have 25% of Void's Characteristics along with Desolid, a 1D6 HKA, and all other powers at full; every week they are allowed to exist and feed, they will become 25% stronger until they have the same abilities as their parent. Within a year, each will breed again, creating 3-18 more children. If the characters do not find a way to stop Void, they will have a problem on their hands.

Lifespan: Each Void lives for approximately 5 years before they decay and they perish. They reproduce every year of their existence if they feed regularly on life energy.

Reproduction: Void reproduces through a Self-Fertilization process by accumulating "life" energy. For every point of BODY Damage inflicted on a target, 5 Follower Points are accumulated to the offspring, to a maximum of 1800 Follower Points (560 BODY points; the GM must decide how much energy Void has accumulated so far in the campaign). These progeny gestate inside the parent Void and are released as ravenously hungry lesser shades that will go looking for the nearest source of life energy.



APPENDIX: CRUSADE

This concludes *the Fall*, the campaign started in the beginning of *Underworld Enemies*. It provides details of Crusader's death, his murderer and implications for the future of *Underworld Enemies*.

* * *

Sally let loose a shuddering breath as the last page of text scrolled past the computer screen...so many, Sam. How did you manage to survive all these years—

There was a slight breeze and Sally glanced up to see the window open.

"Sally."

The voice paralyzed her, her nerves still on edge from reading the computer file. She turned slowly and gave a start as she saw Sam...no. *Not* Sam. The figure stood blocking the door, the star emblazoned on his chest and a slight smile playing on his face. "Good. You are Sally. Did Sam send you?" The figure advanced slowly, extending his hand. "Come here. I won't hurt you."

Sally backed away, trying to distract this figure from the computer. The figure stopped as he saw her retreat, and his smile died. The man was shorter than Sam, his frame bulkier—the costume had fooled her at first. But there was no shield, and the voice was not Sam's.

"Who are you?" she said slowly. "What are you doing in Sam's apartment?"

"Sally..." the figure was not smiling. "My name...my name is Crusade. You can call me Daniel. Sam and I go back a long way. Could you tell me where he is, please?" The figure advanced again, and Sally backed away. The figure looked questioningly at her, as if confused. "What's wrong?"

"You know where Sam is, you murdering bastard!" she hissed, her tension channeling into anger. "You killed him."

The figure started, then began to shake his head slowly. "Oh, no, no, Sally. I couldn't kill Sam." He paused. "The city killed him." Without warning, his hand lashed out and grabbed her wrist, twisting her towards him before she could marshal a protest. Holding her tightly, he glanced contemptuously at the computer screen and then turned back to her, his eyes burning into her. "You've seen only some of the criminals that stalk this city, Sally. Who can stand up to them for any length of time? Sam couldn't. No, I didn't kill him."

"You're lying...let go of me!!!" Sally tried to struggle, but the man's hand was clenched tight around her arm.

"*Don't* struggle." The figure seemed to be fighting for self control, and he let his voice drop a notch. "I don't like hitting women, but I will. Do you understand me?"

She nodded slowly. The smell coming from Crusade was awful; it smelled as if he hadn't bathed in days. Dried sweat caked his face, and the light from the computer screen glowed in his eyes.

"Sit over there and don't move." He pointed to the desk chair, and Sally slowly walked over to the desk, risking a quick glance towards the door. Crusade tensed. "Don't even think about running, Sally. You won't make it." Sally carefully sat down on the edge of the chair, keeping a wary distance between her and Crusade.

When she had settled in the chair, he spoke again, his voice calmer, almost respectful.

"Crusader...Sam...helped me through difficult times, Sally...and he taught me many things." He frowned slightly, and his voice became distant. "I miss him, Sally."

Sally remained still.

"He came to see me a few nights ago, you know. He wanted to clear up a misunderstanding." Crusade's voice became unsteady for a moment, and he raised his hand to his forehead, as if in pain. "He was trying to keep me from doing things...he spoke so many contradictions, confusing me...I tried, Sally. I tried so hard. In the end, I listened to the city. It has its own voice, Sally. Murmuring below the subway trains, trailing in the backalleys, whispering behind darkened windows. It speaks to me, Sally. And it has needs.

"It is lost, Sally. Beyond these walls, the city is dying. It's drowning in human sickness, in filth that floods its streets and chokes its alleys. Cancer that needs to be cut away. Not displaced, Sally, but cut away. By violence, if necessary.

"I don't like to kill, Sally. But many times, it becomes necessary. There are those that do not deserve to live." Crusade frowned, his features hardening. "Sam didn't understand. He was from an...older generation, and I can't expect him to put death in its proper perspective." Crusade's eyes burned, and his fingers curled into fists. "I am the city's future, Sally. It was important Sam understand that. So when he came to me, I had to make him see—"

"You killed him," Sally's voice cut through his words like a knife, and Crusade stopped, as if surprised by her presence. After a moment, he continued, his voice stronger.

"I did not kill him," Crusade said slowly. "I wouldn't call it death. A release, perhaps, for a tired, bitter shell of a man. Sooner or later, a criminal would have caught him. One who was faster...one that was willing to kill. You can't fight them like a human anymore, Sally. Because *they* aren't.

"They kill for sport, to glorify their reputations. They hold up standards of the number of humans they've killed. They have abused the precious gift of life they've been given. Dirtied it.

"And in doing so, they've made being human something contemptuous.

"No more."

* * *



The silence seemed to press down on Sally as Crusade spoke. In her mind, the apartment, the bedroom dropped away, and she wondered dimly what Sam had felt when he had heard Daniel's words. And what they had meant to him.

Perhaps, deep down inside, he had already known; Daniel's words as punishment for what Sam had done years ago, the murder that had driven him into the shadows of the city, desperately searching for redemption. And finding only Daniel's voice, tainted with fevered irrationality, the sweat running from beneath his mask, his smile distant, detached...and realizing he had lost. Looking at what he had helped create and feeling sick, diseased. The bruises and the pain almost blinding as Daniel struck again and again, the young man's every effort casual, relaxed...an old vigilante, an idealist, too slow and weak to do anything except stand there and take it. Punch after punch—after a point, not able to feel anything, only watching silently as blood escaped the body...but they were only wounds of the flesh, and in his mind, it was his spirit that was in agony.

Had Sam been thinking about her in those final moments? Sally winced, realizing, maddeningly the hundreds of questions that would never be answered.

He would not have fallen under Daniel's onslaught, of that Sally was certain. Holding on to a dim memory, he would have forced himself to remain standing, his eyes open and focused on Daniel until his bones and muscles had given way.

And when he was lifted effortlessly from the gravel roof like a child, and carried, almost gently, to the edge of the building, the blood had been clouding his eyes, but he had seen enough to see the darkened streets below. Stretching on forever, lengthening as far as the eye can see.

And hearing the rush of air, like flight, as his body fell into the Underworld.

CRUSADE

Val	Char	Cost	Combat Stats		
25	STR	15	OCV: 9		
26	DEX	48	DCV: 9		
20	CON	20	ECV: 5		
15	BODY	10	Phases: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12		
13	INT	3	Costs		
10	EGO	0			
15	PRE	5			
10	COM	0			
15	PD	11	Char: 173	Base: 100	
11	ED	7	+	+	
6	SPD	24	Powers: 230	Disad: 303	
12	REC	8	=	=	
50	END	5	403	403	
50	STUN	18			
Cost	Powers	END			
17	Martial Arts—Karate				
	Maneuver		OCV	DCV	Damage
	Punch		0	+2	10D6
	Kick		-2	+1	12D6
	Block		+2	+2	Block, Abort
	Chop		-2	0	2D6HKA
12	+3 DC with Martial Arts (Added in)				
60	50 Point Variable Power Pool, <i>Dark Champions</i> Weapons only (-1), Change only when returns to hidden arsenal (-1/2)				
8	+10 STR, only when Berserk or under extreme stress (-1/4)	1			
11	2D6 Aid to all Physical Abilities (+2), pts. fade 5/hour (+1), OAF (<i>Wire Pills</i> , -1), 4 charges, Addictive (-1/4), Gestures	[4c]			
20	Armor (+8PD/+8ED), Hardened (+1/4), OIF (Costume)				
6	+3" Running (9" Total)	1/5"			
14†	Missile Deflection vs. all attacks, +3 to roll, OAF (shield)*				
10†	Multipower (20 point pool), OAF (Utility Belt)*				
1u	<i>Acid Capsule</i> : 2D6 BODY Drain, 1 charge (-2), only vs. Entangles (-1), OAF (-1) (20/5)	[1c]			

Skills

1u	<i>Alpha-Wave Interference Generator</i> : 10 pts. Mental Defense, 1 5 min. charge (-3/4), OAF [10/4]
1u	<i>Binoculars</i> : +6 vs. Range for Sight Group, OAF [9/4]
1u	<i>Flashlight</i> : Change Environment, 1" Radius, 0 END (+1/2), OAF [7/3]
1u	<i>Lockpicking Set</i> : +3 to Lockpicking, OAF [6/3]
1u	<i>Mini-Camera</i> : Eidetic Memory; Visual Images only (-1/2), OAF [10/4]
1u	<i>Mini-Recorder</i> : Eidetic Memory; Sound only (-1/2), OAF [10/4]
1u	<i>Portable Gas Mask</i> : LS: Self-Contained Breathing, OAF [10/5]
1u	<i>Rebreather</i> : Life Support: Breathe Underwater, 4 charges lasting 1 hour each (+1/4), OAF [6/3]
1u	<i>Smoke Pellets</i> : Darkness 2" Radius vs. Normal Sight, 6 charges, Range Based on STR (-1/4), OAF [20/10] [6c]
	†=If Crusade has murdered Crusader, he has taken his shield and his gadget belt.

Skills

6	CK: Campaign City, 15-
6	KS: Campaign City Underworld, 15-
6	KS: Telephone, Sewer and Utility Subsystems, 15-
3	Acrobatics, 14-
3	Breakfall, 14-
3	Shadowing, 11-
3	Stealth, 14-
3	Streetwise, 13-
24	+3 Levels w/ Combat
4	WF: Small Arms, Uncommon Weapons

100+ Disadvantages

20	Berserk if Challenged, 14-, 11-
20	Psychological Limitation: Obsessed with Crimefighting (Com, Tot)
20	Psychological Limitation: Casual Killer (Com, Tot)
10	Psychological Limitation: Triggerhappy (Com, St)
10	Physical Limitation: Drug Addict
15	Reputation: Vigilante Killer, Ext, 11-
15	Hunted: Crusader or Purge (As Pow), 11-
15	Hunted: Police Department (Mo Pow, NCI), 11-
15	Secret ID: Daniel Sheridan
163	Vigilante Bonus

Background: Daniel always waited until his parents were asleep before climbing quietly out of bed and tiptoeing to his bedroom window. The tiny window had a full view of the darkened alley below, broken only by the bars of the fire escape that ran past his window. Every night, his mother always checked the window to make sure it was locked—one of the many small things she attended to around the house, but the window was almost a ritual with her. Every night, she came to tuck him in, gave him a kiss on the cheek, then went over to the window to make sure it was locked.

Daniel pulled aside the willowy curtains and unlocked the window. Pushing it up, he let the heat from the alley below caress him, and he paused a moment, savoring the breeze that ruffled the curtains and sent a shiver through his body. Stepping gently out onto the fire escape, his bare toes touched the metal, and he hunched down, pressing his back against the brick surface of the building. Once he was settled, he looked *outwards* across the darkened cityscape, drinking in the shadows and the faint noises carried to him on the air.

Sometimes, in dreams, he felt he was the city, all of it at once, from its sprawling immensity and towering skyscrapers to the alleyways and tunnels that ran beneath the surface. He stared at the alley below for hours, occasionally seeing shadows pass by on some late-night mission he could only guess at. He longed to follow them to their destination—sometimes the curiosity was a burning desire, and only fear of his parent's discovery restrained him.

He had to be careful. Although Mom went to bed early and was a heavy sleeper, Dad was a different matter. He had a "crazy" work schedule, one Mom always complained about, but it meant he had trouble getting a good night's sleep, if he was even home. One night, Dad had caught him staring out his bedroom window; Daniel, lost in watching the alley below, had not even realized his father was in the room until he felt the hand on his shoulder. Daniel had expected to be punished, but his Dad had given him a strange, tired smile, and had left, closing the door without saying anything.

The next morning, Daniel had expected to catch hell, but Dad, lost in the morning paper, had only glanced at Daniel, and something had passed between them—a bond, perhaps. A secret between them, like the suit Dad kept in his closet, the black one that looked like a playing card.

Daniel, reassured by the rough brick surface and the iron beneath his feet, let the breeze wash over him, carrying the scents of city with it.

* * *

"Sheridan, eh?" The man leaned against the wall of the warehouse, the cigarette hanging from his grasp. "Yeah, I knew your Dad. Never told me much about you, though." The man looked at Daniel skeptically. Daniel didn't know what to say, just shifted uncomfortably in the wooden chair and listened to it creak alarmingly. He had come here because he was in desperate need of money. He was sorry he had come.

"You know how to shoot a gun?" the man persisted. "You're gonna have to do it in this line of work. And you sure as hell are gonna be shot at. Your Dad tell you that before he kicked off?" Daniel shook his head, and the man snorted. "Well, we haven't got a hiring shortage. We'll see what you're made of—training runs and the like. What do you see yourself doing in Card Shark?"

Daniel told him, awkwardly at first, then with growing strength and confidence, losing himself as the words flowed from his mouth. He told the man about the city, about its secret spaces nestled between the buildings, the rooftops that seemed to brush the sky, the undertow of the subway tunnels that ran into darkness, and the movement of the subway trains hinted at by the faint murmurs in the pavement and concrete. I know them all, he found himself saying.

The man digested this silently, the cigarette forgotten in his hand.

"We've got a job for you," the man said, his former skepticism gone, his face hardened.

* * *



Daniel ran across the roof, the gravel grinding beneath his boots as he chased the illusive figure ahead of him. Adrenaline pounded through his veins as he ran, his sniper rifle nearly forgotten as he pursued his quarry. His target knew the city well—almost as well as Daniel.

Daniel had been waiting in silence beneath the overpass, slipping into semi-consciousness and melting with the surroundings, his senses alert for any change in the environment. When the target had suddenly appeared at the edge of his vision, Daniel had swung down from the interchange bridge to pursue him.

The chase had been exhilarating, far more than Daniel had hoped; he had fully expected to trap the quarry in a cul-de-sac near the reservoir, but his target had ducked into one of the drainage pipes, circling around and returning to the alleys that ran through the East Side. From there, fire escapes and rooftops had been their hunting ground, rising slowly up the tiers of the city—Daniel had gotten only a glimpse of his target, but Daniel felt he knew him. The chase had persisted for a half-hour, and Daniel had nearly forgotten his mission; this man *knew* the city, understood it.

Deep down inside, he had hoped for a chase; Card Shark had taken care to see he was outfitted for the mission—a Card Shark physician had operated on him, and he had been given a sniper rifle for downing the quarry once he had been spotted. Then he had begun his lonely vigil; the first few nights, he had the feeling of being watched, and tonight, he had seen his quarry. He had no doubt it was his target.



Daniel pulled himself up a fire escape and suddenly found himself on an empty rooftop, overlooking the city—Daniel, struck by the view, paused a moment to absorb the view...and when his thoughts returned to the rooftop, he felt the presence of the target behind him. As Daniel thought about raising his rifle, he hesitated. Instead, he let it rest at his side and turned around to look at the figure. Their eyes met, and something passed between them.

Understanding.

When Crusader beckoned to Daniel, the young man let the rifle fall from his grasp and followed the vigilante, his steps changing to a full run as they ran atop the heights of the city.

* * *

Crusader had known him, even before he had joined Card Shark. In the nights they spent running through the city, Daniel was introduced to the shades of the city that ran between its brick and stone walls. The criminals, the restless ones, who knew the city and used it, hiding in its expanse and striking suddenly. Daniel watched, tracked and fought them, tracing the footsteps of his mentor and listening to Crusader's words. Crusader spoke in reverent tones of the city; it was a holy place to him, the focus of his energies, and, in a side Daniel saw only dimly, was eating away at his strength. As they hunted in the night, Daniel saw passing time, the effect of old wounds and the Underworld etch their way onto Crusader's face.

Daniel often asked him why he had approached him, and Crusader's features had darkened.

"I had to reach you before you made your first kill," he had said.

And Daniel had felt that something important had eluded him. But Crusader had said nothing more, and it soon faded from Daniel's memory.

* * *

Years passed.

Daniel felt new joys pulsing beneath the city streets as the Underworld opened its forbidden doors to him. The feel of wet blood beneath his hands, the strange satisfaction as he struck bone and flesh and the taste of the white powder in his mouth and through his nostrils. Through its energy, he found new life, and a sense of command of the city and its secret ways—he had risen above the cold knowledge of the city; he had become its master. He ran with Crusader less and less, and freed of his influence, new passions and angers stirred within him; he felt the city groan and writhe beneath his feet, as the criminals plied the Underworld, scarring the city with their presence.

The city whispered to him and in his dreams, he saw its shattered landscape, burning with fires and blood running from its bricks and paving stones. Where he once watched the city unfold in silence and in stillness, he now ran through its expanse, his blood aflame with drugs and hallucinogens.

Now, the city screamed at him, echoing in his sleep, and his hands ran red as he rid the city of its human burden.

Personality: His beliefs warped by drug use, Daniel embodies the "new vigilantism" his mentor has rejected and dispenses death for all crimes, trivializing human life and rationalizing it by convincing himself that having a gun gives him the right to judge and execute others. He is convinced that repeated deaths of criminals will quiet the nightmares that fill his sleep and restore his peace of mind. Daniel sees crime only in black and white, and there is no role for anyone else on the streets who does not agree with his aggressive crimefighting tactics.

Quote: "Stop lying to yourself, old man. It was never about justice. It was about power."

Powers/Tactics: Daniel's adrenal glands were surgically modified by Card Shark's physicians; when enraged or in pain, Daniel's adrenal glands release a synthetic hormone that gives him bursts of superhuman strength. In addition, Daniel has pushed his body to the limits of human endurance through repeated drug use and his exposure to the metamphetamine *Wire*.

Daniel has no tactics and no subtlety; he hits opponents hard and fast, never wasting time with ambushes or presence attacks. If anyone gives him lip or runs from him, he shoots them in the legs, and if they actually try to *hurt* him, he will kill them ("self-defense"). Crusade believes that only by establishing an inflexible reputation on the streets can he achieve a ceasefire in the city.

Appearance: Crusade is a Caucasian male of average height and heavy build. His hair is dark brown, cropped short, and his eyes are ice blue. He sweats frequently and appears agitated (usually as a result of taking a drug or else needing to take it). His arms and legs are thick, and his face is knotted with muscle. His costume is similar to Crusader's, but the color scheme is reversed, and instead of a shield Crusade wears weapons slung on his belt along with several pouches he can place grenades and extra ammo into.

THE END OF THE FALL

Daniel had stopped speaking and stood silently in the middle of the room. His eyes were dull, and Sally watched a bead of sweat travel down his forehead. He seemed lost in thought.

Sally, unable to restrain herself, broke in. "Daniel, you're a murderer. You killed Sam and you—"

"That's a LIE." Daniel, like lightning, grabbed her by her shoulders. "I SAVED him, Sally." He shook her, his eyes blazing. "Sam understood—"

"You're *hurting* me!" Sally struggled in his iron grip, and after a moment, Daniel's eyes dulled, and he pushed her away in disgust. His body was shaking, and sweat ran down the contours of his face.

"You sound like Sam, Sally." His eyes narrowed. "That could be dangerous."

Sally stood her ground, her anger getting the better of her. "I'll stop you, Daniel—"

"You?" The contempt in his words was a slap in the face. "I don't think so. You just weighed down Sam at the end—" Daniel stopped. "But that's not important right now." He glanced at the computer. "Don't be concerned about the files, Sally. I was in here hours ago, downloading them, and I've been waiting since then in case anyone else showed up. Quite a list. It will take time to track them all down. But I'll do it." He turned back to Sally, and with a smile like death, Daniel strode to the window and leapt out into the night.

Sally stood, staring after him. She had his name, who he was...but if he was half as difficult to find as Sam had proved to be while he was Crusader, neither she or the police had a chance...and even if she did find him what could she do? She would just end up like Sam. Sally massaged her arm where he had grabbed her and winced.

She couldn't stop him.

She had felt differently once, when she had started as a criminal lawyer so many years ago. When Crusader had first appeared. She had been one of the first to speak out against him, what his presence and his activities stood for.

She closed her eyes and sat down on the chair, her thoughts drifting.

We are nothing to them. They show contempt for us, for our laws, for our society. They kill with impunity, hiding behind masks and rationalizations.

The line between criminal and hero blurs, and the only category left is the victims.

In the end, she and Sam had become victims.

She found herself growing angry, strengthened by frustration. She had never felt so powerless to act, so *helpless*. And so terribly, inexpressibly ruined.

When she turned and saw the Purge armor lying on the bed, she couldn't even cry as she reached for it.

When darkness falls on the city, they come out...

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