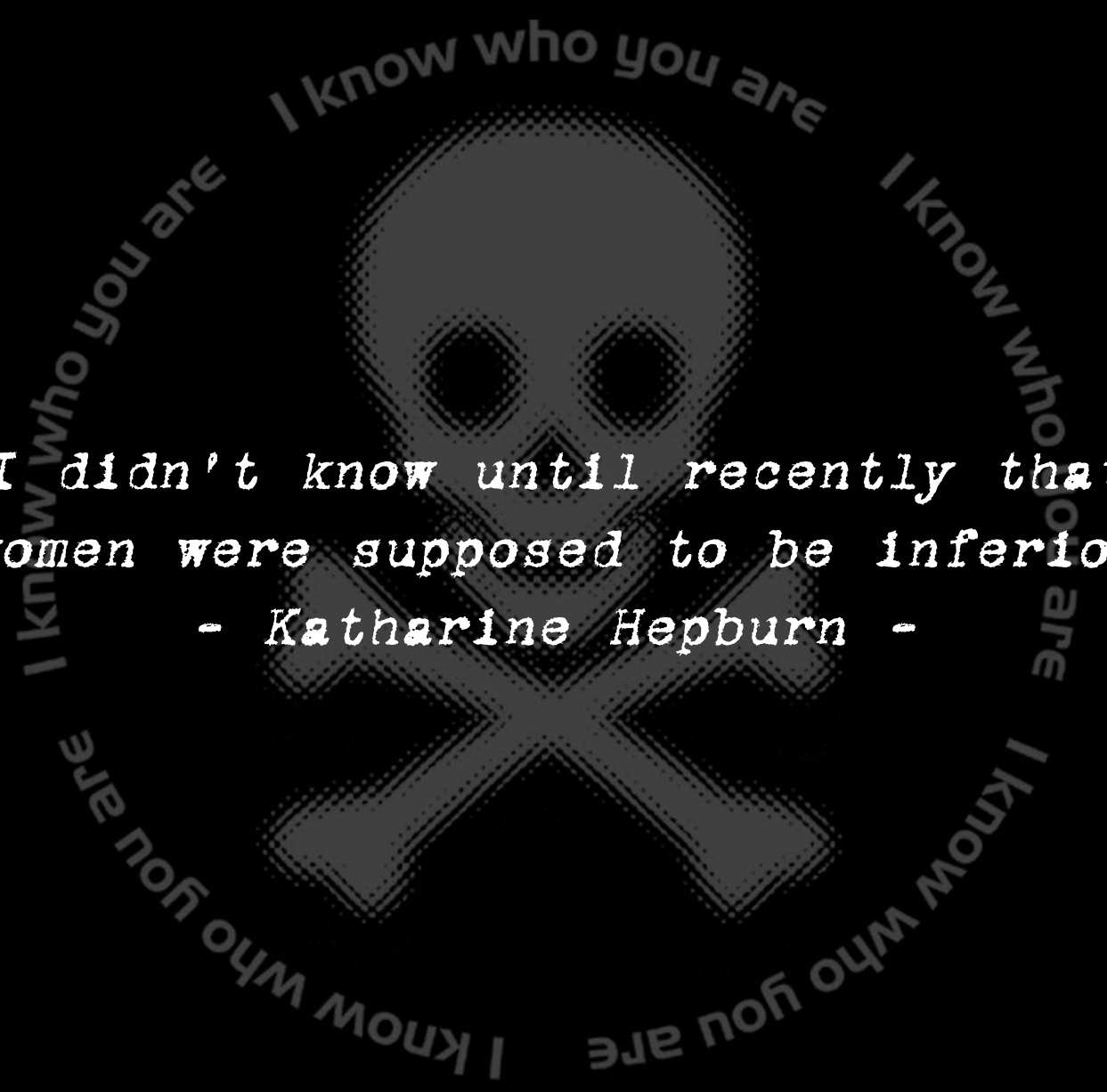


Nadin Brzezinski

hell hath no fury





I didn't know until recently that
women were supposed to be inferior
- Katharine Hepburn -

HAVEN

CITY OF VIOLENCE

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Dedicated to: I would like to dedicate this book to my husband, who believed in me. And I would also like to dedicate it to my first editor. Jean Rabe, wherever you are, you taught me the importance of discipline, meeting deadlines, and working every day. You also encouraged me to look beyond a small time publication. In effect, you taught me what it was to be a writer.

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HELL



A ROLE-PLAYING GAME

HATH NO FURY



OF MODERN VIOLENCE

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INTRODUCTION

When I was approached by Louis Porter to write this sourcebook, I was very excited. It is rare for women to play Role-Playing Games, and it is even rarer to present them in a good light. These characters are a true mix of humanity. They come in all shades and colors. There are the industrialists, who have come far. Then there is the other extreme, as in the Black Widow, truly a mass murderer. They are to represent all kinds of players in a city where all is possible.

Though I must give a word of warning. Some of these characters are highly questionable. In fact, I had great trouble writing one of them. Getting into the mind of a racist was not easy. She proved to be the hardest character to write. Though I knew that she had a role in this city. Why? In a city rife with racial tensions, she is but one more piece of the puzzle.

Enjoy the characters, and may they add something interesting to your games, in Haven.

ONCE I CALLED YOU A FRIEND

The antiseptic smells of the lower levels of Cifier Hospital were grating to Woo. He wished that he could do something about it, but realized that he could not. He used the ambulance entry, since it was away from the ever-present press. He hated the press. His business was not the people's business. He was surprised by the squeak of breaks, as an ambulance came to a full stop besides him. The two back doors thumped opened and the Paramedics jumped down, pulling out a gurney, with yet another victim of Haven's violence. Woo made a point to stay away from it. He didn't even watch the nightly news. They were only a litany of violence and death. He did not care for that. The two medics pushed him out of their way, as they maneuvered the gurney, with yet another broken body into the Trauma Center, fresh blood dripping from the side. Woo smiled. They may have a solution to some of their problems soon. And it was all due to his Research



Team, which took the upper level of the hospital.

When he entered the Emergency Room, he was met by the usual collection of human suffering, which he abhorred. He hated the press camped on the main entrance even more. They knew that he gave a lot of money to this hospital. Some knew of the labs in the upper floor. Most did not suspect what went on, in his realm. Some did, and he feared them. What would he give for a fully controlled press, like in the old country. Nevertheless he knew that they were here and it was best to simply avoid them.

Suddenly Doctor Michael Pierson ran into him. The man was the head of the Shock Trauma Unit at Cifier. The pressure of the job showed in his prematurely gray hairs. Yet Pierson was a good doctor, but had some... ethical problems Woo wished would go away. "Excuse me Doctor." Woo managed to say.

"Just don't get in my way." The doctor's harried voice and the medics rushing in, with yet another patient was all the information he needed to know. It was another piece of street refuse coming in. Though granted, if he was in an accident, he'd want Pierson at the head of the medical team. Woo drove that thought away from his mind. He was not here to think about medicine or wishing who should take care of him, if Buddha decided he should get injured. When he left the Church of Pain, as he liked to call the ER, he knew where he was going. He turned towards the long corridor leading to the elevators that would take him to the top floor. His four security men made sure that people who recognized him, would not approach him. They were always there, but he made a point of trying to ignore that he needed their protection. His hand unconsciously moved down to the lump in the small of his back. He was reassured, by the bulk of the .357 Magnum.

When he reached the elevators he smiled. Doctor Carlotta Richter stood at the door, obediently holding it for him. She may be a proud bitch, but at least understood her role in this project. She was employed at his pleasure. She was a valuable employee, but she could also be replaced. Woo knew she understood that. At least he hoped she did. "Good day Doctor."

"Good day Sir, what brings you here?"

"Until we get upstairs. Walls have ears you know." She nodded, as the rest of his men squeezed in. She shook her head at seeing Franz Van Damn. He was a big boy, if she ever seen one. More importantly, he was not altogether here. She knew he could kill her only by wishing it so.

When the elevator doors opened, the hospital smell was quickly replaced by the smell of a working lab. Chemicals, solvents and disinfectants mixed into something that Richter was used to, but not Woo. He curled his nose. Two of his security men left the elevator before anybody else did. She turned to Woo. This place was safe. She knew it was safe. One of his men turned to her, and shook his eyes. It was Franz. "Well, if you say so Mister Van Damn. I am not going to argue with you." He opened his coat slightly, revealing the Uzi, slung Israeli Style. He knew how to endear himself with the ladies, she concluded. Nor was she going to argue with Mister 9mm. She knew she would loose.

They walked in silence the rest of the way, towards her office. When they entered, she was slightly embarrassed by the pile of papers on her desk. Hell, she was working on reviews when she got the call. At least they could see she did something all day. The security men fanned out around her office, with small bug detectors. None in the office said one word. She knew that sweeps were done on a regular basis. After all, the research done here was not for public consumption, at least not until it was finished. "This place is clean boss." Franz stated. Woo nodded and took a seat on the leather chair by the Eastern Wall. She had good taste, he had to admit. After all, she was given a budget to get her office furnished and she did a good job, and under budget.

"Tell me Herr Doctor, what is the status of the Aging Gene Project?" She was born and raised on German Town, but was an American. She had given up on correcting him a long time ago though.

"We've isolated the gene in mice and nematodes, but are still some time from doing such in pigs, or primates. Two years at the least before we're ready." She realized he was getting pressured from investors. He knew research, she knew research, but investors wanted immediate results.



"You know how important this is to us."

"Yes sir, whoever perfects the cure to aging will make billions. But curing aging should not be done by killing the patient." She retorted, almost chuckling, a stare by Franz was enough to take her will to laugh away. He was a cold bastard, if she ever seen one.

"Good, we see eye to eye. If you cannot isolate it in pigs I don't care. What we care about is the primates. I have secured some Rhesus lab monkeys that can be delivered to you in a week or so. Nevertheless I need something for my investors within that same time frame. If not, I can find a new manager Carlotta." Whenever he used her first name basis, it meant the bastard meant it.

"There are other projects near completion Sir. Projects that can be just as... profitable."

"You have a week to give me something Herr Doctor. Oh and I must congratulate you in your taste for this office. It would be a shame if I had to pay for a full remodel, wouldn't you say?" She nodded,

swallowing hard. He meant it. Woo stood before she could offer him something to drink. He walked out, just as fast as he had walked in. He did not expect her to escort him down. His security men would most likely than not take him out of the hospital through the back entrance, or a service exit. It would really depend on how much they feared an attack by Shadow. The bitch had gotten out of hand, from what she had heard.

Carlotta Richter knew that she was walking on ice. She walked to her drink cabinet and served herself some Jack Daniels in a tall glass. She put two ice cubs in it and then walked towards the window. Her right hand shook, as she held the drink, spilling some of the amber liquid on the new carpet. She sipped some of it, feeling it go down her throat, smooth as silk. It burned her, when it reached the pit of her stomach. She reminded herself, this was better than a shot of Valium, which would only make her sleepy, though calm her down. Then she walked towards the window, which placed a good section of Haven under her feet. In the distance, rising from the fog,



she saw Rome Island. That was the home of the truly insane. Why else would anybody live there? The police, she knew, wanted Syrus. But the Haven Police Department would not enter that area, or actively patrol it.

When she saw yet one more set of lights coming to the hospital, she remembered what project was almost ready. The ambulance stopped almost under her feet, ten floors down. The two medics removed from the back yet another victim of this city's soaring crime figures. She knew from her years in shock trauma that those patients needed blood, lots of it. Of course that was the obvious use. There were other patients in this hospital that also needed lots of blood, Cancer and elective surgery came to mind. Hell, Cardiac patients that needed an average of five units every time they went under the knife. Each and every one of them played the lottery every time a unit was sent cursing down their veins. They did not truly know whether AIDS or Hepatitis, or whatever was the blood borne disease of the week tainted this blood. Hence her first project involved

what she liked to call the salvation of humanity. She sat down in front of her computer, while the file marked Hemogenesis caught her attention. She opened the file and started reading. Five minutes into it she put it down, and called her secretary over the intercom. "Jerry get Vickers and Pierson into my office. First get Vickers, and I do not give a damn if Pierson is in the middle of a Code when you finally get him."

Karl Vickers stood at the doorframe, waiting to be invited in. He was a typical Brit, she admitted to herself. Though he was also a very good biologist. His long, almost gaunt form, was always a contrast with her short, and stocky body. "Good of you to come Karl. Before Pierson gets here, I have some questions for you." Vickers nodded and walked in, still remaining standing. "This is not the Army, relax! Want anything to drink? I have some Scotch that is simply to die for!"

"No, thank you Professor Richter. You know I do not drink this early. If this was after dinner, a good

bourbon would be jolly good.”

She nodded and smiled. “I guess that leaves more for me.”

“It is none of my business Professor, but it seems to me you drink too much.” He knew she usually fumed when people told her that. This time she did not. This was serious. “Very well, you did not invite me for a social drink, so what is this about Professor?”

“To be blunt Karl, how is the Hemogenesis Project going?”

“Depends.” He could be cryptic at times. “Stage One animal trials were very successful, and we have left Stage Two human experimentation, we have filed for stage three general Clinical. The protocols are ready to go once it is authorized by the Feds.” Karl then pointed to her desk. “Lassie it is all in there. You’ve read the report, haven’t you?”

“Yes, but I wanted to hear it from you. I have one week’s time to give something to Woo. If we don’t,

we can kiss all of this good bye.”

“Aye, I can see the problem. Now we cannot have that, can we?” Richter nodded, while Vickers found a chair and sank into it. He suddenly looked depressed. He was so easy to depress. She realized that he was not as driven as she was. Though he was a very good technician and analyst. Heck, he was an excellent clinician, which was also needed, in his line of work.

“Technically you already filed for the authorization. We don’t need to wait for the paperwork to actually go through, now do we?” Richter’s voice rose slowly, to make her point.

“Technically we do. Though we can also file for fast track.”

“I’ll have Jerry do that today. Back to research though, the protocols are ready, and we have enough units right?” Vickers nodded. She knew the man would not stand in her way. Heck, if she wanted to do all of this without authorization she would. The only thing driving her was the chance to carve her



name in the Medical History Books. She wanted to have a place besides Erlich, Pasteur and others. In another time she would have gone far. She did have a problem with human ethics committees. She also believed that greasing the proper hands could smooth any problems out. Woo was good at that. So far, she had proven to be right. "I want you to brief the Shock Trauma staff on the protocols and go ahead with Stage Three. Better to say sorry, and beg forgiveness than loose all of this."

At that moment she noticed Doctor Pierson standing at the door to her office, glaring at her. He was the picture of a modern Doctor Kildair, always caring and never doing any harm. Sweat and blood stained his green surgical scrubs. His hair was matted, from the surgical cap. His shoes were covered by OR covers, that were falling apart. His eyes showed the exhaustion that his voice did not. "No you don't Vickers. My patients are NOT your guinea pigs!"

"You would not be here, regardless of what I told Jerry, if your latest code was still viable Doctor." Carlotta Richter shot back.

"How dare you?" Pierson looked right through Richter. It was a trick she learned to no longer fear, but very effective with new Residents.

"What killed him Doctor, Shock? Maybe it was the hypoxia from low blood levels." She pointed to the fresh blood splatters on his scrubs. "I will ask you another question? Are you absolutely sure that your Code did not have AIDS or Hepatitis? Or for that matter, the blood that you ordered the nurses to push, are you sure it was not contaminated? Yes, you can be almost sure, but are you one hundred percent sure?" She knew she was effective. The proud shoulders of Doctor Pierson started to sag under the verbal barrage. She knew that the greatest hope of all Trauma doctors was not to have to deal with any of that shit. It was always in the back of their minds. Sometimes it was easy to tell that a patient had AIDS. Most of the time they could not. And when any in the staff got pricked, they went through the anguish of testing the patient for all sorts of diseases. That was one reason why she left Shock Trauma.

"To think that once I called you friend." Pierson shot back. He hated loosing this battle with Lady

death, even if he was not God. He took precautions, like any other Shock Trauma Doctor, nurse and technician in the nation. But accidents did happen. He did indeed wish he could leave those nightmares behind, but like all doctors he took an oath to do no harm.

Well friend we may have a solution to at least some of your nightmares. Imagine having a blood bank that is open 24\7\365, that is always stocked and we can assure you is not contaminated with anything. From what studies tell us, you may even be able to stock it in ambulances and let your crews start patients on this, truly oxygen-carrying fluids, instead of what is it this year, Normal Saline or Lactated Ringers?

Pierson nodded ever so slightly. He knew the benefits of the Homogenesis project. He followed its development like most Shock Trauma Directors in the world with hope. He was looking forwards to its deployment, after its approval. He had seen too many drugs kill patients over the years, or have other harmful, though less final effects. He still had his doubts. Yet, Richter knew she had to go in for the kill. "Very well then, we will provide you with units and protocols. We only ask for good reporting. Knowing the staff, I am sure I do not have to worry."

"Hold it, I have not agreed to any of your schemes!"

"True, but once I present this material to Mister Woo, I am sure he will see it our way. Do you want your funding to go away? I am also sure we can get Hernandez at Taft to agree. She has an even less picky patient population... though far more needy. She'll love the extra funding, and tell me Doctor, how long until you go belly up? After all, how many of your patients pay for all the advanced care you so lovingly give them!"

"Damn you! I can go to the..."

"Feds, yes I am sure you can. Let's be realistic, that paperwork has been filed. It is a matter of weeks at the most. Now imagine, being the first Shock Trauma Unit in the nation to use it. You can even write some of the research papers Doctor. Don't squander the opportunity."

"Doctor Richter to see you Sir." Franz held Carlotta



still with his cold stare. Until Woo admitted her, she was going nowhere. After Woo nodded, she entered his office. It was decorated in Japanese style, with some paintings on the wall. The desk was the most impressive piece though. Hard Oak, with its legs carved in Kanji designs, inlaid in Jade. Woo stood, and walked towards her. His face betrayed nothing. She learned over the years that those of Japanese and Chinese descent had the best poker faces around. What they showed to the outside world was exactly what they wanted the outside world to see. "I trust you have something for me Doctor Richter."

She bowed her head ever so slightly. She did not believe in this showing respect by bowing, but he did. He held the money strings, so why bother him. "Hai, I do. This weekend the Homogenesis project is moving to Third Stage Clinical. We should be able to finally deploy it in the next year or so. That is of course, worst case scenario." Woo smiled, for the first time in years. It must be a compromise to her Western ways, she concluded.

"Good. My investors will be pleased. You have done well. One question, how did you manage to convince Doctor Pierson?"

"You only need to know how to stroke his ego Sir. That is all."

"Would you like some Whiskey? I ordered some Jack Daniels Black Label for the occasion." She nodded. He stood and served her some, while heating Sake to perfection in his microwave. She took the glass, and toasted with Woo. "To our continued success Doctor Richter. And if you have any problems with Pierson, we have ways of taking care of those problems." Carlotta Richter nodded, a cold shiver running down her back. She realized that the web was closing ever so tightly. She wondered if she would be able to ever leave, even if she wanted to.

NEW BENEFITS

Benefits are some unique abilities or advantages that give a character a particular edge on their existence. Each benefit cost a certain amount of character points, which the player must spend to gain that particular trait. The character may have as many benefits that they may wish as long as they can afford them.

Common Sense

Not everyone has common sense.

Like your grandmother said it, everyone one should have it, but that is not always true. A character with this benefit is able to ask the G.O.D., out of character, if they think whatever the players is going to do is the "right" or "smart" thing to do. Moderate the use of this ability, if the player starts using it in every situation penalize the character in some manner.

Cost: -4

Techno Geek

Do you have that newest upgrade yet?

This type of character spends more time on their computer then they do sleeping. This benefit gives characters a +2 to all their rolls when dealing with any type of technological device from a toaster to the highest end computer.

Cost: -1

NEW DRAWBACKS

Drawbacks are some special disadvantages that give a character a particular defect on their existence. The drawback could be anything from the constant battle between two foes that cause a Feud to a character that wishes everyone to know who they are with Public Identity. Each drawback will give character points back to a player; instead of as with benefits which cost points. When initial creating a character they may have up to a maximum of 12 points for drawbacks.

Femanazi

Girl Power!!!!!!!

A character with this drawback is so "pro-woman" that they are militant with their position. With such a militant position, this can become a problem when dealing with male people. In gaming term, characters with this drawback suffer an Average (-5) modifiers to all INFL roll when dealing with males.

Cost: +3

NEW SPECIAL ABILITIES

Special Abilities are specific abilities or items that are unique to each individual specific character. These abilities are completely separate from a character's Benefits and Drawback abilities. These abilities have an almost magical quality about them, from the implied power of a police officer's badge to the supernatural quality of a bodyguard able to sense danger. The following is a list of these special abilities.

Shadows

I am the night, and the shadows are my home.

A character with his ability is able to walk into shadowy or dark areas and disappear as if they are totally invisible. When looking for person all suffer a -9 to their PER roll. Due to the specific nature of this ability, character can only use this ability at night or in darkened environments.

Cost: -5

G.O.D INFORMATION

These characters should be used to spice up a campaign, if they do not fit your needs, feel free to change them as needed. Use their life stories as inspiration to make others. Remember, Haven is a rich place where anything can happen.

DIANA PEREZ ALCARAZ

Diana Perez Alcaraz is the National Correspondent for American Communication Enterprise Television on the City of Haven. She is a Haven native, which helps her understand some of what goes on in the city from time to time. Her first problem was to overcome the stereotypes of, being a female Hispanic and she has fought all her life against stereotypes. She is the daughter of immigrants, who wanted her to do good and she grew up in the heart of a Catholic Family, which spoke primarily Spanish in the Freeman Hill home. It was in some ways different from most households though. She was exposed from an early age to major writers of Latin South American origin. This led her to read voraciously, yet from the time she entered school she was discouraged from taking the hard courses by the school system because of what she was. Diana took them, sometimes to spite a teacher, most of the time out of pride.

Dianna excelled in English and literature, two subjects she loved from the time she was a young student. In spite of all the discouragement growing up, she graduated at the top of her class from Park Rodgers High School. Her grade earned her a scholarship to Freeman Hill College and her college years were in some ways the happiest of her life. She found her niche in the Political Science Department, where under Professor Carter Donovan she began studying the power plays of Haven City Government. She joined the student paper, and in her last year of school and she edited the paper. That last year saw the paper develop from a lowly student rag concerned only with the events of the college, to a newspaper that actually receive city wide acclaim. Those around the City of Haven got the message; she was somebody who could be nosy, if a story was present to be told.

Several of death threats from various sources followed her graduation and soon after, she joined American Communication Enterprise Television. The News Editor assigned her to the "Hispanic Focused" stories within the news organization. This was quite informal, but well understood in the newsroom. Minorities were to cover minorities centered

stories and since she was their "token" Hispanic, she should cover all stories involving Hispanics. Diana fought against this stereotype bringing it to the attention of national media. This should have normally ended her career in Haven media, but the national manager for local affiliates decided to give her a break. She became the Haven National Desk Reporter for American Communication Enterprise Television. Many of the local politicians fear her as being a winner of several Pulitzer Awards she has become quite untouchable in the local Haven press.

Dianna was present for the opening of the Haven Memorial Bridge. She was one of the first reporters to go live on national media and report this terrorist attack by Helix to a stunned nation. Three months later, she was one of the first reporters to suggest that not all was well with the Santucci and Carlucci organizations. She received several warnings by people in influential high places. She knew that keeping quiet was not what makes a good reporter and since the people have a right to know. Though at times, personally she wished she did keep quiet.

Three years ago, she found herself in the middle of a breaking story. While eating dinner at a fine five star restaurant on Arcadia, the Red Lion, the night was pierced by gunshots. She like many of the patrons dived to the ground. When the area was "all clear", she stood, she ran outside towards a circle of people. In the distance, she saw a speeding white sedan and on the ground were the lifeless body of Nick Perrier and some of his bodyguards. The red stain of blood began running towards the gutter, the blood stained her fine silk nightgown and the victim's wide-open eyes told her she had a story. Going back to her reporter's instincts, she grabbed her cell phone and called the station requesting a camera crew at the location and within five minutes she was disheveled but on the air, beating all others to the story. The body even made it to the evening news, before the coroner was able to cover it with a sheet. The cold staring eyes of the dead man were too much for the Carlucci organization to take. She received several death threats and several of the top honors in reporting over this story.

These days she covers the City of Haven knowing that she may not make it to next morning. She was

DIANA PEREZ ALCARAZ

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
16	17	12	16	16	17	49
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
17	16	15	16	17	14	16

Skills: Political Science +2, Bureaucratic +2, History +1, Computers +1, Streetwise +1

Languages: Spanish (Native) 17, English 15, German 6, Latin 9, Portuguese 9

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Arcadia), Connections (American Communication Enterprise Television), Iron Will, Natural Linguist, True Sight

Drawbacks: Personal Constraint (Family comes first), Phobia (Of Heights), Power Hungry, Traumatic Flashback (The dead at the bridge still haunt her)

Quote: If it is fit to print, I am going to find out about it.

offered several positions outside of the city and internationally some months back, but she refused them even though they would have aided her career.

Haven is her home. Her reporter instincts told her that the story hot stories were here in the street of Haven and she knows that those in power fear her pen.

REBECCA BEN ARI

Some say that some people are born lucky. Others say that some people are just lucky. The difference may seem to be just in the words. If you are to prove whether you are lucky then you should be, play Rebecca Ben Ari. She walked into the Royale some year's back as most tourists do, soon after it opened. She played some hands of poker and quickly began beating the house. The Bouncers tried to find out what she was doing, but seemed she was just too lucky.

When she won twenty thousand in one night, they really got onto her, like vultures. When she started repeating those winnings next night, they got even more suspicious. They believed she was cheating.

Truth be told she was not. She was just very lucky. Though her luck started when she entered the Royale. Seems that she cannot repeat this level of winnings anywhere else. It also seems that the rest of her life has not been that lucky. Though in the recent past she has authored a book, How to Beat the House: The Legal Way. All the things she lists in that book are not illegal. Nor can any casino truly kick her out.

Over the last three years she has won over five million dollars at the Royale. The House has tried to refuse her service, but the new immigrant card, and minority did not play well with Judge Maynard Reynolds. They had to allow her to play. Hence, the Royale has started paying her comps, so she will not play. It is far cheaper to give her a free dinner, at the best restaurant in the house, and a show than to have her at the table. They are sure that sooner or later they will find what she does. For the moment they just observe, waiting for the day when she will slip, and give them an excuse.

She enjoys the comps, as well as the attention. Whenever she comes in, she draws a public to watch

her play. More than one of the high rollers has asked her for tips. After all she beats the house more often than most. These days she hands them a copy of her book, which is sold at any Arcadia bookstore. Those who have bought it, swear that their game has improved. Though the Casinos are thankful that even if the players believe in this voodoo, it has not been the case. If their luck has improved it has not been that significant when they have to worry.

These days Rebecca Ben Ari lives in the lap of luxury at Aunt Hack. This is quite a contrast from her first digs at Loser's Row, where she could barely afford a one-room shack. Moving away from that place and the rats, to Aunt Hack is quite a contrast. She is happy that she has been able to afford the change. She is painfully aware that with her gambling habit she may find herself back at Loser's Row if she is not careful. She has taken a good percentage of her winnings and placed them in investments, not to be touched unless she loses her magic touch.

BLACK WIDOW

The Black Widow came to Haven from a bad life, and went into a worst one. She is believed to be in her mid-thirties, but looks can be deceiving. She looks more like in her mid-twenties. When she arrived in Haven nobody knew who she was. In fact that hasn't changed, still today knows who she is. The only thing that people know is that when a young jock from any of the High Schools on Golden Hills disappears, there is a good chance that he will be dead within seventy two hours. There are those who claim to have met her describe her as a woman with very transparent skin. It almost looks like she is a modern day vampire. Of course, nobody that can be trusted has lived through the experience, hence confirming it.

When she arrived in to the City of Haven nobody cared. She was but another woman getting off the bus and hitting the streets. She disappeared into the maze of the Zone, and truth be told, should have never been heard from again. Yet, she was a very angry woman, and was going to get even with those who had hurt her.

REBECCA BEN ARI

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
14	16	16	16	15	15	46
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	15	16	15	15	16	15

Skills: Actor +2, Gambling +3, Military Science +2, Streetwise +2.

Languages: Hebrew (native) 15, Arabic 7, English 15, Yiddish 9

Benefits: Eagle Eye, Lucky, Eidetic Memory, Future Days.

Drawbacks: Distinguishable Characteristic, (scar on her chin, from her time in the Army), Pursued, (Bouncers), Secret (She actually counts cards, but nobody can prove it)

Special Abilities: Sixth sense

Quote: If you follow my method, you will get rich too!

BLACK WIDOW

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
15	14	15	16	16	15	45
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
15	16	15	16	16	16	15

Skills: Actor +2, Disguise +2, Streetwise +2, Tracking +2, Trivia (Sports) +2

Languages: English (Native) 20, English (British) 19, Spanish 16, French 13

Benefits: Area Knowledge (The Zone), Gifted Fighter, Eagle Eyes, Enhanced Hearing

Drawbacks: Distinguishable Characteristic (Very pale skin), Hatred (Men, Sport Jocks in particular), Pursued (Haven Police) Pursuing, (Jocks)

Special Abilities: Predator

Quote: Come with me and let me show you some fun, really!

It started one evening in April: A local teen from Thomas Jefferson High School who met a girl at the local mall. She invited him to dinner, and even paid for his meal. She was able to wine and dine this young man to his heart's content. There were promises of even more fun, in darker ways. Though her idea of fun was not quite the young lad expected. They went out a couple more times, once to the movies and once to the mall. The second time he did not come home. After several days his family reported him as missing. Within a week a child found his battered body just under the Haven Memorial Bridge pylons, on the Rome Island side. The police fell on the scene like vultures, once they realized it was not one of the local trash. When the lab work was done, they found he had been sexually abused before he was killed. His genitals were cut off and missing. And he was slowly tortured to death. His blood was also drained.

If he had remained the only victim the police and the Feds would not have been amused, but at least an air of fear would not have descended over Golden Heights. Over the next two years boys, almost all

seniors, kept disappearing. It did not matter how much education was done to prevent this. It did not matter how many warnings were issued. They all had one thing in common, they were sport jocks and they were white. This MO scared the police, who put some of their best people on the case.

So far they know that this kid is actually a woman in her thirties. They also believe she arrived from a similar series of murders all along the North East. From what they know she is angry and was probably sexually and physically abused during her early years. They also know that the psychological profile points to somebody who looks extremely enticing to the young men she snares into her trap. Just as a Black Widow, she kills and eats her mate after sex.

ROSA CARLUCCI

There are some that wish they had it all. There are some that wish everything handed to them on a silver platter, with the accompanying silver spoon. Rosa Carlucci, by all appearances is one of those lucky few born with a silver spoon in their mouth. She

grew up worry free, and always protected from the worst sides of Haven. Like most female members of the Family, most of what happens was not for her ears.

When she finally entered Santa Teresa del Mar Catholic High School, the Nuns made sure to keep her as far away as they could from Haven news, especially news involving the family. That was part of the tuition. She grew up with the illusion that all was perfect. But this ideal life developed cracks. During her senior year she knew that something was not well. She asked her father about the family business but was discouraged from asking any deep questions.

Her father sent her to York University, where she attended the business program. University was to be a distraction, until a suitor came along. Rosa graduated from the program Summa Cum Laude, expecting to go into the job market. Her father had other plans, and quickly gave her a job in First Enterprises. It was the legal side, so she could not find anything unsavory, and again would keep her busy until a husband came along.

The next two years were almost like a dream for Rosa Carlucci. She did her work as assigned and managed to rise, ever so slowly through the company ladder. She quickly noticed that she was not getting ahead as quickly as she believed she should. Others assumed that she was getting preferential treatment, until she pointed out that the people who came into the company at the same time, were further ahead. She realized that her father was cuddling her, and keeping her in her place. Moreover, she realized that she was condemned to a life of privilege and she needed to escape it. This life was stifling to her, and her creativity. She resigned her position at First Enterprises to everybody's surprise. The afternoon she turned her two-week notice, the family thought she has come to her senses and would just go home. They could not be more mistaken.

Within a month she started work with Amazing Books, a small bookstore on Mill Ridge. She did not care that she was working for close to minimum wage. She was doing something that she fell in love with. Eating lunch at a local eatery, with espresso

and friends was very different than having the maid bring the best food that money could buy. Being able to wear jeans and a T-shirt, and be herself, was something she enjoyed. Rosa knew deep down that this could not last. Soon she was forced back into the family business. To her surprise though she was put in charge of the Print Media Division. She realized that this was his uncle's idea, but at least she was among her beloved books. She made that division hers, and this has developed into a large Publishing House that pretty much determines what Haven reads during the summer. Most importantly, Rosa is protected from all the predators of Haven...

MARQUESSA DEMONICA

Designer closets are her name, and your wardrobe is her concern. Miss Demonica is a Haven Native who grew up in Crystal City, in the lap of luxury. She has always known success, good food, and good taste. Others though have not been so lucky. Hence her start-up company, Designer Closets. These contraptions are in the houses of the well to do in Haven, and will advise them what to wear when. So, you need to dress for a power lunch, definitely loose the open collar shirt. You have that nice silk white shirt, with the red tie. That will go marvelous with your silk charcoal gray Armani suit... and don't forget the expensive, soft calfskin, loafers.

Miss Demonica is never caught with a hair out of place, or an outfit out of season. She is considered among the best-dressed women in Haven, and the United States. Her contraption has helped more than one powerhouse executive in the new Dot.Coms dress for success. They owe her more than just a successful day, but good impressions.

She is a patron of the arts, and uses the family fortune to support many social events. She is on the Board of Directors for the Dover Theater and gives generously to its productions. She believes that through the arts Haven will overcome its current problems and enter yet another golden age, where crime is nonexistent. She chooses to forget that life is not only art. Demonica makes a point to go to every performance of the Haven Ballet and Opera Company, except on opening nights for the Dover

ROSE CARLUCCI

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
14	17	14	16	16	17	47
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
17	15	16	15	17	15	16

Skills: Accounting +2, Bureaucratic +2, Finance +1, Gambling +1, History +1, Fine Arts +2

Languages: English (Native) 16, Italian 14, Spanish 13

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Mill Ridge), Connections (Carluccis), Common Sense, Wealthy

Drawbacks: Foolhardy, Personal Constraint (The family is first)

Quote: Let me do my art!

Theater. She is also in the Board for the Ballet and Opera Company and she can make or break careers.

At her behest both cultural institutions have opened training academies where the future will be nurtured. Children of all social backgrounds, but preferably what she likes to call, the “right” background, train side by side. Ballet is a young person’s game, and by the time kids reach sixteen they know whether they will make it into the Chorus or not. Most know as early as fourteen, where a part in the yearly performance of the Nutcracker tells them where they are, skill wise. Some leave this early, to go to other schools. In some cases the ballerinas that she did not want, make it in other Companies, to critical acclaim.

The theater is a tad more complex. You not only need the actors and stagehands, but writers. Demonica chooses what the Dover Theater Company will stage carefully, to symbolize what she considers good values. There is no doubt in the mind of any Stage Director that if she finds the material in the least offensive, it will not be staged. She may be one of the many voting members of the Board, but she

holds the purse strings. She handles these strings with an iron hand.

In the end, she is the most powerful woman in the world of fashion and good taste. Many of the shakers and movers of Haven go to her for fashion advice. She has become an institution in the Arts World, and people know that she will be mourned when she passes. She is not a young woman, but her daughter, Margerrite Demonica, is sure to follow in her mother’s footsteps, as soon as she returns from the centers of European fashion. So, if you need a suit to kill, whether in the business world, or literally, consult her. She is sure to help you...for the proper fee.

SHANNA "INTENSE" FINNIGAN

If you think that life in Haven only happens on the streets, I have news for you. There is a whole life happening in the computers that your children use. I have but one mission: to teach your teens how to

MARQUESSA DEMONICA

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
11	16	12	14	15	18	41
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
17	13	15	13	17	14	14

Skills: Actor +1, Bureaucracy +2, Fine Arts +3, Trivia +3 (Fashion and theater)

Languages: English 17, French 15, Italian 13

Benefits: Authority Figure (Arts Community), Connections (Arts Community of Haven), Wealthy

Drawbacks: Absentminded, Braggart (She knows she is the best dressed woman on Haven), Phobia (To dirt)

Special Abilities: Detect Flaw

Quote: Fashion is everything baby!

have fun in the safety of your own home. After all, the streets are not safe any longer. Between the addicts, the panhandlers and the gangs, nobody is safe, and we all know that cross-country fire has the right of way. Our games will address the need that any child or teen has to interact with others of his age group. Over the network they can compete in games of skill or in first person shooters. Most importantly, we make sure that our servers are kept safe from predators. When you log on to our servers, you can be sure that your precious ones are safe.

At least this is the line that Shanna "Intense" Finnigan likes to give to the Chamber of Commerce. As the President of Haven Virtual she knows that the future of entertainment is in the network. She is willing to produce increasingly immerse experiences, where reality cannot be told from a make belief electronic world. She also realizes how real the experience is, truly dependent on the hardware that the end user has. The children of Golden Heights enjoy her games with no concerns about hardware. They can afford to change their toys every 36 months; just as their gaming machines are becoming obsolete.

Neither do they realize that their favorite games are coded in a company led by a woman. The adults in Carson can barely afford three-year-old computers. These machines can barely run the educational programs they need for their children's school, let alone the high power games that are played on top of the line computer, on a top of the line network.

Shanna believes that a true sense of community will be achieved only when all have access to the network. The games she produces are great for stress relief. Though the software her company produces is not limited to games and virtual entertainment; many businesses across Haven and the world make use of her business applications. Her company writes some of the most advanced office applications in the world, requiring cutting edge machines to meet the ever-rising minimum specifications of the machine. With a service pack upgrade every quarter and a newer slicker version every year. She has instructed her Software Engineers to time the latest OS with the speed revolution that follows computers every eighteen months. Like clockwork, the OS is put out on time, every time, no excuses.

Some say that Shanna Finigan only wants your money, but when all the business of the city is done on her platform, nobody has a choice but to upgrade. Yes, you could go for a competitor, but why? If you do, you'll be caught with compatibility problems. She is a very intense woman. Some call her "intense" behind her back. Nobody dares to do so in front of her. She may just put you in the list of non-favored companies. That means that you are not at the top of distribution when the new releases come out. Whether those new releases are the games that teenagers will buy with exorbitant allowances, the moment the stores open, or the latest applications, is immaterial. She has the fate of many a business in her hand, and she loves that power. She tries to ignore the fact that the Media accuses her for the increase in school violence. She counters, "if parents have a problem with my games, don't let them play them. When did parenting become my job?" Of course the jury is still out on this. Some politicians would love to close her down. Some rumor that the DA is getting a case ready against her. Others say that if anybody breaks her company, it will be under

pressure from the true players in Haven. And anyway, her games are far less violent than any evening news report from the Zone.

DOCTOR VICTORIA ISABELLA HERNANDEZ

Life in the small town where Doctor Victoria Hernandez grew up was different than in America. Against the wishes of her parents she volunteered with the ambulance service. There was no advanced ambulance care, or even descent primary care. The mantra was pick them up and drive as fast as you can to the nearest hospital, about an hour's drive from her station. Moreover, the only ambulance in town was not the easiest to run, because of a lack of parts. She vowed that when she grew up, she would become a doctor, to help her town leave this behind. She knew there was something better, thanks to the marvels of television. She did become a doctor, but has yet to fulfill that promise to return home. Though she has found a new, and just as important, mission in life.

SHANNA INTENSE FINNIGAN

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	15	17	15	16	14	43
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
15	14	16	15	15	17	14

Skills: Accounting +2, Bureaucratic +2, Computers +3, Law +1, Philosophy (Business) +1

Languages: English (Native) 15, German 13, Irish 11

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Silver Springs), Authority Figure (Computer Industry), Wealth

Drawbacks: Foolhardly, Power Hungry

Special Abilities: Future Days, Techno Geek

Quote: When did parenting become my job?

Today she is the Medical Director of the Shock-Trauma unit at Rome Island Hospital, and the soul that keeps this urban MASH unit running.

When she meets new staff she takes them on a tour of the hospital. Her tour starts at the ambulance bay, where the original doors to the ER still stand. She usually points to the bullet holes framing the doors before she tells her new staff why there is an actual Red Cross flag fluttering in the wind. This is the place where she stood, expecting to die at any moment, while protecting a patient. Two gangs were shooting at each other in the parking lot, and at the Ambulance Crews as they rushed patients inside. One Paramedic and two nurses had already lost their lives in the line of duty that day. Doctor Hernandez had already responded with a paramedic to one of the worst shootings of the day, to bring a twelve-year-old in, an innocent bystander. The ambulance barely made it, as it was scored with multiple bullet hits. The child was in surgery. That day Rome Island Hospital made the national news. Most young

doctors, nurses or paramedics also know that she will not ask of anyone what she is not willing to do herself.

Next day, the Rome Island Hospital Director did not report to work. The violence outside the hospital had subsided, but there was still some shooting going on. In a bold move, she calmly walked outside, between the two sides... and waited for both to lower their weapons. Then using a bullhorn she asked them whether they wanted the hospital to remain open. If they did not, as the new Hospital director she was willing to evacuate the hospital, and close it... until everybody decided to respect her staff, hospital grounds and her ambulances. Ever since Syrus has ordered his people to stay off, and will punish anybody who violates the sacredness of this place.

Outside of the hospital flies a Red Cross flag, which though technically not a Red Cross hospital, serves as a reminder to all. Anybody brought into the hospital for treatment has to surrender all weapons and identifying signs. It does not matter whether the

DOCTOR VICTORIA ISABELLA HERNANDEZ

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
15	17	15	16	16	15	48
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	16	15	16	16	16	16

Skills: Driving +1, First Aid +2, Medicine +3, Psychology +2, Social Science +1

Languages: Spanish (Native) 19, English 10, French 14, Latin 11

Benefits: Authority Figure (Rome Island Hospital Director), Connections (Syrus), Iron Will, Area Knowledge (Rome Island)

Drawbacks: Poverty, Foolhardy, Personal Constraint (Will do no harm, As a doctor she is willing to die for her patients)

Special Abilities: Tough as Nails

Quote: You keep your fight out of my hospital, comprendes?

patient is a cop, or a gang member. All are required to leave all marks outside the doors. Doctor Hernandez still likes to promise herself that one day she will return to her small town in Latin America, to practice medicine. For the moment she knows that her calling is here, in the middle of this urban war zone. She may not be a gringo doctor, but she earned the respect of Syrus. She had chutzpah, to use the term used by the National Media. For that the common People of Rome Island owe her their medical center, and an island of peace in an ocean of madness.

WARDEN MARY HIGGINS

Those who commit crimes deserve to rot in jail. At least this is what Warden Mary Higgins of the Constantine Island State Prison believes. Her realm is one step from hell and many from heaven. She ensures that this place remains this way. It is not a hotel, but a prison. Warden Higgins is a short woman, in her forties. She began her career as a Police Officer in the Haven PD. As a beat cop she saw the best that humanity has to offer, but those were few and far between. She learned to hate the scum of the Earth. She could not understand it, as many times as she arrested them, they were back in the street within hours. Why did they want cops to arrest them when the judges were going to be soft on them anyway? She is not alone but decided to do something about it.

After her fifth year in the Department she had enough. She resigned and went back to York University and earned a Ph.D. in Criminology. She applied to the State Jail System, and was assigned to Johnson Correctional Institution far away from Haven. This was a low security institution, where she worked as the assistant to Warden Marco Antoneti. Warden Antoneti treated his charges with a mixture of compassion and firmness that impressed the young woman. Most importantly his methods seemed to work on these prisoners, who's repeat rate was low.

After three years of service at Johnson Correctional Institute she was transferred to Constantine Island State Prison, as the new Warden. The Governor

assigned her to this hell because she is a Haven Native, and had contacts with the PD. When she arrived at this hellhole to take over, she was shocked to find that some of these animals managed to get lawyers to file in their behalf for mistreatment by the previous Warden. When she looked closely into the cases, she realized that these animals were abusing the system. One of those lawsuits involved the lack of chunky peanut butter in the eating hall. Another ridiculous lawsuit involved the use of one brand of soap versus another. She decided to put a stop to these abuses by the inmates.

She knew that she could not take it to the courts, because they did have, technically speaking, the right to sue. But at the same time they were abusing the system and clogging it from more important matters. She decided to use another tool: The Press. She invited all Television Stations for a tour of the facility. The Foreboding Island was to open to the people for the first time in years. Channel 4 and Channel 9 accepted and sent crews to meet the new Warden on a cold, blustery morning outside the gates. She gave them a comprehensive tour, filling it with details of the type of prisoners in the facility. Soon she also let drop the fact that some of her guests were filing lawsuits against the prison system. She knew that once those two specials hit the airwaves, public sentiment would force the legislature to pass laws preventing these abuses from continuing. She calculated correctly and within a year the State Legislature passed laws preventing this from continuing.

These days she rules the Island with an iron hand. Any breach of the rules by any prisoner is met head on. She knows that the place is a power keg, of racial tensions. Her guards know that some of these prisoners may be planning a prison riot. Some of them have nothing to loose, after all they are in the Big House for the rest of their lives. Some of them are in the hole, as most prisoners know the Isolation Unit. This is a sterile looking unit, where prisoners are kept isolated from everybody and everything twenty-three out of twenty four. She has also ordered the removal of the prison yard exercise equipment, and the prisoners are now working while chained together, on road construction projects

WARDEN MARY HIGGINS

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
15	16	14	14	16	15	45
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	15	15	16	16	15	15

Skills: Bureaucratic (Prison System bureaucracy) +3, Driving +1, Law Enforcement +2, Psychology +1, Streetwise +2

Languages: English (Native) 16, Spanish 15, German 13, Italian 10

Benefits: Authority Figure (Prison Warden), Connections (Commissioner Haddad) Eidetic Memory

Drawbacks: Distinguishable Characteristic (Scar on the left side of her face), Hatred (Criminals) Reputation (Warden)

Special Abilities: Cop Eyes

Quote: What we should do is throw away the keys!

around Haven. The striped uniform is back, and the guards all carry assault rifles. If any of these men should try to escape, their orders are clear, shoot to kill.

Those who behave though can live fairly well, given the circumstances. They will have TV and library privileges and two days off work instead of one. And those who are eligible for drug treatment can apply, and get it. Her view on this, "We are not coddling them, but a prisoner off drugs is a less dangerous prisoner. A prisoner whose mind is busy reading a novel, is far easier to control and a prisoner watching TV is far less of a danger to my guards." The days go on, in their endless routine, and Warden Higgins treats all her guests with the same ruthless efficiency. They are in jail, hence they have no rights any longer.

WINONA HUNTER

Winona Hunter used to be the lead singer for the Flowers of Haven trio. She went solo two years ago.

Her first album was distributed through the Internet, under the title Roses of Haven. This was a hard-core view of the city from one of her native daughters: One that did not have an easy childhood. Winona was born to a factory worker and a domestic servant. She suffered through many privations while growing up.

One thing that her parents did not deny her was access to music. They exposed her to as many forms as they could afford. Principally she listened to the classics, as well as Irish and Scottish music, in particular vocalists. Her parents surprised her when she was ten years old, with a guitar and some lessons. This started her on her way to a music superstar.

When she was fifteen she entered into a talent contest ran by Channel Four, and was selected by the judges for advanced training. They saw the potential in the young teen. Within two years Cornelius McFaden, the largest Haven Music Agent, picked her. She was quickly hooked with the other two

kids, forming The Flowers of Haven, with their first release, *Listen to your Heart* hitting the top of the charts within a month. They were a success, and Winona Hunter had more money in her pocket than she had ever seen in her life.

Soon she was tempted by the curses of the arts. She was offered alcohol and hard drugs at parties, after concerts. Men told her that if she wanted to go anywhere she'd better sell herself her mother kept an eye on her, and warned her against some of these bad influences. Like most artists, especially young ones, she succumbed in the end. When she was taken to Crystal Hospital after an overdose, her agent tried to keep it out of the Media. He did not succeed, and her photo appeared on the cover of the *New Revolution*. Her life seemed to have hit rock bottom.

Winona entered a drug treatment program at Crystal City Hospital. Within months she was declared cured and she hit the circuit once again. During those months she realized that her future was not with the group, and one night told them that. She found herself a new agent, and announced this to the world. These days she is still a teen idol, and an upcoming music star, with a bright film career. She is a true story of success in this city.

She learned from her brush with death after the overdose. She has given away a large percentage of her fortune to a new drug treatment center at the Order of Saints Hospital. When asked by a reporter why, she reminded the reporter that she came from the cracks in society. Today she could afford the treatment, but many in Haven cannot. This is her way of paying back and giving hope to those who have no other way of getting rid of the scourge of drugs and alcohol. Of course, this has not made her the favorite with the Red Wing Tong, but what can they do about it?

In recent months she developed an interest in strange happenings of Haven. Some say that her close encounter with death affected her. Others say that she met the true powers of Haven, like what is behind the Lighthouse or Milkbaby.

MAI KUROSAWA

Power is the only thing worth pursuing. The best kind of power is that which makes others aware of you. At least that is what this Haven Native and Content Manager for *Business Fortune Weekly* believes. Power is truly in the eye of the beholder,

WINONA HUNTER

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	14	17	16	16	15	43

INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
15	15	16	15	16	17	14

Skills: Artist (Singer) +3, Computers +1, Fine Arts (Music) +2, Occult +1, Streetwise +2

Languages: English (Native) 18, Spanish 7, Russian 9, Japanese 6

Benefits: Connections (Augustus Vargas), Status (Musician), True Sight

Drawbacks: Absentminded, Dependency (Heroin), Secret (Still Addicted to Heroin)

Quote: If I can beat it, so can you...

but money is the undisputed source of all-important. Economic influence and those who control its flow are truly blessed to have it. Unfortunately, she also believes that some in the city are unaware of this fact. She has made it her mission, and that of her weekly, to emphasize this point.

As a former trader on the floor of the Haven Stock Exchange she knows many of the tricks used to leverage trades. Some of these tricks are not legal. Since she never got caught, she did not care. Once she left the floor of the Stock Exchange for this management job at the Business Fortune Weekly, she knew that she was at the true pinnacle of power. Her recommendations on buys or sales meant that the fate of companies were firmly in her hand.

Over the last two years she had guided the Weekly in ever more conservative ways. She will cover events in any company in the Stock exchange, but her editorial slant is clear. Any company that supports liberal policies for their work force will be slammed in the editorial pages of the Weekly. One thing that will not make it into her pages is any criticism of the conservative agenda. Hence the Weekly has been

dubbed the Right to say Anything as long as it fits Kurosawa's views of the World Weekly. As it stands, she takes that as a good-humored joke. Though she does believe that some truly have no right to freedom of expression.

Mai Kurosawa is a large donor to many a conservative cause in Haven. She seats on the Board of Directors of the True Bearer, which follows a very conservative social ideology, including school vouchers and The Right to Life, as well as death penalty advocates. The True Bearer publishes a newsletter, which Kurosawa edits, where all the ills of Haven have been squarely set on violent video games and other media. Only if our kids were not exposed to these evil influences, Haven would not have the Zone. The solutions offered by the organization have been dubbed simplistic. In the end she is in favor of limiting freedom of speech for some.

Mai Kurosawa also blames a very liberal public school system for what ails Haven. In many ways she has avoided that system, and has enrolled her two children at St Joseph's Academy in Golden Heights, a prestigious private school. There, she

MAI KUROSAWA

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
12	16	13	14	17	15	42
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	13	14	15	16	15	14

Skills: Accounting +2, Artist (Editor) +3, Computers +1, Finance +3, Journalist +2, History +1

Languages: English (Native) 17, Japanese 15, Korean 12

Benefits: Connections (Financial Community), Eidetic Memory, Wealthy

Drawbacks: Hatred (Liberals) Power Hungry

Special Abilities: Future Days

Quote: If they stopped producing smut!

expects them to learn the basics, as well as respect for their elders and personal responsibility. Ironically, she does not spend that much time with her children, teaching them any of what she preaches. Soon enough she may learn that her son Hiro has been in some trouble with the law... when that breaks we are sure to learn about it, in the scandal pages of Haven.

JESSICA LANG

Jessica is what most people would consider a success in Haven. She is a psychiatrist at Crystal Hospital, and her patient list includes some of the most important people in the city. She understands about patient privilege, but the things she has been told could sink more than one patient in this city. She knows this and fears that someday somebody may consider her a risk that needs silencing.

She lives in Crystal City, in a security complex by Landon Street. It is a tall building, with guards both at the entrance and the parking port. This makes her feel safe. In order to get to any of the apartments, requires a security electronic pass. She is paying for this level of personal security for her own peace of mind and to protect herself from the powers that be. In the end she realizes that a well-motivated assassin would be only slowed down, briefly. She'd rather not think about it, most of the time.

Jessica Lang lives her life day to day. She has already survived two attempts against her life. She knows that sooner or later they will get her. She fears that day, not because she fears death. She fears that day because of her three-year-old daughter that would be left alone in the world. Jessica lost all her relatives in an explosion that destroyed her house when she was growing up. She was able to avoid going into foster care because she was two months from her majority. Hence, the authorities let her be. For that, from what she knows, she is thankful. She went into psychiatry to try to deal with her own pain, as many others do.

In her early years she took care of almost anybody who walked into her office. These days she is rather selective. What she does not realize is that she is

still looking for whoever killed her family. She found over the last few years that her father came to Haven under the Witness Protection Program. His new life meant that he was an industrialist, with stock in several of Haven's companies. That happened before she was born. Her only conclusion, her father was a member of the criminal underworld and broke the code of silence that binds all. For that, he was found guilty and somebody wanted him dead. Whether that took others with him or not, they did not care. She was lucky to survive. Today she knows things about some in Haven that could send them straight to Jail. If she decided to do that though, she would have to go into the Witnesses Protection herself and away from Haven.

She would not mind putting some of these folks away. If she could find the ones who ordered her father killed that would be sweet revenge. There are other places where she could practice medicine. There are other places that are far safer than Haven. Maybe that would not be a bad idea, for the sake of Sarah, her young daughter. After all, the dead don't tell any tales, and she feels she is running out of time...

JANINE "WOLF" MACKENZIE

There are those who live double lives. By day Janine is a well groomed and extremely attractive. She is a normal person, who will befriend just about anybody. She is also the daughter of Ian Mackenzie, of Mackenzie Enterprises, a small food distribution chain in Haven. She is the daughter of a man of wealth and power. Yet she does have a nasty little secret. She loathes gays and lesbians. They are freaks of nature. She learned this from her Priest and from her father. The only way to prevent their kind from perverting young minds is to silence them. This she will do, even at the cost of eternal damnation.

The family property on Crystal City is very large. Hired help maintains the grounds, but they all know not to approach a corner of the garden, which is downwind from the main house, most of the time.

JESSICA LANG

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
15	17	15	16	16	15	48
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	16	15	16	16	16	16

Skills: Artist (Painter) +1, Medicine +3, Psychiatry +3, Computers +1, Trivia (History of Baseball) +1

Languages: English (Native) 19, German 14, Afrikaans 9, French 7

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Crystal City), Status (Top Psychiatrist), Connections (Mayor Wright, Carluccis, Santuccis), True Sight

Drawbacks: Coward, Pursuing (Those who killed her family), Pursued (Red Wing Tong)

Quote: Those who killed my father will pay someday.

One of them once did, and was horrified to find a human skull, covered in soot and blackened by fire. That man quickly resigned and fled the home before Mistress Mackenzie came home. He feared for his life. She could be mercurial, and nobody would miss an illegal alien anyway.

Every so often Janine dresses in provocative ways and drives to Freeman. Most of the gay bars are on Third and Constitution. She parks her car near by and walks to these places. She will spend sometimes months laying the trap for her next victim. She will befriend them. In some cases even sign petitions or go to pro-gay rallies. She will do whatever she needs to do to get them to finally come home with her. Those she invites are always individuals. She got two of them to come home once, but did not carry her plans because she feared she could not handle the two of them.

Once the trap is sprung, she drives them home or a near park on Crystal City, always at night. Once she has them where she wants them, she uses two stiletto blades. One will destroy the heart, while the other will destroy the carotid and vocal cords, simultaneously. Blood loss is minimal. The rest of the night

she spends getting the body to the shed on the grounds where she proceeds to burn them, until nothing but bones remain behind. Once that is done, she will bury the bones in shallow graves. When she finally goes to bed, after the final deed is done, she sleeps in the knowledge that one more pervert no longer stalks the City of Haven, or her youth.

Those two who she spared have gone to the police. They suspected something was amiss when they met her. The police listened to their story, but they do not have enough evidence to even request a search warrant. The rumors among the Gay community are that they do not do anything because of the nature of her victims.

Mackenzie also believes that her actions will lead to the final cleansing of the world, which will precede a magical rebirth of the world. How she marries her religious beliefs and these voices in her head, nobody really knows. But in this way she is preparing a suffering world for the Second Coming and the arrival of the end of days.

JANINE WOLF MACKENZIE

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
15	16	14	16	16	17	47
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
17	16	16	16	17	15	16

Skills: Actor +2, Forensic Medicine +3, Law Enforcement +2, Medicine +1, Occult +2

Languages: English (Native) 15, German 12, French 13, Gaelic 10

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Golden Heights Gay Bars), Gifted Fighter, Lucky, Sex Appeal, Soothing Voice

Drawbacks: Foolhardy, Loner, Power Hungry, Hatred (Homosexuals), Pursuing (Homosexuals) Pursued (Haven Police Department Special Victims Unit)

Special Abilities: Predator

Quote: There can only be one kind of peace for your kind, that given by the knife.

ERICA VAN MATHIESEN

Revenge comes in many ways. Some like to use the cold steel of a blade. Others hire muscle to put some lead into the chosen victim. Yet others use the power of the written word to destroy those they hate. Erica is willing to use any and all of the above. She is a very calm person, and very hard to anger. When she finally angers, you will know it. Though her preferred method has nothing to do with blood, or lead, but with electronic bytes.

By day she is an Information Technology Specialist at Trinity Biotechnology. At night she transforms into a hunter who goes after her victims with relentless energy. She is not a creature of the night, at least in the mythical sense. But she is a vampire that will go after a fresh trail of blood. Especially when that trail involves the innocent.

She hates those who force the young to pose in pornographic trash. She hates those low lives that force these innocent children into a relationship of secrets and pain. She carries well within her the

scars of her own former life as a pornography victim. She was but nine when her Preacher called her to the Rectory and introduced her to this game between the two of them. It was to be a secret between the two of them. When she reached Menarche the Preacher introduced her to the joys of the camera, and forced sex. When she was fourteen she fled from her home, when she found she was pregnant by that same preacher. Fortunately Haven Police did their job, for a change. They gathered the evidence and prosecuted this devil incarnate. She went through the terror of testifying against him, and many years of seeing the Psychiatrists and psychologists who tried to convince her that men were not essentially evil.

She has a friend in the police. Erica believes she is a fellow kin that went through those horrors. That fellow kin will let her know of hot cases that Haven PD cannot touch, but the Feds could... only if evidence was found in their Hard Drives. Them bastards have gotten far better over the years. These days they no longer have the goods at home, hence you need to plant the goods. Its not kosher, and maybe they have gotten the wrong beast a couple

ERICA VAN MATHIESEN

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	14	15	13	18	14	40
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
14	13	15	16	16	17	13

Skills: Computers +3, Electronics +2, Forgery +2, Law +1, Law Enforcement +1

Languages: English (Native) 19, Chinese 12, French 12, German 6

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Crystal City), Connections (Detective Marco Fernandez, Haven Police Department Special Victims Unit)

Drawbacks: Dependency (Alcohol), Hatred (Pedophiles), Pursuing (Pedophiles)

Special Abilities: Techno Geek

Quote: If you even think about it...

times, but most of them were guilty. Just that they did not know how guilty. Of course it should really be up to God to separate the guilty from the non-guilty, as far as she is concerned.

Usually those are long nights for Erica. She spends the night breaking through sometimes multiple layers of security, until she has a true break into their hard drive. She rummages through their drive. Most often than not she actually finds the evidence, in hidden files. She knows that at this time she just needs to set the keys so the Feds will have an easy time finding it on the first try. Rarely she has to seed the drive with photos and other files. Once the Feds find this in anybody's drive, well they have an easy day convicting the animal in Federal Court, where all the connections of Haven are quite useless. Even when they get out, they are known as Pedophiles and have to register with Haven PD. Their lives are over. So what? How many other lives have they destroyed?

CONNIE MCPHERSON

Haven natives come in many forms. Some survived the worst that the city could throw at them. Others grew in the lap of luxury, and learned their trade from their parents. Yet there is the third kind. Those are the ones who wish they were left alone. Connie McPherson is just that type. She wishes that the edge of Haven's blade had never touched her. Alas it did, and changed her life.

When growing up in Mill Ridge she never expected her life to be any different than any other classmate of her at Franklin Delano Roosevelt High School. She told her close friends that she looked forward to attending York University after finishing her lower division studies at Freeman Community College, and just get on with life. She may have thought about police work, but knew it was too dangerous. She was looking forwards to finishing her degree in Interior Design, and a quiet life selling furniture, just like her parents. She was not looking to live an exciting life. Like most, she lived vicariously through the media, which showed the uglier side of Haven.

CONNIE MCPHERSON

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
14	17	14	16	16	17	47
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
17	15	16	15	17	15	16

Skills: Actor +2, Chemistry +1, Forgery +1, Law Enforcement +2, Streetwise +3

Languages: English (Native) 15, German 13, Korean 10, Japanese 6

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Mill Ridge, The Zone), Gifted Fighter

Drawbacks: Dependency (Drugs), Pursued (Haven Police Department), Psychological Disorder (Phobia of enclosed places)

Special Abilities: Berserk Rage.

Quote: You want to try this, trust me...

Her life turned into something very different one spring day while attending classes at Freeman Community College. That day a classmate of hers introduced her to the white powder called White Ecstasy, and she was instantly hooked. That day her dreams were shattered and her life was no longer hers.

A week after she first tried the drug, Connie realized that this was a very expensive habit. If she was going to continue using she would have to sell the stuff. She became a low-level pusher, at Freeman. She was perfect for that. She was not suspicious since she did not look the part of the classic drug addict or pusher. Yet, her attention at school drifted from academics. Her instructors noticed that her grades went down. One of her professors called her to his office, out of concern and noticed her shift eyes and hyperactive stance. He offered to find her some help. She refused it. She walked out of that office, and out of the college never to come back. She entered a new world, and not one that any sane person would follow her into.

Her friends realized that she disappeared from the face of the city. After a few days she was reported to the police as a missing person. Haven PD gave this case the priority and attention usually given to these kinds of cases, which is not that much. When the Police finally came in contact with her, it was in the Zone, when she was found drugged out of her skull, and raped. They sent her to the hospital and contacted her relatives. They did not want anything to do with this. She continued to slip down that road of despair. Over the years encounters with the police increased, as well as her tuition in the school of hard knocks. These days she is rumored to control the flow of White ecstasy in the Zone. She runs a network of pushers that have gone so far as to go to her old High School and get ever younger kids hooked on the drug, with free samples embedded in trading cards, or small colorful pieces of cardboard. The sharp edge of the knife touched her, and she was not able to pull away. Today she is pressing that blade onto others, and it seems nobody is willing to do a damn thing about it...

ANDREA TERESA NORIEGA Y GUERRA

Some travel to Haven for the sights. Some come to Haven for artistic inspiration. Some are fleeing from oppression in foreign lands. Andrea Teresa is an example of one of the latter. She is a well-known Latin Writer that left her home country due to political persecution. After her arrival in America she had many choices, but decided on Haven as her new home. She came to Freeman Hill like many before her. She settled into a small house, living from a meager income coming from Royalties and investments. She knew that sooner or later she would have to start writing again. The artistic muse in her demanded it.

Andrea began walking the streets, looking for stories. The coffee shops that invaded Freeman Hill, like any other place in America, offered a civilized heaven from the darkness slowly enveloping the city. She felt it chilling her bones. When Helix blew the Haven Memorial Bridge she felt a cold sharp wind

blow over the city. She escaped from those who did not agree with her politics, only to come to an even darker place.

Andrea saw it in the children of the Barrio. They became increasingly intense. It was this, which she saw at one time before the political troubles began back home. Haven was a very rich place for a writer, but her heart was increasingly heavy. She knew that Haven's future was dark.

Her first series of Haven short stories were published by Haven Magazine four years ago. After that she began a series of stories detailing the life and death of a fictional character, Marco Aguilar. Marco was the archetypal barrio kid. He is also the son of immigrants, who gets tangled in a web of intrigue. His life and death is supposed to be a clarion warning about the future of Haven in general, and Freeman Hill in particular. The pen, as she knows, is far more powerful than the gun. In the end, the pen will defeat the gun. Some will die in the process, and if God wills her to die, so be it. She fatalistically accepts her fate. But she is unwilling to go without a struggle.

ANDREA TERESA NORIEGA Y GUERRA

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
12	16	13	14	16	15	42
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	13	14	14	16	15	14

Skills: Artist (Writer) +3, Computers +1, Journalism +2, History +2, Political Science +1

Languages: Spanish (Native) 19, Latin 15 English 8

Benefits: Lucky, Soothing Voice

Drawbacks: Poverty, Secret (She lost a friend in the Dirty War, that is why she fled), Traumatic Flashback (The death of her friend, in the dead of night)

Special Abilities: Future Days

Quote: They don't scare me!

Over the last year or so she has received death threats from the white supremacists. She has become a leader of the Latino community, and has stood up to the likes of the Templar Knights. She knows the danger of doing that, but also understands that those who are willing to presume her to stay quiet, will take her life one day. Last month her car was torched in front of her house and a card was left behind. It was from "Rose", a Knight member. Andrea has received phone calls. She has been told by a mysterious voice that her car's fate will follow her. Andrea fled once from political persecution, and is not about to leave Freeman Hill and her people to the likes of the Templar Knights. Problem is, even though the police has the evidence, so far they have been unable, most likely unwilling, to do anything about it. After all, she is but an immigrant and the Knights most contribute to the graft in the city. Where she comes from that is common, hence it does not surprise her. Everyday, she goes on. She writes her short stories, knowing that they are reaching more than just Spanish Speakers. She is also a positive role model in an increasing sea of hate and darkness.

GENEEN O'BRIAN

They say that what ails Haven is the rampant crime. When the news media talks about crime, they usually mean street violence. Most overlook the proper and well-dressed thousands of office workers, who commit crimes of other sorts. Geneen O'Brian is but one of the thousands that goes to work, from nine to five every day. Nobody gives a care about the middle age office worker, who takes her seat every morning at New Age Electronics, a new dot.com in Crystal City. Her unassuming demeanor allows her to complete her dirty deeds, under the watchful eye of Security.

Everyday for the last six years she has amassed a small fortune. Nobody has noticed her little worm program, in the accounting department. It allows her to siphon small quantities from each order. It may be a cent or two per order, but when the company is shipping thousands a month, it is nothing to sneeze at.

Geneen O'Brian rarely stays at the same job for more than six to eight months. She is known to leave as soon as she thinks they are onto her. It does not matter whether they are or not. So far she has been able to hoard a small fortune that on the interests alone would permit her to live comfortably for the rest of her life. But the thrill of getting away with it keeps her coming back for more. She knows that she is starting to run out of companies in Haven. She fears that she may have to leave a city that has proven quite profitable. Then there is retirement and living from her ill gotten booty.

Geneen knows that some may even pay for her life story. Though if she came out the Police would prosecute her for embezzlement. She does not look forward to spending the rest of her days behind bars. That is the only thing that stops her from trying to sell her book to a publisher. Though she has talked to an agent, and may still publish it under a pen name. That is, assuming the agent can keep the true identity of the author secret.

Geneen knows that sooner or later somebody will suspect her. She has a plan to flee and change who she is completely. She knows that some doctors will do the necessary plastic surgery that will help her hide. Most importantly what she needs is for any trace of what she is doing to be erased from the computers. She managed to write a self-extracting virus that will destroy all records in the Computer Network. It was used once already, when she was working for Genetech. They did not appreciate all of their accounts being wiped overnight, but there was not much they could do. When she left, there was nothing they could prove. For that she was grateful. Though Genetech has put the word out.

She lives in Little Saigon, where nobody cares about her. She is but one more of the working poor who has not been able to get out. Since she is just a round eye, nobody bothers her. Her neighbors ignore her, except for Miss Chan. The old woman has adopted the young woman, almost as a daughter. She takes care of the old woman when the old woman needs it. After all, in a strange twist of fate, they are all both have.

GENEEN O'BRIAN

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	15	12	15	17	16	43
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	14	14	15	17	15	14

Skills: Accounting +2, Computers +2, Electronics +1, Gambling +1, Thievery +1

Languages: English (Native) 13, Korean 12, Chinese 11

Benefits: Sex Appeal, Soothing voice, Lucky

Drawbacks: Foolhardy, Loner, Power Hungry

Special Abilities: Anti-Hero

Quote: Hey, I'm only skimming a little from the big corporations!!!

HEAD OF DETECTIVES SHANNA O'TOOLE

Shanna O'Toole grew up in Arcadia, though not in the lap of luxury. She is the daughter of Marcus O'Toole and Hanna Shae. Both are retired Haven Police Officers, who left the force when Shanna was an older teen. Because of lack of parental guidance, she went her own way in her teen years. Shanna got in trouble constantly, first with school authorities, finally with the police when she shoplifted a toy from Williams of Haven. She was caught by store security and turned over to the local police officers. The store pressed charges, but her parents interceded with the judge, before she was sent to juvenile hall. Since the judge knew that as a daughter of Haven Police officers, she stood a good chance of not surviving the experience in juvenile hall. Instead, she was enrolled in the resident program of the Winston Military Academy.

Shanna hated her parents for sending her to that forsaken place, where discipline was enforced with an iron hand, but soon though she found ways around it. She was never a stellar cadet, and is

rumored to have been behind more than one prank at the school. Commandant Redding was about to expel her after she was found with a stash of cocaine at her quarters during an inspection. The police were called and after they finished doing their investigation, the officer found the cocaine to belong to another student. Commandant Redding realized that he would look stupid if he pressed the matter, but kept a close eye on Senior Cadet O'Toole for her remaining six months.

The scare was enough for Shanna to straighten up and when she graduated, Shanna enlisted in the military to get away from Haven. She did her tour for four years and then signed up for an additional four years. She was sent to Military Police school, and found that she liked police work. She returned to Haven with a good conduct discharge under her arm, some experience in police work and an entire life of streetwise learning. She applied to the Haven Police Department and was accepted into the Academy. She graduated at the top of her class and was assigned to Station 49 on Rome Island, where she was expected to languish or get killed. In spite of this, she actually succeeded in getting out of the

Rome Island, and into Precinct 27 in Arcadia. There, as a sergeant, she broke some important cases involving what the cops call the “regular people.”

Internal Affairs was her next stint on the force. None of the officers likes the squealers and rats of Internal Affairs and they were shunned by most of the others in the “thin blue line”. Instead of making this a dead end assignment, Shanna made this a stepping-stone into the core of detectives. She discovered a couple shady deals by beat and mid-level officers. The scandal of these officers was nothing new but they did place a bad light on the department as a whole. Shanna O’Toole rose steadily through the Detective ranks in the Haven Police Department, some suspected that she has the ear of some of the city council members. She has gotten plenty of impressive deals, and her influence at City Hall was far beyond her job description in the department. When asked, she likes to tell others that she is a simple public servant, and that sooner or later Haven Police Department would have to enforce the law, equally.

ANTON PERRIN

When people first meet Anton, they are surprised. Her male name does not fit the image of her petite and very attractive form. She used to blame her parents for giving her a very particular curse. She was born a woman, but raised as a boy. In the middle years of her childhood she noticed that she was not like other boys. For instance, she always needed to use a stall. She asked her parents many a times why was she different from the rest of the boys. When she reached the age of nine Child Protective Services noticed problems with this young boy at school. He was a she, and was utterly confused. They decided that the best was to remove her from her family. Over the next few years well meaning psychologists and Social Workers tried to repair the damage made to her by her parents. They were not that successful, though Anton did accept that she was not a boy.

Her teen-age years were a maelstrom of emotions. On the one hand she was growing into a very attrac-

HEAD OF DETECTIVES SHANNA O'TOOLE

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
16	17	10	16	18	16	43
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	13	16	17	17	17	13

Skills: Law Enforcement +2, Driving +2, Military Science +2, Computers +1, Bureaucratic +2

Languages: English (Native) 16, Spanish 12, Cantonese 9, Russian 6

Benefits: Authority Figure, Connection (Haven Police Department, City Council), Eidetic memory, Rapid Fire

Drawbacks: Distinguishable Characteristic (Scar on Chin), Reputation (Cannot stand dirty cops), Pursuing (Corrupt Police Officers)

Special Abilities: Cop Eyes

Quote: If you think you are above the law, think again.

tive young woman. On the other she was still confused as to her gender. She was told repeatedly that she could bear children, which boys do not do. Her thirteenth birthday was a critical day in her life. That day she truly became a woman, when she went through menarche. She had no choice but face it. One week later she was raped by a social worker working for the city. She feared pregnancy, and not knowing much, she did not realize that she was not going to. The fear though, delayed her period by three months. Yet she did not go to the doctor. She was afraid of talking about this secret with others. The man told her that it would be good for her. All true women enjoyed sex. She did not enjoy the experience and would take many years before she allowed another man to get close to her.

Anton spent the rest of her teen years in self-imposed isolation. She knew that she didn't want to deal with others. She was truly afraid of any others that did not understand. She feared what others may say about her... and in fact classmates talked, behind her back, and molested her while in high school. She became a loner. As the years passed she overcame some of this. At college she met a young man, who

helped her through some of her issues. He fell in love with her, and wanted to "fix" her problems. Though she did not appreciate that, she realized that the young man meant no harm. Yet she was afraid of him and his desires though.

After two years she grew closer to him. She could not explain her feelings. They were alien to her. Every time she saw him, she wanted nothing more but him. She grew hot inside. When she mentioned this to a female friend of hers, she was told that she was falling in love. She could not accept that. Not her, she could ever feel attracted to a man. In time though she ended up marrying him. These days she has two faces. One face is that presented to the outside world. This is a very hard person, willing to go anywhere and to any extent. The second is a very sweet wife, who will do anything for her husband.

Her experiences though dictated her choice of careers. She is in charge for Haven's outreach programs to the poor and disenfranchised. She has a mission in life, and that is to make sure that those who need help feel safe. She will also persecute any charge of misconduct by her people to the full extent of the law. Nobody is above the law, whether they

ANTON PERRIN

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
14	16	16	14	16	15	44
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	14	16	15	16	16	15

Skills: Accounting +2, Civil Administration +1, Forgery +2, Law Enforcement +1, Social Science +3

Languages: English (Native) 20, Chinese 9, Spanish 9, Korean 6

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Freeman Hill), Connections (City Hall), Iron Will

Drawbacks: Personal Constraint (Will not talk of her childhood), Traumatic Flashback (Rape, she still shivers with it)

Quote: Nobody will do to others what was done to me.

are social workers, teachers in the school system, or foster parents. These reforms have made the Haven Social Services System a leader in the nation.

DANA PRICE

A Haven Native, Dana Price grew in a sheltered household in Carson, until her parents were killed at work. The authorities told the young teen that they were killed because of a gas explosion at their small store in Carson. She knew better, but was not about to challenge the people from Child Protective Services who took her in. She spent the next three years going from one broken home to the next. Some of these animals abused the young woman, but she had nobody to turn to. Who would believe an orphan? Finally at the ripe age of fifteen she decided she had enough and ran away from the last foster home she was assigned to. Child Protective might have searched for her, but hiding in the Zone with other runaway children, she was almost impossible to find.

Soon she hooked up with a small time gang, "The Badgers." They worked the streets for the Red Wing Tong Triad, even if they did not realize that. They were disposable assets, if worst came to worst. She was forced to sell drugs and her body. When it came to the latter she was usually high. She was luckier than most run away kids. A cousin of her father came to Haven and hired a private investigator to find her. When she was finally found, she was taken to her uncle, who took her in and cleaned her up. It was not an easy task, since she needed the drugs to help her forget, but not forgive.

In time she got better and was able to handle a more normal life. She attended Freeman College where she earned a degree in Social Sciences, intending to correct the problems of Child Protective. Once she graduated though she realized that working in the system was going to effectively silence her. Hence she decided to go in a completely different direction.

Using some contacts in the Empire City Newspaper, she managed to enter an internship. It was a matter of being in the right place, at the right time. When one of the Human Resources Employees left, she

applied and got the job. For the last six years she has climbed the ladder, ever so slowly. Dana has learned all she can about the business of news. The print media has been under intense pressure from the telecommunications revolution, with decreasing sales for the weekly. She proposed taking the paper on-line as an experiment, keeping it in print until the bold experiment proves whether it will work or not. She managed to convince her bosses to put some of the paper online, for free and as an experiment. So far the paper's electronic circulation is growing, with increasing hits. She expects to move from Human Affairs to the New Media Division in the next year or so, if not sooner.

Some in the paper fear her since she holds the careers of many a junior reporter in her hands. Moreover, her true enemy is Child Protective Services, and does not miss any chance to take them to task. She knows that someday she will be able to show just how corrupt the system is. Though even she admits that changes in the recent past have improved the quality of the service provided by the Department. Some say that the department is on the mend, but her hate prevents her from seeing this. Yet, she is a survivor from some of the worst areas of Haven. She has risen above her past, but in the end that past still-hunts her. Every time she sees a young child on a corner, pandering for money, she knows she came from that same gutter. Every time HPD breaks a drug case; she knows that HPD is not doing enough. She knows that her most powerful weapon against this corrupt system is her story, but sometimes she feels alone...

CARLOTTA RICHTER

Carlota Richter was born and raised in Germantown to a family of modest means. During those blissful years of childhood she learned absolute loyalty to family and neighborhood. This has remained a constant to her for the rest of her life. In spite of earning a better than average income these days, she chose to remain in her parents home at Germantown.

When she could afford it she attended Freeman Hill College and then medical school away from Haven. After her internships were done she applied to Cifier

DANA PRICE

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
14	17	13	16	17	14	47
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	15	14	16	16	15	16

Skills: Bureaucracy +2, Journalism +2, Social Science +2, Thievery +1, Trivia (The Zone) +1

Languages: English, (Native) 18, Spanish 14, Korean 12, Chinese 7

Benefits: Soothing Voice, Iron Will, Perfect Balance

Drawbacks: Dependency (Natrelixone, a drug treatment), Hatred (Child Protective Services)

Special Abilities: Shadows

Quote: Anybody can overcome hell. Just ask me!

to join as a resident in Trauma Care. Like most residents she endured endless shifts with an endless train of casualties. She knew she was reaching her breaking point when she almost reached for the Valium slated for a patient. She backed away from the syringe, sweat dripping down her face.

After that incident she talked to the head of the unit and obtained a leave of absence. She remained away from Critical Care for six months. Those were crucial months for her. She started reading about amazing advancements in genetics, first in the local paper and then in the Journal of Biotechnology, that GenStar Technologies sponsor. In a flash Doctor Richter decided that a slight career change was in order. Yes, she wanted to practice Trauma medicine since she would like to help people in need. But the endless train of refuses that came in from shootings and other gang related events convinced her that the patients did not want her help. Those who paid for genetic research though had a lot of money tied into it. The patients would surely appreciate the effort, unlike most of her trauma cases. After some searching, she found that GenStar was accepting

Doctors into their program. She applied without resigning her position at Cifier, surely an oversight, she would later claim.

When Cifier received the offer for that cash infusion from GenStar, it came with strings attached. Doctor Richter was part of the packet. She was to supervise all Clinical Trials at the hospital. The Medical Director lodged a complaint, which went nowhere since Cifier was in dire need of those funds. Doctor Richter's first day at work proved to be interesting though. The Trauma Director reminded her that she still needed to complete her residency. Doctor Richter politely reminded Dr Michael Pierson that she was no longer qualified to take care of the rift raft, and would take her months to get back up to speed. But then again, Pierson was not qualified to handle the kind of research that was now her domain, at the top floor of Cifier General Hospital. If things had remained the same she might have continue in the high-pressure world of trauma medicine. But she was now involved in the future of medicine, not the past.

CARLOTTA RICHTER

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
14	16	13	18	19	16	48
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	16	15	17	18	16	16

Skills: Biology +1, Chemistry +1, Genetics +2, Medicine +4, Streetwise +1

Languages: German (Native) 18, English 14, Portuguese 14, Chinese 14, Spanish 11

Benefits. Authority Figure (Genetic Research), Immunity, Soothing Voice, Status (Head of Research GemStar Technologies at Cifier General)

Drawbacks: Coward, Hatred (For street gangs), Traumatic Flashback (A young child who died in the Trauma Room, after being caught in the crossfire, her face still haunts the doctor at night)

Special Abilities: Techno Geek

Quote: Anything to help number one.

In many ways Doctor Richter has moved on to her upper level domain where some of the most advanced Genetic Technologies are used. Some of them have some horrendous side effects, but the good doctor expects to carve her name in Medical History. She knows that one of the projects is the development of artificial blood, that will put an end to AIDS and other blood borne diseases forever. The Ambulances parked at Cifier may one day be equipped with dehydrated blood. Who knows? Her contributions may yet include Advanced Trauma Care.

DREW SATO

Haven has produced some strange characters and Drew Sato is tops among them. She was born at Freeman Hill Clinic on a wintry December morning. Her mother started having contractions and her father decided to rush to the hospital. On the way he slipped off the road on some black ice, crashing.

Paramedics rushed her injured mother to the hospital and Drew made her entrance into the world on that ambulance gurney, just as they were entering the Emergency Room. There were a couple more dramatic entrances to the world, but not many.

Ever since, Drew has continued to astound and surprise people with her knack for the distinctive. Today she is the General Director of the Golden Heights Science and Technology University and Museum, better known as STUM. As the Director of STUM, she gets to choose and pick what technologies will be exhibited. Most importantly, she is to determine what is to be researched at STUM's laboratories.

Her main interest lies in genetics. She believes that the Human Genome project is the key to curing anything from Diabetes to Down Syndrome to High Cholesterol. The perfect human is not science fiction any longer, at least in her view. The ethics that some raise around the creation of the ubermench is nothing for her to concern herself with. She is but a scientist

willing to explore the edges of science. She will approve any experiment that will lead to that ultimate goal. She has no ethical qualms about the means to achieve it, or whether it is ethical or not, she also believes that those who can pay for these new magical cures should be allowed to try them. Those who are not able to, they are condemned to be part of an underclass, serving those who are perfect in every way.

Drew Sato does not let the reality of her humble birth stop her from her believing of the perfect being. Nor does she see that in the final analysis, her views are not that far off from those of the Templar Knights. She does not let those niceties of her own condition, as an inferior for most of her life, stop her from pushing for the perfection of the race through science. In the end she sees herself as proof that those who are better should be allowed to lead. She also believes that in the end, this is inevitable anyway.

In some ways she also believes that science will be the true liberator of humanity from the myths of religion, and the darkness of ignorance. Her mission as

she sees the museum, to educate the masses on what the future is bringing, insofar as they will accept the future better. She knows that humanity bred through better understanding of genetics is on the cards, and she also knows that it will be hard for most to accept.

Drew Sato has already cashed in on some of the early wealth in the world of Biotechnology. Some of the new medicines coming out of STUM's laboratories are changing the way we all see our world. They are also changing the way that science is advancing. Most importantly, now that we can read the Human Genome, it has changed the way we see ourselves. Whether the change is good or bad, is up for philosophical debates. While philosophers debate the ethics of biotechnology, STUM will push the frontiers of science forwards.

JUDGE SAWA SATO

Judge Sato came to Haven as an exchange law student to the University of York. The American Legal System impressed her. Within two years of arrival she met Michael Saint Michelle and against

DREW SATO

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	16	16	16	18	15	45
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	15	16	16	17	17	15

Skills: Biology +3, Bureaucracy +2, Chemistry +3, Genetics +2, Physics +3

Languages: English (Native) 17, Japanese 12, English (British) 7, Chinese 6

Benefits: Connections (Chow Woo Hon), Immunity (General Poisons)

Drawbacks: Power Hungry, Pursued (Environmentalists) Pursuing (Environmentalists)

Special Abilities: Detect Flaw.

Quote: Freedom through better science.

the desire of both their families she decided to marry the gaijin. After the wedding and a honeymoon, she moved with him into his home on Norfolk. She was ready to join the Haven Legal system. Judge Sato first interned with a small law firm. After a case involving money laundering, Forthwright, Flourney and De La Roche tapped her as a rising star in the profession.

Within two years she was handling important cases involving some of the big names in Haven. She knew that she had a bright future, but something bothered her. Her husband was working as a public defender with the City of Haven, on principle... he told her. He believed in serving the community. Her husband was the youngest child of a political family, and she understood he was following a script of sorts. In time he would run for political office. The experience gained at the Public Defender's Office was valuable though. He now knew how some of the people of Haven lived and died.

After many a sleepless nights Sawa Sato realized that her place was not defending the rich and famous, but to sit in judgment. She resigned from the firm before making full partner. The law firm was saddened to see her go, but realized that she was not going to change her mind. Soon the woman joined the Federal Prosecutor in Haven. Her favorite cases involved tackling racketeering and corruption. That alone made her a target for many a powerful group on Haven. After a year or so Assistant District Attorney Sato had no choice but take on a security escort.

After the Haven Memorial Bridge was destroyed Sato decided that her next step was a Judgeship. She had two choices: She could run for a local bench, or use her husband's connections for a Federal Judgeship. She decided for the latter. Within two years she was appointed a Federal Judge for the 11th District, and started hearing cases soon after.

Sato enjoys the life, if not the protection that she has to live with these days. She feels that her children are paying for her career moves. Had she remained with Forthwright, Flourney and De La Roche, she would not have these problems. Though these days she has had to excuse herself from a couple of cases.

They involved her former partners and most importantly, those she once defended. Some recent cases have involved the Santucci and Carlucci Clans, which she knows are rotten to the core. The Department of Federal Investigation has been trying to build a case against both using racketeering statutes. Though they are not having too much luck. Judge Sato is paying attention to this case, since she knows that it could impact her future as a Federal Judge. On the other hand, she has gotten death threats in the recent past, both against her and her children. Some fear that in the end the Judge will back off, so as to protect her family.

In the end she spends her days trying those cases that come before her. Most are the usual that are seen by most judges in any Court in the United States. Some will involve those who control what goes on in the City of Haven. Hence, she has to watch her back, and is thankful to wake up every morning.

VICTORIA "VIC" SAUNDERS

You need something found, Vic Saunders is your woman. She came to Haven some years back and set her office in the Four Corners. She did not fit in either corner, but it was good for business. Within days she got her first case. One of the local teens had his specialty bike stolen. Granted that would not be too much of a case, if it wasn't because the frame was hollowed out to distribute narcotics. This was one thing the teen did not tell her. When he placed one thousand dollars on the desk, she knew she had a job. Though at the time she did not realize the nature of the job. The teen concealed that the bike was worth over 20K with the crack cocaine stashed inside the frame. He was one of the young delivery boys working the area. Somebody took that bike and if he did not deliver it, on time, he was as good as dead. Two thousand seemed like the right price to pay for him to remain alive.

Saunders found the bike fairly fast, and was able to return it. The teen paid her the remainder of her retainer and moved on. As far as she was concerned, this teen was just a neighborhood kid riding a

JUDGE SAWA SATO

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	17	14	14	18	16	44
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
17	14	15	16	17	16	15

Skills: Bureaucratic +2, Law +3, Law Enforcement +2, Political Science +1, Social Science +1

Languages: Japanese (Native) 18, English (American) 14, English (British) 14, Spanish 7

Benefits: Authority Figure (Federal Bench Judge), Connections (Department of Federal Investigation), Eidetic Memory, Wealthy

Drawbacks: Distinguishable Characteristic (Thick Japanese Accent), Foolhardy, Pursued (Criminal Underworld) Pursuing (Criminal Underworld)

Special Abilities: Sixth Sense

Quote: Service to community is paramount.

specialty bike. That is what she was told, and that was her story. When the Haven Police Department showed at her door, to ask questions she realized that she either was lied to, or the bike was a sports bike. Either way, she knew that talking about this with the cops could be trouble. When the police asked her about the bike, she invoked client privilege. When they took her downtown, she refused to answer any questions. Truly she did not know what the bike had inside. Alarms came on when the young teen put one thousand on the desk, but she was not going to squeal. All they had anyway was circumstantial and weak at best.

Having passed her first test with flying colors she found herself with more work than she knew what to do with. If somebody needed a body removed, Vic was the woman. If somebody needed a package found, she was definitely the person. She likes to work out of seedy bars on Germantown, or her

office. The blue gray smoke, and cheap drink helps her think about the cases she works.

Over the last two years she has build a network with other private investigators in Haven. It is more than anything a society to protect each other's back. She knows this city, and some of its secrets. Most other investigators do as well. That alone makes them targets if somebody needs to be silenced. She carries a blue steel 9 mm Beretta, with three clips. One of these clips is loaded with armor piercing 'Cop Killers', and is kept in a false sole, while the other two have regular ammunition and are openly carried. Vic will use the AP rounds if she knows her opponents are wearing Kevlar, but prays that she never has to. She is not without morals however and will not work for any sexual perverts. She will do all she can to rescue their victims and return them home. This she'll do for free, if need be. Anything else, there is no job too difficult, or fee too high.

VICTORIA VIC SAUNDERS

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	16	14	14	15	16	43
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	14	15	14	16	15	14

Skills: Actor +1, Law +2, Streetwise +3, Thievery +2

Languages: English (Native) 15, Arabic 13, German 9

Benefits: Connections (Haven Police Department Special Victims Unit), Direction Sense, Fast Draw, Gifted Fighter

Drawbacks: Distinguishable Characteristic (Southern Drawl), Hatred, (Sexual Perverts), Loner

Special Abilities: Anti-Hero

Quote: No job too tough, no fee too high!

COLONEL DEBORAH SMITH

It is said that sometimes influence is earned the hard way. Colonel Smith is one of those who earned it in the school of hard knocks. She is a Steel City native, where she learned about survival of the fittest.

During her early years she had plenty of encounters with the Haven Police Department, which knew she had done something wrong, if not quite what. They never caught her, but she knew that due to the color of her skin she was suspect. Yet, she could not avoid her father's suspicions either. The man was a preacher, who managed to put the fear of God into the young woman. Deborah knew that she could not stay under the same roof. The day she turned eighteen she left Haven, not expecting to ever come back. The Army truck brought her to her new life and family. She did six years as an enlisted soldier and her record was exemplary. Yet she knew that she could do a better job than some of young officers coming out of training academies or ROTC. Unlike

most enlisted personnel she left the service, and attended College. While in college she joined the local ROTC program, where she excelled.

When she graduated from the ROTC program she was commissioned a Second Lieutenant and joined her new unit. It was a line infantry unit, which surprised her, but she was sent in as an administrator. Women were not to be deployed to front line units at that time, but she was an experiment, she reckoned. When her unit was deployed to a war zone she was not left behind, and soon found herself in a hot zone, with her and other HQ staff behind enemy lines. Lieutenant Smith found herself in charge of a company of combat soldiers, who were under attack. She ordered her troops to dig in for the long haul. She was not about to surrender her command. Her troops followed even though she was technically support. Command is truly in the hands of those willing to take charge. When the dust settled, Lieutenant Smith and her command managed to hold off a force five times as large. The Army realized that it was her leadership that saved that command. Every one in the unit received a unit commendation,

and most troopers received some kind of award. Lieutenant Smith received a field promotion to Major and a ticket to Staff College. The medal that was awarded to her, she accepted only in the name of those who paid the ultimate price. She claimed that she did not deserve it.

When Major Smith left Staff College she was ordered to a top command in the Army where she excelled once again. Though the brass surprised all when she was put in charge of an actual combat unit—a battalion of Light Infantry. In the beginning her troops, and in particular her senior NCOs did not trust her, and she knew that it was due to her gender. After all, her salad bowl included a combat ribbon and the Silver Star. Once they realized that she did not expect any special treatment, they followed her. They soon realized that she was not going to ask them to do anything she was not willing to do herself. When she was deployed with the Battalion for a peacekeeping mission she fulfilled that promise. During a patrol she was surrounded by local guerrilla troops, and after overwhelming her and her escort, took her prisoner, though she bought her troops the

time they needed to escape. The guerrilla held her for two months. When Army Commandos rescued her, she was given the option to remain in the Army, in spite of her injuries. She decided that retirement was a better choice, but the Army insisted she retire at the rank of full Colonel. She returned to Haven, where she realized she could influence people, especially at the Citadel. Today she lives in her home at the Citadel, and lectures from time to time, ironically enough, at the Freeman Hill Military Academy.

JOANNA "ROSE" SMITH

Rose is not what you would call common. She is a very private person, working in the shadows of the Templar Knights. Rose is rumored to be the heart behind the raise of the new generation in the proper way. Joanna grew in the depths of despair that is Steel City. Her future could only be summarized in one word: Poverty. If all things remained equal, her future would have been set as a food service worker at Carboni International Airport, but that was not to be. She was too perfect to be missed by W.A.R.

COLONEL DEBORAH SMITH

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
16	17	14	16	18	17	49
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
17	16	16	17	18	16	16

Skills: Chemistry +2, Demolitions +1, Military Science +2, Paratrooping +2, Military History

Languages: English (Native) 16, German 14, Serbo-Croatian 13, Arabic 10, Hebrew 9

Benefits: Authority Figure (Army Colonel, Ret) Iron Will, Natural Linguist, Marksman.

Drawbacks: Personal Constraint (Honor above all), Physical disability, (Limp from war time injury), Traumatic Flashback (Her confinement by the Guerrillas included rape)

Special Abilities: Tough as Nails

Quote: Service to your country is the highest honor.

When she was in High School she was recruited as a breeding vessel to the race. Her blue eyes, and blonde hair made her perfect.

Of course she was taught that her proper role was to breed as many Aryans as she could. This was the way of the Race, and she did not question it. Joanna became pregnant and delivered two perfect boys that were added to the Race, as new pure blood. Yet, she quickly realized that there was a problem with this. She knew that her children needed to be educated in the ideology of Racial Purity.

Joanna went back to school, to complete her High School Equivalency. After that, she decided, against the wishes of White Aryan Resistance to attend Freeman. She enrolled in the Social Science program, where she challenged her teachers at every opportunity. She was a true believer, but soon realized that outside the protection of the numbers of W.A.R, she'd better say what was politically correct. This was especially the case when she enrolled in a history class, when she was presented with the myth

of the Holocaust. She challenged her teacher, using every tool at her disposal, but the teacher threatened to have her banned. She raised the issue of freedom of speech, as painful as that may be for the college. Her views were not popular, but were protected speech. In the end she managed to recruit some into the movement. That proved to W.A.R that a college was not a bad place to send individuals. It all depended on whether they could find suitable candidates or not. In any event, they got the message out.

Joanna earned the nickname Rose during these years. She treated all, even those she hated, equally. She was like the flower in full bloom, which would stick its victims with thorns. In the end, she did not earn a degree, but a reputation at all colleges and universities, which denied her entrance into their programs. Their excuse was violation of their internal speech rules.

When the Templar Knights arrived in Haven they quickly realized just how valuable this Rose was. Joanna is a very attractive woman, and people

JOANNA ROSE SMITH

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
15	17	15	16	16	15	48
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	16	15	16	16	16	16

Skills: Cooking +3, History (Racial History) +2, Social Science +2, Streetwise (Steel City) +2, Weaponsmith +2

Languages: English (Native) 18, Spanish 13, German 10

Benefits: Area Knowledge (Steel City, Crystal City), Connections (Daniel Johnson, Templar Knights), Rapid Fire, Sex Appeal

Drawbacks: Foolhardy, Hatred (Minorities), Personal Constraint (Fear of the Authorities), Pursued (Civil Rights Organizations) Pursuing, (Minorities)

Special Abilities: Anti-Hero, Trick Shot

Quote: Someday a pure nation will emerge from this confusion.

listened to her. She is also very intelligent and can destroy most arguments very quickly through clever reasoning. Daniel Johnson recruited her to the Knights, promising her a more important role in the organization than W.A.R. was willing to offer. Moreover, they realized that she should educate the upcoming generation in the correct way. She quickly started a private school, where Templar children learn the true way of the White Race.

These days she can be found teaching young children during the daytime at their very informal schools. During the evenings she circulates the cafes of Crystal City, recruiting those with money, and proper racial profiles to the movement. She has not been involved in any criminal events, but some doubt that she will stay out of that for long. She is also known to carry a Luger 9 mm gun, for self-defense.

KATERINA "FAST FINGERS" SUBOVKAYA

Katerina Subovkaya came off the boat into Haven while in her mid twenties. She was trained as a doctor, but would have to repeat most of her training in America. She knew that she could not stand the idea of six more years of medical school, and decided that a career change was in order. It is the sort of career change that confused some in law enforcement. After doing some careful research and finding menial work in Germantown Katerina Subovkaya attended Freeman Hill College Computer Science program at night. While at the program she found an interest for Information Technology and ways to back door her way into Corporate Websites. In the beginning this was just a hobby, but in time she found she enjoyed the thrill of the chase. One year after college she found the underground Hacker community, and began breaking into any and all sites. The more apparent security on the site the better the challenge.

"Fast Fingers" moved into a shadowy world where computers rule. She offered her services to anybody who paid her reasonable fees. In the beginning she sold her services to small time companies or individuals. They wanted to get even with other minnows in a pool of sharks and she needed the practice. This

was a highly illegal pursuit. Part of the thrill was to stay ahead of the law.

Her first big score was a prank on the WWSN Channel 5 computer network. That blustery June day three years ago, the station became the news. All their computers went off line at the same time. All their teletypes were down for ten critical minutes. Some say that they lost the chance to report big news. That day, there was a demonstration in front of City Hall by some of the less fortunate in Haven. That demonstration almost became a small time riot, and Channel 5 lost the chance to report on it. Instead they became the news. They were in everybody's newscast. They became the laughing stock of other networks. That was until other networks were attacked in similar ways.

Within days the Haven Police Department knew they had a serious case. They knew that this prankster was not the usual Golden Heights punk, with too much money, too much time on their hands and an attitude. This was a professional that left little if any traceable information on the network. Others in the underworld knew that whoever had done that to major networks was worth hiring for their own projects. Fast Fingers started work for all the major players in Haven. She will penetrate any computer in Haven, knowing that it is the thrill of the chase that keeps her alive.

Companies have invested money in firewalls and routers, to no avail. If somebody pays enough money, she will get through, regardless of the physical or electronic defenses. Some say though that Fast Fingers may come out of the cold soon, and join one of the factions in this undeclared war. She is an asset, just as important as any Enforcer or Crew on the streets. Information is power. She knows it, and increasingly others have realized the same. She lives a fast life knowing that she may not make it to the next morning. Every break may be her last.

OMI "THE CAT" TANAKA

When the first body was found by the Haven Police Department in the Zone nobody suspected anything

KATERINA FAST FINGERS SUBOVKAYA

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
12	15	12	16	18	16	43
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	14	14	15	17	15	14

Skills: Computers +3, Disguise +1, Electronics +2, Medicine +3, Thievery +2, Streetwise +1

Languages: Russian (Native) 16, English 15, Polish 13, German 6

Benefits: Lucky, Connections (Santuccis), Sex Appeal, Eidetic Memory

Drawbacks: Loner, Psychological Disorder (Megalomania), Rivalry (With other hackers)

Special Abilities: Techno Geek

Quote: Information makes the world go round!

out of the ordinary. This is a city where the Police do not mind the bad guys doing the clean up for them. When the bodies started stacking up like cordwood, Inspector Haddad knew it was time to at least make an effort. What his office got back was not what they wanted to hear. On every body they found a small throwing star. Though it was clear that the deed was not done with the star, but rather with a sniper rifle.

What baffled the police was the nature of the victims. All of them were minor figures in Haven's underworld. They were from all factions, but mostly Red Wing Tong. The picture became quite clear after a couple months, there was an assassin for hire in the city. Whoever it was, he would take any contract. It was also quite clear that the assassin was very skilled. All victims died with a bullet in between the eyes, or behind the ear. The assassin became bolder, as the months passed. Finally she left a rose and a calling card, instead of her Throwing Star. The card read Omi Tanaka, Ronin for Hire. This was a dare to the police.

Haddad contacted the Department of Federal Investigation. Soon he knew that he was dealing with a pro. Omi Tanaka was the best-known Ronin Yakuza outside of Haven and she made a new home in Haven. After years most of her targets started making sense. They were low-level Red Wing Tong members, who died more out of sport or target practice than actual contract work. To put it mildly the Red Wing Tong has a price on her head. The Police want to talk to her, and other organizations are staying out of her way. She knows that some in the Red Wing Tong fear for their lives.

Omi "The Cat" Tanaka has contacted the Haven Chronicle, and offered them an exclusive interview. It was high time, she felt, to tell her side of the story. And while some believe she is ready to come out of the cold, the Red Wing Tong knows better. If she came out of the cold, she faces at least five life terms. That is why Annie Williams believes there is more to the story. She is facing at least five life sentences for Murder One, if not death. Annie Williams and other reporters believe that she wants her story told, and is ready to use the Chronicle as

her means. Either way, if Williams should firm up the interview, “the Cat’s” story would come out, and she is certain to earn another Pulitzer.

Some in the underworld believe that she was sent to Haven to scout for the Yakuza. What most do not suspect is that she is truly here on her own. The Red Wing Tong killed her parents five years ago while visiting the Gambling Establishments in Arcadia. She is here on a personal mission of revenge and honor. She knows that each of the Tong she drops, that is one less personal shame. If she can, she will drop every one of them. Though she knows that her time is running short. Sooner or later she will have to take contracts, in order to survive. In the final analysis though, she is saving the last round for herself.

SISTER THERESA

Sister Theresa joined the Benedictine order after a mid life crisis. She found peace and strength in the religious life, a centering in her life as she prepared

to take her vows. Some in her family tried to talk her away from this new life, but were unsuccessful. Her family saw this as a waste of her education skills and a waste of her life. The spiritual beckoned her though, and her skills as an educator would not be wasted, though this time they would be used in the service of her God.

When she took her vows ten years ago, she was given a choice. She was offered either an orphanage in Haven or a posting in a private school away from Haven. Sister Theresa knew that her calling was among the poorest of the poor. She gleefully accepted joining The Lord is My Shepherd Orphanage in the Zone. When she arrived in Haven, she was shocked at the conditions of the orphanage. Leaking roofs, were the least of her problems. Her staff, most were lay volunteers, had a very low morale. One of the problems the orphanage faced was the constant harassment by the local gangs, which had a problem with this beacon of hope in the middle of hopelessness and drugs.

Sister Theresa started her cleanup program by first

OMI THE CAT TANAKA

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
16	15	14	16	15	16	47
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	16	15	16	16	15	16

Skills: Disguise +2, Military Science +1, Streetwise +2, Tracking +2

Languages: Japanese (Native) 15 Chinese 14, Spanish 13, English 10

Benefits: Ambidextrous, Connections (Nubian Nation), Eagle Eye, Marksman, Fast Draw

Drawbacks: Loner, Reputation (Red Wing Tong really wants to talk to her), Poverty, Pursued (Red Wing Tong) Pursuing (Red Wing Tong)

Special Abilities: Chi

Quote: Honor is everything.

removing drug addicts from the block in front of the orphanage. She swept the street of dirty needles and bags with drug residue. She knew that her charges did not need that temptation. The addicts did not want help, nor did most of them leave willingly. The few that did, they did not want to face the Sister, who is a quite imposing woman.

Over the next two years Sister Theresa did all she could to make the Orphanage a beacon of hope in the urban blight that is the Zone. She knew that she could not change the horrors outside the gates, but could keep those horrors away from her children. The only times she had doubts about this was when the still of the night was broken by gunfire. Those were the moments she found herself under her bed, praying. More often than not the wailing sirens, from ambulances whose crews braved the zone to save a life, followed that sound. Some of them were killed while trying to remove a victim of this endless cycle of violence. The Police sometimes escorted them, most often did not.

She knew that the orphanage was not in a safe place, but the order did not have the money to move it. Finally a strange benefactor came to her door. It was

somebody she did not expect. It was Dominic Carlucci who was driven in, in a heavily armored limousine to talk to her. He had a deal she could not refuse, in spite of all her misgivings. He would finance a new building away from the Zone in exchange for a safe house, in case the need arose. This new building, on the edge of Arcadia was to be built to her specifications. The plaque should include his name as one of the donors. After some days praying in the Rectory looking for guidance, Sister Theresa accepted. Within a year the new, state of the art facility, opened away from the zone and the fire-fights. She knew that her charges had a far better chance to survive and grow up to be good and productive citizens. Some of her recent graduates are now at Freeman College, while one of them is at York. She knows she is doing some good, even if she made a deal with the devil himself. The city sees her as a beacon of hope and an example of good deeds, if they knew... if they only knew...

KAM "SHADOW" TRAN

Kam "Shadow" Tran arrived some years ago and melded into the shadows. Where exactly did she

SISTER THERESA

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
13	17	13	15	14	15	45

INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	14	14	14	15	14	15

Skills: Bureaucratic (Orphanage) +2, Computers +1, Psychology +1, Philosophy (Catholicism) +3

Languages: English (Native) 15, German 14, Afrikaans 13

Benefits: Authority Figure (Orphanage), Common Sense, Connections (Dominic Carlucci), Soothing Voice

Drawbacks: Foolhardy, Poverty

Quote: All the children can be saved!

come from, nobody knows. Soon after she arrived some began dying. In the beginning her hunting grounds were in the Zone and those were very specific prey. If she remained in the zone, most likely Haven PD would not care. Recently she was connected to the murder of two high school students from Crystal City who were doing some biology experiments, as well as a couple Enforcers for the Santuccis. The latter some fear they just got too close to her.

People who claim to have seen Shadow only say that they are alive because she willed them to be so. She is capable of walking the streets unseen and unheard. As a bad dream she appears out of the shadows to strike. Her latest apparitions were at Crystal City where she murdered a security guard. Genetech was her target. The people at Genetech are afraid that they have been targeted; and they are correct. They are now in her top-hunting list.

“The Shadow” as she likes to be called, is a very calculating woman, according to those who have seen her and lived to tell about it. She is cut from the same cold mold as Syrus and with her hunting grounds expanded a pale of fear is falling over the city. Though she has made it clear, those who are not guilty, or associated with the guilty, have nothing to fear. Those who are guilty, on the other hand, will face her brand of justice.

The pattern of her victims points to disdain for Genetic Engineering. The dead, ranging from the two homeless men, formerly in the management of High Tech companies, to her intended victims at Genetech point to this. Though her brand of justice is not what most would like to face. Cold steel across the throat is generally speaking not healthy. Some rumor that she is associated with the Rose. Others speculate that she works alone. Some have even suggested that she was a victim of genetic research, which might explain her differently colored eyes. Some skeptics have suggested contact lenses, which would lead to the same effect.

What people know is that Shadow is not a murderer for hire. So far, according to those in the know, she has refused contact by what she calls “mere crimi-

nals”. These people include the Red Wing Tong Triad, the Sangre and both Mafia families. She is a vigilante, and working for a better tomorrow for all of humanity. From what she has left on her victims the following is known: She worked outside of Haven for a Conservation Concern. She went fully underground after the approval of Genetic Engineering on human subjects.

Shadow has been even so bold as to leave a list of targets, which includes all of the top executives for Haven bioengineering firms. That has led to an increased security at all firms, knowing that they may face the music. Some executives have gone so far as to hire security consultants to protect their families. All are waiting for Shadow to make her next move.

TANYA UMANSKY

Tanya Umansky is a Haven rarity. She arrived at the Armistad Port Administration of Haven with nothing more than the proverbial shirt on her back, and made her small fortune without stepping on others. She wanted to make a new life in America, and Haven was a heaven of opportunity. Tanya did not know realize how hard this was going to be. Especially if she didn't want to cross paths with those who sold protection to small businessmen and women.

Tanya got off the boat ten years ago, and set a small delicatessen by the Four Corners, on Freeman Hill. The food of her home country was similar enough to most ethnic food in the Four Corners that she was a success. Her German home cooked delicacies and her imported goods were valuable. What she did not count on were the Dock Workers of America, who man the docks of the Armistad Port.

One day two well-dressed gentlemen came to her small delicatessen. They ordered Turkey on Rye, and black tea. They made her very nervous, for no apparent reason. After all a customer is a customer. Yet, most Americans she knew did not drink tea, but coffee. When they paid for their sandwich, they left with the bills, a business card. It was from the Teamsters Union. She called the phone on the card. She was told that she needed to pay her dues. If she

KAM SHADOW TRAN

STR	WILL	AGI	STA	INT	PER	HEA-C
17	16	15	14	16	15	47
INF	MV	ACC	FV	SUB	CM	HEA-L
16	16	15	17	16	16	16

Skills: Disguise +3, Demolitions +1, Genetics +2, Streetwise +2, Thievery +2

Languages: English (Native) 17, French 14, German 14, Russian 6

Benefits: Area knowledge (the Zone, Crystal City), Connections (The Rose), Soothing Voice, Wealthy

Drawbacks: Distinguishable Characteristic, (Left eye is brown, right eye is green), Pursued (Generic Engineering Firms), Pursuing (Genetic Engineers), Secret, (Failed in college and never made it to the Genetic Engineering field)

Special Abilities: Shadows

Quote: Nobody has the right to meddle with nature.

did not, she would have increasing problems getting her imports on time. They understood, she did not know the rules, and that is why they were lenient on her. But now she was given her one time warning, and had a month to deliver five thousand dollars.

Tanya had no clue as to what this meant. She asked around, since she didn't know what to do about this. Five thousand dollars was a lot of money. She did not have that kind of cash. Her two friends advised her to pay her dues to the teamsters, and shut up. How she got the money, they did not care. The symbol on one card's corner was for the Carluccis. You do not toy with the Carluccis. She did not understand what this meant, until next week, after she was late in payment, her order did not show. When she asked at the port, she was told that the Teamsters never brought it down from the cargo container. She went to the office to find out. They told her that if she paid, the cargo would be released. She realized that this was the under the table economy. It was very much in the gray and nobody cared. She tried to escape this kind of society when

she left home. There she paid the authorities, here to the Teamsters. It was the same thing. She paid.

Once that was done her cargo showed up regularly, as it should. This became but one more business exchange, and that was the end of it. Once she opened a third store though they demanded a larger protection fee. Fair, since they were handling more cargo. She included in the fee a free dinner for the teamster union President and his wife. Though the man was fairly low still in the food chain of the Clan. This was a corporate perk. Today she runs the largest chain of delicatessens in Haven, but she no longer pays protection. After she invited Dominic Carlucci and his upper management to her house, and they saw that she was paying for many of the kids at St. Theresa's Orphanage, they decided that her good deeds were far more important than the protection money. Moreover, she has created a business that is now used for laundering ill-gotten gains with no problem. It is an understanding between the two. She caters the company, and he does not charge her.

TANYA UMANSKY

STR 14	WILL 14	AGI 15	STA 13	INT 14	PER 14	HEA-C 41
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INF 14	MV 14	ACC 15	FV 14	SUB 14	CM 15	HEA-L 14
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Skills: Bureaucracy +2, Cooking +3, History (Russian) +1, Trivia (Haven) +2

Languages: Russian (Native) 14, English 13, German 13

Benefits: Connections (Dominic Carlucci), Eidetic Memory, True Sight

Drawbacks: Foolhardy, Personal Constraint (Fear of the Authorities)

Quote: Have another one!

It is an arrangement of convenience. And as another bonus, the restaurant at the Four Corners is a good place to meet. The Department of Federal Investigation has bugged the usual places, but they will not suspect a Delicatessen.



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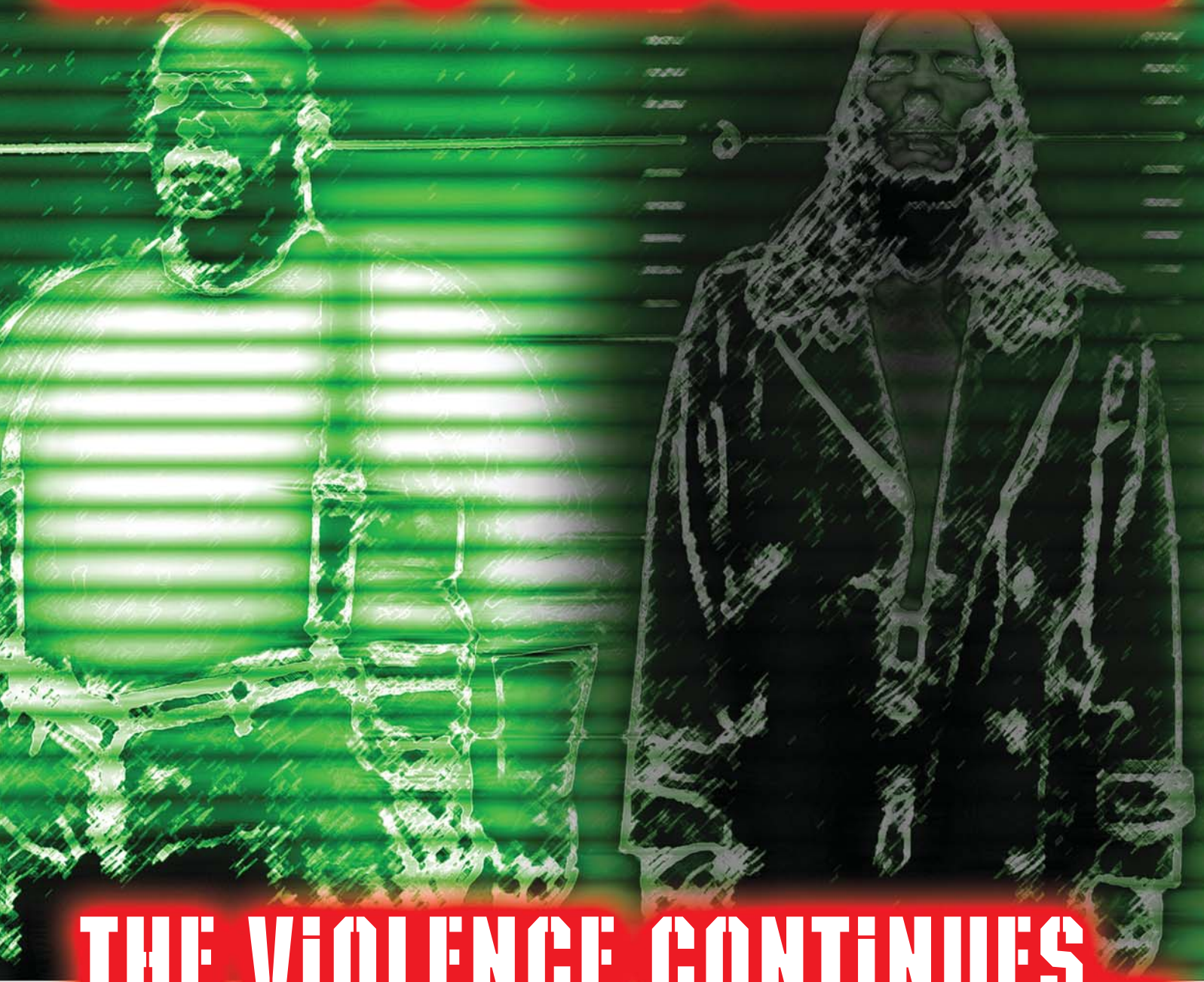
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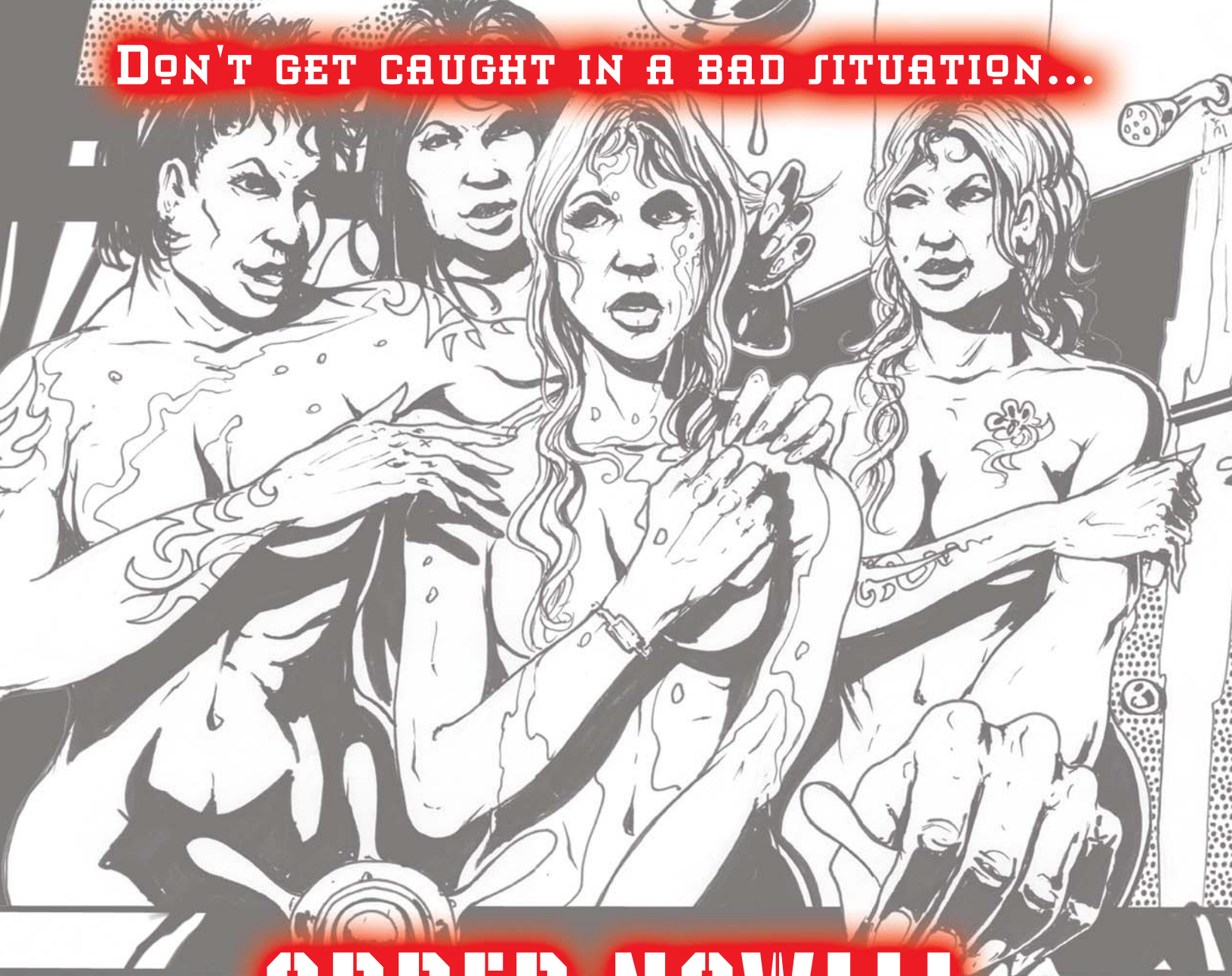
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