

HEROIC LAND-DWELLERS!



A SOURCEBOOK FOR
THEY CAME FROM
BENEATH THE SEA!

HEROIC LAND-DWELLERS!



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Blamire

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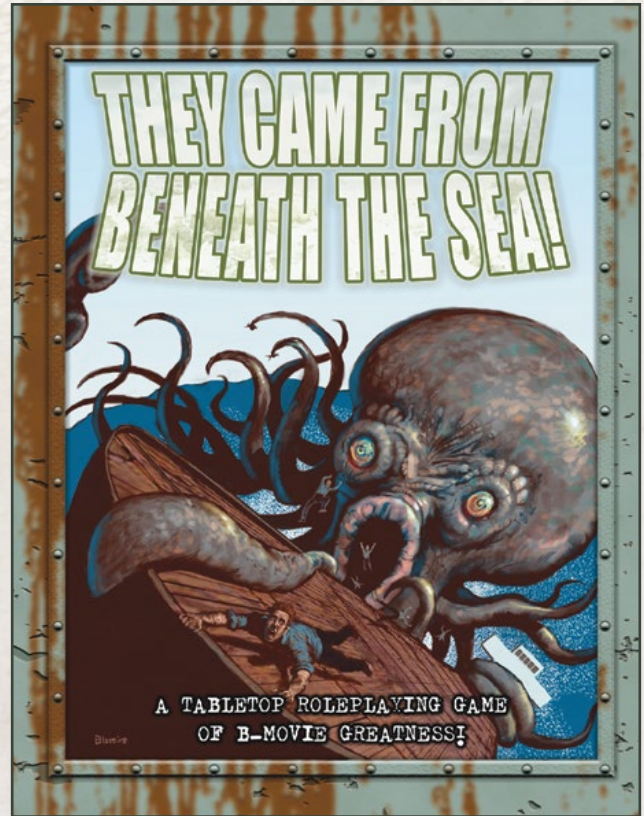
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ANEMONE OF THE PEOPLE

Meery Kates had only been unemployed for a week when she got the call. She'd been secretary to a marine biologist for six years before his relocation to another country. Fortunately, good secretaries were hard to come by, and she took pride in her loyalty and attention to detail. So Meery soon found herself working for none other than the assistant to Congressman Turner Drawling, who was currently seeking reelection.

Other than voting, she had not been one to engage in politics. Nevertheless, she threw herself into the day-to-day whirlwind of a campaign, scheduling interviews, fielding wealthy donors, and coordinating public appearances.

Her boss Mr. Syder was civil enough, but beyond the campaign posters that were everywhere, showing the smiling exuberant congressman, she saw nothing of "the man" himself.

It was therefore somewhat exciting in her third week when Mr. Syder said, "Meery, I want you to hand-deliver these papers personally to Congressman Drawling. It's vital he get them by noon."

...

The dedicated professional proceeded by cab to the congressman's townhouse and mounted the front steps, manila envelope clutched for dear life. She rang the doorbell and waited, but no one answered. Trying it again, she wondered if it wasn't working, then noticed the door was slightly ajar.

"Hello?" Meery ventured, pushing it open timidly. She peered about the spacious entryway and called again, trying to be unobtrusive. What if he was asleep? Anxiety mounted. Her boss told her the congressman *must* have these papers by noon. She certainly did not want to blow this.

Meery started up the fine staircase. "Congressman Drawling?" She reached the landing and still heard not a peep. It was so silent.

She passed several closed doors, finally coming to one that was partly open. Meery pushed it slowly. If he was lying down maybe she could just leave it there.

She saw a shadow on the wall: a man putting on a tie. Relieved, Meery was about to say something when the door opened a tad more to

reveal that the man who had just tied his tie had a head of numerous tentacles around a central mouth. Before her horrified eyes, the man picked up a toupee from the bureau and carefully placed it on his head, which instantly became human. In fact, it became the head of Congressman Turner Drawling.

Meery quickly backed out, quietly closing the door.

. . .

At the foot of the stairs, the secretary hastily plopped the envelope on a small table and rushed out of the townhouse.

. . .

Rain made the cab ride oppressive, but nothing could have brightened Meery's troubled thoughts.

Her boss' boss, Congressman Drawling, was a sea anemone.

How could she explain it to Mr. Syder? There was no mistake. Meery was nothing if not efficient and, working for a marine biologist, had absorbed a lot. She always did.

The man was a sea anemone.

Well, not the whole man. His body appeared human. But his head was anemone. An entire anemone. Until the toupee.

Did the hairpiece create an illusion? A shield? Is that why people voted for a sea anemone?

. . .

Back at the office, Meery hardly touched her bag lunch. What to do? Who to tell?

When Mr. Syder stepped in and spoke her name she nearly screamed. Did he know? Was he also a sea anemone?

"Meery, Congressman Drawling was very pleased to get the papers in time. He was only sorry he didn't get to thank you."

"Oh. Oh yes, that's very nice of him."

"Well, he'd like to. In person," smiled Mr. Syder.

"Oh, what a nice thought. That's okay, really."

"Well, it just so happens we can kill two birds with one stone, because I have some other papers to get to the congressman. Isn't that great?"

"Other papers?"

"Don't thank me, Meery. It's an honor you deserve."

. . .

Meery endured this cab ride like it was her last. There was no getting out of it. The thing disguised as a congressman would get her alone and...anemone her or something. She

recalled that those things were predatory. When they weren't wearing toupees.

. . .

The rain soaked her as she stood miserably at the front door.

This time someone answered it and she was momentarily pleased to see the assistant smiling at her, until it occurred to her that he might be another anemone-head. She squinted, trying to see his toupee lines, until the man grew noticeably uncomfortable.

"Right this way please," he suggested smoothly.

. . .

Meery climbed the stairs, vaguely disconcerted when she saw the assistant still standing at the foot of them. He nodded and smiled in what was probably supposed to be encouragement.

. . .

She had been directed to a study, one of the first doors. And this one was open.

"Miss Kates. Please. Come in."

A smiling Congressman Drawling beckoned to her from behind a high, rather large desk.

Meery tried not to appear scared as she entered. She sat down at his gracious gesture.

"I'll bet you've got something for me."

Meery looked alarmed, then remembered the papers. He took them and placed them down, never shifting his gaze from her.

"Meery, it's been a long road to get where I am. One more term and I'll be ready for the presidency. I want all my people, even the little ones, to take that journey with me. It will be...in their best interests, let's say."

Meery wondered how anyone could smile that long. She nodded.

"I'm not sure you're convinced," Drawling said as he removed the toupee and his head became a hub of numerous squirming tentacles. "I'm thinking a little fear would be good about now."

As if in a trance, Meery could not tear her eyes away. Not until he replaced the toupee and his winning smile returned.

"I think we understand each other. After all...who would believe a secretary?"

. . .

She stood on the front steps but didn't feel the rain. Meery Kates had always toed the company line. She had never once crossed it.

It was time she did.



INTRODUCTION

Your people were getting too intelligent.

We could not wait until you were strong enough to attack us; we had to attack you first.

Ro-Man, Robot Monster (1953)

What you see before you is a collection of some of our planet's greatest heroes. They're not atomic supermen, nor are they millionaires with dollars to waste on fast cars, heavy weaponry, or making movies. These heroic land-dwellers are everyday, salt-of-the-earth folk just like you and me. They care for their families, their friends, their patch of land, and their way of life.

Monsters from beneath the sea threaten all these things. It sometimes takes an outside threat to force blue collar joes and janets, scientists locked up in their hidden labs, and jaded government officials to take notice, run to the shore, and stand up for humanity.

Heroic Land-Dwellers! is a short book with a lot of potential uses. With sixteen characters included — more than any single game truly requires for protagonists — you have available to you new characters for three or four distinct stories. These individuals boast different nationalities, distinct political agendas, and unique reasons for fighting against the aquatic menaces coming to hound our world.

This book is not limited to serving as a playable character resource, however. Consider dropping these people into your stories

as interesting supporting characters or antagonists, or as connections for already-selected heroes.

What's more, players might farm these character biographies and art pieces for their own, personally devised protagonists. Pick the parts you like, ignore the parts you don't, and use this book for its whole worth.

One way we've adjusted these characters for play is allowing some of their Archetype, Ambition, and Origin Skills to be the same, where in the core book it's intended that these Skills are all different. We want these characters to occupy focused spots in the genre of science fiction B-movies, but if you want to move the "Ar", "O", and "Am" notes around on their sheets to create jack-of-all-trades characters, please do so.

Before you go on, take a quick note of the Quips these characters possess! They are different from those available in the **They Came from Beneath the Sea!** core rulebook, so if you like them, feel free to make your own Quip cards or replace them with Quips you prefer. Characters are always flexible, but there's one subject on which these heroic land-dwellers are unified: defending Planet Earth from the ocean's greatest dangers.

MARTY PARSINI

FENCE WITH A HEART OF GOLD

Marty has had a lot of ups and downs throughout his life; born to a single mother, he always knew the value of taking what you could get and turning it into something better. He learned how to fleece neighborhood bullies of their lunch money from an early age, and throughout high school everyone knew he was the one to go to for smokes. Never having the guts for military service and definitely not cut out for boring yet reputable work, Marty figured he would take his natural talents and use them to his benefit. For a while, he prospered. He knew how to run numbers for the local mob, and he figured out the best pawn shops that asked the fewest questions when he came to sell radios and watches.

One day he got tapped to be the intermediary between a scientist who was cut loose from a research lab in Long Beach and a potential buyer. Normally Marty knew better than to open up the crates he was commissioned to sell, but when he heard about several people in the area getting sick from a strange new drug going around, he opened the crate to discover a bizarre creature hooked up to vials of a purple substance. The creature tried to claw his face off before Marty was forced to put it down. Discovering that his employer was selling a drug made from the blood of a thing not from this world made him realize he needed to reevaluate his priorities, and he decided he should take more interest in what he was selling to people.

Now Marty is on the hunt for strange artifacts and other substances that are not from this world. When he sees someone trying to put a stop to these things, he lends them a helping hand and even waives his customary fee for doing so. But Marty has a reputation for being a con artist, and that makes it difficult for some to take him seriously when he offers to help. Combine this with the fact there are a few strange and unscrupulous people trying to track him down for ruining their shipments and Marty is having a hard time staying rich, staying honest, and most importantly, staying alive.

Marty knows he is not a saint. He knows that in this world, the acquisition of wealth is seen as a sign of greed. But what's wrong with a little comfort? Marty has simple needs, and a little money would go a long way toward answering them. This has led Marty into several compromising situations over the years and he has had to talk his way out of more than a few dangerous predicaments, but he loves his life as much as he loves to complain about it.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Marty Parsini

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Fence with a Heart of Gold

ARCHETYPE: Survivor

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>0</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>Ar</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Am</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>Ar</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0</u>	●○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●●○	DEXTERITY	●●●●○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●○○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Survivor ●○○○○

ORIGIN: Small-Time Thief ●○○○○

AMBITION: Being Wealthy ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Avoid getting arrested

SHORT: Make a profit

LONG: Avenging his family

CONNECTIONS

Keller's Pawn Shop (underworld informant)

"Lucky" Grant Barners (underworld snitch)

Stephanie Griggs (upper class fence)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: I've had enough guns in my face that I know how to use one

Close Combat: Sucker Punch!

Larceny: How did that get in my pocket?

Persuasion: No, see, what really happened was...

QUIPS

- You're kidding me, right?

- I have no idea how that got there!

- Don't worry, I don't mind helping you out, but keep in mind this is a cash-in-hand business...

TROPES

Seen too much

Keep your hands off me

Voice of reason

FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

RELATIONSHIPS: Brett Nerdburger, unscrupulous fence (Respect 3), Arachne Parsini, mother (Love 2), Van Felstrom, district attorney (Fear 1), Mr. X, mysterious source of occult goods (Exciting 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

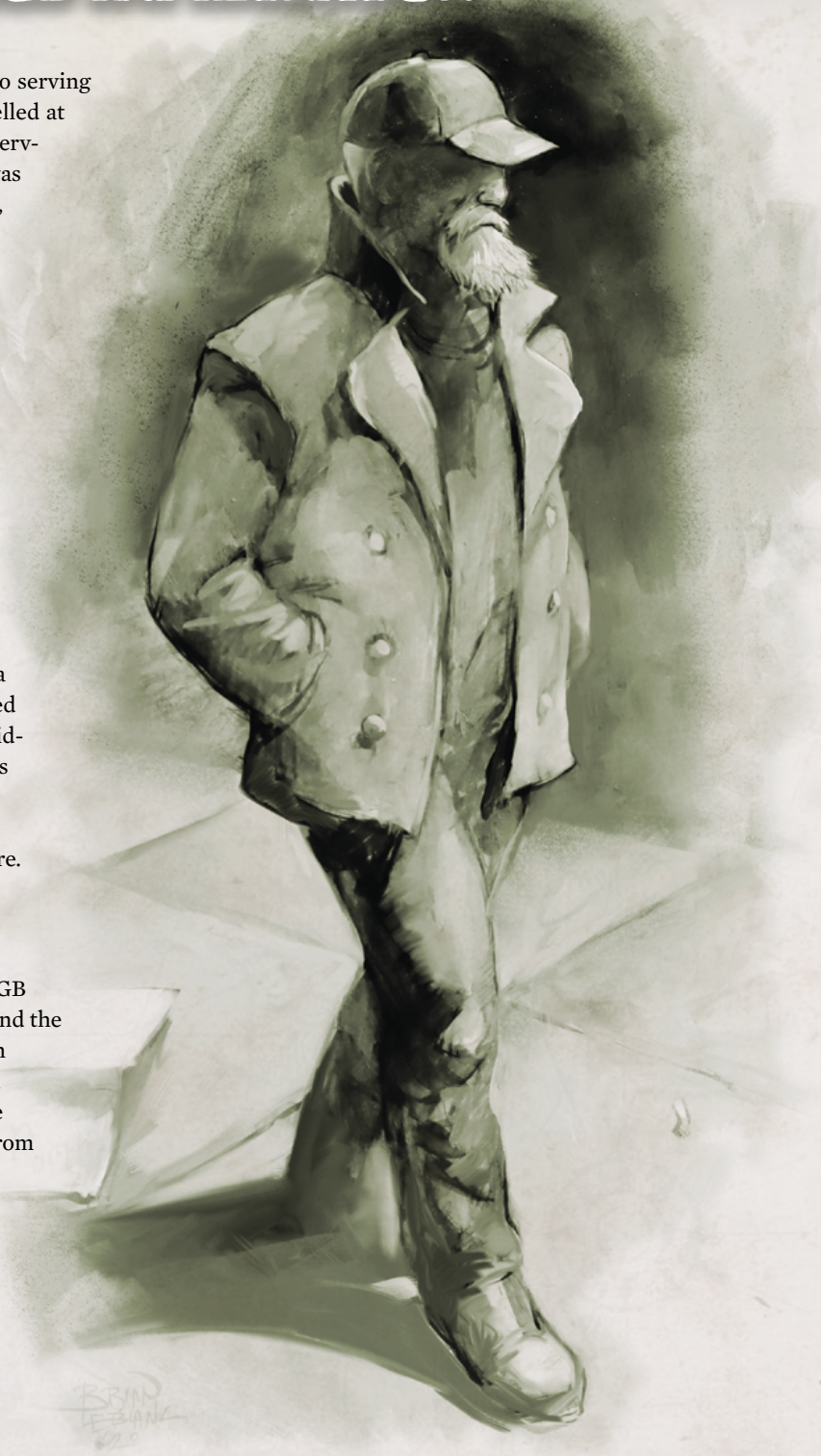
SERGEI BRADBRAGOVICH

FORMER KGB INFILTRATOR

Born in Belarus, Sergei had dedicated his entire life to serving his country. He survived brutal Spetsnaz training and excelled at the skills that earned him the notice of the KGB. To Sergei, serving his country and bringing an end to the decadent West was more important to him than starting a family of his own, and he firmly believed that his country would triumph in the Cold War. What broke his faith in his homeland was when they asked him to give his body over to a secret program designed to bring down the US once and for all.

One night, he was taken to a hidden laboratory where he was introduced to a strange scientist with an oddly American accent. This scientist opened an egg and attached a flat creature to the back of Sergei's head, where it took complete control of his body. Sergei was helpless inside his own body as the creature traveled to the US and met up with other agents there. The thing then detached itself from Sergei and hid itself in the mansion of a prominent US senator, with Sergei left to die in a dumpster behind a diner. Sergei survived the ordeal thanks to a waitress passing by that night, and as he was slowly nursed back to health, he realized his government was using decidedly insidious means to infiltrate the US. Although its efforts might bring down the decadent empire he had worked against his entire life, he could no longer support its plans if it meant everyone would become infected by this creature. He returned to that house and killed the creature while it was attached to the senator's wife, and now is on the run.

Sergei was trained to fade into his environment, which is a skill he practices almost constantly now. The KGB has to eliminate him as a loose end of their secret project, and the US authorities only know a former KGB agent is loose on US soil. Sergei knows people will not trust him if they learn his origins, so he sticks to using an East Coast accent as he travels around the US. Pretending to be a sailor returned from overseas, he travels throughout New England on a quest to eliminate the creatures as they arrive by boat. He knows that one day he will likely die, but until then he will do his best to protect his true comrades, the people of Earth.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Sergei Bradbragovich

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Former KGB Infiltrator

ARCHETYPE: G-Man

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>Ar</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Ar</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>0</u>	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>0</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: _____	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●●●○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●○○○	DEXTERITY	●●○○○	MANIPULATION	●●●○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●●●	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: G-Man ●○○○○

ORIGIN: KGB Undercover Operative ●○○○○

AMBITION: Out for Revenge ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Avoid being eliminated by the US and USSR

SHORT: Protect his friends

LONG: To stop the spread of the Domovoy infestation

CONNECTIONS

Agent Natalia Carter (CIA ally)

Hidden KGB Spy Ring (classified information)

Susie Vanderschmidt (financial assistance)

TRADEMARKS

Close Combat: I am steel

Enigmas: Look at the bigger picture, yes?

Medicine: In Russia, we stitch our wounds with what's on hand

Resolve: I nearly had my head ripped off, so how could you scare me?

QUIPS

- Now is the time when we show no fear

- Ha! You call that a punch?

- My uncle was a locksmith...!

TROPES

Shadow conspiracy

Disappearing act

I've got a file on that

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: Konrad Hurst, fellow burned spy (Trust 3), Olaf Ivanov, KGB nemesis (Hatred 2),

Mira Santiago Gutierrez, flop house owner (Indebted 1), Dr. Nolan Grier, underworld pharmacology contact (Useful 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

Just a Flesh Wound ○○○ +1 Archetype Die

That'll Leave a Scar ○○○ +2 Archetype Dice

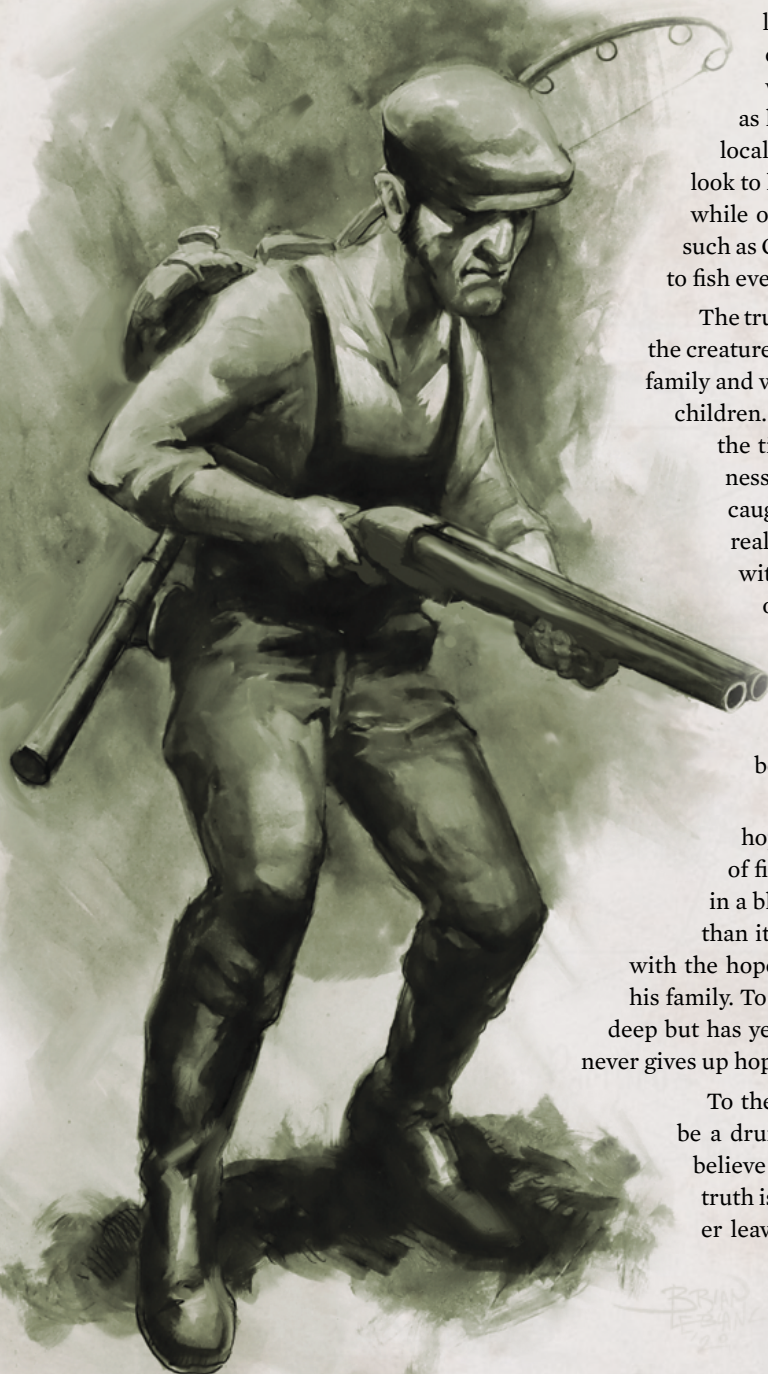
Last Ditch Effort ○○○ +2/+3 Archetype Dice

Don't Forget Me ○ +3 Any Dice Pool

Death Scene

GIUSEPPE LUCA ABBADELLI

LONE FISHERMAN



In Sicily, a lone fisherman makes his way to each fishing pier along the massive island. To the locals he is a fixture of the island, and throughout the year he spends a few days on each pier before moving on to the next. He sits down with his rod and his basket and catches as many fish as he can throughout the day before selling them at the local market for enough money to sustain himself. Some look to him as a representation of the dream of simple living, while others wonder what would cause a well-spoken man such as Giuseppe to give up his life as a prominent banker just to fish every day.

The truth is that Giuseppe is on a quest for vengeance against the creatures that ate his family. Once, he was on holiday with his family and was enjoying the sights of Sicily with his wife and two children. As they swam along the ocean's edge Giuseppe spent the time fishing, and as his mind wandered toward business acquisitions and work, he failed to notice his line had caught something much larger than a fish. By the time he realized he was not reeling in a fish, a monstrous creature with the head of a shark and the body of an eel roared out of the water and knocked him on his back. He thought his last sight would be the creature's monstrous fangs, but the thing smashed him flat onto the dock and he soon lost consciousness. When he woke, his family was gone, and the authorities believed he had simply had too much to drink that day.

Now Giuseppe spends his days fishing with the hope he will find that beast again. Next to his bundle of fishing gear he keeps a shotgun and harpoon wrapped in a blanket, and every time he feels his rod pulling harder than it should for a fish, he quietly reaches for his weapon with the hope that one day he will catch the creature that killed his family. To date he has killed several monstrous things from the deep but has yet to find the creature that ruined his life, though he never gives up hope that the creature will return.

To the locals, he is a cautionary tale. Some believe him to be a drunk, though Giuseppe never touches alcohol. Others believe he is dumb or perhaps a criminal on the run, but the truth is Giuseppe is hounded by a constant sadness that never leaves him. The one thing in this world that will bring him joy is taking vengeance for his family. Each monster he slays in the meantime is but one step closer toward his eventual goal.

THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Giuseppe Luca Abbadelli

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Lone Fisherman

ARCHETYPE: Survivor

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>0</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Ar / Am</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>Ar / Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>Ar / 0</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>0</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>Ar / 0</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●○○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●●○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●●○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Survivor ●○○○○

ORIGIN: Outdoors Enthusiast ●○○○○

AMBITION: Monster Slaying ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Help others avoid the same fate

SHORT: Catch enough fish to keep himself alive

LONG: Avenging his family

CONNECTIONS

Carmen Asante (boatyard owner)

St. Peter's Cathedral (food and shelter)

Deputy Aristotle Campo (sympathetic policeman)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: A hunter's aim

Enigmas: Let me sit and think for a moment

Humanities: As the good book says

Integrity: My heart is not here but in heaven

QUIPS

- Looks like we have a live one!

- You go, I'll stay and see this through.

- Judging by your gun you've made some real bad investments in your life, son.

TROPES

Been here before

Seen too much

Tools of the trade

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: Maria Garibaldi, deep sea researcher (Impressed 3), Heinrich Karr, local tavern owner (Friendship 2), Inspector Martin Francesco, disbelieving detective (Tiring 1), Father Armand, spiritual counsel (Trust 1)

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

ARYN O'REILLY

TRAVELING PHILOSOPHER

It's not hard to tell that Aryn is nearby as she can be found singing a tune while she hikes along highways across the world. A born traveler, she left home at 16 and never looked back. She rode the rails with hobos and spent time in communes of esoteric spiritualists. She has never regretted not having a permanent roof over her head, as she feels a calling to put her feet to the road or sail across the sea. She has traveled from Ireland to continental Europe and as far away as mainland China in her travels, and all along the way she keeps a journal of her journey as she seeks to explore what she calls "The Real World."

When she was a child, she had a special friend who used to visit her when she was feeling down. She would escape the turmoil of her home and spend time by the water where she met a sea lion-like creature whose eyes were distinctly more human than they should have been. The creature taught her its language and told her how it had fled the persecution of its people by a strange kingdom of seahorses deep beneath the sea. When Aryn grew older her friend told her how he had to return to his people, but he hoped that she would live up to her promise of seeing the world and how beautiful it could be.

Now Aryn travels the world searching for creatures like her friend. She has not always met beings as kind as the creature that saved her during her childhood; a pair of jagged scars run down her left shoulder from when a swarm of ravenous deep sea insects tried to devour her, and she has a scar on her cheek from when she had to duel a Glowing Person onboard his deep sea starship, but she has forever kept her optimism. She hopes to someday publish her book on everything she has seen as she travels, but until then she continues to make her way down the backroads of the world, a constant observer and good companion to those she decides to travel with for a while.

Though she is not a fighter, Aryn will do her best to protect those she cares about. She believes the world can only be made better if people would try, though she also knows to not harass others with her philosophy. She works hard to improve the world while doing her best to go with the flow of those around her.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Aryn O'Reilly

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Traveling Philosopher

ARCHETYPE: Mouth

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Am</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Ar / 0</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>Am</u>	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: _____	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●●○○	MIGHT ●●●○○	PRESENCE ●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●○○○	DEXTERITY ●●○○○	MANIPULATION ●●●○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●●●●	STAMINA ●●●●○	COMPOSURE ●●○○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Mouth ●○○○○○

ORIGIN: Traveler ●○○○○○

AMBITION: Explorer ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Meet new people

SHORT: Share stories over a good meal

LONG: To see everything there is to see and explore everything that can be explored

CONNECTIONS

Sara Barb (crime reporter)

Union Station Railyards (preferred travel destination)

Spiritualists of the Holy Ghosts (occult researchers)

TRADEMARKS

Close Combat: By any means necessary

Culture: The answers lie within the world

Enigmas: I love a good puzzle!

Larceny: Someone left this open!

QUIPS

- Reminds me of a song I once heard...

- Ugh, that has to be the second-worst smell I've ever encountered.

- Is it real? Maybe not, but for me it's real enough!

TROPES

Monologue

The missing clue

Voice of reason

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: O' Hank, truck driver buddy (Friendship 3), Colonel Hector O'Reilly, disapproving father (Fear 2)

Su Li Simmons, favorite restaurant owner (Adoration 1), Pete O'Bedlam, travelling Irish folksinger (Reassurance 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

LANCE STONE

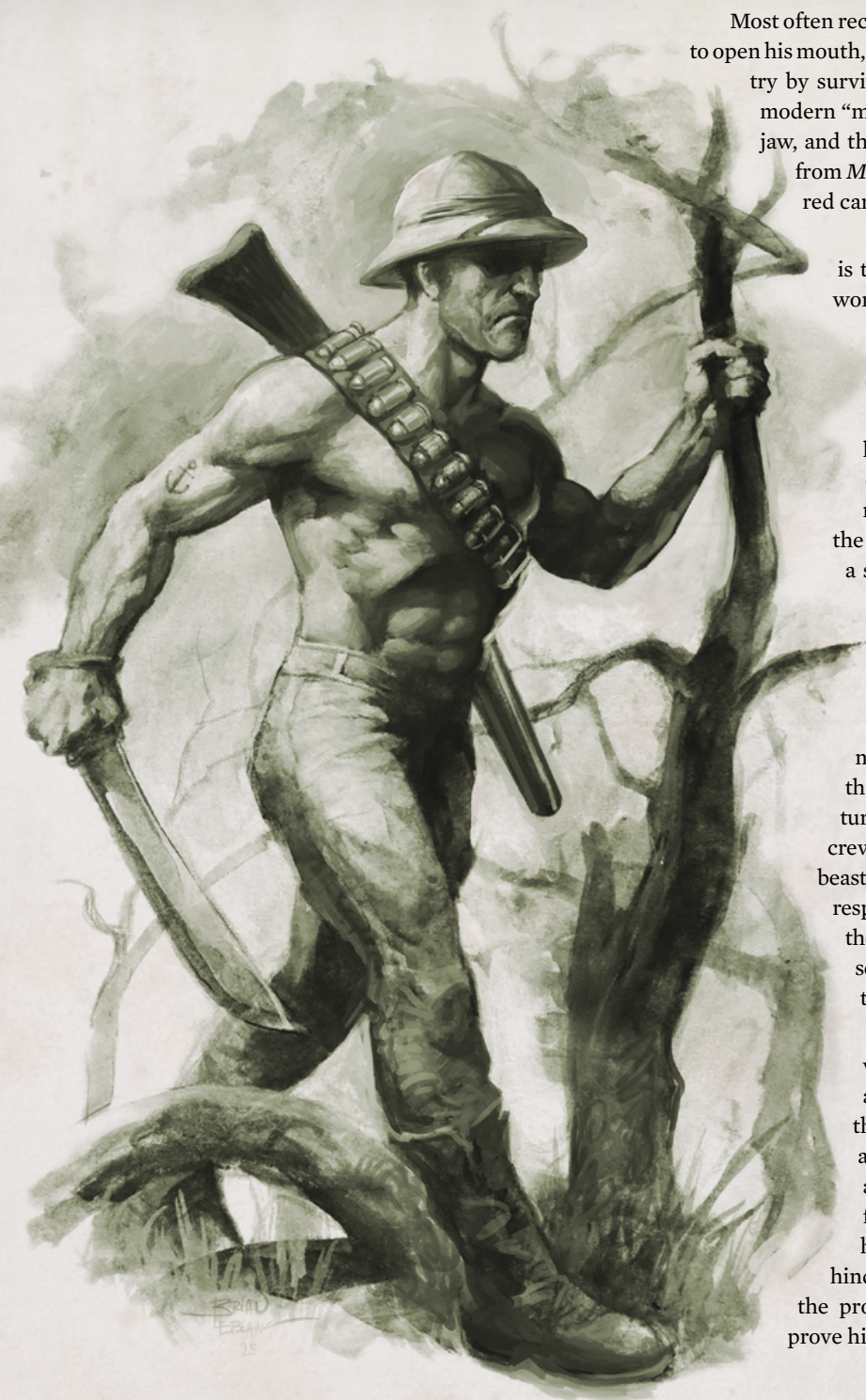
FAMOUS OUTDOORSMAN

Most often recognized by his face before he even has a chance to open his mouth, Lance Stone is renowned throughout the country by survivalists and athletes alike as a pinnacle of the modern "man's man." With his rugged good looks, square jaw, and thick muscles he has been featured everywhere from *Modern Sportsman* to being photographed on the red carpet with actresses from across the world.

But two things trouble Lance Stone. The first is that he is forced to hide his true self from the world for fear that he could lose it all, and the second is that he grows increasingly bored with stalking deer and fish. He would love to start a family, but he is forced to keep himself hidden away from prying eyes. This has led to him focusing on his career and becoming even more renowned as a hunter and sportsman. His most recent success was in stalking the Killer of the Congo, a beast twice the size of a silverback gorilla that was responsible for destroying several villages.

His desire to continually prove himself has led him to discover strange things lurking within the depths of the ocean. Once, while recording himself in a shark tank, he momentarily caught sight of a massive creature that seemed like a dinosaur come to life. This creature tore apart the boat above him and ate his film crew, though he managed to pluck out one of the beast's eyes with his harpoon gun. He knows no one respectable will believe him without hard proof of the creature's existence so he is focusing on "deep sea sports fishing," as he has told the press, with the hope he will find the creature again.

Recently he has taken a holiday in Greece where he plans to walk the steps of Herakles and find more creatures out of mythology. In the process he has run across a small nest of aliens performing research off the coast, and as he prepares for how to hunt these invaders from another world, he wonders if this will be his last hunt and what legacy he will leave behind. Until then, the public is left to wonder why the proven athlete is trying so hard to continually prove himself to the world.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Lance Stone
PLAYER: _____
CONCEPT: Famous Outdoorsman
ARCHETYPE: Everyman

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>Ar</u>	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>0</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>0 / Am</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>Ar</u>	●●○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●○○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●●○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●●○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Everyman ●○○○○○
ORIGIN: Born to be Wild ●○○○○○
AMBITION: Trophy Hunter ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Keep his true self hidden from the public
SHORT: Enjoy life to the fullest
LONG: To take the greatest trophy of them all

CONNECTIONS

Johnny Mowbray (big game hunter)
The Big Fish Association (collection of shark hunters)
Ms. Beatriz Gomez (local mayor)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: Hitting the bullseye
Athletics: Championship athlete
Close Combat: A good right cross
Persuasion: Come on, dear, let us pass

QUIPS

- Such a beautiful creature!
- I can take it cleanly or riddle it with bullets. Your call.
- Christ, I need a drink after this.

TROPES

Elbow grease
Tools of the trade
Voice of reason

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: Helen Fry, adventurer (Attraction 3), Jackson Carroll, newspaperman (Indebted 2)
Oliver Fearnley, explorer (Rivalry 1), Hannah Beevor, distant sister (Affection 1)
EQUIPMENT: _____
GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____
EXPERIENCE: _____

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

DELROY FRANCOIS

BLUES GUITARIST

When a musician has to drop out of a band or an act fails to show up, club owners across the Gulf know to call Delroy in. A virtuoso with the guitar, he is able to pick up songs quickly and his original compositions delight audiences who come to hear him. The son of migrants from Haiti, Delroy has family spread across the South and is always seeking another gig to give him just enough money to get by and support his nieces and nephews.

Delroy was not always so skilled with the guitar. Once, as he slept on a fishing boat out at sea, he heard a strange tune raining down from the heavens. The water glowed around him and he saw several spheres rise to the surface. The spheres came close to his boat, and when he peered inside he thought he saw thousands of tiny people operating a small craft, but from there things got hazy. What he remembers next is waking up in a hospital in Baton Rouge with no memory of the previous year, save for brief moments when he recalls performing for strange diminutive nobility and their courts. He does not know how he came back to the world, but he still remembers the strange songs they had him memorize to entertain their monarchs.

Now Delroy cannot help but be haunted by his memories, and there are times when he is forced to stop performing when he sees strange things in the audience. He has seen people break into tears and confess to their spouses about how they had cheated on them. He has seen waiters drop their trays and announce that they had been stealing cutlery from the kitchen to sell at pawn shops. Other times, he notices that not all of his audience is completely human, and he has seen ancient monstrosities in human guise leave the club and never return.

Delroy is used to sleeping out beneath the stars. He knows the places that invite him to perform will rarely show him a moment's kindness once the show is over due to the color of his skin, so he has quickly become used to sleeping in the backs of cars or in barns. He finds the night sky very calming, and sometimes he hears music again descending from the stars to help soothe him to sleep. Occasionally he joins in with his guitar, and though some wonder if he is working on another song as he looks up at the moon, he is only playing an accompaniment to the music in his ears.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Delroy Francois
PLAYER: _____
CONCEPT: Blues Guitarist
ARCHETYPE: Mouth

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>Ar / Am</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>0</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Ar</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>0</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>0</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●○○○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●○○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●○○○	STAMINA	●●●○○	COMPOSURE	●●○○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Mouth ●○○○○○
ORIGIN: Blues Singer ●○○○○○
AMBITION: Otherworldly Performing Artist ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Find out what happened to him in that lost year
SHORT: Perform as often as he can
LONG: To learn the secrets of the heavens and play their music for the world

CONNECTIONS

Aunty Francois (occult resource)
Jordan "Blueshound" Walters, of Blueshound Record Label (short-term wealth)
Bill Hannigan (favorite club owner)

TRADEMARKS

Command: I'm warning you, back off
Empathy: An ear for the heart's music
Humanities: Mind beyond the stars
Survival: There's always another place to eat

QUIPS

- I've got a song about that!
- I've made a deal with the Devil and I won't make a deal with you!
- That's why God invented baseball bats.

TROPES

Disappearing act
Monologue
Keep your hands off me

FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

RELATIONSHIPS: Sally Francois, older sister (Sibling Love 3), Sammy "Boxcars" Malone, bandmate (Admiration 2)
Charlotte Smyth, unscrupulous hotel owner (Irritation 1), Adam Aaronson, mysterious fan (Curiosity 1)
EQUIPMENT: _____
GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____
EXPERIENCE: _____

CASSANDRA ROSE YEN

DEEP SEA DIVER/INDEPENDENT SCIENTIST

Cassandra's parents came to Canada fleeing persecution and hardship after World War II, and she always hated how her father was looked down upon by his contemporaries. Resigned to being a repairman, working on radios and television sets when he could have been advancing the field of mechanical engineering, he decided he would pass on his skills to his children so they could have a more prosperous life. Cassandra grew up with toy blocks and jump ropes but also soldering irons and wiring kits as her preferred toys. Though her father would die in his forties in a boat collision, Cassandra continued her studies and became an accomplished engineer.

Cassandra was working for a company specializing in scuba equipment when she came across a crashed ship off the coast of Nova Scotia. The ship was caught on an undersea shelf and was rapidly sinking. She was working with a partner to take photographs of the inside of the ship when she was attacked by a strange creature whose body was a sprawling mass of tentacles and sharp fangs. The creature tore her partner to pieces and the ship disappeared into the bottom of the ocean, where it was impossible for current dive technology to get to it.

Her reputation was destroyed by the company she worked for and the Canadian government refused to take her claims seriously. Cassandra realized the only way for the public to believe her would be for her to find the wrecked ship, but she knew it was far too deep for any diver to reach. Her mind filled with images of fantastic devices, and Cassandra decided to focus her life's work on developing new tech capable of helping her plumb the depths of the ocean. She also hopes to find the creature that attacked her, and recent rumors of a cunning squid-like creature have attracted her attention.

She is not focused solely on finding the lost ship. She still feels remorse for the loss of her old dive partner and has taken his kids under her wing. This has spread to her hoping for kids of her own someday, and when she is not focused on creating diving equipment, her lab is full of broken toys and other assorted knick-knacks that she repairs for neighborhood children. She can be found at nights in a diner by the shore, where she will eat a banana sundae and scribble designs on the back of a placemat.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Cassandra Rose Yen

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Deep Sea Diver / Independent Scientist

ARCHETYPE: Scientist

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Am</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>0</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>Ar / 0</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>0</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: <u>Ar / Am</u>	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>Ar</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●●○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●●○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●○○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Scientist ●○○○○○

ORIGIN: Prodigy ●○○○○○

AMBITION: Advancing Science ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: To be taken seriously

SHORT: To protect children

LONG: To advance her research and help the world

CONNECTIONS

St. Clemens School for Girls (rumor mill)

Reinhart Research Labs (equipment and rare designs)

"Shorty" St. Pierre (smuggler ally)

TRADEMARKS

Dexterity: It's just a matter of physics

Empathy: It's okay, tell me what you want if you need to

Science: The next great discovery!

Technology: I can cobble something together with ease

QUIPS

- Time for a little elbow grease and some applied sciences!

- First a bite to eat, then a monster to beat!

- We've got a live wire on our hands!

TROPES

Breakthrough discovery

This will self-destruct

Weird science

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: Mabel Raleigh, diner head chef (Pure Joy 3), Professor Chuck Warbler, rude colleague (Irritation 2)

Olaf Henriksson, rare part supplier (Useful 1), Bishop Coulier disapproving clergyman (Painful 1)

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

DR. JUDITH PARTRIDGE

NUCLEAR SCIENTIST

Judith Klein was a precocious child, with a head for numbers so impressive that she frequently corrected her high school teachers' formulae. She was admitted to MIT at the tender age of 16, graduated top of her class, and then went on to earn her Ph.D. in nuclear physics before she turned 25. It was at MIT she met her loving husband-to-be, Arthur Partridge, with whom she has had three children. But the highlight of her life was undoubtedly when she was offered employment by ConHugeCo. as head of research. Not questioning why an organization like ConHugeCo. wanted a nuclear physicist, she eagerly threw herself into her duties. She did not suspect her new employer's true colors in the least.

Dr. Partridge is dedicated to her work, to the exclusion of most other things. She tries to be a good mother and wife, but in truth, whenever she is not involved in scientific pursuits, she is anxious to return to them. In her younger years, she would sometimes neglect sleeping and eating simply because she found her research so engrossing. She relies on Arthur to make her take breaks from work, and she loves him for it. She also loves her children dearly and feels guilty for not showing them enough devotion. She is not a bad mother — she may be distant at times, but she cares greatly for her little Beatrice, Allan, and Sophie.

It was the TRITON project that made her realize her mistake about ConHugeCo. The development of an atomic submarine by a company normally known for cutting-edge office supplies was strange, and she found it deeply ominous that its instrumentation was exclusively labeled in Cyrillic. Its armament of nuclear torpedoes was what truly showed Dr. Partridge the error of her ways. When she realized that one of the prospective buyers being shown around the vessel, a gentleman named "Gene," was not human at all but a Sili-clone, she had already resolved to leave — but suddenly, her need to depart was urgent.

Now she travels the nation, ostensibly giving guest lectures at various locations. She and her family move from hotel to hotel, and she spends many long hours following clues about ConHugeCo. and this "Gene." She is beginning to suspect there may be more than one Gene, as he seems to be many places at once.

Partridge is a naïve idealist with great dreams and complete faith in humanity's ability to overcome any hurdle with just a bit of luck. When she found out the truth about ConHugeCo., she went from one of their most loyal employees to their greatest enemy overnight. She can fight, but prefers to find other solutions, such as diplomacy or sabotage. She brings her husband and three kids with her wherever she goes, and Arthur takes the kids out to have fun whenever Judith is at work. She is a beautiful, statuesque woman who dresses professionally and despises being treated differently from her male colleagues because of her looks.

THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Dr. Judith Partridge

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Nuclear Scientist

ARCHETYPE: Scientist

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: <u>Ar</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>Ar / 0</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>0</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: <u>Ar</u>	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0</u>	●○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●●●●	MIGHT ●●○○○	PRESENCE ●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●○○○	DEXTERITY ●●○○○	MANIPULATION ●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●●○○	STAMINA ●●●○○	COMPOSURE ●●○○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Scientist ●○○○○○

ORIGIN: Suburbia ●○○○○○

AMBITION: Family Woman ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Disentangle herself and her family from ConHugeCo. affairs

SHORT: Find help to destroy the TRITON submarine

LONG: Make up for her mistakes by taking down ConHugeCo.

CONNECTIONS

Dr. Rudford B. Williams (informant at ConHugeCo.)

Wilma Li (friend)

Dr. Robert Blue (mentor from MIT)

TRADEMARKS

Empathy: We share common ground

Medicine: The screams don't bother me

Persuasion: Do the right thing

Technology: Behold my atomic marvels!

QUIPS

- I became a scientist to help mankind, not to destroy it!

- You're not going to like this explanation.

- If you're quite finished wasting time with brawn, how about we use some brains?

TROPES

Atomic power

This will self-destruct

Weird science

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: Arthur and the three kids (Love 3), CEO Dick Chauncey (Hatred 2) that fellow in the pinstripe suit and hat (Unease 1), Ruth Jimenez, local orphan (Protectiveness 1)

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

MAJ. JACKSON DONOVAN

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

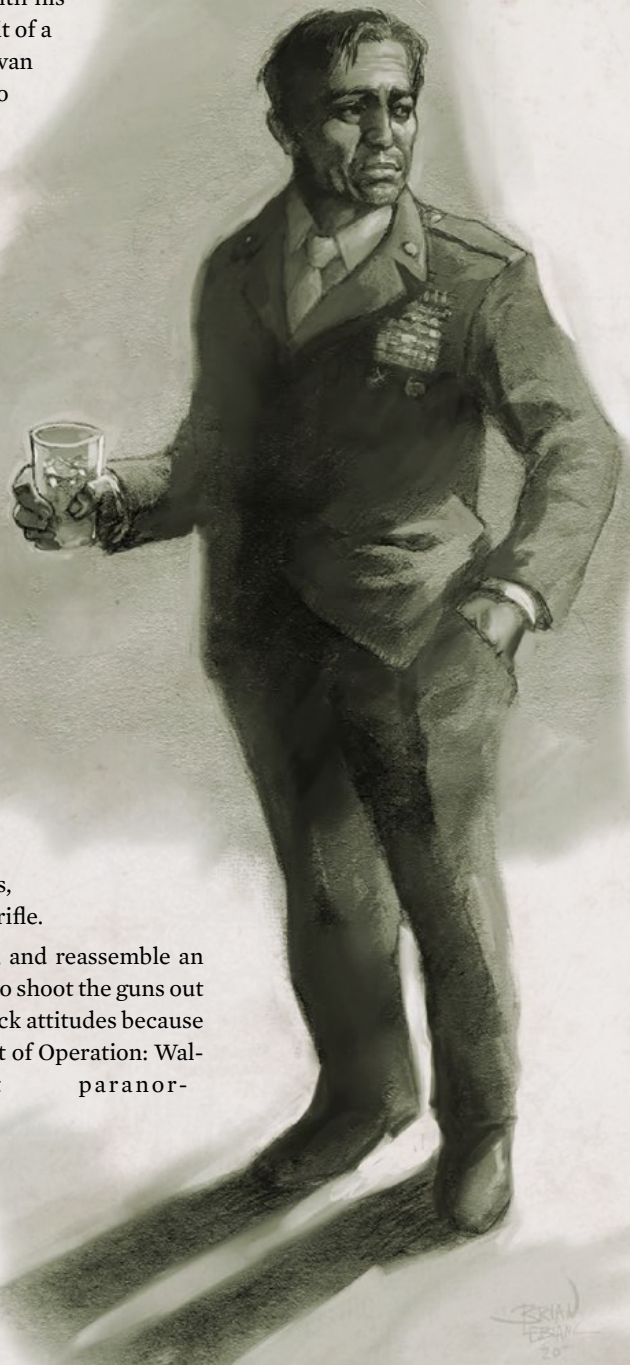
A lantern-jawed, all-American, corn-fed patriot, Major Jackson Donovan is assigned to the United States Marine Corps Operation: Walrus, a small niche operation focused on countering Soviet use of paranormal weaponry. With his can-do attitude and cavalier disregard for the rules, Major Donovan is a bit of a maverick, but a loyal and useful one. A down-to-earth fellow, Major Donovan has a strong sense of honor. When pushed, he pushes back, but anyone who treats him with courtesy finds him returning the favor. He has a strong sense of chivalry, which often annoys independently minded female colleagues.

Much of his wholesome patriotism and down-to-earth mindset comes from his upbringing in Nevada, where he grew up on a corn farm and learned to hunt and fish before age eight. That was where he saw star-shaped flying submarines streaking overhead the day his dog, Rover, vanished mysteriously. Since then, he has been seeking revenge on those unknown aliens that took his pet away. He joined Operation: Walrus when he saw an opportunity to prosecute that childhood grudge.

He has not yet had any luck, though he has found a fragment of unearthly metal and a child's drawing of what she called "the bright folk." The head of Operation: Walrus, Col. Fadumo Mahammad, provided him with both, as she is also interested in his investigation.

He is married to Edith Donovan, a secretary at ConHuge-Co. The marriage is cordial and respectful, but hardly passionate. They have no children. Major Donovan also enjoys horseback riding, especially in the wilderness, as well as hunting. If he can combine those two into horseback hunting, then he is a happy man. He has a small collection of around a dozen historically significant firearm models, including ones used during the Civil War and both World Wars. He favors the M1 Garand in non-combat situations, and he owns two — one a display piece, the other an active-duty hunting rifle.

Donovan is a highly skilled marksman, and can disassemble, clean, and reassemble an M14 with one hand while asleep on a ship in a storm. He has been known to shoot the guns out of others' hands when he wants to. The Marine Corps tolerates his maverick attitudes because he is a highly skilled special operations asset and a natural leader. As part of Operation: Walrus, he is often tasked with investigating potential clues about communist paranormal operations, working alone as often as in command.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Major Jackson Donovan

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: United States Marine Corps

ARCHETYPE: Everyman

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>Ar</u>	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>0</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>Am</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●●●○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●●○	DEXTERITY	●●●●○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●○○○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Everyman ●○○○○

ORIGIN: Farm out West ●○○○○

AMBITION: Service ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Prove the existence of paranormal weapons to the brass at the Pentagon

SHORT: Find out what happened to Rover

LONG: Keep humanity safe and sovereign

CONNECTIONS

United States Marine Corps (backing)

Millicent Renton (cafeteria girl who knows a lot of weird things)

Claiborne Dawkes (strings pulled in D.C.)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: Deadeye marksman

Athletics: Endurance like a horse

Command: I'm taking charge here

Pilot: Saddle man

QUIPS

- Now, who said violence never solved anything?

- I've got eight magazines on me...

- While you eggheads are busy flapping your gums at each other, those creatures are doing God knows what!

TROPES

Elbow grease

Grit and determination

Grizzled veteran

FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

RELATIONSHIPS: Col. Fadumo Mahammad, colleague (Unquestioning Trust 3), Detective Paolo Estevez, police sidekick (Buddy 2)
Edith Donovan, love interest (Flirtation 1), Pvt. Lawrence Lee, the imbecile (Bothersome 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

SAM SMITH

AUTHOR AT LARGE

Zachary Blake is a wanted man. After corrupt lawmen gunned down his family so Boss Dougherty could take his land, this former hard-as-nails prospector turned outlaw vigilante. Ever since, he's been a thorn in the side of anyone who would harm others. A demon with a rifle, and famous for his salt-and-pepper muttonchops and the trademark ivory pipe always hanging from the corner of his mouth, Zachary Blake has starred in eleven moderately popular Western novels. And the author of those novels is none other than Sam Smith.

Sam is not a happy man. His inability to grow a beard and sense of wanderlust causes his family to constantly mock him as "Peter Pan". He has a chip on his shoulder and no patience for fools, and he always seems to be surrounded by them. He wants to prove himself to the whole world. He wants to make enough dough to smoke better cigarettes. He wants action and adventure, and romance with some buxom maiden. And he wants to grow a beard worthy of Karl Marx. Sam Smith wants a great many things, in fact, and he is not the sort to wait for opportunity to knock — he goes out and finds it.

Following the deaths of his distant relatives, the Wexlers, Sam's mind has also been on vengeance. He's interviewed a couple of people — a neighbor and a cop — and found out they drowned. He thinks it was murder. He has no idea how right he is, or of what he can possibly be up against. Still, Smith is not the sort to give up easily. Truth be told, the revenge thing isn't even that important to him — it's the adventure he wants. He didn't know the Wexlers, really; he just met them a couple of times and found them kind of nondescript.

A slim, young-looking man, Sam Smith is a chain-smoker of cheap cigarettes and keeps his hair in a frequently trimmed crew cut. He wears baggy clothes and a leather jacket that is always zipped up regardless of the weather, as well as a plaid cap. He is a skilled brawler, but less than accurate with firearms. In conflict, he tends toward impatience, wanting things resolved as soon as possible. He is also driven by an insatiable sense of curiosity that he jokes will see him dead, as well as an unspoken desire to see if any of these strange beings have medical technology to help him, because that would be pretty swell.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Sam Smith

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Author at Large

ARCHETYPE: Mouth

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Am</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Ar</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Ar</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>0</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0</u>	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●●○	MIGHT	●●●○○	PRESENCE	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●●○	DEXTERITY	●●○○○	MANIPULATION	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●○○○	STAMINA	●●●○○	COMPOSURE	●●○○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Mouth ●○○○○

ORIGIN: Among the Crowds ●○○○○

AMBITION: Hero ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Have an adventure to match Zachary Blake

SHORT: Avenge the Wexlers for some reason

LONG: Find alien medical technology to solve his problems, and then grow a glorious beard

CONNECTIONS

Chief Ezekiel Smith (police assistance)

Friends of the Library Association (treasured supporter)

Every bar around (effortless information gathering)

TRADEMARKS

Athletics: Defying danger

Close Combat: Stick 'em up!

Integrity: Bullheaded

Larceny: I break machines

QUIPS

- Should we go in there?

- Man, you couldn't get away with this in a novel!

- Right, put your dukes up, because now I'm mad!

TROPES

Monologue

Been here before

Keep your hands off me

FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

RELATIONSHIPS: Richard S. Kurtil, III, publisher who rejected his book (Vengeance 3), Werthner Tedford, helpful witness (Gratitude 2)

Liandra Lawson, pretty diner lady (Lust 1), Zachary Blake, fictional character (Envy 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

"SALTY" BOB QUESADA

UNITED STATES NAVY (RETIRED)

In his prime, "Salty" Bob Quesada was a fine sailor and promising young midshipman, but one major mistake cost him his career. Stationed on the *USS Hemlock* on June 5th, 1942, Quesada misheard the coordinates given to him and accidentally aimed one of the ship's deck cannons to fire at a friendly vessel, the *USS Wardog*. A court-martial cleared him of wrongdoing, but his career was gone.

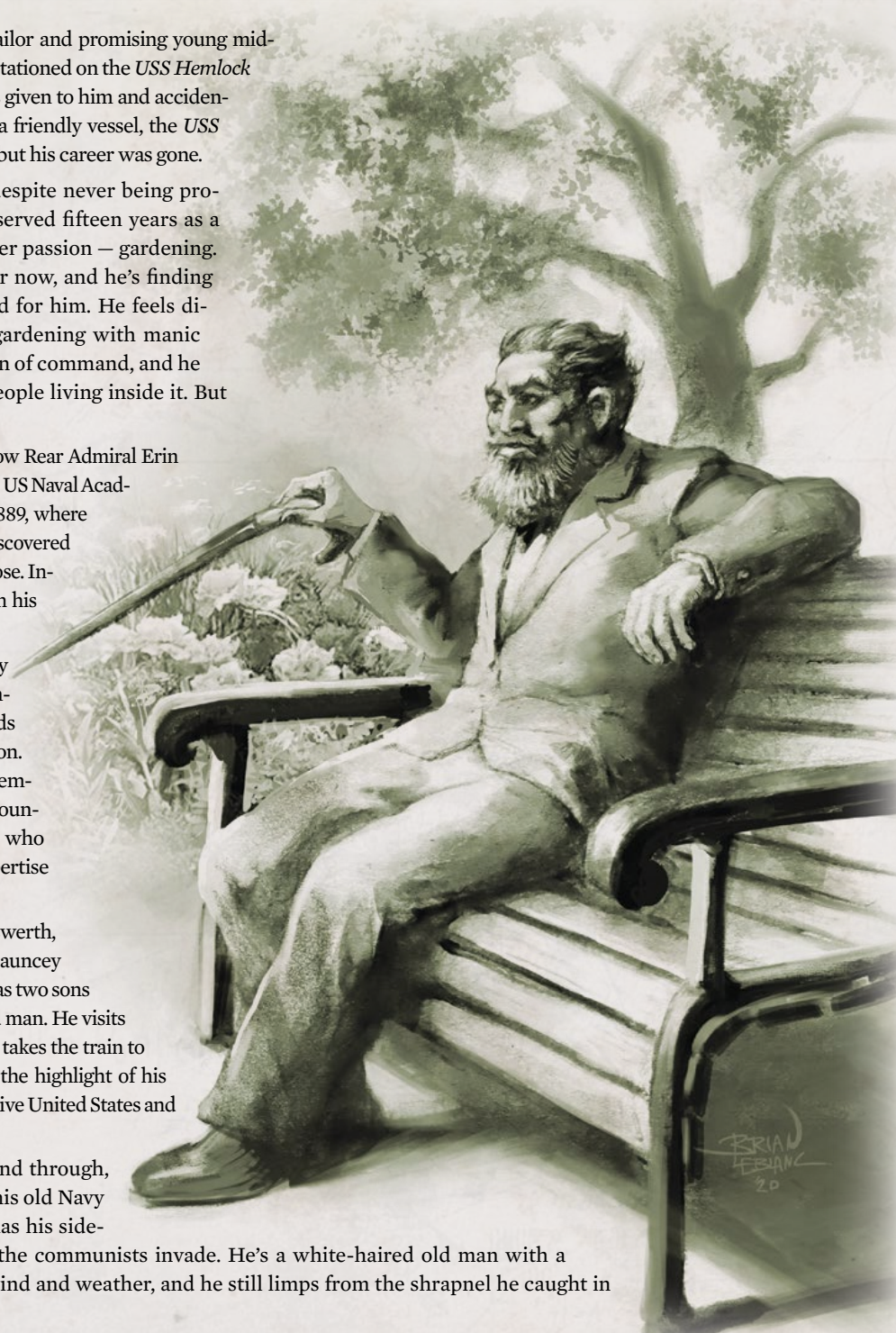
Still, the Navy was his life, so he stayed on despite never being promoted past lieutenant. He adapted, though, and served fifteen years as a lieutenant before finally retiring to pursue his other passion – gardening. He's been his own man again for just about a year now, and he's finding it hard to cope with not having his life structured for him. He feels directionless and restless, and has dived into his gardening with manic zeal. But darn it, he misses the sea air and the chain of command, and he misses being part of a well-oiled machine with people living inside it. But last night, he found a reason to keep going.

Last night his old bunkmate from the *Hemlock*, now Rear Admiral Erin Kreuz, showed up and handed him an envelope from the US Naval Academy's archives. Inside were details from a mission in 1889, where the botanist onboard the *USS Sherman* off Antarctica discovered an unknown flower that he dubbed the Antarctic primrose. Inspired by the idea of raising the world's rarest flower in his garden, old Salty now had a dream to reach for.

A widower and father of none, Salty is a socially isolated man in most respects. He plays bingo on Sundays, and the first Thursday of every month he attends the monthly meeting of the Gardeners' Association. With his garden his pride and joy, he is a respected member of the Association, and he has a rapport with city councilman Hugh Ferrara, a fellow gardening enthusiast who has come to respect old Salty's common sense and expertise in botany.

His closest family is that of his sister, Nancine Gobswerth, who is 15 years his junior and happily married to Sir Chauncey Gobswerth. She lives with her family in England and has two sons and five grandchildren, all of whom are fond of the old man. He visits them every other year for Christmas, during which he takes the train to London to visit the Royal Botanical Gardens. This is the highlight of his existence, and he is comfortably familiar in both his native United States and in England, with social connections in both places.

Salty is a disciplined military man through and through, with a mouth that would be foul if he were using his old Navy language instead of tamer euphemisms. He still has his side-arm, and he carries it wherever he goes in case the communists invade. He's a white-haired old man with a bushy beard and a mountainous face, carved by wind and weather, and he still limps from the shrapnel he caught in his leg in '44.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: "Salty" Bob Quesada

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: United States Navy (Retired)

ARCHETYPE: Everyman

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: Ar	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: 0	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: Ar	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: Am	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: 0	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: Ar	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: Ar	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: Am	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: 0	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: Am	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: 0	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: Ar	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●●○○	MIGHT ●●●●●	PRESENCE ●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●●○○	DEXTERITY ●●○○○	MANIPULATION ●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●○○○	STAMINA ●●○○○	COMPOSURE ●●○○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Everyman ●○○○○

ORIGIN: Pastoral ●○○○○

AMBITION: Gardener ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Obtain the Antarctic Primrose

SHORT: See the ocean again

LONG: Becomes TIME's man of the year

CONNECTIONS

Gardeners' Association (member in good standing)

Councilman Hugh Ferrara (trusted associate)

Kathy Brown (friendly vagabond informant)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: Maintained the training

Athletics: Built to last

Persuasion: I help you, you help me

Science: Why yes, I know what that is

QUIPS

- Fudge! Fudge it all to Heck!

- When I said I missed the oceans, this wasn't what I had in mind.

- If that's a flower, I'm skipping it for my collection.

TROPES

Honesty is the best policy

An honest day's wage

Grizzled veteran

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: Estella Quesada, Bob's gal back home (True Love 3), Rear Admiral Erin Kreuz, old bunkmate (Indebted 2)

Ernesto Cortez, childhood friend (Familiarity 1), Lewis Candid, botanist (Interesting 1)

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

HENRIETTA ABERNATHY

FISHERWOMAN

The freedom of the seas and a tall ship at your command was a dream that stuck with Henrietta Abernathy from a young age. The granddaughter of a Yorkshire mariner who served on a schooner during the heyday of the British Empire, she grew up hearing tales of Africa, India, pirates, and sea monsters. She believed them all, though as she grew up, she realized her grandfather liked to embellish a bit. Yes, India existed, but her grandfather had probably never saved a sorceress-maharani's realm from an invasion of legged serpents. Life on a modern steel trawler is not exactly what she imagined. There's little adventure, a lot of going around the same few spots over and over, and no traveling around the world. Also, they have to fend off those damned iguanoids every other week.

Unmarried and without a permanent home, Henrietta spends most of her time at sea and most of the remainder with her little sister, Bernadette Winter, and her family. She adores her nephew, little Robert, and regales him with tales of her times fighting the iguanoids, spinning a yarn to match her grandfather's stories. She always brings presents for the little one too, such as toys and sweets. Once a year, she travels to America on vacation to visit her uncle, Samuel Grimsby, staying there for a month at a time. Unfortunately for her, this year while on vacation she received a telegram saying that her ship, the *Merovingian Gull*, was lost at sea, and she was without a job.

Now, she is unemployed and adrift, looking for a new purpose in life, and all she has to go on is those iguanoid creatures. She reasons that they probably sank the *Gull*, and killed her colleagues too. Luckily, she has a bit of a nest egg saved up, so she can afford to spend some time chasing elusive monsters. She has heard of a town off the coast of Labrador called Little Dartmouth, and that strange things are going on there, but unfortunately for her, Little Dartmouth is plagued by an entirely different set of troubles — lobsters with a thirst for blood!

Ms. Abernathy is a big believer in the power of tools. She brings a toolbox with her whenever she travels, and prefers wielding a fire axe in combat. She stores it in her toolbox, and it has tasted iguanoid meat several times. She is a big, brawny woman in her 60s with long, greying blond hair and a scar over her left eye. She prefers a green rubber raincoat and rubber boots, but will dress up in an incongruous-looking, long-hemmed brown tweed skirt suit on formal occasions. She smells of chewing tobacco, cheap perfume, and the sea. She is fearless, but calm and restrained, preferring not to rush into things after having seen one too many of her fellow crew die from some foolish mistake.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Henrietta Abernathy
PLAYER: _____
CONCEPT: Fearless fisherwoman
ARCHETYPE: Survivor

SKILLS

- | | | | |
|--|-------|--|-------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> AIM: _____ | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Ar / 0</u> | ●●○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>Ar / 0</u> | ●●○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Am</u> | ●○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>Ar</u> | ●●○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____ | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____ | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: _____ | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>Am</u> | ●○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>0</u> | ●○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Am</u> | ●○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____ | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>Am</u> | ●○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>Ar</u> | ●●○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____ | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0</u> | ●●○○○ |

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●○○○	MIGHT ●●●●○	PRESENCE ●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●●●○	DEXTERITY ●●○○○	MANIPULATION ●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●●○○	STAMINA ●●●●○	COMPOSURE ●●○○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Survivor ●○○○○○
ORIGIN: Fishing Village ●○○○○○
AMBITION: Explorer ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Avenge the Merovingian Gull
SHORT: _____
LONG: Get a ship to command

CONNECTIONS

Jack Horowitz (crackpot encyclopedia)
U.S. Coast Guard (well-liked frequent customer)
Sgt. Lashonda Jacobs (survival expert)

TRADEMARKS

Close Combat: Like chopping wood
Enigmas: Dangerous waters
Integrity: Down to earth
Larceny: 20 years untangling nets

QUIPS

- It's like a monster movie. I don't like monster movies.
- This is just like us: Find the stupidest thing possible, and do it.
- Me and the ocean have a love-hate relationship.
I love it, it hates me.

TROPES

Seen too much
With my bare hands
With my bear hands

FAVORED STUNTS

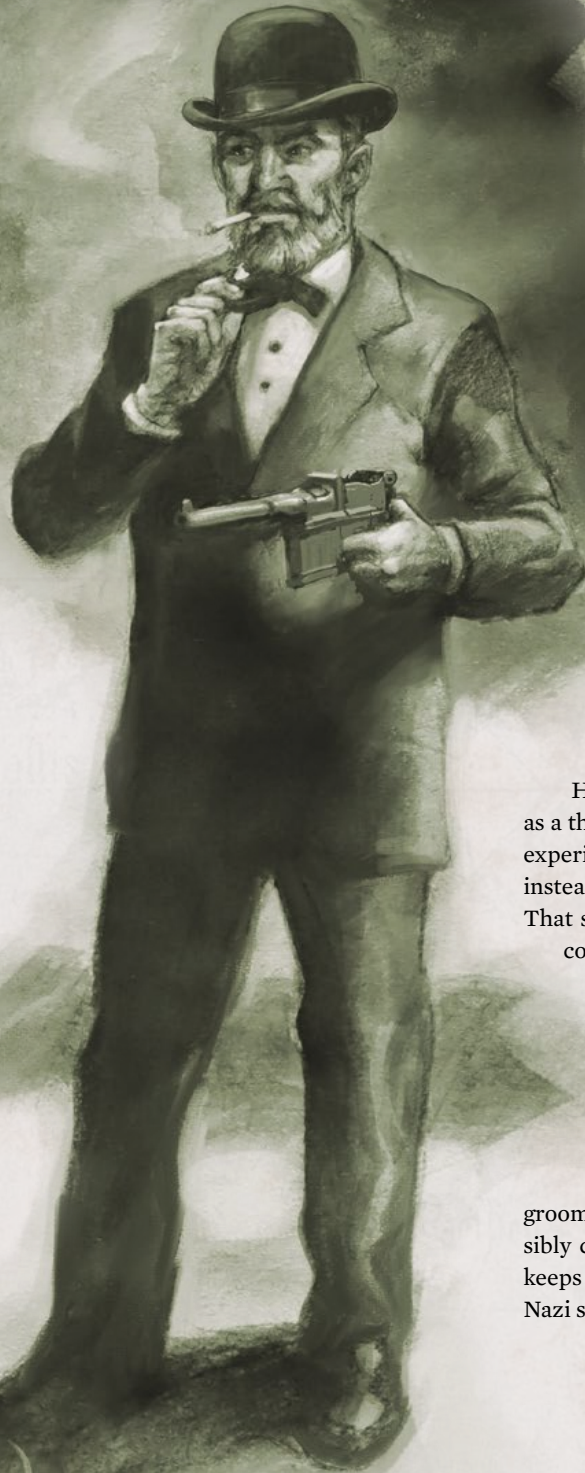
- Just a Flesh Wound** ○○○ +1 Archetype Die
- That'll Leave a Scar** ○○○ +2 Archetype Dice
- Last Ditch Effort** ○○○ +2/+3 Archetype Dice
- Don't Forget Me** ○ +3 Any Dice Pool
- Death Scene**

RELATIONSHIPS: Winter Family (Ferocious Protectiveness 3), "Winking" Dan Dougherty, saboteur of her plans (Vengefulness 2), Captain Jenkins O'Brian, pioneering explorer (Admiration 1), Stone J. Washington, supposed interviewer of iguanoids (Disbelief 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____
GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____
EXPERIENCE: _____

CREED HAVERLY

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



When you need an agent for a job, it sometimes pays to send the youngest, strongest, and most suave you have. But sometimes there is just no substitute for experience. Those times, Creed Haverly is your man. In 1908, at age 16, he joined the Bureau of Investigation at its inception as a secretary. When it became the *Federal* Bureau of Investigation in 1935 he was already among the old guard, and most of his career has taken place after that point. He is one of the finest field agents the FBI has ever seen.

In his late 60s by now, Haverly is slowing down severely. His lifestyle has taken a toll on this elderly gentleman and his body is giving out. But even so, Agent Haverly makes up for his physical shortcomings compared to younger agents with wit, charm, and a boundless wealth of experience. His service record is sterling enough to make for two careers, and each one would be considered exceptional in its own right. It is considered common knowledge in the Bureau that if Haverly had not turned down every promotion for the last forty years he, not Hoover, would run the agency.

He is exasperated at his agency's obsession with communism as a threat. While it is significant in the field of foreign policy, his experience is that domestic communism often receives attention instead of more serious dangers, such as the mob, and monsters. That said, he keeps these opinions to himself, and will even use communist threats as a cover story when pursuing things that the American people may be in the dark about.

An aging gentleman with snow-white hair and an immaculately trimmed beard, Creed was a veritable Adonis in his youth, and is still a strikingly good-looking man. The fact that he is also omnivorous and free in his affections has delighted many men and women throughout his career. He is perfectly groomed and wears impeccably tailored suits whenever he possibly can. He dearly loves his M1916 "red 9" Mauser, which he keeps in exquisite condition. He claimed it from the corpse of a Nazi spy, Helmut "Henry Wilkins" Widerwärtiger, in 1937.

THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Creed Haverly
PLAYER: _____
CONCEPT: FBI Agent
ARCHETYPE: G-Man

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>Ar</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Ar / 0</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>0</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>Ar</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: <u>Am</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: _____	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●●○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●○○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: G-Man ●○○○○

ORIGIN: Life of Privilege ●○○○○

AMBITION: Personal Excellence ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Track down the origin of the seahorse infiltrators

SHORT: _____

LONG: Adventure and excitement

CONNECTIONS

Agent Hailey Farouk (gadgetry provider)

FBI (backing)

Winston Smythe (friend in all the low places)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: Pinpoint precision

Close Combat: Judo throw

Integrity: Trained to resist

Pilot: Why yes, I've flown one of those

QUIPS

- Communists only have two legs!

- Violence may solve problems, but paperwork keeps them solved.

- If you knew how many times I've heard that...

TROPES

Disappearing act

I've got a file on that

Spotlight

FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

RELATIONSHIPS: Winona Haverly, sibling (Tight Bond 3), Morgan Brisby, secret love affair (Pining 2)
Sergei Antonov, frequent enemy (Excitement 1), J. Edgar Hoover, the boss (Disdain 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

LUCY "LUCKY" KIESLING JOURNALIST

There are stories, and then there are *stories*. For Lucy Kiesling, better known as Lucky (she signs her articles that way), the former are just the grist for the mill. The latter are what she wants. Known for a cavalier attitude toward health, safety, journalistic ethics, common decency, and even sanity, Lucky is exactly the wrong journalist for many cases...and exactly the right one for a few. The stranger, riskier, and more demanding the job, the more Kiesling is the right woman for it. Ask her to cover the races, and she'll do a slipshod job and complain that it's beneath her, but ask her to risk life and limb in an investigation that's unlikely to turn up anything but requires inhuman patience and dedication, and she won't stop until she's found out everything. Every last little thing.

Considering herself the intrepid star reporter of the *Modern Herald*, Lucky is a troublemaker whose workaday articles often need significant rewrites and who has been the subject of more than one complaint to the paper's editors. As such, most of the editing staff and quite a few of the other journalists despise her, but editor-in-chief Marlowe Cho, a big friendly bulldog of a man, has faith in her. He wants his paper to employ a Pulitzer winner and thinks Lucky will inevitably win one. Also, Kiesling doesn't exactly log expenses rigorously, tending to fund her work out of her own paycheck, which means she is easy on the *Herald's* budget. These two reasons combine to keep her employed. Lucky does not have much of a life outside of her work, and mostly spends her time off drinking and looking for other stories to cover.

In combat, Lucky relies on a good old-fashioned Chicago typewriter, and has a tendency to stand her ground even when she shouldn't. At these times, she enjoys spouting quotes from mobster movies and generally acting arch. She is a short redhead wearing a long, red coat and a bucket hat, with her press pass stuck under the band. She carries a sizable briefcase, which contains both of her typewriters — conventional and Thompson-style. She tries to be a femme fatale but is too sledgehammer-like in her approach for that to really work. She is also incredibly intelligent and can't stand letting others be wrong about facts. She really is lucky, and relies on that a bit more than she should.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Lucy "Lucky" Kiesling

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: Plucky Journalist

ARCHETYPE: Mouth

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>Am</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Am</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Ar / 0</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>Ar</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Ar</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>Ar / 0</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>0</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>Am</u>	○○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●●●●	MIGHT ●●○○○	PRESENCE ●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●●○○	DEXTERITY ●●●○○	MANIPULATION ●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●○○○	STAMINA ●●○○○	COMPOSURE ●●●○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Mouth ●○○○○○
 ORIGIN: Small Town ●○○○○○
 AMBITION: Glory ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Bring the Modern Herald's editor a story amazing enough to make up for shirking her other work
 SHORT: _____
 LONG: Win a Pulitzer prize

CONNECTIONS

Professor Allan Long (academical source)
Modern Herald (backing)
Major Lily Singh (source)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: Katatat, hahahaha!
Composure: Ah, interesting, if gruesome
Intellect: I've tracked down worse leads
Persuasion: A word for our readers? I'll make you look good...

QUIPS

- The people have a right to know!
 - Hahah, when I break this, Pulitzer will have to try for a Kiesling prize!
 - My readers want to know why you're plotting against humanity!

TROPES

Investigative reporting
Press pass
Eureka!

FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

RELATIONSHIPS: Marlowe Cho, editor-in-chief (Gratitude 3), Willard Smythe, rival journalist (Rivalry 2)
Karla Benford T. Law, source of stories (Trust 1), Wenche Dahl, litigator (Irritation 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____

AMY TAKEDA

DRAG RACER

The fast life. That's what Amy Takeda wants. Ever since she was a little girl, hiding in the night from the creature that pretended to be her mother, Amy's taken a shine to anything that moves fast and makes loud noises. There is safety in speed, courage in recklessness. Back then, it was rollercoasters and really dangerous bicycle hijinks; now that she's an adult, it's dragsters — and rollercoasters, 'cause she never really saw the need to grow out of that. With her custom honeybee yellow slingshot, *Outracing Fate*, Takeda has won several competitions and earned a reputation as a dangerous and reckless driver — which makes her popular.

She's a known figure to the local cops, having lost her license and then been booked repeatedly for speeding, even serving time. She competes in illegal races, too. However, her unthreatening looks and ability to play the part of the scared little lady and charm the judge and jury have allowed her to get off the hook repeatedly, with some juries outright refusing to believe she's a repeat offender. All in a day's work for Amy Takeda, who's walked away from this time and again patting herself on the back for her audacity and skill.

Amy's ultimate dream is to have the fastest dragster known to man. She has heard whispers of an engine faster than any other, an engine run by a nuclear reactor capable of over twenty thousand revolutions per minute. Developed by the military somewhere in the Nevada desert based on technology recovered from the wreck of an alien submersible found in the Adriatic Sea, this engine would allow her to win any competition she set her mind to, and go down in the history books.

Amy does not know what it was that replaced her mother when she was six, but she knows it happened. She spent the rest of her childhood fortifying her room so the creature pretending to be her "mother" could not get in at night when she was asleep and...do whatever had been done to her. It's not a traumatic memory, not really — like the rain tapping on the roof, defending herself against horrific monstrosities has a lot of nostalgia in it for Amy. It's almost cozy, remembering the sounds of the creature that pretended to be her mother quietly rummaging about outside her door, trying to get in. Of course, she knew it would never let her leave, so she ran away when she was fifteen, a week before her sixteenth birthday when she was supposed to move out.

Petite and pretty, Takeda has earned the fancy of many a male racer throughout the years, much to her annoyance. Not only would she never lower herself to dating a rival, she has no interest in romance whatsoever. The whole marital umbrella of subjects has never caught her interest in the least, and she does not understand why so many obsess over it when they could do something fun instead — like almost dying in a car crash. She runs fast and likes explosives and really big, powerful weapons. The louder, the better. If she could go up against the aquatic critters of the world in a tank, she'd be pleased as punch.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Amy Takeda
PLAYER: _____
CONCEPT: Drag Racer
ARCHETYPE: Survivor

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Ar / 0</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>Ar / 0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>Am</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●●●○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●○○○	MIGHT	●●●○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●●○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●○○○	STAMINA	●●●●○	COMPOSURE	●●●○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: Survivor ●○○○○○
ORIGIN: Middle of Nowhere ●○○○○○
AMBITION: Champion ●○○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Find out what replaced her mother
SHORT: _____
LONG: Build the ultimate dragster

CONNECTIONS

Reginald X. Appleby (occult journalist)
Kathleen's Garage & Bakery (hangout and mentor's business)
Francoise LeClerc (frenemy racing rival)

TRADEMARKS

Cunning: There's got to be a way out
Pilot: Never fast enough
Stamina: You call that a wound?!
Technology: I know it's alien tech, but I can tune up anything

QUIPS

- I'm like a rocket-powered turtle, baby!
- Ooh, I don't know what that is, but I want it!
- But where will I race?

TROPES

Voice of reason
Secret bunker
Tools of the trade

FAVORED STUNTS

RELATIONSHIPS: Kathleen O'Hara, foster mother (Loss 3), Officer Irene Wu, handler of her mother's case (Distrust 2), Burt Wubley, mechanic (Respect 1), Kenneth Rovsky, rival racer (Contempt 1)

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

EQUIPMENT: _____
GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____
EXPERIENCE: _____

NADEZHDA SOKOLOVNA

KGB AGENT

Duty, honor, and integrity — to Nadezhda Sokolovna, these principles supersede all else, even loyalty to the revolution and her motherland. Officially, she is an attaché to Alexander Panyushkin, the Soviet Union's ambassador to the United States. Unofficially, this is a polite fiction — everyone in Washington, D.C. knows Ms. Sokolovna is a spy, and this fact grates on a lot of the Americans with whom she interacts. But Sokolovna is not the sort to gloat or take pleasure in making her country's enemies feel uncomfortable — she is here to do a job, and the discomfort of the Americans is a tool she can use, nothing more.

In 1942, at age 15, Sokolovna joined the Red Army. She earned the Order of Lenin for her participation in the battle of Stalingrad and was present for the fall of Berlin. She underwent Spetsnaz training but failed to graduate, in large part because military life was not to her tastes. Luckily, she had impressed the KGB enough for them to pull the strings to have her reassigned to them, where she has worked ever since. Agent Sokolovna is under the command of Pyotr “Medvezhonok” Grigorovitch, and goes by the codename “Sosulka” because she is thin, cold, and sharp.

She has vacation time coming up, and one thing that has piqued her interest is the fate of the missing science vessel *Neostorozhnyj* — stupid name for a ship, she feels — which was last reported in the Antarctic. If the Americans know anything about the ship's fate, she intends to find out.

Nadezhda is a dark-haired, tall, thin woman who favors blacks and purples in her outfit. She dresses conservatively and has a sharp, severe face. She has a large scar down the back of her right hand, legacy of a Georgian insurgent's knife. She wears heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles and carries a large leather handbag. She wields a suppressed Nagant M1895 revolver modified to fire .32 rounds, and a suppressed Beretta semiautomatic to fall back on when the Nagant runs out of ammunition. She has an uncanny ability to avoid enemy weapons fire in combat.



THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

NAME: Nadezhda "Sosulka" Sokolovna

PLAYER: _____

CONCEPT: KGB Agent

ARCHETYPE: G-Man

SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>Ar</u>	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>Ar</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>0 / Am</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>Am</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>0</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>Am</u>	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>Am</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>0</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: <u>Ar</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: <u>0</u>	●○○○○

ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●●○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●○○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●○○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●○○

PATHS

ARCHETYPE: G-Man ●○○○○

ORIGIN: Farming Commune ●○○○○

AMBITION: Communist Idealism ●○○○○

ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: Find out what happened to the Neostorozhnyj

SHORT: _____

LONG: Safeguard the common people of Earth

CONNECTIONS

Soviet embassy staff (intelligence and materiel)

Nickie "Earless" Rude (black market contacts)

William Bruder (friendly story swapping)

TRADEMARKS

Aim: Seven-shot hand cannon

Intellect: The Soviet education system is good, da?

Larceny: No trace

Manipulation: You can tell me, or the KGB

QUIPS

- Not so different from how we do it in Moscow.

- I knew that would happen.

- I will apply some good old-fashioned communist knowhow.

TROPES

Shadow conspiracy

An inside job

Occupational hazard

FAVORED STUNTS

Just a Flesh Wound ○○○ +1 Archetype Die

That'll Leave a Scar ○○○ +2 Archetype Dice

Last Ditch Effort ○○○ +2/+3 Archetype Dice

Don't Forget Me ○ +3 Any Dice Pool

Death Scene

RELATIONSHIPS: Agent Carlos Sullivan, MI6 (Turbulent Romance 3), "Medvezhonok", handler (Cautious Obedience 2), Vivian Gupta, landlady (Trust 1), Ladisa Anoshkina, enemy from the academy (Hatred 1)

EQUIPMENT: _____

GROUP REWRITE POOL: _____

EXPERIENCE: _____



IT CAME TO THE FRONT DOOR

Truty Mitchards was doing something with a strudel when she heard the shuffle at the door. Assuming it was a salesman, she tossed aside her oven mitts and headed to the front door, whipping it open with the confidence of a seasoned housewife.

"Sorry, I'm not interested," was perched on the edge of her lips when she saw, to her surprise, no one on the front stoop. Her peaceful suburban street was empty and, as usual, lousy with chirping birds.

She was about to close the door when something made her look uncharacteristically down - she being a person used to looking up.

A box was sitting quietly on her stoop: a package, perhaps a foot square, wrapped in brown paper but with nary an address to or from. Being a naturally inquisitive housewife, Truty scooped up the box and, finding it to be of agreeably light weight, spirited it into her house.

. . .

She brusquely placed it on the counter and once again lost herself in the mysteries of strudel. Indeed, Truty quite forgot about

the enigmatic parcel until she'd safely reached the baking stage, allowing her some welcome downtime. Plopping into a kitchen chair, her satisfied sigh brought her eyes to rest again on the unsolicited delivery.

Truty carefully tore the paper and opened the lid of the box. Head cocked with curiosity, the housewife slowly lifted the contents.

It was a hat.

Not an ordinary hat, though. Far from it. It was a delicate affair, almost wispy, of general pillbox shape if slightly squarer, but with a dense network of fine glistening fibers wrapped about the crown. Oddest of all, its color was so subdued as to appear almost clear.

Truty didn't know what to make of it. She had no idea who might have sent such a thing. It wasn't her birthday or any other holiday she knew of. Her husband certainly would have included a card.

Truty lifted the hat, turning it this way and that like the seasoned shopper that she was. It just wasn't her style. Whoever sent it couldn't know her very well.

She shrugged and started to put it on when she remembered she hadn't set her timer for the strudel. The timer reminded her it was time for her favorite soap, *These Lies We Lose*.

Truty passed a typical half hour in mild concern over nonexistent people. Turning off the television she returned to the kitchen to check on her strudel, which was proceeding apace. The hat on the counter caught her eye. In all the excitement she'd forgotten about it.

She lifted it, shrugged again at its curious appearance, and raised it above her head.

The doorbell rang.

. . .

Truty found herself staring at her friend and neighbor Cherise Edwards. Cherise was wearing what appeared to be the exact same hat.

"Have you tried it on?" asked her neighbor with a grin.

"Cherise Edwards, you sent me that hat?"

"Yes. I fell in love with it and knew you'd just have to have it."

. . .

"Won't that look a little tacky, you and I wearing the exact same hat?" queried Truty as they sat in the living room.

"Not this hat. All the girls have it. It's the latest thing."

"Really?" murmured Truty. "I don't know, it's a tad...strange."

"That's what they said about the Wright Brothers," offered Cherise oddly. "Go ahead. You know you want to."

"Okay, well, thanks Cherise, it was very thoughtful," lied the cautious housewife. "But I'm kind of busy right now. Can you drop by later?"

Her neighbor looked disappointed as Truty gently ushered her to the door. "Oh, I'm just dying to see it."

"Yes, I know, now you run along and let me get on with my housework."

Cherise did not look pleased, and when Truty shut the door, concern registered on her face. What was with Cherise? She just didn't seem herself.

. . .

But as will happen, Truty became caught up in vacuuming and other modern conveniences. It wasn't until afternoon

coffee that she sat and once again considered the hat.

Only it was no longer on the counter.

After a brief search, she found it on a small table in the living room. Had she moved it? Had Cherise?

Truty stepped up to the strange headwear and examined it. Movement caught the corner of her eye. A shadow at the window.

Truty got there in time to see another neighbor, Mrs. Anderly, scurrying away across the lawn. She was wearing the same hat.

Truty knew something was very wrong. Something outside her suburban ken. Slowly, she turned to the hat.

"I'll not be putting you on," she uttered with resolve. "Not when you're putting me on."

As if by magic, the glistening fibers of the hat began to unfurl and the thing slowly rose from the table into the air. It hovered silently before her in all its disgusting translucent glory, tentacles dangling; a horrid offshoot of the box jellyfish. It did not speak but she heard it.

"So, Truty Mitchards, you are resistant to this style."

"You'll find we human women are not all slaves to fashion."

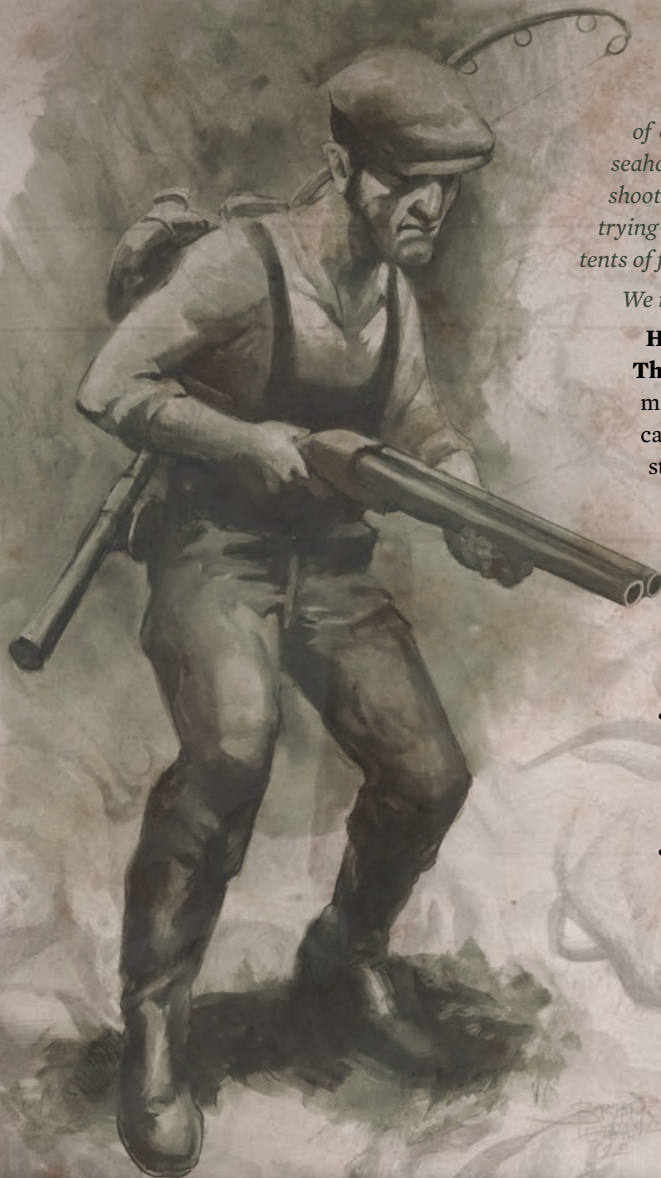
"It is only a matter of time," said the floating monstrosity. "We Box Jellies have had five hundred million years - jellyfish time - of evolution to achieve this level of development. Our tiny fibers, unlike the poison stingers of our more ignorant cousins, connect directly to the nerves of your spinal cord, allowing us to take you over. Almost your entire puny neighborhood enjoys our fashion statement. Surrender, Truty. You are no match."

Truty observed the hanging thing for a moment, then reached quickly for the Hoover which she had not yet put away. Flicking it to high power she whipped the nozzle at the dangling Box Jelly before it could react, sucking it into the bag with terrifying ferocity.

Truty quickly turned to the front windows where hatted neighbors gathered, brandishing her vacuum in a defiant pose worthy of Boudica.

It had begun.

HEROIC LAND-DWELLERS!



We humans are a resilient bunch. We've endured plagues, wars, famines...and any other attacks that seem to visit us on the backs of biblical horses. We always fight. We always overcome. We always resist the tide.

Sometimes that tide carries a different array of dangers, of course. Sometimes those horsemen of the apocalypse are riding seahorses, and instead of firing bullets or spreading the flu, they're shooting lasers and hypnotizing us with a hallucinogenic gas. In these trying times, we need humans who can defend our planet, resist the intents of foul aquatic monsters, and stand up for each other.

We need heroic land-dwellers.

Heroic Land-Dwellers! is a collection of playable characters for **They Came from Beneath the Sea!**, a roleplaying game of drama, science fiction, and farce in which you play the only humans capable of driving back the watery threats seeking to invade, destroy, or enslave humanity.

This book is for use with the **They Came from Beneath the Sea!** tabletop roleplaying game. **They Came from Beneath the Sea!** uses the Storypath System, provided in full in the core rulebook available separately.

HEROIC LAND-DWELLERS! INCLUDES:

- Sixteen playable characters, each with biographies, stats, Quips, and artwork to help you immediately involve them in a story as protagonists, supporting characters, or villains!
- Fiction by Larry Blamire, to set the action-packed and sometimes nonsensical tone of science fiction B-movies and games such as this one!

THEY002

