

WEIRD WAR I

ARCHETYPES:

THE BRITISH



PINNACLE
ENTERTAINMENT GROUP



WEIRD WAR ONE

Archetypes: The British

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Airman

When the war started you were an infantry officer in a line unit. Wounded in an early battle, you were sent back to England to recover. It was there you saw military aircraft for the first time at an aerodrome near the manor where you recovered. The idea of flying far above the mud and blood of the front appealed to you. A few calls from your father, a Member of Parliament, and you were officially an officer in the Royal Flying Corps.

A strange encounter on one of your first flights with some indescribable thing shredded the rest of your mates' aeroplanes. Your superiors blamed oxygen deprivation from flying too high for the "delusions", but you know differently. You've sworn to avenge their deaths and clear the skies of terrors, no matter the cost.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

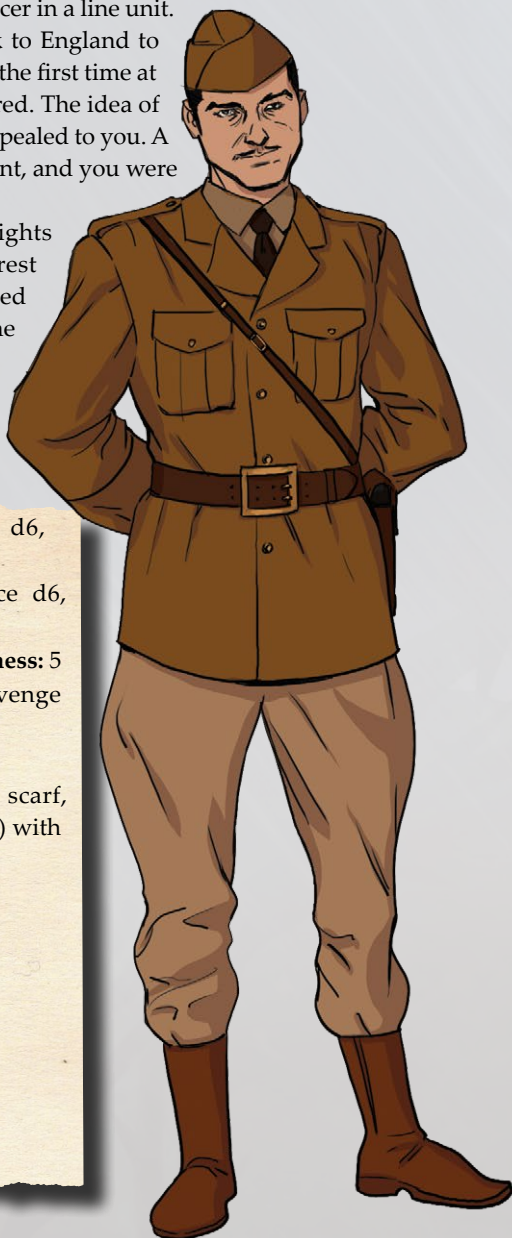
Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Piloting d8, Repair d4, Shooting d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Loyal, Overconfident, Vow (avenge comrades)

Edges: Arcane Exposure, Rank (Officer)

Gear: Uniform, flying helmet, goggles, silk scarf, Webley revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1) with 24 rounds.



The Officer

Your father used his connections to get you an appointment to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. Your mates are scattered up and down the front with their own units while you're alone with a bunch of men who don't know you. Many friends have died leading their men, and many more have gone home as invalids after taking serious wounds. You lay awake at night, listening to the rustle of rats in the trenches and across No Man's Land, praying that tomorrow won't be the day your ticket is punched. It's all well and good for old men back home to talk about a stiff upper lip when it's not their arse on the line carrying out the latest bit of madness to come down from on high.

You'll do your duty no matter how much it twists your guts into knots. And isn't that the truest form of bravery?



Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d6

Charisma: -2 (enlisted); **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Sanity:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Cautious, Shell Shocked (Minor), Yellow

Edges: Academy Graduate, Rank (Officer), Quick

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Webley revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1) with 24 rounds, gas mask, umbrella.

Old Sweat

You've served King and country around the world, from South Africa to India and everywhere in between. You've been around enough and seen enough to know when to hop to and when to take a step back and let others do the heavy lifting.

All these years serving under the colors allowed to you stash away a pretty penny. You plan on opening up your own pub back in Blighty once all this nonsense in Flanders is over. But you've been around and seen a lot, and it's important to you to get all these younger, more eager lads home as well. You don't care much for officers or regulations or all the other rubbish they require of you, but when it's time to fight, you'll be there.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d10

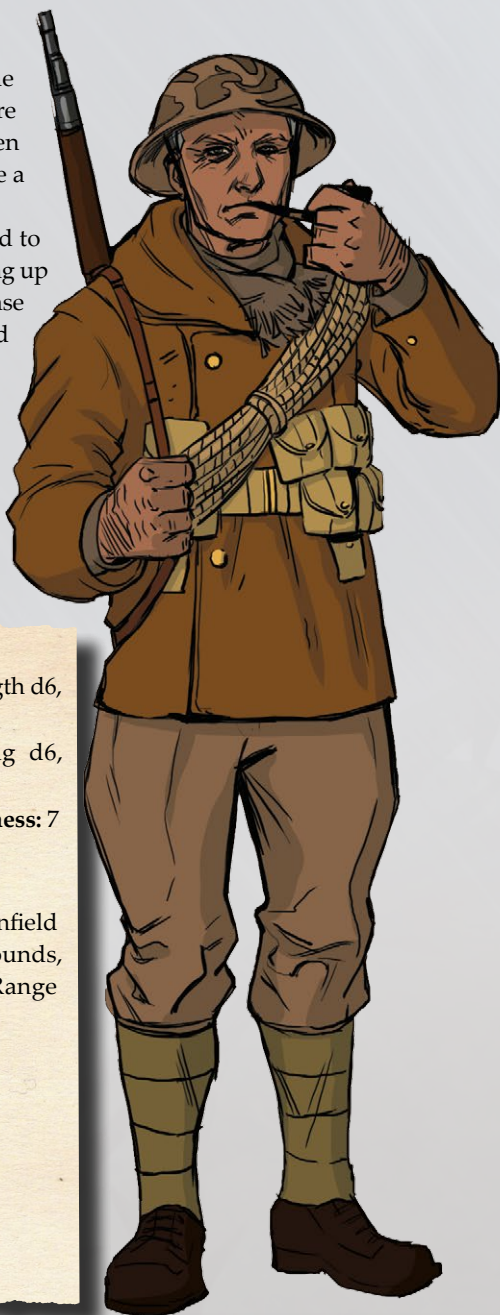
Skills: Fighting d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Cautious, Goldbrick, Heroic

Edges: Danger Sense

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lee-Enfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 150 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 2× Mills Bombs (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6), gas mask.



The Professor

Before the current unpleasantness you taught at a small university. When the war broke out, you thought it only cricket if you took your place on the lines with the rest of the lads. You might be a bit older than your comrades, but the static nature of modern warfare means you don't have to be as physically active as previous conflicts. The trenches offer a marvelous opportunity to study a wide range of subjects, from human psychology to geology to biology. Indeed, no place on earth offers a better field experience into the decomposition and decay of the human body.

While your fellows think you a bit of an odd duck for your interest in corpses, you find the opportunity to study the numerous cadavers that litter the fields priceless, and your role as a medic gives you an excuse for your rather ghoulish activities.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

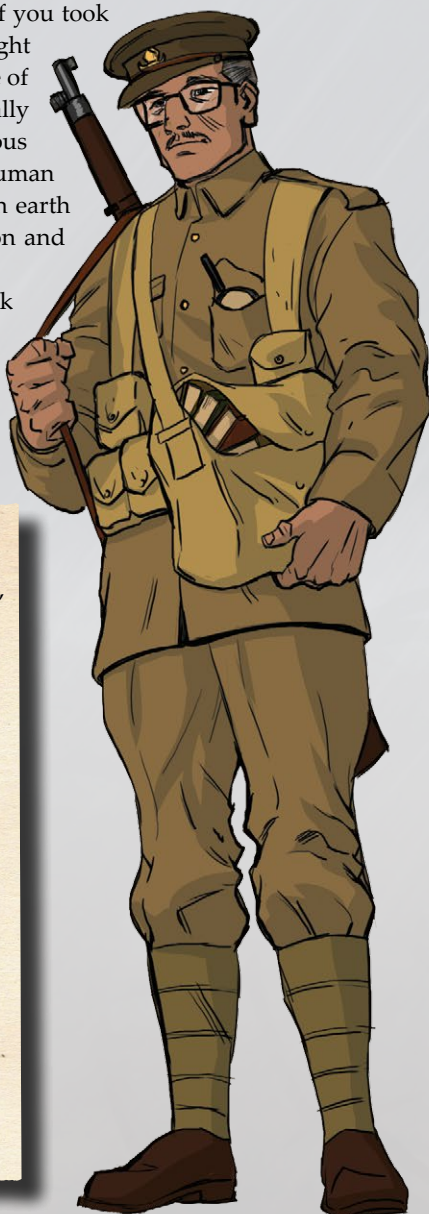
Skills: Healing d10, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Biology) d6, Knowledge (Medicine) d6, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Sanity:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bad Eyes, Curious, Quirk (unwholesome interest in corpses)

Edges: College Boy

Gear: Uniform, 2× canteens, steel helmet (+1), medical kit, gas mask.



The Romantic

Shakespeare had it right when he wrote of the “band of brothers” fighting for their country. Every time you look at the dirty, ragged figures of your comrades your heart swells with pride in your nation and the righteousness of your cause. England is truly carrying the light of civilization, holding back the darkness that the Central Powers wish to blanket Europe with. You know that you’ll tell your grandchildren of your exploits here on the front lines.

The Good Lord will preserve you from shot and shell so you can tell the great story of this generation once this unpleasantness is over with.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Knowledge (French) d6, Knowledge (German) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Sanity:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Fanatic, Delusional (God will protect him from harm), Phobia (Rats)

Edges: National Identity (British), Upper Class

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lee-Enfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 150 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 2× Mills Bombs (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6), gas mask.



The Rowdy

Back home in your village you liked nothing more than a good smash-up at the local pub. Life on the farm gets pretty boring, but you never feel more alive than in the evening when you've had a few pints and the fists start flying.

Unfortunately, your scarred knuckles, repeatedly broken nose, and reputation made it harder and harder to find local blokes to serve as outlets for your anger. Your problems seemed to be solved when the government drafted you and your chums to fight the Boche in France. While your officers take a dim view of fighting among the troops, your ability to pummel any man into submission makes you the ideal candidate for trench raids and other missions requiring no more sound than the meaty thunk of your cudgel impacting some poor sod's skull.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d8

Charisma: -1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Habit (constantly cracks knuckles), Quirk (cuts ears off those he kills).

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lee-Enfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 150 rounds, 2× Mills Bombs (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6), spiked club (Str+d6), gas mask.



Sailor

You come from a long line of British sailors. When Nelson defeated the French and Spanish at Trafalgar, your ancestor was there standing in blood and sawdust and manning the guns.

Your father always said you had seawater in your veins. You spent many a year on gunboat duty, patrolling the Yangtze River in China. That slow, easy duty allowed you to mingle with the locals, and you learned a bit of the fighting styles of the Chinese from one of the ship's boys. This helped you in the almost nightly barroom brawls onshore.

Now that war has come to Europe the Navy needs every man to fight the Kaiser. You and many of your mates find yourselves on much bigger craft in the waters surrounding Old Blighty.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d8, Knowledge (Gunnery) d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Swimming d4, Taunt d6.

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Sanity:** 8; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Big Mouth, Doubting Thomas, Loyal

Edges: Martial Artist

Gear: Uniform, steel helmet (+1), knife (Str+d4).



Sarge

You've spent all of your adult life in the British Army, slowly making rank year after year. Square bashing was your life until the latest dust-up on the Continent, and now you find yourself in a world unimaginable just a few years ago.

The blasted mud of the trenches makes it impossible to keep to the standards put forth in the regulations, but you'll be damned if you let the privates slack off just because the Boche lob shells into your area day and night. The rules exist for a reason, and your soldiers better damn sight do their best to adhere to them, or you'll know why.

Novice

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Battle) 6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Throwing d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Mean, Stubborn

Edges: Rank (NCO)

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Lee-Enfield rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 150 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 2× Mills Bombs (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6), gas mask.



			Airman
			Officer
			Old Sweat
			The Professor
			Sailor
			Sarge

The Rowdy	
	
	

The Romantic	
	
	

Trifold Figure Flats for Weird War I

Art: Bien Flores. Coloring: Alida Saxon
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