

Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. Demon Pack 02

DUNBAR

by Darren Pearce

Grandels

by Brennan Bishop

OLIVERS

by Eloy Lasanta



Other Names: Hardheads, Stoners, Rockers

Stereotypes: Stoic, Stubborn, Tough

Origins

The demons of stone and rock known as the Dunbar come from a dimension that exists outside of our own. It is a land that has fantastic vistas, mountains that touch a dark grey sky and storm clouds that lash lightning across the heavens. The very earth quakes and trembles under foot and great avalanches tumble down into deep chasms below. Their cities are built from the very ground and shaped by the power of the Dunbar, their prime city is known as Karrakscroft and it is a fortress that exists many miles across the surface of the mountain and under it.

The Dunbar world is one of simple plans, they are a resolute kind of race and they follow a path from A to B. They are not given to crafting complex plots against others, if they have issue with someone or something then they will smash at it until it either resists or falls down. The Dunbar first encountered Earth a long time ago and was looked upon by many early settlers of our world as golems or in some cases great stone gods. They disliked the forested areas of the Earth and remained close to quarries, mountains and other high concentrations of stonework.

The Dunbar has never been in power on the planet and they preferred to move through the world, largely unseen, keeping away from the most populated areas of the Earth. They use their powers of rock shaping to craft themselves bodies and forms that resemble many of the statues and gargoyles that mankind has built, this way they can keep from the prying eyes of Humankind and out of their way.

Lifestyle

The Dunbar prefer to be left alone and are reclusive creatures made from stone, they consume nothing that puts them on our food chain. They do however devour rock and a Dunbar family can become a danger to a Human city or settlement if their buildings are made from local stone. They do not like concrete and synthetic building materials are a poison to the strange race. Over the years they have changed the face of the planet Earth by chewing away at mountains and other large concentrations of rock.

They have made several settlements on Earth and have been responsible for some unusual constructions in the past. In the United Kingdom and Warminster/Wiltshire respectively they crafted the mysterious circle known as Stonehenge, a meeting place for their kind before Humans were able to leave their caves and brave the dark with the aid of fire. In other countries it is rumored that mysterious cave cities built into the mountains could well be of Dunbar origin.

The Dunbar are a very close-knit society and prefer the company of their own kind, they are indisposed to anything organic and dislike nature and all things that derive from it. After all, those tall trees and beautiful forests that are looked upon with so much wonder by others are nothing but eyesores to these creatures. They prefer the cleft of a fine rock chasm or the proud spires of a rocky mountain that threatens to pierce the heavens.

Some Dunbar go against the grain of course, these are a sect of creatures known as the Watchers in Stone, an observant group that has attached itself to humanity due to the fact that the Humans have crafted some of the most beautiful stone-works as they began to master the art of creation. The various statues that mankind has made have delighted these beings and they often sneak into Human cities and settlements to be closer to these creations. Some of the Watchers have lost control of their hunger in the past and devoured parts of these constructions; rumor has it that the nose of the Great Sphinx was one such casualty.

Legal Status

The Dunbar race is watched carefully by the API. They do not have a strict policy of termination unless a particularly troublesome Dunbar group has begun to destroy a Human settlement with their voracious appetite for anything made of stone. One such group could potentially wreak havoc on a Human city and in that case API has no choice but to eliminate the threat rather than attempting to deport the individuals, it might seem a particularly harsh response however API protects humanity at any cost. API is also quick to realise

that with the creature's unique power over stone and their abilities that can manipulate geomagnetic energies, they make excellent agents and allies.

API also realizes that the Dunbar can be effective wardens and spies, they form part of a carefully constructed network of eyes and ears across Europe, especially in England. With the Dunbar's power to shape their own forms or to transfer their souls into another constructed rock statue, their need to only consume stone, they can stand watch on specific areas and most people will see only a statue or a particularly pleasant/or unpleasant gargoyle. Several members of the Watchers in Stone have been actively recruited by the API in the past. API HQ in London is protected by a tireless stone army of these creatures.

Appearance (Fear 14)

In their own form, they resemble small (3-4.5 feet tall) squat humanoids with earthy colored skin pock-marked and craggy; their eyes are all one color and made from crystal. They have rudimentary features; they are completely hairless apart from the crystalline outcroppings that form some kind of hair atop their heads. Male and female Dunbar can be hard to tell apart, the women seem to be a little taller than the men and they are less stocky than their male counterparts as well. They have no particular need for the Human-like specific features of men and women, unless they shape their forms that way. It is to be noted that they cannot reshape their forms at will until at least a full week has passed, or they are close to a geode of crystal or a particularly powerful source of Earth Leyline magic.

The Dunbar has no genitals so they do not clothe themselves in the trappings of Human modesty. They live for several hundred years and when they die they revert to a natural inanimate stone form. It is rumored that several of the stone statues found around the world could well be deceased Dunbar who have passed away due to old age, broken statues could well be Dunbar who perished by other means. It is impossible to tell the age of a Dunbar since they have no visible signs apart from their skin, which becomes a little more craggy and cracked the older they get.

Gift - Soul of the Stone

(Speed 12, Stamina 7 or 10)

The Dunbar have an innate power over stone and rock, they have a connection and bond to it, even if it has been shaped by human hands. They can bind their spirit to the stone and enter a new body indefinitely with a few caveats. They must make sure that someone hides their own body for if it is destroyed then the Dun-

bar will be trapped in the statue and lose their powers of stone shape and be unable to move, living out their lives bound to the current stone. The stone construction cannot be brand new; they can only bind their souls to a statue that has been in connection with the Earth for at least a month. Much larger or much smaller statues require extra essence to possess it as the level of difficulty raises.

Gift - Shape of Stone

(Speed 6, Stamina 4)

The Dunbar can change their shape as long as it remains roughly within their physical form, with an appropriate IQ + Crafts check. They cannot transform from a small humanoid to a giant made of stone for instance. To do that they would need to use the Soul of Stone Gift to transfer their essence into a massive statue. They can however for example transform into a squat ugly gargoyle (a most common sight on buildings in London) or a temple dragon (China) without too much effort. They must wait at least a week before they can change their shape again unless they are in the presence of a crystal geode or a powerful Earth magic Leyline. This malleable, hardened form also gives them +10 Health.

Drawback - Voracious Appetite

A Dunbar has a curious metabolism; no one quite knows why they must consume at least four times their own body weight in non-synthetic rock per day. If they do not meet this requirement then they become sluggish, losing 25% of their Stamina per day, and will eventually harden into solid, dead rock if they do not eat for three whole days. This can often lead to the Dunbar feasting on a particularly tasty building that they might have been set to guard. The API often make sure that they leave the creatures a viable food source close by if they are left on guard for too long.

Drawback - Lack of fine manipulation

The Dunbar cannot manipulate anything that requires a fine hand, they find it hard to coordinate their fingers and whilst they can make a perfect stone shaped replica of a small human hand, they still tend to wield it like a club made of rock. So tools that require a delicate touch are beyond them, as are tasks. They are excellent warriors for instance yet they couldn't pick a lock if they tried. They can punch down a door if given enough time, driving a car is next to impossible. They suffer a -8 penalty to these types of checks.

Grandels

Other names: Anglers, Flashlights, Scary bastards
Stereotypes: Fanatics, Boogiemen, Insular

Origins

Heralding from their home dimension of Hok, a world of mostly swamps and marshes, the Grandels have spent most of their existence alone. Many species on their home world have died from global-level climate change as their planet's sun began to expand. Seas heated, lands flooded, and all other species perished, leaving the Grandels the last survivors. Their planet dying around them, they prayed unyieldingly to their gods in hopes of being saved by faith. This continued for months until their idols and great sculptures brought forth a miracle... through sheer faith and power of will alone, they managed to open a portal.

Arriving on Earth, they saw a world capable of sustaining their entire race so they fled their dying world and entered our Ocean in droves. Out of a small race to begin with, less than 200 survived the adaptation to Earth's atmosphere and waters. They believe themselves as holy; chosen by their great and horrible gods to live eternally in this new world they found themselves in. No attempts have ever been made to open a portal back home and the very thought of such an action is forbidden in their all-inclusive belief system.

The Grandels, despite all of their similarities to the Lochs, have only recently encountered the other species. They were startled at how the Lochs have integrated themselves into human society and were disgusted. The Grandels are convinced that they are to hide away under the ocean not to bother or be bothered by other races. Their young may have other ideas.

Lifestyle

Their kind follows a strict set of beliefs that forces them to live at the bottom of the ocean chanting and praying to their gods. If one is a true Grandel, delivered to Earth by the hand of the gods, than they owe their lives to Slahn, Gros, and Krolan (their gods). Their constant chanting is as tribute of repayment to them... for eternity. Those that were actually saved on Hok wholeheartedly follow the tenets of their culture, but it's hard convincing whelps of such things. The Grandels often find themselves chasing their young as they investigate motorboats and poke around on beaches. Even individuals keep to themselves as reproduction is done solely for making more of them and not for pleasure. In fact, finding a Grandel who knows how to enjoy themselves is like finding a Burner enjoying popsicles in Alaska: there aren't any. Well, not yet anyways. Prayers, chanting, fasting, spiritual journeys on bizarre and alien narcotics are what passes for entertainment down in their underwater city.

They are able to cast magic through rituals and faith or through arcane paths like other races, but Grandels don't actively practice any cultural mysticism. As their young has learned more and more about the world above, their curiosity has grown to uncontrollable levels. There's no way for them to exist openly on Earth, but some make deals with API or black markets with access to Compressor Clothes to get away from the oppression of the deep ocean. They are often out of their depth in understanding Earth, and frequent retreats home help cope with all the noise and glowing screens. They can be easy marks to those unscrupulous sorts in the

know, but make one mad and you've got those teeth to deal with.

Recruitment

Apocalypse Prevention, Inc discovered the Grandels immediately after their arrival. Hundreds of hideous monsters floating up along the coast of Iceland after a massive portal opening were really hard to miss. After cleaning up the sightings with memory wipes and cover stories, API stepped in and officially registered the new aquatic species. Noting that they wanted nothing to do with them or the citizens of Earth, API found it easy to find a permanent home for the Grandels alongside the Marina Trench and leave them to their self-inflicted confinement. They weren't interested in bothering or mingling with others, so API figured they would let them be.

An important relic, the statue of Slahn (believed help bring them to Earth) has gone missing. In the wrong hands, the statue could potentially open a portal back to Hok and drag them screaming back to their now-dead planet. Caught in an uproar, the Grandels opened their doors to API for help. Now API brings younger Grandel agents on board for their expertise in faith, the Ocean depths and willpower in exchange for looking for their statue.

Appearance (Fear 19)

The Grandels look almost like bi-pedal Anglerfish complete with a spine that protrudes from their forehead and glows with a bioluminescent light. It glows continuously, but can be slightly dimmed when needed. But their light never extinguishing unless the creature dies. The light color varies from family to family and Grandels can identify each other based on their light alone. They also have a mouth bigger than their chest full of long, thin, and horrific teeth. These critters are certainly ugly. The fact that their eerie glowing forehead light casts them in a barely visible outline where you can't see their terrible teeth until up close doesn't make them any friends. They typically wear robes similar to monk robes covered in ornate symbols and are usually only about 4-5 feet tall.

Gift – Aquatic

Per Loch Gift (Page 25 of the API Corebook)

Gift – Faith

The Grandels are a race based on religion and belief in hideous god-like creatures. This blind devotion protects them from insanity and fear in the face of adversity. They receive a +5 bonus to Discipline checks, unless it is in response to the awe inspired by absorbing the sights of Earth (easily awed).

Gift - Horrible Horrible Teeth

Grandels having rows upon rows of needle-point, razor-sharp teeth that take some care. They are great in combat though, providing the following attack:

Bite (Speed 5, Stamina 5, +6 Strike, +8 (L) AR 4): A devastating bit attack. Once bitten, the victim must also make a contested POW to force their jaws open and be free once more.

Drawback – Bioluminescence

The Grandel always glows slightly from their spine on their forehead and they cannot ever turn it off. AGY + Stealth rolls are made at -5 and on the lowest dimness it to is -3. On the bright side, they can illuminate a room with it if they like.

Drawback - Easily Awed

When coming face to face with something that they have not seen before, the Grandel must make a Moderate (20) INS + Discipline are stunned until they succeed a roll. Flashier sights may even inspire a tough (30) Difficulty. They won't fawn over a toilet, but they may stare in rapt awe over a Jacuzzi. Once they understand what the thing does, no roll is necessary. If you throw an iPhone at one during a fistfight, it's not going to care, but if you turn on the television and sucker-punch it, that will work just fine.

OLIVERS

Others Names: Twists, Grabbers, Psychs

Stereotypes: Thieves, Gutsy, Manipulative

Origins

The very first of their kind came to Earth in 1957, their portal opening in the center of London. There was uproar over their appearance, the demons' blue skin shocking the populace, but Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. was able to contain the threat quickly and pass their arrival off as street performers gone awry. They only numbered in the double digits, kept in special containment areas below St. Paul Cathedral where they endured interrogation to the highest degree. The company learned that they were banished from their dimension, cast out for crimes against their ruler.

What they were unable to get was the name of any individual demon. In 1963, their supposed leader stated that his name was Oliver Twist (after reading the beloved book)... and all the others followed suit. They donned the moniker of Olivers from that day forth. API leaders seriously debated the idea of amnesty for the demons, with many against. However, the Board of Directors, along with the Circle of Ten, showed compassion and allowed them to stay.

Once released, however, the Olivers revealed their greatest gift... the ability to steal items with a thought. They became misfits in a world of "proper" races, an even bigger nuisance than the Fauns ever were. This secrecy was a large reason why the European HQ voted against allowing Burners on Earth. There's always something just beneath the surface.

Lifestyle

This clever race has become a staple in Europe, but they are more infamous than famous. Like their namesake, many Olivers turn out to be pickpockets at very young ages. With the ability to summon a wallet or set of keys to their hand with a word, a life of thievery comes natural and just feels right. Other Olivers find mere pick pocketing to be quite pedestrian, instead becoming famous jewel or antique thieves. In a few rare cases, Olivers have been contracted by Hidden Folk to acquire several key magical items from all around the world. Plenty of other Olivers have ended at the doorstep of the Grey-fire Club, a life full of both profit and excitement.

There are some that choose to live normal, legal lives, but they are few and far between. Their constant need to one-up everyone they encounter and take on every dare set to them (or someone else) leads them to exist in a state of chaos moreso than not. This chaos extends to everyone they meet, from their family and friends to their suqaedmates (if they choose to join API). They are unapologetic about it though... it's simply a part of their nature.

Appearance (Fear 13)

Olivers are a humanoid race with a noticeable blue tinge to their skin. They are long and thin in frame, with extended fingers and an elongated jaw that reveals sharpened teeth. Their ears are also long and pointed, giving them a strange goblin-esque appearance. While their body seems hairless at a glance, they have micro-

scopic, razor-sharp hairs all over that can cut and scratch with a touch. With no hair, Olivers developed are forced to develop a keen sense of style that they use to accentuate their personalities and flair. And with razor skin, they are known for wearing thick or specially designed clothing that they won't wear through in a day.

Recruitment

API plays the part of the frustrated parent with the Olivers. It's the company's fault that they live on Earth to cause mayhem and confusion, but some of their numbers have become quite renown agents. The level of difficulty for recruiting an Oliver is low... just offer a non-stop rollercoaster of adventure and most are on board right away. Olivers are known for taking on more than they can chew, so Elites have to be careful not to assign duties that the thin demons cannot actually handle. They work well as reconnaissance specialists and hired thieves for the company.

Gift – Items of Want (Speed 6, Stamina 3)

These sly demons have the uncanny ability to instantly get what they want. With a look and a word, they can teleport any Size 2 or smaller item to their hand. If the item is magical or bonded to a wielder, then this Gift has no effect, but any other item is susceptible. They must know the "name" of the item. If trying to effect a sword, they must only say "sword". But they can't affect an item that they don't know what it is. The GM may call for an IQ + Knowledge check if it's a rare item.

The Oliver must be able to see the item and there can be no obstructions. For example, transporting a cell key through prison bars works fine, but the Grabber couldn't do it through plexiglass.

Gifts – Razor Skin

Olivers have skin that can cut like a knife. They have long nails, pointed sharp ears and the microscopic fibers all over their body can make even their kiss cut flesh. This unique Gift (or curse by some peoples' standards) gives the Olivers the following combat advantage: +2 bonus to Strike and +1 (L). Also, any Grapple Maneuver used against the Oliver inflicts their Base damage on the attacker.

Drawback - Competitive

They have an overdeveloped sense of competitiveness. If someone speaks even the easiest dare, the Oliver jumps at the chance to prove they can do it. They've drank gallons of milk, leaped from incredible heights (usually resulting in broken bones) and attempt to take on opponents much stronger than themselves (with similar broken bones afterward). They must make a Moderate (20) INS + Discipline check to resist any dare or challenge. Even if it is not made against the Oliver directly, like if they simply overhear a challenge, they'll attempt to achieve the goal just to show they are better. Though they "can" resist this urge, it's in their blood and is rarely denied.