



WEIRD WAR I

ARCHETYPES:

THE GERMANS



WEIRD WAR ONE

Archetypes: The Germans

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Airman

You come from a noble Prussian family. Always an athletic young man, you joined the cavalry upon coming of age. While the early months of the war were exhilarating, the static nature of the trenches makes cavalry worse than useless.

Then your unit came upon a downed British airplane and your interest in flying was piqued. Soon after, your unit received orders that you were to become dismounted infantry. It was the last straw. You applied to join the Army Air Service that day.

Flying an airplane is not unlike riding a spirited charger, and your proficiency at shooting from horseback serves you well in the sky. This is truly the way warfare was meant to be waged, like your Teutonic ancestors, knight to knight.

Novice

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

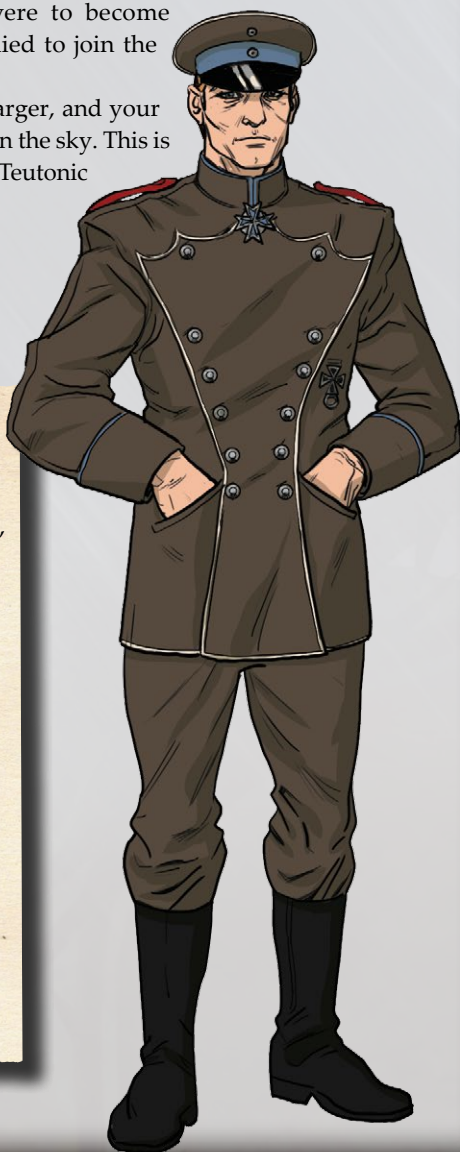
Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6

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

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal, Stubborn

Edges: Rank (Officer)

Gear: Uniform, flying helmet, silk scarf, Luger P08 pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6-1) with 24 rounds.



Feldwebel

You've faithfully served the Kaiser for many years. Your quiet competence has led to steady promotions and a decent life as a soldier. You haven't seen much action before the current conflict, but this isn't something to complain about. Your men are your family, and you try to treat them fairly and take care of them to the best of your ability. The generals and even the company officers see the troops as expendable chess pieces, but here in the trenches you know every man's story, strengths and weaknesses.

You've heard of the madness and weirdness that war can descend into. You're watchful for such things in your sector of the front, though you're not sure what you can do if such things manifest themselves. But whatever it is, you'll manage it with the strength of the men behind you.

Novice

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

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

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

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal, Quirk (doesn't like officers)

Edges: Rank (NCO)

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Gewehr 98 rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 90 rounds, Lugar P08 pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6-1) with 24 rounds, 4x grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), map case, gas mask.



Das Schwein

Some of the men call you an uneducated country bumpkin. While you never really went to school, and can't read or write very well, your native smarts and field craft will see you through to the end of this war while your "smarter" comrades' bones fertilize the fields of Flanders.

You never bathe, knowing that a thick layer of natural grease and dirt form a protective coating against gas attacks as well as the cold. You also know that passing gas regularly helps regulate the bowels, much to your squad mates' eternal dismay. It is unfortunate that you live in small concrete bunkers with such poor air circulation, but that's hardly *your* fault.

Novice

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Throwing d4, Tracking d6

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

Hindrances: Clueless, Habit (doesn't bathe), Illiterate

Edges: Two-Fisted

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Gewehr 98 rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 90 rounds, 4x grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), sharpened spade (Str+d4), trench knife (Str+d4, gas mask).



The Plowhorse

You were always the biggest child in your village. Your father died while you were quite young, so you helped mother provide for the family. The local farmers were only too happy to have you around for heavy lifting. Sometimes the other kids would taunt you and call you names, but anger just isn't in your nature.

When you arrived at the front you thought you'd never be able to take another man's life, but seeing the enemy bombard and poison their own land has kindled an anger in you for the first time in your life. Seeing the army's horses senselessly killed and maimed by artillery barrages eats at your soul. At night you dream the dead horses stalk the battlefield, hungering for revenge.

Novice

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Sanity:** 4; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Loyal, Pacifist (Minor), Phobia (dead horses)

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Gewehr 98 rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 90 rounds, 2x grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask.



The Poet

Someone somewhere made a horrible mistake. You served your compulsory military service years ago and went into the reserves to live a quiet, Bohemian life as a painter and poet. Now suddenly you're called back into active duty and sent to the front!

This is madness! You're not a fighter, and no matter how many times you tell your officers and NCOs that, they continue to laugh and send you over the top or on trench raids. Somehow you haven't been killed yet, but you know your time is almost up. You've become obsessed with the manner of your death, filling notebooks with morbid sketches and poems of this hell on earth. One night you even saw what had to be the Grim Reaper standing in No Man's Land...

Novice

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Art) d6, Knowledge (European History) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d4

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

Hindrances: Bullet Magnet, Delusional (Minor—Recalled into army by accident), Quirk (You focus on death and dying constantly)

Edges: Quick

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Gewehr 98 rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 90 rounds, 2× grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask, sketchbooks, notebooks.



The Prussian

You come from a long line of Prussian warriors, going all the way back to the Teutonic knights. You have been raised from birth to be a professional soldier. Your people are the ones who allowed Germany to become the great power it is, and you let everyone you meet know this.

You carry yourself ramrod straight, keep your equipment immaculate, and follow orders to the letter. You know that discipline is what separates the Germans from the degenerate French and British. While just a private soldier, you do your best to instill a sense of pride and discipline in your squad, and are always willing to let your sergeant know about issues you see in your comrades.

Novice

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d4, Throwing d8

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

Hindrances: Fanatic, Habit (chides squadmates about their discipline), Quirk (fastidious about uniform cleanliness)

Edges: Alertness, Elan, National Identity

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Gewehr 98 rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 90 rounds, 2× grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask.



Sailor

How could anyone not join the navy when they see the great battleships tied up in port and realize the power they represent?

Of course, life on such a vessel can be dangerous. Your first assignment was to a cruiser, where a steam line ruptured and badly scarred your face. Undeterred, you continued to sing the praise of the fleet and were eventually transferred to the U-boats—the true future of naval warfare.

Unlike the *Nautilus* in Jules Verne's book, or the propaganda of the Allies, the Kaiser's submarines surface and give warning before they sink merchantmen. This satisfies your honorable nature and you have become an able *untersee* warrior.

Recently though, and always when you're alone, you sometimes hear strange scratching sounds on the U-boat's hull. Your friends laugh and blame it on the rats.

Novice

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

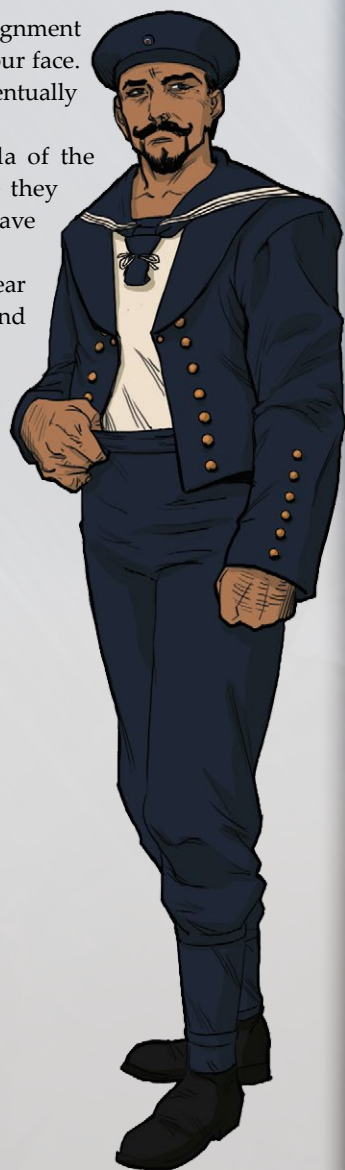
Skills: Boating d8, Knowledge (Marine Systems) d6, Notice d8, Repair d8, Shooting d6, Swimming d6.

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

Hindrances: Bad Luck, Phobia (rats), Ugly

Edges: Alertness

Gear: Uniform, knife (Str+d4), tool kit.



The Savage

Back in Berlin you took whatever jobs you could to survive. Bar bouncer, opium den enforcer, or protector of the local pimp's merchandise. You never worried about the legal niceties of the job. Then day you killed a prominent man who was roughing of the girls and had to go on the run. None of your former friends would help you out and you ended in the French Foreign Legion.

Life in the Legion was nasty, brutish, and short, much like your old life, and grudges about Alsace and Lorraine made you a target for the NCOs and officers. When war broke out you deserted and made your way back to fight for the Kaiser, where you can let your inner beast free.

Novice

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d6

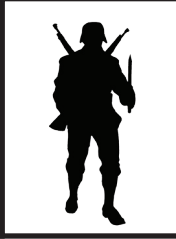
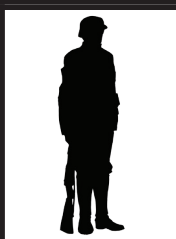
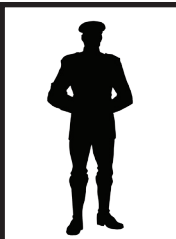
Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Sanity:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Greedy, Stubborn

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Uniform, canteen, steel helmet (+1), Gewehr 98 rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8) with 90 rounds, bayonet (Str+d4, Parry +1), 2x grenades (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), spade, gas mask.



			The Savage
			Sailor
			The Prussian
			The Poet
			Das Schwein
			Feldweibel
			Airman

Grifold Figure Flats for Weird War I

Art: Bien Flores. Coloring: Alida Saxon
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