

PREGENERATED CHARACTERS

This page provides pregenerated characters that you can use for a one shot or as a way to start your own character.

Generic Settings

Fantasy

- [Akaradolk](#) - A novice dwarven adventurer.
- [Astner](#) - A novice human cleric.
- [Beta Flatfinger](#) - A novice halfling.
- [Galloran](#) - A small, novice human wizard with the drive to prove himself.
- [Gardiff](#) - A novice, human warrior, Gardiff is a hulking brute with a heart of gold.
- [Gatun](#) - A novice woodsman raised by wolves, gypsies and thieves who now resides in the dangerous City of Tuam.
- [Hugo Rune](#) - A novice sorcerer.
- [Hutchins](#) - A novice, human archer who's also a bit of a coward.
- [Jorgindel](#) - A novice elf.
- [Kirla D'sa](#) - A novice human fighter.
- [Leopold von Stadt](#) - A novice human wizard.
- [Lord Adoward the Shieldheart](#) - A novice ill-suited nobleman.
- [Praterkarli](#) - A novice human thief.
- [Lightning Lizard](#) - A summoned guardian alternative for Hugo Rune.

Pirates

[Juan Carlos](#) - Portuguese navigator with a Spain-sized chip on his shoulder.

Pulp

- [Muscles Malone](#) - Prohibition Era muscle bound enforcer.
- [The Red Death](#) - *Seasoned* - Assassin who kills only the wicked.

Modern

- Spy: [Thief/Safecracker](#): Seasoned espionage agent team member.
- Spy: [Wheelman](#): Seasoned espionage agent team member.
- Spy: [Femme Fatale / Don Juan](#): Seasoned espionage agent team member.
- Spy: [Hacker](#): Seasoned espionage agent team member.

- Spy: [Super Spy / Spook / Special Agent](#): Seasoned espionage agent team member.
- Spy: [Controller / Fixer / Handler](#): Seasoned espionage agent team member.

Horror

- [Al Cooper](#) - An obese biker.
- [Benjamin Cooper](#) - A conspiracy theorist out to prove that The Government™ is behind the zombies.
- [Debbie Sheehan](#) - A high school cheerleader.
- [Edwin Downing](#) - A hobby sniper and gun range owner.
- [Film Student](#) - A collegiate film student with incredible courage and no sense of self-worth.

Sci Fi

- [Corinth \(Cory\) Terson](#) - A street kid and ex-soldier (AWOL) from Atlas 3 who is working on The Pandora.
- [SGT Bob "Chopper" Hart](#) - A young buck sergeant fighting back against the diabolical machines of the Robot uprising.
- [Michael One](#) - An escaped android trying to track down his cybernetic brothers and sisters before The Company hunts him down.

Supers

- [Schrodinger's Cat](#) - An everyday cat who is currently "Calamity's" Sidekick.
- [Reynolds Guyer \(Ryn\) "Nerf"](#) - A charismatic Hispanic 6th grader who has the mutant ability to charge Nerf darts with energy.

Western

- [Vitus Bowman](#) - A brutish Hillbilly.

Others

- [Mar-R-LYN-1](#) - A troubleshooter from Alpha Complex that thinks diamonds are big lumps of black rock. (Paranoia)

Pinnacle Settings

50 Fathoms

- [Ras Baray](#) - An Atani failed healer, braggart and musketeer. .
- [Eugene Smithe](#) - Ship's Captain Human (1700s American).
- [Valler Gill](#) - Doreen.
- [Balthus 'Billy' Brak](#) - Ship's mage and mere strip of a lad.
- [Sharn Windsprit](#) - Atani adventuress and vengeful soul.
- [Hoy the Doreen](#) - Wandering, homeless fighter.
- [Hhuk the Grael](#) - Boisterous peg-legged warrior.
- [Safara](#) - Former slave and Barbary pirate (1600s).
- [Edward Van Helgen](#) - Gentlemen pirate of the High Seas (1700s).
- [Jack Doran](#) - Jittery thief and cracksman (1800s).
- [Aubrey Harrington](#) - Doctor, naturalist and explorer (1900s).
- [Cardiff](#) - Curious and 'civilised' kehana.

Deadlands Reloaded

- [Benjamin Perth](#) - A tenderfoot foreigner who's hell with a blade and can steal the horns off a steer.
- [David Quick](#) - A duelist who isn't long for this world.
- [Paycheck](#) - A problem solver.

Necessary Evil

- [Arthur "The Pugilist" Mapplethorpe](#)
- [Pastor Diego Mendoza, "The Curse"](#) - A harbinger for the Angel of Death, chosen by God to shepherd humanity.

Rippers

- [The Stalker](#) - A close combat masked crusader with weird science gadgets.
- [The Black Swami](#) - By day Gideon Simm is a humble alienist, by night he is the mysterious Black Swami.
- [Father Rander](#) - Christian Monk and Knight of the Order of St George.
- [Joe Curse](#) - Cursed by witchcraft, Furlough Brister became 'Joe Curse'; gun-toting enemy of witches and warlocks.
- [Gravner Stone](#) - Notorious playboy and consulting detective.

- [Zondo the Acrobat](#) - Once a circus performer Zondo now uses his acrobatic skills to 'take back the night'.
- [Doktor Georgi Abromovitch Krasne](#) - Former unwitting tool of the Cabal, the 'Red Doctor' now fights with the Rippers.
- [Caspian 'Joe' Oxley](#) - Adventurer and big game hunter who now stalks the creatures of the night.
- [Alabaster Warren](#) - One of Scotland Yard's most idiosyncratic detectives.
- [Clancy Garrett](#) - High plains drifter whose blazing six gun is the last thing many a night terror has seen.

Space 1889 - Red Sands

- [Kurt Warwick](#) - American adventurer with family ties to English blue-bloods

Tour of Darkness

- [Mike Waneson](#) - Big, dumb and clumsy machinegunner.

Licensees Settings

Hellfrost

- [Corbin Frostshadow](#) - Frostborn Rogue
- [Kladr Deepgaze](#) - Frost Dwarf Rune Mage
- [Kaldric Garulfsunu](#) - Human Noble/Mercenary
- [Rurick Halfgraden](#) - Frost Dwarf Fighter
- [Birgir Oathspeaker](#) - Young Human Spearman

Necropolis

- [Janus](#) - An Incinerator knight-infantryman.

Shaintar: Immortal Legend

- [Kerf Mindril](#) - An Olan Dwarf warrior.
- [Balan of Malak](#) - A Malakaran Human thief-acrobat.

Akaradolk

Race: Dwarf (Savage Worlds Rulebook)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Lockpicking d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Repair d4, Shooting d6, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Taunt d4, Tracking d4

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Greedy; Stubborn, Quirk (minor)

Edges: Racial: Low Light Vision

Gear: Battle Axe, Large Shield (equipment is not added to Parry/Toughness yet)

Description: Akaradolk is your typical dwarf. He is still young, but proud to live up to all the dwarven clichés you expect. That's his quirk.

Astner

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Faith d6, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Healing d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d4, Swimming d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Heroic; Poverty, Vengeful (minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Miracles), Holy Warrior

Gear: spear with head in form of the holy symbol (equipment is not added to Parry/Toughness yet)

Powers:

- **Healing**
- **Smite**

Description: Astner is a member of the holy order of the sun god. He is fighting for the weak and follows a vow of poverty, giving at least half of his funds to the temple every week.

Beta Flatfinger

Race: Half-Folk

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Swimming d4, Taunt d4, Stealth d6, Lockpicking d4, Streetwise d4, Shooting d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5 (Small)

Hindrances: Small; Curious; Big Mouth, Quirk (Eating)

Edges: Luck; Greater Luck

Gear: Bow, Flail; Leather Armor (equipment is not added to Parry/Toughness yet)

Description: Beta is your typical halfling. She has many different talents, but also seems to be loved by fate. Normally she is pretty slim, even for her size, but after a proper meal - she eats at least as much as dwarf - her belly pops out enormously. She extremely curious and cannot keep her mouth shut.

Galloran (WC)

Race: Human Male

Rank: Novice

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidate d4, Investigate d6, Knowledge(Magic) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Spellcasting d8

Pace: 6+1d6; **Charisma:** 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6 (Base 6, Small -1, Armor +1)

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic), Wizard

Powers: Bolt, Deflection, Obscure

Hindrances: Small (M), Quirk - Needlessly attempts to prove his superiority over formally educated wizards (m), Enemy - Rival Wizard that Galloran defeated in a duel (m)

Gear: Leather Armor (Armor +1), Club (Brass Topped Walking Stick; STR+d4), Magical Supplies, Fine Clothing, 240 Coins

Backstory

Born the only son of village schoolteachers, Galloran was raised with a love of learning. Always bookish and kind of pudgy, he none the less showed a willingness to engage in hard work and daily chores. When the gift of magic manifested, Galloran's parents were ecstatic... until the reality of their situation set in. Too poor to get the boy formal training, they managed to acquire what books and information they could.

Through second hand grimoires and the odd lesson gleaned from passersby, Galloran was largely self taught. He furthered his study by traveling where he could, using the resources of other libraries to answer question after question. Even as a young man, Galloran retained his short stature and quickly learned to defend himself against all but the most skilled of bullies. He toughened up immensely, and learned not to be pressured by others who would sway him.

But Galloran developed a bit of a chip on his shoulder. He saw plainly those other magic wielders born to privilege enough to afford more formal training. He noted how much easier their studies became within the constraints of a structured environment. Galloran seethed at their coddled lifestyle and little social cliques.

Perhaps it was just a bad day (though in truth part of Galloran wanted it to happen) when a cluster of these young wizards pushed past him arrogantly. Galloran demanded an apology, but received a snide, mocking comment instead. Galloran demanded a wizard's duel. Once the laughter subsided from his peers, the other wizard agreed haughtily.

He simply could have walked away, any offense subsiding in short time. Instead, Galloran forcibly escalated the matter.

The dual was fought, and in truth both casters were fairly evenly matched in magical abilities. But Galloran had one advantage -- some measure of experience growing up in the real world. As flurries of eldritch energies were launched and deflected until both caster panted near exhaustion, Galloran did the unexpected. After deflecting a final bolt from his opponent, Galloran closed the distance and struck him hard across the head with walking stick. The young wizard dropped to the ground, unconscious and twitching, even as Galloran laughed and walked away. Magic doesn't solve everything.

In the weeks that have followed since defeating a schooled wizard, Galloran's ego has grown, and so has his own estimation of his abilities. Now Galloran is poised to travel to a new locale, one in which a powerful Magus once had a library of over a hundred volumes. But the journey will be long, and who knows what he will find along the way.

Notes

Galloran is a fairly direct wizard build with no real surprises. He's just a basic example of a usable wizard who is capable of surviving from Novice rank, despite his *Small* hindrance.

Gardiff the Lost

Race: Human Male

Rank: Novice

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidate d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Riding d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d6

Pace: 6+1d6; **Charisma:** 0; **Parry:** 5 (Base 6, Great Sword -1); **Toughness:** 9 (Base 7, Toughness 1, Armor 1)

Edges: Brawny

Hindrances: All-Thumbs(m), Illiterate(m), Heroic (M)

Gear: Two Handed Sword (STR+1d10, Parry -1, 2H), Leather Armor (Armor+1), Backpack

Backstory

Gardiff always was a little dim – the last to understand the moral of a story, the last to learn to tie his shoes. He couldn't fix a cart or plow. He never did learn his letters or how to write his own name. But what Gardiff did learn, he learned well. A strong sense of right and wrong, for example, always has colored Gardiff's perception of the world. A good thing, too, since even as Gardiff's mind lagged behind his fellows, his body grew to dwarf theirs. Standing a hair under seven feet tall and well over 300 lbs, Gardiff is a physical monster among men.

Think what you wish of young Gardiff, he was not so stupid he couldn't recognize what few talents and advantages he held. Easily enough he could have bullied the people around him. Instead, his strong moral compass led him in the other direction. Gardiff became a protector, helping those persons weaker than he against those would prey upon them. In a way, he forged a symbiotic relationship with his peers; where he kept them from harm, they looked out for him when faced with persons who would dupe or manipulate him.

Gardiff and his friends grew to adulthood, in time joining their home town militia. Trained to fight with blade and fist, it appeared that Gardiff had found his place in the world. He threw himself into his studies with impassioned fervor, diligently absorbing each lesson his swordmasters presented. But near the end of his training, Gardiff's world collapsed. Alongside his friends, Gardiff had been camped in the hills just outside of town. They never saw their attackers as arrows tore through the thin tent-cloth and sank deeply into unsuspecting flesh. Gardiff awoke two days later in cabin of the town's healer, his wounds bound in thin gauze. He was the sole survivor.

Gardiff lost his place in the world, namely a place alongside his friends. Now, Gardiff has found no other choice but to leave his homeland and all of its tumultuous memories. He is disheartened, a little broken inside, but he knows he must find a new way in the world.

Gatun

Race: Human

Rank: Novice; **XP:** 10

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

Skills: Climb d4, Fight d6, Notice d6, Riding d4; Shooting d4, Stealth d6+2, Survival d8+2, Swimming d6, Throwing d4, Tracking d8+2

Pace: 6, **Parry** 6 (7 with spear), **Toughness** 7 (1), **Charisma** 0

Hindrances: Illiterate; Clueless; Poverty (Doesn't really understand money).

Edges: Raise Strength; Raise Vigor; Raise Skills (2 skills); Woodsman (+2 Track, Survival and Stealth); Martial Artist (never unarmed, +d4 unarmed damage).

Weapon	Range	ROF	Damage	Weight	Notes
Spear	3/6/12	1	d8+d6	2	1 Reach, +1 Parry
Staff	—	—	d8+d4		use spear as staff
Dagger	3/6/16	1	d8 + d4	1	
Hatchet	3/6/12	1	d8+d6	2	
Brawling	—	—	d8+d4	—	

Armor: Leather +1 Torso, Arms & Legs

Equipment: Hatchets (3), Tent, Backpack, Saddle Bags, Sacred Rocks, Torches (3), 20' rope, Bedroll, Horse.

Description:

Age: 19 Hair: Light Brown
Gender: Male Weight: 160
Height: 5' 8" Eyes: Green



Despite his difficult life, Gatun is an optimist and fun loving sort. He loves people and is friendly and congenial. Instead of

despising civilization, he has embraced it and loves what it has to offer. He loves bright clothes and shiny objects. However, Gatun does not understand money or how it works. He spends his money quickly and is generous to a fault. His naïveté is endearing but can get him into trouble. This is also true for his curiosity. Gatun observes the law of the wild and this may come out when he is angry or threatened.

Background/History:

Gatun's memory of his childhood is vague. He was the son of a wood cutter who lived on the edge of civilization. He spent most of his time alone or with his father. His mother was not around and he has no memory of having a mother. At some point he became separated from his father at what was approximately the age of around 10.

While in the wild Gatun was befriended and adopted by a pack of wolves. He later befriended an orphaned bear cub. Gatun was the alpha male of the pack when he was found by a group of Sitara (gypsies) that were part of a traveling circus. At first he was a novelty act known as "The Wolf Boy" but he eventually escaped from the camp.

He had travelled far from home but was taken in during the winter by monks known as White Cloaks. They were strict and difficult and forced him to wear clothes and learn to fear the gods and how to conduct himself in civilized society. He eventually ran away but it had been years and he no longer knew how to return to his pack.

Wondering from town to town was difficult for the boy but he eventually found himself with a group of brigands known as the Corsarians. The group had a falling out and Gatun ended up in the teeming city of Tuam.

In Tuam he fell in with a group of low level thugs and was befriended by "Rat." Rat exploits Gatun and uses him for muscle. Gatun is oblivious to this and probably wouldn't even believe anyone who pointed this out.

Special Ability: Gatun has the ability to communicate with wolves and bears. He has a special affinity with them and has a +2 on any interaction with these animals.

Special Disability: Gatun is socially clueless and in any formal setting is bound to make a social blunder. He is usually very direct with people.

Hugo Rune

Race: Human

Rank: Novice, **XP:** 10

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Healing d4, Investigation d6, Knowledge (academics) (arcana) d8, Notice d6, Spell Weaving d8, Shooting d6, Swimming d4

Pace 6, Parry 5, Toughness 5 (1), Charisma 0

Hindrances: Curious (Hugo is curious about everything), Enemy (Medula's guild of thieves), Loyal (Hugo will not leave a friend behind.). Arcane Drawback (shaken on spell weaving die of 1)

Edges: Increase Agility, Arcane Background (sorcerer), Wizard (-1 spell point per raise), Summon Ally (1st adv); Shape Change (2nd adv)

Weapons

Staff d4 + d4 1 reach, +1 Parry

Sling 12/24/48 2d4

Dagger 3/6/16 Str + d4 1

Armor: Leather +1 Torso, Arms & Legs 15

SPELLS

Spell Points: 15

Spell	Range	Damage	Duration	Cost	Description
Bolt	12/24/48	2d6	Instant	1	Bolt of Electricity
Bolt (2)	2d6	(each)	2		
Bolt (3)	2d6	(each)	3		
Bolt (charged)	3d6	2			

Dispel Magic 8 — Instant 3

Summon Ally 8 — 3 (1/round) 3 Lighting Lizard

Shape Change Self — 1 minute (1/min) 3 Hawk, Rabbit, Cat



Equipment: 20 Sling Bullets, Tent, Backpack, Saddle Bags, Scrolls & cases, Torches (3), Writing Utensils, 20' rope, Bedroll, Horse.

Description:

Age: 21	Gender: Boy
Height: 5' 10"	Hair: Black
Weight: 150	Eyes: Brown

Background:

Hugo was born in the small town of Gaimen where magic was illegal. As a young man Hugo did not realize he had powers but sometimes did strange things by accident and nobody realized what he had done. An army of religious fanatics known as White Cloaks attacked the town; burning it to the ground. Hugo saw the army coming because he was out hunting and he was able to flee to safety. The people of Gaimen were bonded into slavery.

Hugo eventually made his way to Tuam (a large city) where he lived on the streets until he was discovered by Whittier Von Litvig. Mr. Litvig immediately recognized Hugo's potential when he observed Hugo being accosted in the street by a group of Medula's goons. They quickly overwhelmed Hugo but suddenly dropped to the ground in convulsions.

Mr. Litvig took Hugo in and helped him develop his innate ability to channel electricity. Mr. Litvig was not a traditional mentor and was a scoundrel and crook before anything. He was also an intellectual and well studied and read. Why he helped Hugo is a mystery. He sometimes worked for the Hart Organization (a guild of thieves in Tuam). It should not have come as a surprise that Hugo returned to their apartments one day to find Litvig gone and all of their things gone.

Having nowhere to go, Litvig fell in with a thief named Zilch and a barbarian named Kunta Hora. Hugo must keep his talents a secret since Magic is illegal in the Kingdom of Tullamore.

Lightning Lizard (Summoned Creature)

Agility d6	Pace 6
Smarts d6 (A)	Parry 5
Spirit d6	Toughness 8
Strength d6	
Vigor d10	

Skills: Climb d6, Fight d6, Notice d6, Shoot d6, Stealth d6, Throw d6

Hindrances: Animal Intelligence (minor), Cannot be Touched (minor)

Edge: Increased Agility

Weapon

Shocking Touch d6 + d8 No Range

Lightning Bolt 2d6 12/24/48



When Hugo Rune summons a creature it is a shock lizard. It has a pale blue belly and a darker blue color on its back. It looks like a common lizard but with electricity all around it. It is about 2 feet long and weighs about 40 pounds. It can shoot a lightning bolt from its mouth but may also attempt to grab and shock its prey. It is not at any disadvantage when fighting an armed creature.

Design notes: As a practical matter this is the exact same as summoned guardian. It has the disadvantage of being an animal so given animal intelligence. Since it cannot be summoned to help instead of attacked this is also a disadvantage. So it is allowed a heightened vigor in exchange.

Hutchins the Archer (WC)

Race: Human Male

Rank: Novice

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d4, Healing d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

Pace: 8+1d10; **Charisma:** 0; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Edges: Danger Sense, Fleet Footed

Hindrances: Greedy (m), Phobia – Enclosed Spaces (m), Yellow (M)

Gear: Bow (Damage 2d6; 12/24/48; RoF 1), Short Sword (STR+1d6), Quiver with 20 Arrows, 15 Coins

Backstory

Hutchins had a childhood dream. He wanted to be a Hero. Unfortunately, as Hutchins learned quickly enough, Heroes get hurt. They get cut. They bleed. They die. And as quickly as he'd begun training with a blade, he gave it up. No Sir, the Heroes life was not the right choice after all. Better to stand far... FAR... away from a fight and launch an arrow or three. If the fighting gets too close, well, that's what running away is for. Indeed, Hutchins found himself to be proficient at both shooting AND fleeing. Coupled with a nose for scenting out danger, Hutchins was far from heroic material. Hutchins is a natural born coward.

Now, please don't think that makes Hutchins a bad person. He's affable enough and his cowardice doesn't usually affect others too badly. See, Hutchins is a man with ideas. That's right, ideas. He figures he can still manage to find a Hero's payoff without the entire Hero's risk. It's just a matter of finding the angle, right? And the key to that angle seems to be hiding among more sturdy folk, letting the folk who want to fight – who get off on fighting – do what they do best. See, no problems there. Hutchins will just hang back, take a shot when the opportunity presents itself, and let the cash roll in. If things get hairy, well, he'll do what he does best and run his buns off.

Hutchins is an Archer for hire, and tends to take jobs where there are lots of wide open spaces. No dungeon delving for Hutchins, no Sir. Keep to the wide open spaces, that's his motto. More space to shoot. More space to run away. Space is good. Goooooooood.

Jorgindel

Race: Elf (Savage Worlds Rulebook)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Spellcasting d6, Stealth d4, Survival d4, Swimming d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Overconfident; Pacifist (minor), Poverty; All Thumbs

Edges: Low Light Vision

Gear: Bow

Powers:

- **Beast Friend**
- **Entangle**
- **Deflection**

Description: Jorgindel is the typical elf traveling with humans. She seems not to care too much about anything, but on the other hand never attacks first. Wealth has no meaning to her and she gives her belongings away regularly and spontaneously, making fun of those valuing it. Beware! She just gave away her Short Sword...

Kirla D'sa

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Survival d4, Swimming d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Code of Honor; Doubting Thomas, Enemy (minor)

Edges: Sweep

Gear: Long Sword, Large Shield (equipment is not added to Parry/Toughness yet)

Description: Kirla is a young fighter in her late teens. She just finished training at the fighters' academy of Ulrich. But she already has an enemy: when she accused a fellow student of bullying the local peasantry, getting him banned from the academy, he secretly swore revenge. She does not trust magic.

Leopold von Stadt

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Healing d4, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Arcane) d8, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Spellcasting d8, Swimming d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Yellow; Greedy, Hard of Hearing (minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Magic), Wizard

Gear: [to be added] Gear1, Gear2,

Powers:

- Bolt
- Fear
- Detect/ Conceal Arcana

Description: Leopold is a young wizard in his early twenties. He spent most of his life in libraries and laboratories. It's hard for him to listen, because it seems a bodyless voice is always mumbling to him in an unknown language.

Lord Adoward the Shieldheart

This character is best suited for play in a campaign.

Rank: Novice **XP:** 00

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Battle) d4, Knowledge (Trivium) d6, Knowledge (Quadrivium) d4, Persuasion d4, Riding d6, Taunt d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6 (1)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Stubborn, Enemy: Scheming Uncle (m)

Edges: Noble, Filthy Rich, Strong-Willed

Gear: Warhorse, barded with elaborate saddle; Normal clothing, Cavalry sabre, Buckler with Shieldheart crest, Leather Armor, 155gp for misc.

Description: Third in line of succession for a large estate, Adoward was tutored to become a sage advisor to the royal court. Something bad (player choice) happened and he fled that life in shame. He joined other hedge knights in a mercenary outfit and spent years fighting for money. Recently, his father and both older brothers died, leaving him sole heir by surprise. The inheritance is a severe disruption. Adoward wants to enjoy the benefits of title and wealth while avoiding the obligations inherent in good rulership. He has confided much of his personal holdings to noble mercenary buddies without due consideration to personal character. He tends to over-delegate, and prefers to raise taxes for scutage rather than directly fulfill martial obligations to his own feudal lord. He adventures to hide from his unwanted responsibility, propelled by a massive reservoir of carefully masked shame and anxiety.

Praterkarli

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d8(+2), Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d8, Streetwise d4, Swimming d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6 (5 with encumbrance); **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Greedy; Wanted (minor), Loyal

Edges: Thief, Acrobat

Gear: Short Sword, Leather Armor, Lockpicks (equipment is not added to Parry/Toughness yet)

Description: Praterkarli, Karli for her friends, grew up on the streets of a major city. She is greedy, but at the same time very, loyal, looking for the surrogate family she never had. She is wanted by the city guards for pickpocketing and burglary.

Juan Carlos

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D6, Vigor D4

Skills: Boating d6, Climbing d4, Fighting D6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Navigation) d8, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d4, Swimming d4

Languages: English, Portuguese, Spanish.

Charisma: 0 (-2); **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 6 (+1); **Toughness:** 5 (1)

Fame: 0;

Hindrances: Cocky, Code Of Honor, Jingoistic (minor)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Two-Fisted

Gear: Leather Armor, Rapier (str +d4), Dagger (str +d4), Spyglass, \$25

Description

Olive skin, brown eyes and an unruly shock of black hair. Although youthful in appearance, his eyes betray some part of the anger within his soul (think Antonio Banderas)

Quote: "You have a long swim back to Spain, dog !."

Background

Juan Carlos is Portuguese, and proud of it. His background was privileged and he was apprenticed to the famous Portuguese merchant, Luiz Valdes de Lobo.

He was sent to sea as a young man on one of de Lobo's ships where he was treated with great respect and affection by the crew. On one fateful voyage, a Spanish privateer attacked the ship and murdered most of the ship's company for its cargo of textiles. Carlos was clever enough to hide his true position on the crew and was spared by the Spaniards because of his age. He was put to menial work on the ship and bided his time. His chance for escape came when the Spaniard vessel was itself attacked by a pirate ship. The young Carlos joined the fight on the side of the pirates, and when brought before the pirate captain, declared his true identity and his skill as a navigator. The pirate captain could hardly believe his luck and so began a life as a buccaneer. Although considered too valuable to risk in combat often, Juan has managed to acquire some skill with the rapier and nurtures a hatred of the Spanish.

Muscles Malone

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Clueless, All Thumbs, Big Mouth

Edges: Two Fisted

Gear: Tommy Gun, 50 rounds .45, .38 Special*, 50 rounds .38, Billy Club, Brass Knuckles

Description:

Muscles Malone may not be the brightest of the bunch, but he's the strongest. He has always been a bit slower than those around him, but they tend to treat him okay, so he never minds when they correct him or joke about how dumb he is. When there's someone that needs a little persuasion of the physical kind, Muscles steps in to have a "conversation". One thing that the boss knows is not to tell Muscles the whole plan unless he has to, because everyone knows that Muscles has a hard time remembering which parts he isn't supposed to tell anyone. When he's not working, Muscles can be found sitting at the card table trying to make a big score.

*Stats for .38 Special

Weapon	Range	Damage	ROF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Notes
S&W .38 Special	10/20/40	2d6	1	200	1	6	Revolver

The Red Death

Race: Human

Role: Assassin

Rank: Seasoned (20 Experience)

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Throwing d8

Pace: 6"+1d6", **Parry:** 6, **Toughness:** 6 (Base 5, Leather Suit 1), **Charisma** +0

Edges: Ambidextrous, Connections (Criminal Underworld), First Strike, Quick, Two Fisted

Hindrances: Quirk (m; Always wears gloves), Vow (m; Will only contract to kill other "bad" people), Wanted (M; Murder, most of the Civilized World)

Gear: (4) Throwing Knives, 3/6/12; d6+d4; RoF1; Weight 1, .45 Revolver, 12/24/48; 2d6+1 AP1; RoF1; Shots 6; Weight 6; Revolver w/ 50 Rounds of Ammo, Red Leather Armor w/ Face Mask, Fake ID w/ Passport, Approximately 500\$ Cash

Notes:

The Red Death is a mystery, an assassin known mostly for killing other criminals.



Thief / Safecracker (Seasoned, 25XP)

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

Skills: Climbing d6+2, Fighting d6, Lockpicking d8+2, Notice d6+2, Persuasion d4+2, Shooting d8, Stealth d8+2, Streetwise d6+2, Taunt d8

Pace: 6; **Charisma:** +2; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5 (Kevlar: 7/9 vs bullets, -4AP)

Edges: Thief, Attractive, Alertness, Level Headed

Hindrances: Yellow (major, squeamish at sight of blood and gore, -2 to Guts checks), Greedy (minor), Pacifist (minor, despise violence, only fight when given no other choice, prevents killing of prisoners or defenseless victims when possible)

Gear: Concealed camera, concealed lockpicks, small toolkit for disabling security systems, tiny flash and smoke bombs

Weapons/Armor: Sap (refer to Rippers for stats), Derringer (.44), Kevlar vest

Background:

You were a self proclaimed "international jewel thief" before the Fixer recruited you to the group. You don't always approve when their activities escalate to violence, but the job pays well and scratches your itch for danger. Plus, you worked a deal with the Fixer to keep an eye out for profitable acquisitions during missions. Anything that you bring in, whether it be cash to be laundered, valuable jewelry, or a rare painting, nets you a bonus after he sells it to provide additional financing for the group.

Tactics:

You might not be the best in a straight up fight, which you try to avoid, but if you sneak up on someone you can knock them unconscious easily with your sap. Due to your better than average Smarts and Agility, you can gain advantages in combat for yourself and your companions by using Tricks to distract your foes. You can also Taunt opponents to your own advantage or to goad them into making a foolish mistake. Socially, you can hold your own thanks to your good looks, but aren't as accomplished of a liar and performer as some of your teammates. If you do get into a prolonged firefight, you might pick up some sort of automatic weapon that you could use for suppressive fire to keep opponent's heads down and cover your teammates.

Wheeler (Seasoned, 25XP)

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

Skills: Driving d10+2, Fighting d8, Boating d6+2, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Piloting d6+2, Repair d6, Taunt d6

Pace: 6; **Charisma:** -1; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (Kevlar: 7/9 vs bullets, -4AP)

Edges: Ace, Quick, Steady Hands

Hindrances: Overconfident (major), Habit: Brings up analogies to racing, boating, engines, flying, etc in almost all conversations (minor), Quirk: Speed Junkie (minor)

Gear: Toolkit, has access to various vans, SUVs, fast cars, motorcycles, boats, even a plane

Weapons/Armor: big wrench (treat as club), concealed knife, Glock (9mm), Kevlar vest

Background:

You were an accomplished mechanic and street racer when the Fixer offered you the chance to fly. You were trained on both conventional and military aircraft, as well as being given the chance to familiarize yourself with any vehicle you expressed interest in. While you do have to ferry around your teammates a lot, sometimes you get the chance to really shine. Since you're not always going undercover, you get a lot more time to work out and tune your vehicles. You're pretty mean with a wrench both in the garage and in a scrap.

Tactics:

In a fight, you're effective both at range and in your enemy's face. With your higher than average strength, you can wrestle someone down fairly well. In a car, you can drive and shoot at the same time as effectively as your teammates can shoot. If you just do one or the other, you're the best. Due to your better than average Agility, you can gain advantages in combat for yourself and your companions by using Tricks to distract your foes. You can also Taunt opponents to your own advantage or to goad them into making a foolish mistake.

Femme Fatale / Don Juan

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6+4, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6+4, Throwing d8, Taunt d8

Pace: 6; **Charisma:** +4; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5 (Kevlar: 7/9 vs bullets, -4AP)

Edges: Attractive, Very Attractive, Acrobat, Combat Reflexes

Hindrances: Curious (major), Quirk: Views self-worth through "conquests" (minor), Vengeful (minor)

Gear: Concealed camera

Weapons/Armor: concealed knife, concealed/disguised throwing knives (hair sticks, collar stays, retractable cuff link shuriken?), S&W (.357) revolver, Kevlar vest

Background:

You were reassigned from your previous field assignment (which included some wetwork) to work with an experienced operative who was assembling a specialist team. Other than your boss, who everyone else knows as the Fixer, the only other professional spy on the team is the Spook, who came from the same organization. You're not allowed to talk to any of the other members about what government pays the bills. You can only expect direct support from your teammates and are officially considered to be a rogue agent. You find it odd working as part of a team like this, but the others have really helped out in some situations.

Tactics:

Your throwing knives might not do as much damage as a gun, but they're quiet and well balanced. Due to your better than average Agility and acrobatic training, you can gain advantages in combat for yourself and your companions by using Tricks to distract your foes. You can also Taunt opponents to your own advantage or to goad them into making a foolish mistake. Socially, you turn heads and manipulate opinions better than most. You're often able to get a mark's assistance without them even realizing what they're doing. Almost everyone reacts positively to you, except perhaps for some spurned lovers.

Hacker

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

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Investigation d8, Knowledge (Electronics/Computers) d8+2, Knowledge(Science/Chemistry) d8+2, Notice d8, Repair d6, Shooting d8

Pace: 6; **Charisma:** -2/+0; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5 (Kevlar: 7/9 vs bullets, -4AP)

Edges: Scholar (Knowledge(Computers), Knowledge(Chemistry)), Luck, McGyver, Common Bond

Hindrances: Clueless, Bad Eyes (minor, needs glasses), Outsider (SERIOUS geek/nerd (no penalty with other geeks))

Gear: tricked out laptop, even smaller pda/tablet, small electronics toolkit

Weapons/Armor: Desert Eagle (.50), Kevlar vest

Background:

You were working in a forensics lab as your day job when the FBI busted down your door and arrested you for electronic fraud and felony charges. You were just exploiting a bug in the online gambling site's code... of course you did have to hack your way into their back-end servers to find the source code and the bug... but... well, you were offered an out. You got to put your skills to use defending your country's interests, although you're not allowed to come back into the country until you earn your pardon. Until then, while "officially" you're serving time in a federal penitentiary, you've been working with a group of intelligence operatives providing support -- and occasionally getting into dangerous firefights, good thing they gave you some training! You're not supposed to tell anyone how you got this job, but everyone else seems pretty secretive too (duh!). You've done a fair amount of money laundering, and have been sacking away some money of your own into Swiss accounts and Cayman Islands banks. It's not stolen from the group, you've really come to like them quite a lot. You do get to play with some pretty cool toys though!

Tactics:

Generally, stay out of the spotlight. You're a good shot, and picked out a big, dangerous gun if you do get into a fight. Remember to take cover and avoid letting anyone get close to you. Due to your better than average Smarts, you can gain advantages in combat for yourself and your companions by using Tricks to distract your foes. You can also Taunt opponents to your own advantage or to goad them into making a foolish mistake. Your Common Bond lets you help out your companions by actually giving them bennies, this can be very powerful, and only requires communication with your friend. You can McGyver solutions to tricky problems.

Spook / Special Agent / "Super Spy"

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Intimidate d6+2, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6+2, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4+2, Taunt d6+2

Pace: 6; **Charisma:** +2; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 (Kevlar: 7/9 vs bullets, -4AP)

Edges: Attractive, Strong Willed, Two Fisted, Marksman

Hindrances: Heroic (Major), Loyal (minor), Stubborn (minor)

Gear: concealable lockpicks, small toolkit for disabling security systems, concealed camera,

Weapons/Armor: concealed knife, Desert Eagle (.50), Glock (9mm), Kevlar vest

Background:

You were asked to give your life for your country. This new assignment may result in your death, but as far as anyone from home is concerned, you're dead already -- They buried you. You're very patriotic and know that what you're doing is good for your country, no matter what the job calls for. You do enjoy working for your new boss and feel like you're part of a adoptive family. Other than your boss, who everyone else knows as the Fixer, the only other professional spy on the team is the Femme Fatale / Don Juan, who came from the same organization, although they seem more skilled at wetwork. You're not allowed to talk to any of the other members about what government pays the bills. You can only expect direct support from your teammates and are officially considered to be a rogue agent. You enjoy working in a team like this, and refuse to leave anyone behind. You believe in protecting the average person and do everything you can to prevent innocent bystanders from being hurt.

Tactics:

You're competent all around, and can pull off some neat two fisted gun-fu. In a firefight, get somewhere safe (with cover) you can stay at to take advantage of your Marksman ability, it makes you the best shot on the team. Marksman can even be used with Double-Taps and Three Round Bursts (but not full automatic or suppressive fire).

Due to your better than average Agility, you can gain advantages in combat for yourself and your companions by using Tricks to distract your foes. You can also Intimidate or Taunt opponents to your own advantage, to cause them to back down, or to goad them into making a foolish mistake.

Controller / Fixer / Handler

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Intimidate d10+2, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d10

Pace: 5; **Charisma:** +0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4 (Kevlar: 6/8 vs bullets, -4AP)

Edges: Jack-Of-All-Trades, Strong Willed, Connections (black market, government contacts), Level Headed

Hindrances: Elderly (major), Cautious (minor), Enemy (minor, rival spy from "the old days")

Gear: various spy tools and trick devices that you've acquired or had made (garrote watch, flash/smoke bombs, shoelaces made of explosives, etc -- make stuff up!)

Weapons/Armor: Glock (9mm), Kevlar vest

Notes:

Jack-of-All-Trades: This is a list of skills that apply:

Smarts Skills: Gambling, Healing, Investigation, Knowledge, Notice, Repair, Streetwise, Survival, Taunt (d4+2), Tracking

Background:

You've been in the espionage business for so long, it's second nature to you. You still can't believe the Cold War is (supposedly) over. You had the choice of taking a analytical desk job or "going rogue" and pulling together your own team. Officially, the government regards you as a threat, but unofficially you still get channeled as much indirect support as they can manage. You've managed to pull together a relatively competent team, drawing from both civilian and company sources. You have the Thief keeping an eye out for launderable monetary resources in exchange for a cut, and have sold a few secrets to other governments to keep the cash flowing and keep up the "mercenary for sale" image.

Tactics:

Your age has taken its toll on your combat effectiveness: You can't take a beating anymore, and you're not very strong, so avoid brawls. You can still shoot very well and have fast reactions - use cover to your advantage! Due to your high Smarts, you can gain advantages in combat for yourself and your employees by using Tricks to distract your foes. You excel at Intimidating opponents to your own advantage or even causing them to back down. You can also Taunt opponents for similar advantage, but not as effectively.

Al Cooper

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Driving d4, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Intimidation d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Repair d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5+d4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Heroic; Obese, Habit (Heavy Smoker)

Edges: Ace

Gear: 500\$

Description: Al Cooper is a heavy-weight biker guy, who never left his city. He is already nearly 40 years old, but till now he was mostly hanging out or driving in circles.

Benjamin Cooper

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Knowledge (Zombies) d6

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Curious (Major), Delusional (Minor): Convinced that the government is behind the zombies, Vow (Minor) Prove that the government is behind the zombies.

Edges: Alertness, Luck

Gear: Flashlight, Lighter, Pump Shotgun, 50 shotgun shells, Machete (use short sword stats)

Description:

They used to call him crazy when he warned them about zombies. He read all the books and watched all the movies. He told them that the government was working on zombie viruses and that one day they would let the zombies loose on the public to combat overpopulation. He told them they would come and that they'd be sorry they didn't listen to him. Well, who's laughing now? Not Benjamin, because he knows it isn't funny.

Benjamin used to work in a copy shop in Brooklyn. It didn't pay much; just enough to keep him in his little apartment and to buy new books and movies about the undead shambling monsters. Oh, and to play those arcade games where you use the plastic shotgun to kill all of the on-screen zombies. Turns out that that was pretty good training for the real thing, once he learned how to load and got used to the recoil. Now, he's on a personal mission to prove that the government is behind the zombie plague and maybe, just maybe, to put a stop to it.

Debbie Sheehan

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Attributes: Agility d8(+2), Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4-2, Healing d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d6+2, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Swimming d6, Survival d4, Throwing d6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6+d10; **Parry:** 6 (5 with encumbrance); **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Yellow; Greedy (minor), Quirk (call the team spirit)

Edges: Attractive, Acrobat, Fleet-footed

Gear: 500\$

Description: Debbie is a proud, young high school cheerleader. She is not really prepared for the things to come soon, but at least she is athletic, fast and trusting the team spirit.

Edwin Downing

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Driving d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6+d6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Arrogant; Outsider, Phobia (kids)

Edges: Danger Sense

Gear: 500\$

Description: Edwin Downing always preferred to stay home, instead of playing with other kids. He thought they were creepy and he was disgusted by them. He was happy, when he could drop out of school to take care for his sick mother. He does not like people, even now that he owns a gun range. And he is sure, he is the best sniper there is.

Film Student

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Guts d10, Knowledge (film) d8, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Curious, Habit (minor; emotionally withdrawn), Small

Edges: Block (with GM's permission)

Gear: \$10 in quarters and scavenged goods (in Zombie Run)

Description: Growing up on a farm, the film student learned how to shoot, drive, and maintain some of the equipment on the place, but the best days were trips into town to the movie theatre. There, it didn't matter how little interest he had in sports or sticking around after high school. Now he's been in college for three years, taken some self-defense courses, and struggled to make it as a young man who never quite did right by his father.

The recent zombie uprising hasn't done much for his self confidence, but the film student has seen so much in movies and his short time surviving the apocalypse that nothing seems to faze him - which may prove his biggest asset.

Corinth (Cory) Terson

Race: Human

Rank: Novice **XP:** 10

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

Skills: Climb d4, Driving d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Intimidation d4, Lock-Picking d4, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6, Throwing d4

Pace: 6, Parry 5 (5 ranged), Toughness 10 (7) (1), Charisma 0

Hindrances: Overconfident (major), Wanted - AWOL (minor), Quirk – problem with authority (minor)

Edges: Raise Agility; Raise Vigor; Raise Skills (2 skills); Dodge (+1 Parry ranged attacks); Quick (discard an initiative card of 5 or less)

Weapons	Range	ROF	Damage	Weight	Notes
Pistol (blaster)	12/24/36	1	2d6	1	100 shots
Brawling (d6)					
Shock Glove (Str +d6+1 – 1)					

Armor	Protection	Area Protected	Weight	Notes
Leather	+1	Torso, Arms & Legs	5	
Kevlar Vest +2		Torso, Arms & Legs	8	Negates 4 AP

Equipment: Backpack, Canteen (purifier), Flashlight, Computer / Phone, Lock-Pick tools, Hiking Boots, Camouflage Fatigues. Money: Credits 0

Description:

Age: 22 Gender: Male
Height: 5' 10" Hair: Black
Weight: 180 Eyes: Green

Personality:

Cory is a street kid who has difficulty in formal settings. He makes wisecracks and is often direct in expressing his ideas and feelings and this sometimes gets him in trouble. At times he acts like he has a chip on his shoulder and is more than a little arrogant. Not only does he have the sense of invincibility brought by youth but he takes this to a whole other level.

Background/History:

Corinth (Cory) was born on Atlas 3 in the Nautilus sector. The planet was an earth like planet terraformed centuries before. It had very modern economy but was an below average technology level. Most of the available jobs were agricultural or industrial in nature. There was a much defined class system and it was difficult to achieve upward mobility. Cory's parents were poor and he spent youth running with street gangs and thugs. After falling into trouble with the law Cory was given a choice between jail and military service and a clean record. He was allowed to serve a tour duty in the Atlas 3 army.

At the time of his service, Atlas 3 was in the progress of "reintegrating" the mining colonies on the planet of Astros. There he witnessed the brutality of The Alliance of planets and witnessed a number of human rights abuses. Though he was ordered to serve a tour of 4 years, the Alliance ordered re-enlistment of many of its conscripts. Not willing to participate in an unjust and unpopular war (in Cory's eyes, he was fighting on the wrong side) he went AWOL and fled the Alliance controlled territories.

After a time he fell in with the crew of The Pandora and has been traveling with them since.



SGT Bob "Chopper" Hart

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Battle) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Survival d6, Driving d6, Climbing d4, Swimming d4

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** Base: 5 Mod (kevlar vest): 7/9

Edges: Command

Hindrances: Local (Minor), Phobia: Heights (Minor), Vow: Never leave a fallen comrade (Major)

Gear: Kevlar Vest, M-16, 100 rounds, Survival Knife, Camo Fatigues, \$205

Description:

SGT "Chopper" Hart, so named by his squad because of his love for his motorcycle, was part of a convoy moving supplies from one base to another just after the robots first attacked when his unit came under attack from a robot patrol. His truck was hit with a small rocket, and the blast knocked Chopper unconscious. When he came to, he was surrounded by burning wreckage and acrid smoke. He checked the area and found that there were only two survivors of the attack: himself and his SAW gunner, Pvt. Thompson. Thompson was heavily wounded, so Chopper fashioned a makeshift litter and started dragging the Pvt. toward the nearest town. When he got there, the town had been hit hard. A man scavenging the town for medicine came across Chopper and Thompson and offered to take them to a nearby abandoned missile silo that a group of survivors was using as a secret hideout from the roving robot patrols. Now, SGT Hart is ready to pay the robot menace back for what they did to his comrades.

Michael One

Special Notes: This character was created using material available in the *Science Fiction Gear Toolkit*. This includes Robot (As Character), and some gear.

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Race: Android (humanoid)

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

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** Base: 4 Mod: 12 (personal energy shield)

Hindrances: Code of Honor (Major), Enemy (Major), Outsider (Minor), Wanted (Major)

Edges: Construct (as Monstrous Ability), Alertness, Connections: Police Department

Gear: Personal Energy Shield, Glock 9mm, Flechette SMG, Cell Phone, Credit Stick, Handheld Computer, 50 9mm rounds, 50 flechette rounds

Description:

Michael One is a bit different, and he isn't the only one. One of only 9 Hermitage Mark 1 fully sentient humanoid androids produced by Hermitage Cybernetics, Inc., Michael One managed to give his company handlers the slip early on, and is now on the lam from the company. Taking his name from part of his designation, he has set himself up as something of a private investigator to make a living while working on tracking down the other Mark 1s to try to convince them that they don't have to go along with what Hermitage wants.

Schrödinger's Cat

(Power: Sidekick [3 power points] -1 Device; -1 Limited Power*)

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength: d4 -2, Vigor d8

Skills: Fight d8, Climb d10, Notice d8, Stealth d10, Swim: d6

Pace: 6, **Parry** 6, **Toughness** 6

Hindrances: Loyal (owner) (minor), No fine manipulation (minor), Small (-1 toughness) (major), Curious (minor); Animal Intelligence (major), -1 Strength (major), Cannot communicate with anyone but the owner.

Edges: Acrobat, Small (-2 attacks against cat), Attributes (Smarts, Vigor), Quick

Powers:

- **Regeneration** (Level 5) [6] (-2 Slow Activation: Once every 24 hours) (-2 Limitation: Only works after dead).

- **Low Light Vision** [1].

- **Teleport** [1] (-2 Slow Activation (1 minute) & Requires a vigor check).

- **Cat Scratch Fever** (Paralysis) [2] (-1 Limited: Should the cat actually scratch's a target (i.e. Causes shaken or wound status) then it would also acts as a paralysis attack Vigor TN 4).

Description:

Schrödinger's Cat was a common household tabby cat before Schrödinger's famous experiment. Contrary to popular belief, the experiment wasn't just a thought experiment. Instead, he really did do an experiment on a cat involving a box and the poison gas. The result of the experiment is Schrödinger's Cat. At any given time the cat is dead... and alive. It can be in two places at once. When he concentrates for a minute his form will appear in two places (the original starting point and another point within 12") and the cat may choose which one it wants to manifest in. It is vulnerable to attack in both locations at the same time during the last 2 rounds of the power.)

The cat bonds with the owner of Schrödinger's Box (Device -1). Whoever possesses (or last possessed) the box, is the cat's owner. The cat is completely loyal to its owner. The cat also gained the ability to communicate with its owner as a familiar (see Page 5 of Fantasy Companion).

The creature is both dead and alive at any given time and therefore cannot actually be killed. If the cat is killed, his regeneration power is activated. The regeneration power works at no other time. He may make a regeneration check once per day and when he makes it his body will dissipate and reappear in Schrödinger's Box.

*-1 limited - The limited disadvantage is simply because Schrödinger's Cat is more like a familiar than a true sidekick and more limited in powers and ability than a sidekick. For example, the creature is useless in combat and the powers are very limited. In game terms, Schrödinger's Cat is a Sidekick companion for a superhero character.

Reynolds Guyer (Ryn) "Nerf"

Race: Human (Mutant)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Knowledge: Study and Test Taking d4, Knowledge: Speaks Spanish d4, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d4, Swimming d6, Tracking d4

Pace: 12/4, **Parry:** 5, **Toughness:** 7, **Charisma:** 2

Gear: Unarmed Strike d6 (Str), Attack, Ranged d8 (2d6, 12/24/48)

Hindrances: Big Mouth: Can't keep secrets; Discloses plans and info. Disability (Dyslexia): Hero has a disability.

Overconfident(*): Believes he can do anything; Accepts all challenges.

Edges: Super Powers: Gain the Super Powers arcane background. Charismatic: +2 Charisma

Super Powers:

- **Nerf Gun** (mutant power to charge darts) (damage or stun)
 - Damage Attack - Ranged(Lvl1) Device -1: Hero has a ranged attack. The range is 12/24/48, the damage is 2d6, +1d6 per extra level.
 - Stun Attack - Paralysis Device -1, Ranged Touch Attack (Shooting): If successful victim makes Vigor roll.
- **Nerf Shield** (mutant power to deflect attacks)
Deflection s(Lvl4) Device -1, Protector +1: Each level subtracts 1 from Shooting, Throwing, or other ranged attacks against the deflector up to a max of -6.
- **Leaping** (mutant power)
Leaping(Lvl1) : The hero can leap great distances. The hero ignores falling damage for heights up to his vertical distance.
- **Super Running** (mutant power)
Speed(Lvl1) : Your character can run at incredible speeds depending on the number of points you put into it.
- **Super Attributes** (mutant power)
Vigor(Lvl1): This power increases your character's attributes one step per level.
- **Super Skill**
Climbing (Lvl1) [+1]: Hero may boost a Skill one die type.

Personal Details: 11-year-old Ryn is good natured but scrappy. He is small and defensive about it. He speaks Spanish because his mother is from Columbia. His father is american. He loves a good story and to be the center of attention. Even though he talks too much, Ryn is well liked and likes to be in the center of the social action. He is immature and loves fart jokes. He can be a big mouth and often lands himself in trouble. He is a little ADD and hyper. He struggles in school due to his dyslexia.

He first became aware of his power when he was 10 while having a Nerf gun war at a friend's house. He knocked a door off its hinges. Nobody knows about his ability to charge Nerf darts and equipment with energy. His ability to do this is a psychological limitation due to his immaturity. His powers are mutant powers and he is exceedingly agile and resistant to damage for his size.

Vitus Bowman

Race: Human (additional Edge)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Swimming d4, Survival d4, Throwing d4, Tracking d4

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

Hindrances: Clueless; Outsider, Ugly

Edges: Nerves of Steel, Brawny

Gear: 500\$ in form of an old family bible, a goat and a stick.

Description: Vitus comes from a small farm in the mountains. After all his family died, and he was on his own, he wandered out in the world. He does not know about the worth of his bible, but would not sell it anyways - under normal conditions.

MAR-R-LYN-1

Service Group: Housing Preservation, Development & Mind Control

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

Skills: Bootlicking d6+2, Drive d6, Fighting d6, Knowledge: Old Reckoning Cultures (treasonous) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6+2, Shoot d6, Spurious Logic (persuasion for computers) d6

Pace: 6, **Parry** 5, **Toughness** 8 (5), **Charisma** +2

Hindrances: Clueless, Big Mouth, Quirk: Ditzzy blond who is obsessed with how she looks, accessories and what everyone thinks about her.

Edges: Attractive (+2 Charisma and Persuasion trait checks), Dodge (-1 to be hit with ranged attacks), Mutant Ability (treasonous)

Powers: Mutant Ability (10 Power Points)

- Charm (3/1 power points)
- Duration: Spirit Check in Minutes.
- Range: 5' (must be able to smell you)
- Trappings: Pheromones (User begins sweating profusely) (-1 Charisma while sweating and 1d4 minutes after stops using power.

- Description: Your glands emit pheromones that imbue trust in others. Spirit v. Spirit check. Those under your control will act as your BFF and treat you like a much higher ranking secret society member.

Description:

Mar-R-LYN you are cut from a different cloth. You may come off as a bouncy, bubbly and a free spirited trouble shooter without a care in the world, and those are the types of things that will get you killed in alpha complex, but you find it makes others think you are bouncy, bubbly and free spirited, so you can't help yourself. You love to talk and know that talking a lot and interrupting people makes you compelling and attractive. However, beneath that simple exterior lies a ruthless troubleshooter. You will stop at nothing to get what you need. You need more money, more adulation and more Stuff. Anyone who gets in your way better watch out! Boys are toys to be used to get what you want. You never have to tell the truth to a boy. In fact, you shouldn't as a matter of principle. Boys are dumb and have cooties. Diamonds (whatever they are) are definitely a girl's best friends and one day you will surly find one; they are big and black and once used to fuel industry.

Secret Society: Free Enterprise. Capitalism is just great, great, great. You live for the sound of jingling plastic reds. Accumulating things is good for the economy and stuff. Buy low and sell high is your motto.

Equipment:

- 1 red jumpsuit (modified to look more elegant)
- Laser Pistol (2 Red fuel cells 20 shots each) (3d6 dmg)
- Red Reflec Armor (+3 toughness against red laser barrel attacks)
- 1 bottle liquid (unlabeled) (bubble fizz sweet drink)
- 1 Can Pain-Be-Gone (reduces the wound effect so there are no penalties) (5 uses)
- 1 Teele-O-MLY-3 collector card
- 1 fire proof cape (She thinks it is a clever fashion

accessory)

- 1 Bag Crunchytyme Algae Chips (You Can't Eat Just One)
- 1 Flashlight
- 1 Filter Mask (to protect from poisonous gas)

Treasonous Equipment:

- 1 Yellow fuel cell 20 shots (3d6 dmg)
- 1 tube cherry scented lip gloss
- 2 cyanide tablets

Ras Baray

Race: Atani (50 Fathoms)

Rank: Novice **XP:** 11

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

Skills: Healing d6+2, Fighting d6, Shooting d8, Climbing d6, Swimming d6, Flying d6, Taunt d4, Guts d4, Notice d4

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Yellow, Garrulous, Quirk (braggart)

Edges: Healer, Musketeer, Charismatic

Gear: Musket (.75); Rapier; Bonesaw

Description: Ras Baray is a winged Atani. He is quite small for a member of his race and is the eldest son of the most respectable healer of Maroa. Nevertheless he was always more of a braggart and drinker than an achiever and the night before his final exam as a healer, he ran off on a ship, not wanting to disgrace his family. Now he serves on vessels where his mediocre talent as quack is urgently needed and where he can tell many a stranger tales of his grandeur. He swore only to return to Maroa once he is as rich as all his family combined. A hard task when most of the money ends up with the barmaids...

Eugene Smithe

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0 **Race:** Human (1700s American)

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

Skills: Boating d8, Fighting d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d4, Knowledge (Masaquani) d6, Notice d6, Taunt d4, Climbing d4, Guts d6

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5 **Charisma:** 0 **Age:** 24

Hindrances: Overconfident, Delusional (this is just a dream), Loyal

Edges: Musketeer, Ace (boating)

Gear: Flintlock pistol, Rapier, Dagger, 10 Shot w/Powder, Map of Carribdus, 65gp

Description: Pending

Valler Gill

Rank: Veteran **XP:** 49

Race: Doreen

Attributes: Agility 10, Smarts 4, Spirit 6, Strength 8, Vigor 6

Skills: Boating 6, Climb 8, Fighting 10, Notice 4, Stealth 8, Intimidation 4, Survival 4, Throwing 4, Swimming 8, Guts 6

Charisma 0, **Parry** 7+, **Toughness** 5

Edges: Two Fisted, Florentine, Ambidextrous, Frenzy, Improved Frenzy, Close Fighting, Gift of the Water Spirit (+1 benny), Sea Hunter(Racial), Coup(Racial), Semi Aquatic(Racial)

Hindrances: Overconfident (Major), Loyal (Minor), Deathwish (Minor), Racial Enemy Kehana (Racial)

Equipment: 3 knives in Quickdraw bandoleer, Torturer's Knife (+2 attack/dmg), Dagger of Recovery (Heal a wound on a raise), Poison fan, 3 taro root poison doses, 2 caraway fruits, Leather Satchel, Whetstone, Grappling Hook, 10 yards rope, 5 days rations, Whistle, Waterskin

Money: POE: 600, Doubloons: 20



Description: "He looks...well, like a doreen." That's invariably what people would say if pressed to describe Valler; so few of them exist that comparisons are difficult. For those in the know, he's slim for his race, built for quick movements in water and out. His skin is smooth and a dull grey, smelling of brine and dusted in places with the white grains of dried saltwater when on land. In his element, the ocean, the skin turns a more vibrant blue with a whitish stomach and thighs to better blend with the shallows where his people hunt. Over a shoulder hangs a shark skin bag, perforated at the bottom to allow for quick draining. Another water-tight bag hangs next to it, most likely a waterskin. The knives that hang around his

waist show the patina of much use. Each is a different sort: one thin like a stiletto, another flat and double bladed, another swept in an elegant curve (the one favored by most doreen). He wears little adornment, but each give a clue to other doreen or those in the know to his past life. A coral necklace with each piece separated by a dark pearl to keep them from grinding against each other and making noise when moving hangs loosely on him. His "hair" (famlok in his tongue) is tied back by a smooth stone. Famlok are used in courtship and can be fanned out in display. The fact that his are tied back indicates he is wed or is no longer looking for a mate. In his ear is another small coral ring. The shape and color mark it originally as a decorative famlok ring for a little girl.

History: Valler wasn't always the way he is now, although he was always a pain in the ass. Once he was happy, living out a secluded life on a desolate rock just off the southern tip of the whip islands. He had met another of his kind. Perhaps fate had brought these two together. Only a special kind of doreen could put up with Valler's impatience, who could soothe his rough sides and lend calm to his stormy demeanor. Morlee was just that kind. She was sensitive and nurturing and an emotional anchor for Valler. The fact that these two disparate personalities of a doomed race had met and fell for each other, had met and had a child, seems too good to be true. And it appears it was.

For a year after the birth of their daughter, Gaella, Morlee seemed the same as she always was. But after that year, she began distancing herself. Valler was only partially aware of the change, however; he was so absorbed in his new daughter and his own simple, overbearing passions that little of nuance could filter through. But even he could see the change in the few weeks preceding her death. He reacted with idiomatic anger at her change, at her lack of interest in him or especially their daughter. His guilt over those last days still tears at him deep down. In the end, she left a cryptic note and disappeared. Gaella was three. Valler searched for her for months after, hoping she had just retreated into her strange depression, but in the end he gave up, and focused his sole energies on his daughter...until she too disappeared.

She was six and Valler was again out hunting fish in the shallows two islands away. He had always left her alone before. The rock was of no interest to anyone besides the two of them. Nowhere to land a boat, no fresh water, no resources. Only a small shelter on the rocks. But when he returned, she was gone. Their shelter was rifled through and strangely most of Gaella's things were gone whereas his were untouched. He found a powder horn that had fallen from the hip of one of the kidnappers, one common to humans. He set off immediately to find her, his hatred growing every day. That was ten years ago. Between then and now he has killed or beaten hundreds of men, sailed on ships and slipped aboard their enemies' vessels, killing the loaders below decks. Every day he gives up a little more in ever finding his daughter and remembers a little bit more the last regrettable days with Morlee.

Is Morlee actually dead? Who took Gaella? Will Valler find her and "save" her before he succumbs to his own hateful deathwish?

Balthus 'Billy' Brak

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D8, Spirit D4, Strength D4, Vigor D4

Skills: Boating D4, Climb D4, Fighting D4, Notice D4, Spellcasting D6, Stealth D4, Streetwise D6, Swimming D4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Young

Edges: Arcane Background Magic (Water)

Gear: Dagger (Str+1), Belaying Pin (Str+1), Leather Satchel, Whistle, Water Bottle, Flint & Steel, Candle, Blanket

Powers:

- **Elemental Manipulation**
- **Healing**
- **Water Walk**

Description: Masaquani boy

Background:

Billy was apprenticed to a fat, lazy mage aboard a merchant vessel when very young. Apprenticed in that he did most of the actual work. He had been "rescued" from his life as a street child. He was a quick study and has some small gift in the magic arts. Since his master fell overboard in a heavy squall, he has served as mage aboard ship until a more suitable replacement can be found.

Sharn Windsprit

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D10, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D4, Vigor D6

Skills: Flying D6, Fighting D8, Shooting D4, Throwing D6, Boating D4, Climbing D6, Guts D6, Notice D6, Streetwise D6

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

Hindrances: Loyal, Quirk – Quick Temper, Vow (major) – Hunt down her family's murderers

Edges: Connections - Smugglers, Florentine

Racial Edges & Hindrances

- Agile
- Glider
- Weak

Gear: 200 silver pieces; Rapier, Dagger, Throwing Axe (x2), Flask (bearing the Windsprit family crest), Bedroll

Description:

Young, flame haired Atani woman with lightly tanned skin. Her attractive features are marred only by the hard set to her jaw. She has a dancer's poise and a fragile grace that can be greatly deceiving to those who doubt her mettle. Prefers light, loose clothing; simple shirts, ankle length, silk sailor's trousers and (when she does wear footwear) sturdy sandals.

Background

When Caribdis started to flood Sharn Windsprit was just a child of five. Her family did not live in the main carroway forests, but a small woodland of the great trees. Their home was one of the first to be threatened by the encroaching waters and when it became apparent that the floods would not stop, her father took the difficult decision to fall the trees that were their home and from their timber build a ship that would take Sharn's family to safety.

The family was wealthy enough to hire excellent shipwrights. They did their work well and the ship (named Sanctuary) was magnificent; large enough to accommodate the entire family and a hold full of precious carroway wood, but still sleek and responsive. Sharn's father also hired sailors to crew the ship – the atani not knowing much about seafaring. However one of the shipwrights had spoken of the ship and its cargo and the crew turned out to be a gang of cutthroat's intent on murder and piracy. Within days of setting out for Maroa they mutinied. The family's food was drugged and their unconscious bodies dumped overboard to die. One of the rogues had a touch of decency however. In an attempt to save Sharn from his murderous comrades, he placed the frightened child in a watertight barrel with a flask of water and a loaf of bread and, praying to his ancestors to forgive his sins and watch over the child, set her adrift.

Miraculously young Sharn survived long enough to be picked by a passing merchant ship – in fact the ship was a smuggling vessel. Despite his occupation the captain, Malcos Mulvin was a good man and took the child in. His kindness and fatherly love for the girl helped her recover from her great loss and the crew - a motley collection of free spirits made up from numerous races of Caribdis - did their best to make her feel at home. With no family and nowhere else to go she adapted quickly to a smugglers life and was soon part of the crew. She never forgot her family's fate however and picked up a number of potential leads on their murderers in her travels. When Mulvin retired to the Free Towns Sharn set out to pursue those who had wronged her and avenge her family, but other adventures keep getting in the way...

Notes

Sharn is tough, independent and feisty. Her time as a smuggler taught her many useful skills, not to mention the value of stout comrades and the benefits of a good sword and a forceful disposition. She still feels the loss of her family, but keeps those feelings buried deep. She felt honor bound not to pursue her quest while she felt Malcos (who she loves dearly) still needed her and Malcos probably stayed in the game longer than he would have because of this fact. Generally good natured, she does have a quick temper that has gotten her into trouble more than once and which can be quite awe inspiring to those who first witness it.

Quote: "Choose shipmate, fight or flight. I can do both, you can do either..."

Hoy the Doreen

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D4, Spirit D6, Strength D6, Vigor D6

Skills: Swimming D8, Fighting D10, Guts D6, Intimidation D8, Stealth D6, Survival D4

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

Hindrances: Deathwish – Warrior's Death, Poverty

Edges: Close Fighting

Racial Edges & Hindrances:

- Coup
- Racial Enemy – Kehana

- Sea Hunter
- Semi-Aquatic

Gear: 195 silver pieces; Dagger, Spear, Shark Tooth Necklace, Whetstone

Description:

Grey-blue skin, indeterminate age and non-descript appearance. At first glance he seems to be nothing more than another homeless doreen. A closer inspection reveals the many scars that his body bears. He wears a simple loin cloth, a belt with a scabbard for his knife and a small pouch for his personal items. His only adornment is a shark tooth necklace.

Background

Since he was a fry the Doreen known as Hoy had trained to be a warrior of his tribe, helping to protect his people against their enemies and the many predators of Caribdus. A skilled and determined fighter he had killed his first shark while he was still but a youth. When the inundation began and he and his people were driven from their homeland, he was one who sought to protect them on their great exodus.

After their attempts to seek shelter with the kehana ended in massacre, Hoy was one of those who choose to stay behind and head off the pursuing kehana to give time for the rest of his people to escape. He was fully prepared to lay down his life that day, but fate was not to be so kind. The last stand of the doreen was desperate and brutal. The sea turned dark with the blood of the combatants and masses of sharks were drawn to the melee further adding to the carnage. The battle lasted an entire day. No quarter was given by either side, but bravery and courage were not enough, the sheer number of their enemies meant the outcome was never in doubt. Although each doreen sold his life dearly, they could never hope to do anything but slow down their blood-mad enemies. Hoy was badly injured in the turmoil and left for dead. When he regained consciousness he found himself washed ashore on some lonely spit of land along with dozens of corpses - both his friends and foes.

Since that day he has wandered Caribdus, homeless and masterless, prepared to lend his knife arm to any who might pay his keep, but never staying in one place very long.

Notes

The fact that he survived where so many of his comrades fell is a source of great dishonor to him. This has prevented him from searching out others of his kind. He seeks a warrior's death, but will not just throw his life away (and therefore bring further dishonor to himself). Although he holds the kehana responsible for the fate of his people he realizes deep down who is truly to blame for the demise of his race; the Sea Hags. It would not take much to convince him to join any quest to end their reign of terror and he would happily give his life to destroy them once and for all.

Quote: "That sword will not protect you and I will be looking into your eyes when you die."

Hhuk the Grael

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D4, Spirit D6, Strength D12, Vigor D6

Skills: Fighting D8, Boating D4, Guts D6, Notice D4, Swimming D6, Taunt D8, Tracking D4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 2"; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: One Leg (Peg)

Edges: Sweep

Racial Edges & Hindrances:

- All Thumbs
- Blubber
- Dumb
- Semi-Aquatic
- Size +1
- Slow
- Strong

Gear: 249 silver pieces; Grael Battleball, Waterskin

Description

Gray-skinned, corpulent build and bulging arms. He has gold caps on his tusks and a multitude of cheap, gaudy jewelry. Generally he wears a sarong and goes barefoot. His peg leg is made of whalebone. As thick as a child's waist and beautifully engraved; it was carved in Arfk by skilled grael craftsman (i.e. worth a pretty penny). He is far too attached to it (ahem) to ever sell it however, as apart from keeping him upright, it is his last real tie with his homeland.

Background

Hhuk's life was much like that of any other Grael; hunting the snow covered lands of Arfk for seals and blue bear. He was perhaps more enthralled by the tales of visiting travelers than he was to listening to the wishes of the elders of this tribe. The pride to which Hhuk belonged was an old and respected one, more insular than others and disapproving of outsiders and their 'new ways', however Hhuk would take every opportunity to hear tales of the places beyond the Cold Sea.

Disregarding the wishes of the Elders he signed up to a ship as soon as he was able and set out to see the world. He did not make a great sailor, but his ox-like strength was readily put to use around the ship and his boisterous courage was tested more than once in the treacherous seas and ports of Caribdus.

Life was good until his ship sailed too near the Flotsam Sea. It got caught by a storm of great and unnatural intensity. Desperately trying to make for safe harbour, the ship was lashed by the vicious squall for three days. Many men lost their lives to that rancorous tempest, washed overboard. On the third night a spar snapped and crushed Hhuk's right leg to pulp. The ship had no water mage and before the badly damaged vessel managed to limp to port, infection had set in. The ship's surgeon (well, carpenter) could do nothing but amputate the gangrenous limb.

Eventually returning to Arfk and with no possibility of returning to his former hunter's life (even if he wanted to) Hhuk found cold comfort from his pride. Facing isolation and indifference from his people, Hhuk signed on with the first ship he could and left his homeland once again. Since then he has sailed on many ships with many captains. He has served as crewman, privateer, marine (and once as a pirate). Still an indifferent sailor his great physique means that he has no trouble finding work as a ship hand, strongback, or fighter.

Notes

Hhuk is a doughty companion with an irrepressible lust for life and adventure. His bravery (or dim-witted courage, take your pick) has served him well through the years. He enjoys a fight, but thinks of them rather as a good workout. He is no killer and will not take another's life easily. He will pull his punches if he thinks he will seriously hurt someone, but when he meets an opponent upon whom he can unleash his full strength, he will do so with gusto. By no means a mobile or nimble fighter, Hhuk prefers to let his foes come to him, whence he can proceed to batter them around like nine-pins. If they show reluctance (understandably) he will encourage them with taunts which will usually get a rise (he possesses no great insight in psychology and his language skills are not great, but his very lack of articulation seems to enrage his foes far more than the insults themselves).

Quote: "Hockey-ho little person, Hhuk will not hurt you plenty much."

Safara

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D6, Spirit D8, Strength D6, Vigor D6

Skills: Knowledge (Masaquani) d6, Fighting d8, Throwing d4, Boating d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Swimming d4, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: All Thumbs, Heroic, Stubborn

Edges: Brawny, Strong Willed

Gear: 270 silver pieces; Scimitar, Dagger, Whetstone, Waterskin

Description:

Tall in stature, a lean, hard physique and shaved head. Wears embroidered waistcoat, baggy silk trousers with red sash and stout leather sandals. His back is crisscrossed by scars - the long, distinctively brutal marks of the lash.

Likeness: Woody Strode

Background

When Arab raiders attacked his African village, Safara was just a boy. This didn't stop them taking him (and many others) to Algiers to be sold into slavery. Although they could shackle his limbs they could not chain his spirit and desire for freedom. His many attempts to escape captivity proved to be more trouble than he was worth, and having a strong back his masters sold him to one of the Barbary Pirates (and were glad to be rid of the willful adolescent). For many long years he toiled at the oars of a galley; under the lash of his cruel captors.

Conditions were harsh but he bided his time. Eventually the chance came and leading the slaves in revolt they captured the ship and dispatched its former masters. With a vessel and a willing crew he took up the sword against the Barbary Corsairs. Attacking and sinking their ships, freeing their captives and stealing their gold, he and his crew soon became a legend of the Barbary Coast and the name of Safara was much feared by his former masters.

Although many would later claim the destruction of their troublesome enemy, the truth will probably never be known. While pursuing a rich prize off the coast of Italy the ship was overtaken by an intense storm that seemed to materialise out of nowhere. Their quarry lost, the ship battled against the storm's fury for hours. Eventually however the exhausted survivors emerged to find themselves in the place known as the Devil's Cross. Straining at the oars, through sheer brute strength and courage the crew escaped, battling horrific creatures all the way. The storm and the minions of the Sea Hags had taken their toll however. With the ship slowly sinking and the tiller and sail smashed, the few survivors could do little more than drift where the currents took them. Hunger and thirst would do for the rest of the crew and by the time the ship ran aground on rocks at Brigandy Bay, Zafara was the only one still alive (though barely). The pirates helped themselves to anything of value left on the ship, but also took the lone survivor and nursed him back to health. From them Safara learned the truth; that he was no longer on Earth, but like Earth there was still cruelty and injustice and also true evil in this world. He also understood as well that there were opportunities for great deeds and great glory...

Notes

As a child Safara had often heard tales of spirits and the supernatural so was less disconcerted than most to find that in Caribbus these things were very real. The harsh realities of his life have taught him to think beyond the petty attitudes of his time. He loves only freedom, liberty and the courage to shape one's own destiny. Any man (or woman) who stands by those ideals he will gladly count as comrade, no matter their race, colour or creed. He will oppose his lion-like courage against any evil, be from in the hearts of men or from forces beyond... His one weakness is perhaps his pride, which often makes him seem unreasonable and difficult to get along with.

Quote: "Stand aside or be cut down like a dog!"

Edward Van Helgen

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D8, Spirit D8, Strength D6, Vigor D4

Skills: Knowledge (Masaquani) D6, Fighting D6, Shooting D6, Boating D6, Knowledge - Tactics D8, Notice D6, Persuasion D6, Swimming D6

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 5(+1 w/t rapier); **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Cautious, Code of Honor, Quirk - Fine Dresser

Edges: Charismatic, Command

Gear: 26 silver pieces; Rapier, Dagger, Flintlock (x2), Powder & Shot

Description

Tall, elegant and dashing. Long, dark hair (in the current style) thin well kept moustache, goatee and a charming smile adorn his well proportioned features. He dresses like a dandy (dapper); long coat, waist coat, large hat, boots and knee breeches of the finest cloth and latest style.

Likeness: Richard Chamberlain

Background

Edward Van Helgen was born in Amsterdam in 1646, the son of a wealthy landowner. At the age of eighteen he convinced his father to allow him to enlist in the Dutch navy – using his father's high social rank to buy a commission aboard a Dutch warship. He served for five years in the war with the English until his father's sudden death forced him to resign his commission and take over the family's holdings. In the new climate of trade he was able to revive his families' interests (which had suffered during the war years). He used the profits to purchase a sugar plantation in Barbados, quickly becoming accepted in Bridgetown social circles.

His business acumen meant that the well run estate was soon turning a goodly profit – to the detriment of the plantations of his mostly English neighbours. Their resentment would lead to his ruin. His unscrupulous rivals used every underhand trick in the book and their sharp practice (including passing information on to pirates) soon meant his business interests were quickly diminishing. When he turned to the courts, he found them corrupt and biased in favour of his enemies. With no legal recourse and rapidly facing ruin he decided that if he could not have justice he would settle for the cash instead. Using the last of his fortune to purchase a ship and his charisma and knowledge of his rival's activities to hire a crew with the promise of booty, Van Helgen turned pirate.

For the next few years he and his crew cut a very successful piratical career for themselves in the Caribbean until, in 1682, he was finally tracked down by Admiral Rottingham of the British Navy off the coast of North Carolina - English shipping being a favourite target for Van Helgen and his scallywags. However just as his capture or destruction seemed at hand a sudden and unnatural fog rolled in and seizing this opportunity for escape he ordered his men to sail straight for it. Little did he realise that he was about to sail right out of this world. What happened next was like a nightmare and at times the crew thought they had sailed into Hades. However under Van Helgen's stout command a few survivors made it out of the Flotsam Sea to start a new life in Caribbus.

Notes

Van Helgen always harboured a secret resentment that his promising career in the navy had been cut short. He enjoyed the freedom of a piratical life (the fact that he was striking at his enemies made it all the more delicious). Now stranded in a new world he has all the freedom and adventure he could crave, without the nuisance of the British Navy to worry about. Not one to take chances, his caution served him well as both a business man and a pirate. He is courteous and somewhat brash, but always the gentlemen – even when robbing you at gunpoint. He considers himself the 'gentleman-pirate' of the High Seas.

Quote: "Stand by to be boarded! And if you all cooperate in a civil manner I promise to have you under way again by suppertime."

Jack Doran

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D4, Vigor D6

Skills: Knowledge (Masaquani) D6, Fighting D4, Climb D6, Guts D4, Lockpick D8, Notice D6, Stealth D8, Persuasion D4, Streetwise D6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Hindrances: Illiterate, Poverty, Small (thin)

Edges: Danger Sense, Fleet footed, Thief

Gear: 10 silver pieces; Dagger, Candles (x5), Leather Satchel, Lockpicks

Description

Young, pale and skinny, his body is infused with a nervous twitchy energy. His guileless, eager face is betrayed by a certain craftiness to the eyes. His clothing is old and worn (he's working on that) consisting of britches and shirt, he wears shoes when he can afford them.

Likeness: Ewen Bremner

Background

Jack Doran – 'Jackdaw' to his friends - was (and is) a thief. Like many he was forced to turn to a life of crime to survive in the unforgiving age in which he was born. He made no bones of the fact and was quite happy to steal anything that wasn't nailed down. He eventually 'graduated' from petty thief to a crack 'top-storey man' - having neither the physique (nor temperament) to obtain money with violence. When the Bow Street Runners finally caught up with him he was found with a bag of silverware knocked off from a house in Mayfair. Brought before 'The Beak' he was quickly found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude in the colonies - he at least had the satisfaction of knowing that he was going-down from a proper job, not for stealing a loaf of bread like some.

The conditions aboard the ship were harsh (but no worse than Newgate). Apart from a short, daily excursion on deck, the convicts were mostly kept below and so knew virtually nothing of what proceeded on the ship. So the first that the unwilling passengers knew of the trouble was when the merchantman began to be buffeted by a raging storm. The squall lasted for what seemed like days to those trapped below - they had been kept there while the elements lashed the ship. Eventually the gale seemed to subside in intensity but they had no more idea than the crew that they were now in another world; stranded in the forsaken place known as The Flotsam Sea.

Then the screaming began. Quaking, the convicts listened to the sounds of horror and struggle that reached them from above as the crew was set upon by the hideous denizens of the Devil's Cross. Eventually there was silence. After a fearful wait the survivors were able to force the door and ventured out. What they found was a deserted ship, signs of a brutal conflict and nothing more. Ironically they had escaped the massacre because they had all been locked in the hold, but of the captain and crew there was no sign. It didn't take them long to realise that they had not arrived in the colonies. They salvaged what they could and taking the longboats abandoned the ship. Jack was one of the lucky ones, he made it to the Freetowns. Now Jackdaw is back to his old tricks...

Notes

Jackdaw has adapted well to this new world - after all, compared with a life of hard labour Caribdis isn't that bad.

Jackdaw's sense of danger is very highly attuned and probably accounts for his jittery nature and being continually on edge (life as an underdog will do that to a man). Most people consider him to be an inveterate coward; Jackdaw will argue the fact that he simply has a very keen sense of self preservation. Like a rat he will only fight when cornered, generally trying (and failing more times than not) to talk his way out of serious harm. He has also been known to scream like a girl on occasion.

Quote: "Oh, it was yer purse? Now wait, let's not be hasty..."

Aubrey Harrington

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D4, Smarts D8, Spirit D8, Strength D4, Vigor D6

Skills: Knowledge (Masaquani) D6, Fighting D4, Guts D6, Healing D8, Knowledge – Naturalist D8, Notice D8, Survival D6, Swimming D4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Doubting Thomas, Quirk – values his notebooks above his life

Edges: Healer, Luck

Gear: 275 silver pieces; Walking Stick, Backpack, Bedroll, Blanket, Flint & Steel, Leather Satchel, Map of Caribdis, Soap & Razor, Rope, Waterskin, Notebooks, Quill & Ink

Description:

A man of middling years, distinguished features, high intelligent brow and a kind face. He dresses simply and practically in

stout canvas trousers, good boots and cotton shirt - his formally fine clothing is gradually 'going native', as is the man himself. He does try to shave every day however as one should try to keep up appearances.

Likeness: John Hannah

Background

Trained as a doctor (and a damn good one at that), Aubrey became a ship's surgeon in the British Navy (seeing action at Trafalgar as well as other places). He also received a broad and excellent education in his youth and maintained a keen interest in zoology and biology into his adult years. When the chance came to be chief naturalist on an expedition to South America to gather samples for the Royal Society he jumped at the chance.

The expedition was barely underway however when, responding to the eerie cries of what was thought to be a shipwreck survivor lost in a fog bank, the ship found itself in the midst of a terrible storm the like of which the Captain (of many years experience) had never seen the like of. The ship survived the tempest but when the skies cleared, the bedraggled crew found they were in a place not marked on any charts. Before they could learn the truth their ship was attacked by pirates – some appeared human, some did not... They set upon the exhausted crew and would have massacred them all had they not been driven off by the timely arrival of Admiral Nelson Duckworth and the H.M.S. Justice.

Their ship was escorted to Baltimus and Aubrey could have taken a position with the Admiral (the two striking up an instant friendship) as ship's surgeon aboard his flagship. However the lure of discovery and the chance to document and (by the grace of God) someday present his findings to the Royal Society was too strong. Perhaps rather foolhardily Aubrey opted to become an explorer in this new and alien world, determined to unlock its secrets and record its many wonders.

Notes

Aubrey is fully aware of the dangers he faces exploring the often savage world of Caribdus, but the quest for knowledge must go on. He honestly can't understand why anyone would stand in the way of scientific discovery. Luckily his skill in the medical arts is always in demand and it is easy for him to get working passage on a ship. He is a good and caring man, if slightly foolhardy (as is often the way with explorers). Always a determined rationalist, his disbelief in the supernatural is not so much now a denial that such phenomenon exists, more his belief that there simply has to be a rational scientific explanation for it. He is constantly recording his findings and periodically returns to Baltimus where he gives his precious notebooks over to Admiral Duckworth for safe keeping. Duckworth, having a keen amateur interest in such things, is happy to oblige. Not much of a fighter, the extent of his combat skills generally consists of whacking opponents with his walking stick.

Quote: "Here be dragons..."

Cardiff

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D6, Vigor D6

Skills: Swimming D6, Fighting D8, Shooting D4, Boating D6, Climbing D6, Guts D6, Intimidation D4, Notice D6, Survival D6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 6 (+1 w/t rapier); **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Enemy (minor) – Former Shipmates

Edges: Berserk

Racial Edges & Hindrances:

- Aquatic
- Dehydration
- Habit – Unwholesome Appetite
- Racial Enemy – Doreen
- Teeth and Claws

Gear: 200 silver pieces; Rapier, Flintlock Pistol

Description

Young Kehana with dark blue skin that changes to reddish, orange down his back. Unreadable coal black eyes and sharp teeth. He exudes an odd combination of naivety and savagery that many people can find quite disturbing. He dresses (overdresses really) in a garish mismatch of cloths and styles, but fails to look after them giving him a rather disheveled appearance.

Background

Cardiff (as he is known) was quite young when he discovered a human shipwreck survivor. He had heard of the other peoples of Caribdus but had never seen them; especially the exotic humans that had begun appearing in the world. He was instantly fascinated by the man, especially his cloths and mannerisms and unlike many of his kind did not immediately set upon the scared individual and kill him. In fact he befriended the terrified survivor - as much as a kehana understands the concept - and brought him food (well raw fish). He kept his existence secret from the others for many weeks and learned a great deal about the world beyond his home. However certain changes in his demeanour alerted his xenophobic people and both he and the human were eventually discovered. The pack instantly set upon the pair. He was wounded,

but escaped, but the human was savagely ripped to shreds. He did not try to save the man; the concept of endangering his own life for a stranger still being an alien concept to him.

Now an outsider and facing further retribution if he stayed, he left The Flumes in search of that certain special something (civilisation). He swam south, journeying for many weeks until he spied a boat, a merchantman bound for the Freetowns. Catching up with it he climbed aboard. The crew was understandably alarmed by the sudden appearance of such a savage creature and would have killed him then and there. However the captain - a wily old masaquani sea dog of many years experience - had been around and seen this sort of thing before. He called off his men and once he had determined that the kehana did actually come in peace, invited him to join his crew. The young kehana thought this 'very civilised' and accepted the offer.

He meant well but his general behaviour did not engender him to the rest of the crew too well. However he was eager to learn the ropes and tried to fit in. He sailed with them for many months and the crew's fear of him dissipated (though not their disgust). Unable to pronounce his real name, one of the human crew members jokingly nicknamed him 'Cardiff' (as it sounded a bit like his actual name) and it stuck - he had no idea that they were secretly mocking him. One night in port one of the crew got drunk and began deriding him. His goading became nastier and eventually turned violent. At that point something snapped in the kehana and he attacked the man in a savage rage, badly wounding his persecutor before his shipmates could pull him off. Escaping the vengeful crew and unable to return to the ship, he set out on his own to learn more about the 'civilised world'.

Notes

Cardiff is enamoured with the trappings of civilisation – and compared with his homeland pretty much all of Caribdis appears pretty civilised to his eyes. He tries very hard to 'get it' but is frequently betrayed by his savage upbringing. He will latch on to anyone who he sees exhibiting sophisticated behaviour and imitate it - at best this usually appears gauche. He is also prompt to pick up new affectations at the drop of a hat, until some other aspect of civilisation catches his eye; mixing and matching inappropriately in an effort to appear more cultured. He is often mocked for his attitudes (but only behind his back). Generally he is good natured (for a kehana) but his savage side is never far from the surface and he can fly into a berserker rage; as the saying goes 'you can take the kehana out of the Flumes, but you can't take the Flumes out of the kehana'. He fights with a dashing, savage exuberance.

Quote: "A gun? How very civilised."

Benjamin Perth

Rank: Seasoned XP: 20

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

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8; Guts d6; Lockpicking d8; Notice d6; Shooting d4; Stealth d10; Streetwise d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4; **Charisma:** 0; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: Bad Eyes; wears spectacles (minor), Tenderfoot (minor), Clueless (major)

Edges: Acrobat, Luck, Two-fisted, Thief

Gear: Saber, Str+d6; Dagger Str+d4+1; Derringer 5/10/20 2d6

Description: Benjamin Perth, age 26, is a foreigner and just can't seem to get the ways of the West. Nonetheless, he's a mighty sneaky thief and does his fighting the old-fashioned way: with a saber and a knife.

David Quick

Rank: Seasoned XP: 20

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

Skills: Fighting d6; Guts d6; Notice d6; Persuasion d4; Riding d8; Shooting d10; Stealth d6; Taunt d6

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

Hindrances: Ailin' (minor), Heavy Sleeper (minor), Overconfident (major)

Edges: Dead Shot, Duelist, Quick Draw

Gear: Colt Peacemaker 12/24/48, 2d6+1; Derringer (vest) 5/10/20 2d6

Description: David Quick, age 28, is the oldest of three brothers and ostensible leader of the Quick Gang. Usually the gang makes decisions by popular acclaim, but, should they need leadership, the others look to David (never Dave, that was Father's name). He sometimes bites off more than he can chew, snores like a sawmill, and has been gettin' wore out mighty easily of late.

Paycheck

Rank: Veteran **XP:** 55

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

Skills: Climb d4, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidate d4, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Swimming d4

Pace: 8+ d10; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7 **Charisma:** -2 **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Enemy (those he's wronged, minor), Overconfident (major), Mean (minor)

Edges: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Danger Sense, Dodge, First Strike, Fleet Footed, Quick, Speed Load

Gear: Double Barrel Problem Solver, Peacemaker Double Action, Bowie Knife

Background

"Folks back at the railroad used to call me paycheck cause if they sent me out it was a sure thing that someone was gonna get what was comin' to them. I solved problems with the workers and the locals where the railroad was passin' through... I find most of life's problems only got but one solution once you get right down to it. You could say there's a lot of folks that don't like me, but then again I don't like a lot of folks neither. I guess you could even say there are some folks that want me dead. Can't really say I want a lot of folks dead though, cause anyone I've ever wanted dead I already killed."

My Worst Nightmare- They keep huntin' me. I'm alone and my gun quits workin' then I slowly go blind. They catch me and eat me slowly an inch at a time starting with my feet.

Arthur "The Pugilist" Mapplethorpe

Race: Human

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Intimidation d6, Fighting d12, Guts d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Arrogant, Gloater

Edges: Arcane Background (Super Powers) First Strike (bonus edge for being human)

Super Powers: Attack, Melee (6): Damage Str+2d6, Knockback (1d10")

Toughness (7): +2 Toughness, Hardy

Parry (2)

Super Attribute (1): Agility

Super Attribute (3): Strength

Super Attribute (1): Vigor

Gear: 1,000\$

Description: Arthur Mapplethorpe was a gifted up and coming in the world of boxing, until his accident. In the 4th round of a championship match, Arthur's super powers manifested in a fit of rage and he accidentally killed his opponent in the ring... by knocking his head off. The event was covered on international television and after the fight, after which no one would sign contract to fight with him; his career as a prize fighter was over. Using his Las Vegas connections, he later took employment as an enforcer for a famous mobster. Arthur is extremely vain and cocksure, which gets him into trouble quite a bit. He likes steady employment, he hates taking orders, and he loves to fight.



Pastor Diego Mendoza "The Curse"

Race: Human

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

Skills: Fighting d6 [d10], Guts d6, Stealth d6, Investigate d6, Intimidate d6, Knowledge: Religious Lore d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8

Pace: 5+1d4" **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 9 (1) **Charisma:** 0/-2

Edges:

- AB: Superpowers (10 Points of Powers, Free)
- Super Karma (+5 Points of Powers/1 Major Hindrance, Free)
- Power Points (+5 Point of Powers)

Hindrances:

- Deathwish (m)
- Delusional (M; His Cancer speaks to him; it is the voice of God)
- Obese (m)
- Terminally Ill (M)

Powers:

- Decay, Midas Touch (1)
- Fear, Scary (1)
- Fearless (2)
- Infection, Instant Death, Strong, Always On (6)
- Jinx (2)
- Paralysis, Extra Power (3)
- Super Skill (1)
- Undead (4)

Gear: Duraweave Suit (Armor +1, Heavy Armor), Stun Wand, Bible, About \$250 in Cash

Background:

A former Preacher, Diego Mendoza's faith began to waver when he was diagnosed with a rare form of bone cancer. But when Diego's flock also took ill with the same illness, he lost his faith entirely. Convinced that he was abandoned by the Divine, he wandered aimless through the City, not even realizing that he carried an incredibly virulent sickness inside him. He indulged himself in every vice of which he could conceive, mostly involving food and women, as Diego spread his illness in his wake.

Hundreds took ill over the next few months as a new and unexpected pandemic spread across the region. The sickness was characterized by cancerous growths that formed along the bones of the victim, eventually spreading to the muscle fibers and then the brain. First people would feel stiff and achy; then, they would feel sharp, stabbing pains every time they moved; after that, victims would lose all sense of pain as a muted euphoria swept over them; lastly, that euphoria would give way to absolute mania followed by convulsions and death.

Diego realized that he had this illness, and like so many others, checked himself into the already overtaxed hospitals. It was there, after ten hours of sitting in a hospital waiting room, a half dozen people dead and nearly a score more dying around him, that the Voice of God spoke to him. This sickness, this cancer, claimed the voice, was both a gift and a curse, for through it, humanity might be made ready to handle the travails of the future. Diego Mendoza was called, Chosen, to bear this curse as a Harbinger for the Angel of Death. He would not have long to spread the Divine Word, only long enough to clear the path to the future and help shepherd Humanity through a forthcoming trial.

It was then that Diego awoke to the sound of shouting doctors and panicked nurses. He saw his hand wrapped around the wrist of one such nurse, and watched as her flesh tightened and withered to his touch. He saw the machines plugged into his own flesh, all of them failing to register any sign of life or vitality – yet there he was, walking, imbued with the Divine spirit itself. A chorus of angels regaled him as he strode free from the hospital, and the Voice of God instructed him to prepare. It even told him where to find a mantel to protect him.

Let no one stand in his way; only through this Curse can humanity find its way through the darkness.

The Stalker

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Weird Science d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5(1); **Charisma:** 0; **Reason:** 0; **Status:** 5/5; **Faction:** Masked Crusader

Hindrances: Heroic (Major), Loyal (Minor), Wanted (Minor, he's a dangerous vigilante)

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Alter Ego

Gear: Ripper Claws, Leather Costume, Mini-Crossbow, 5 Trick Bolts (Grappling), 4 Trick Bolts (Binding), 20 Quarrels

Powers: Smite: modified Ripperclaws (ripping/sawing mechanism)

Description: The Stalker is a vigilante that only recently appeared on the streets. Always dressed in a tight black leather costume including a bright white mask he's a sight to behold. He is armed with a modified Ripperclaw and a mini-crossbow including various trickbolts. One of his favorite battle tactics is to stalk his prey from the rooftops, then to swing down into close combat via one of his grappling line bolts.

Note: his AB (Weird Science) is representing the associate and technical advisor of the stalker who builds all his gadgets. That is also the reason why The Stalker doesn't have a repair skill - it's not easy to track down his gadget building acquaintance.

Gideon Simm aka 'The Black Swami'

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D8, Spirit D8, Strength D4, Vigor D4

Skills: Fighting D4, Guts D6, Healing D6, Knowledge – Psychology D6, Notice D6, Persuasion D6, Psionics D8, Taunt D4

Languages: English, German, Hindustani, Tibetan

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Status: 5; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: Vow (minor) – Bring Singh to justice, Pacifist (minor)

Edges: Alienist, Arcane Background (Psionics)

Gear: £2, Reading Spectacles, Walking Stick, Fine Clothing

Powers:

- **Mesmeric Suggestion:** boost/lower trait
- **Deep Concentration:** detect/conceal arcane
- **Mental Shield:** deflection

Description

A restrained, youngish Englishman; thin and pale with dark hair, moustache, and cool, penetrating eyes

Likeness: Jeffrey Combs

Background

Plagued as a child and into adulthood by strange nightmares and visions of horror, the intelligent, bookish Simms grew up to be a reclusive introverted man. In an effort to relieve the visions that bombarded him he sought out the keenest intellects in the field of the mind in hopes of finding a cure. Travelling Europe – often becoming a talented student of many of these learned men - he was still unable to find the remedy for his condition. In desperation he sought further a field for an answer. Consulting with many mystics and holy men he eventually arrived in India where he learned of and sought out an old hermit. It was from this holy man that he learned of the Temple of Shendoo, located high in the Himalayas; there he was told he might find those who could help him.

After an arduous journey of many months he finally reached the hidden temple and became a student of the mystics there. From them he learned to control and use his gift and with their discipline and training he was able to quell his troubled mind. They also instilled in him their beliefs of responsibility and goodness. When he left them he was a changed man, determined to use both his learning and his gifts to aid mankind. He became an alienist by day, helping the troubled and the sick and by night The Black Swami, using his amazing talents to confront evil. When his own investigations crossed that of a team of Rippers he accepted the invitation to join their organisation.

On a recent return to the Temple to seek deeper training he found it destroyed; ransacked and all the wise men killed. He later discovered a former student, Kalif Singh had betrayed the Temple. Singh had been studying with him during his time at there, but was expelled after it became apparent that he sought to abuse his gifts. He now seeks to bring Kalif Singh to justice and thwart his plans, whatever they may be.

Notes: By day he dresses as any normal successful Victorian professional. As The Black Swami he wears a black suit and waistcoat and a small black turban with an opal at its centre, red domino mask and a red carnation in his lapel.

Quote: "I suggest you look into my eyes..."

Father Randor

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D6, Spirit D8, Strength D6, Vigor D6

Skills: Fighting D6, Shooting D6, Guts D8, Faith D6, Intimidation D8, Notice D6, Riding D4

Languages: English, Latin, Romanian

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

Status: 2; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: Cautious, Code of Honor, Disowned

Edges: Brawny, Arcane Background - Miracles

Gear: £0.5, Monk's Robles, Crucifix, Good Boots, Sword (Str+3), Rifle (+50 rounds)

Powers:

- **Amour**
- **Smite**

Description

A large, burly man with a weather-beaten face and graying beard and hair

Likeness: Andrew Keir

Background

Father Randor was a Christian monk. He had taken his holy orders at a young age, knowing even as a boy that he wished to serve God. However as the years passed he came to believe more in confronting evil than in turning the other cheek. Whilst staying at a monastery in deepest, darkest Romania he learned firsthand that there were things far more terrible than mere human evil. Evil that had to be confronted and destroyed. Attempting to learn more about these creatures of the night, he began delving into folklore and the occult. However his studies into magic and demonology alienated him from his brother monks and his Holy Order and he was eventually forced to leave his monastery and was later disowned by the Church.

His further studies and adventures led him to the Order of St George. Now as a Knight of St George, Randor travels the world, still dressed in his monk's habit, taking the holy might of God against the forces of the night. Although he knows that his actions make him a poor Christian in some eyes, he is nevertheless a pious and devout man who feels that it is his duty to protect mankind from evil, even if the cost might mean his immortal soul. He has since returned to his native England as member of the Rippers.

Notes: Randor habitually wears his heavy monks robes, finding they not only protect him from the elements on his travels, but that they are also useful for gaining entry into places a less pious appearing man would not be permitted - they also come in handy for concealing his weapons.

Quote: "Back to the Pit with you Hell fiend!"

Furlough Brister aka 'Joe Curse'

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D6, Spirit D6, Strength D8, Vigor D4

Skills: Fighting D6, Shooting D6, Gambling D6, Guts D6, Notice D6, Riding D6, Streetwise D6, Throwing D4

Languages: English, French, Latin

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 4"; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5(+1)

Status: 5; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: Lame, Supernatural Weakness - Silver

Edges: Quick, Righteous Fury

Gear: £1.5; Heavy Coat (Armor +1), Fine Clothing, Pistol (+50 rounds), Gun Belt, Sword Cane (instead of a rapier this conceals a Dirk; Str+1), Comb, Pocket Watch, Travel Bag, Deck of Cards

Description: Tall and well dressed 'gentleman' with a rugged refinement to his features.

Likeness: Bruce Campbell

Background

Furlough Brister; gambler, gunman and gentleman adventurer stumbled across a coven of witches as he journeyed alone through the darker parts of Massachusetts. Attempting to rescue the cult's sacrificial victim, Brister was able to ruin the ritual and drive off the rest of the coven. His impetuous assault also led to the death of the head warlock, but not before he managed to wound him in the leg with his silver sacrificial knife. With his dying breath he cursed his attacker hoping dark magic would succeed where the blade had failed.

Whether it was the wound, or the warlock's blood curdling words, Brister nearly died for his troubles. Help was on hand however. The cult's victim, Elizabeth Masbeth was able to get her unconscious rescuer back to her home and over many weeks nurse him back to health.

Although he survived, he was left not only lame in his left leg but with a fatal weakness to silver. However the formally feckless Brister found new purpose from his brush with death and the supernatural (as well as the limitless compassion of Elizabeth). When he had recovered, Brister (adopting the name Joe Curse) set about pursuing the other members of the coven as they scattered across America, confronting them all along the Eastern parts of America from New England to New Orleans. His encounters with witches, warlocks and voodoo priests made him aware of others involved in the same fight and he became a member of the Witch Hunters, where he learned more on their mutual adversaries and how to combat them.

Whilst tracking down one of his enemies (in fact the new head of the original coven he had initially encountered) his quest led him from his native land to England. His boisterous pursuit and adventures there soon brought him to the attention of the Rippers and he joined them in their fight. However he intends to return to his homeland once his work in England is finished.

Notes

Brister dresses like a riverboat gambler and enjoys the finer things in life. He is fond of good living and good times, but at heart he is now a virtuous man. His brash exterior conceals a caring soul whose new purpose has transformed him from rogue to righteous warrior. Although his wound still ails him he carries a walking stick largely for appearance sake (and to conceal his blade). When trouble is coming he straps on his trusty six-shooter.

Quote: "How about this, you don't try any funny business and I don't make that face any uglier?"

Gravner Stone

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D8, Spirit D6, Strength D4, Vigor D6

Skills: Fighting D6, Shooting D4, Guts D6, Investigation D8, Intimidation D6, Notice D8, Streetwise D8

Languages: English, French, German, Italian

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Status: 7; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Quirk – acts like a fop

Edges: Handsome, Rich

Gear: £11.75; Pistol, (+50 rounds), Fine Clothing

Description: A handsome and coolly sardonic individual, prominent sideburns and curly hair (that is slightly too long for respectable society) he is always well mannered and finely dressed.

Likeness: Peter Wyngarde

Background

Gravner Stone is a notorious playboy and consulting detective. Sole inheritor of the Stone fortune, he found the endless cycle of social events and parties did little to quench his adventuresome spirit. Indeed his innately rebellious nature had threatened to see him removed from his father's will on a number of occasions in the past. Caring little for morays of 'modern' society his thrill seeking temperament would often draw him into perilous and mysterious circumstances. Thriving on the danger of these escapades and finding he had no small talent in the new field of criminology he became a consulting detective.

His often outrageous lifestyle both shocks and entertains London's classes, as does his much publicised cases and adventures. Stone takes as much delight from the slightly seedy nature of the profession he has chosen for himself, as he does satisfaction from being able to aid those in trouble and bring wrongdoers to justice.

When his latest case saw him delving into series of strange murders in Blackheath, Stone stumbled across the vampire behind the killings. Luckily for him a group of Rippers were also investigating the same case and Stone lived to fight another day. He has since turned his keen mind and sardonic wit to fighting 'the true evil of the world'.

Notes: Stone always seems to be slightly drunk and acts like a bit of a fop (to throw off his enemies and fool them into underestimating him). He is always immaculately dressed, but in fashions that are slightly outlandish for Victorian society. He favours brains over brawn, but is not afraid of bloodying his knuckles if warranted.

Quote: "If you must insist on pointing that gun in my direction, perhaps you would care to join me in a glass of sherry?"

Grecko Zantini aka 'Zondo the Acrobat'

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D4, Spirit D6, Strength D6, Vigor D6

Skills: Fighting D8, Shooting D4, Throwing D6, Climbing D8, Guts D6, Intimidation D6, Notice D6

Languages: Italian, English

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 7 (6 when encumbered); **Toughness:** 7(+1)

Status: 0; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: All Thumbs, Heroic, Poverty

Edges: Acrobat, Quick

Gear: £0.75, Leather Armor (+1), Brass Knuckles, Cheap Clothing

Description

A slight, dark Italian looking gent with a lean, honed body.

Likeness: Nick Cravat

Background

Zantini used to work for the Circus Stupefacente elle Emozioni as an acrobat clown. Although only a small troupe they travelled all over Europe. However the circus started to fall upon hard times; countless mishaps and accidents seem to plague the travelling show. Zantini had been one of the troupe who had stayed loyal to the circus and its owner, but many others had left the travelling show.

Attempting to change their fortunes the company travelled east. In the dead of night, as they made camp in a clearing in some woods, they were attacked. Their assailants were almost demonic in their fury and cruelty, murdering everyone in the camp. Zantini was the only one to escape with his life that terrible night. Knocked unconscious and left for dead under a pile of clown costumes he regained consciousness to discover the terrible carnage. He buried his friends in the clearing. Determined to hunt down the killers of his friends and fight all those who preyed on the defenseless, Zantini adopted a masked alter ego; Zondo the Acrobat and now uses his skills to fight the forces of evil and injustice. It was these

endeavours that brought him to the attention of the Rippers. He knows the dark forces that walk the Earth because he has seen them first hand. He is determined that the fate of his friends will not be repeated while he is still able to draw breath.

Notes:

As Zantini he appears as a small wiry man; his street clothes are clean (though a little thread bare). As Zondo he wears a patchwork costume in the style of an Italian clown under which he wears his armor. His gloved hands conceal the brass knuckles. To hide his identity he wears clown makeup - his 'face' a slightly sinister, smiling aspect of black and white. A quiet man by day, in his Zondo persona he rarely speaks at all (not wanting his thick Italian accent to reveal his identity), this has lead many of his enemies to believe he is a mute.

Quote: "..."

Doktor Georgi Abromovitch Krasne

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D4, Smarts D8, Spirit D10, Strength D4, Vigor D4

Skills: Fighting D4, Guts D10, Healing D8, Investigation D6, Knowledge – Rippertech D8, Notice D6

Languages: Russian, English, Polish, German

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Status: 0; **Reason:** -2

Hindrances: Ripping Psychosis, Mean

Edges: Berserk, Down to Earth

Gear: £2.5; Lab Coat, Pocket Watch, Surgeon's Toolkit, Morphine (10 doses), Cheap Clothing

Rippertech:

- **Fiend's Blood**

Description

A short, broad, middle aged man with an unkempt, greasy appearance, his complexion is that of a sweaty mushroom, but his eyes burn with a fierce gleam that almost borders on madness

Likeness: Jon Lithgow

Background

Russian born Georgi Abromovitch Krasne studied medicine in Prague. An excellent student soon became an excellent surgeon and he would practice his craft for many years before he came to the attention of the Cabal. Naturally driven to excel in his chosen profession, his willingness to embrace new ideas made him the perfect tool for the Cabal's plans. They discretely guided the good doctor towards areas of forbidden knowledge, including the work of Doctor Frankenstein. Krasne immediately saw its potential to improve medical science and studied deeply into this dark knowledge.

At that point it was easy for the Cabal to bring to public attention this dabbling with questionable knowledge. His professional career ruined by the scandal, the Cabal - through its human agents - brought him into their fold. They had initially hoped that he would find a way of neutralising the Rippertech of their sworn adversaries. They provided Krasne with facilities and funding, whilst at the same time concealing their true, horrific nature from him. When he discovered the real identity of his benefactors, Krasne tried to escape their clutches. He was caught and since he refused to give them further aid, they decided to make use of him another way. Turning his own research against him, they transfused his body with demon blood.

However they had not reckoned with his strength of will. Before they were able to condition him properly, he escaped again - and thanks to the new power the Cabal had given him, this time he succeeded. He sought refuge with the only people who might help or understand him; the Rippers. His medical skills and knowledge of both Rippertech and the Cabal make him a useful addition to that organisation; however he has been fundamentally changed by his experiences. Whether he will ultimately prove to be an asset or a liability remains to be seen.

Notes:

Krasne is mostly found in the lab in his dirty lab coat. Although he tries to fight his demonic urges, as time goes by he finds it increasingly hard – in fact he is starting to relish the power it gives him. It may be that some day he will fully embrace his new nature. When he is under the berserker possession of his demonic blood, his usually pasty white complexion changes to a flushed red and his eyes burn like embers. Some refer to him as The Red Doctor.

Quote: "You think what I DO is monstrous..."

Caspian 'Joe' Oxley

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D6, Smarts D8, Spirit D6, Strength D6, Vigor D6

Skills: Fighting D6, Shooting D6, Guts D6, Notice D6, Riding D4, Stealth D6, Survival D8, Tracking D8

Languages: English, Greek, Swahili, Arabic

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

Status: 0; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal, Quirk - will only curse in Swahili

Edges: Woodsman

Gear: £3; Dagger (Str+1), Common Clothing, Compass, Field Glasses, Matches, Travel Bag

Description: A young, vigorous man. Skin tanned to a deep bronze by foreign suns, sandy haired and clean featured - he speaks with a slight Australian accent.

Likeness: Ron Ely

Background: Virgil Caspian Davenport Vivian Oxley was born aboard his father's yacht in the middle of a storm tossed Caspian Sea. His mother (Vivian Oxley) died in childbirth that night leaving her son to be raised (and named) by the lad's somewhat eccentric father; the renowned explorer and world traveler Virgil Davenport Oxley (Snr). He was an often distant figure during his only child's formative years, frequently absent on his explorations around the world and so young Virgil was brought up by his grandparents in Lisbon, Australia. However the elder Oxley's influence was still present and he made sure that his son was educated by a series of excellent tutors and instructors.

His father also knew the value of practical, as well as academic learning and when he was old enough Virgil would often accompany him on his expeditions. These factors, together with the companionship of his father's unusual friends, gave Virgil Oxley Jnr a distinctly unique upbringing - which was almost certainly his father's intention. It was no great surprise then, when he followed in his father's footsteps becoming himself a world traveler, as well as a renowned big game hunter and adventurer.

With their lifestyles taking them all around the globe (though rarely in the same place at the same time) it has only recently become apparent that his father has gone missing. The last word that young Oxley had received was that he had been seeking to discover a legendary 'inner world' beneath the surface of the Earth. His search to discover his father's whereabouts and ultimate fate brought him to the Rippers.

Although unknown to his son at the time, the elder Oxley was a stalwart ally of the Rippers - having in his travels encountered many of the things that creep from the shadows of the world. He still searches for clues to his father's fate, and still travels the world, but now Virgil 'Caspian Joe' Oxley hunts the most dangerous creatures on Earth.

Notes: Caspian 'Joe' Oxley (as he is known) is both brash and reckless, but also possesses a self sufficiency and singular maturity for his age. He loves adventure (being weaned on the stories of his father and friends) and the thrill of the hunt. He possesses a broad education in numerous subjects - his erudition is often surprising to those that don't know him. He will always come to the assistance of those in trouble.

Quote: "The task is not so much to hit the heart, but to do it before they can rip one's throat out."

Alabaster Warren

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D4, Smarts D10, Spirit D8, Strength D4, Vigor D4

Skills: Fighting D4, Shooting D4, Guts D6, Intimidation D6, Investigation D8, Notice D4, Streetwise D8, Taunt D6

Languages: English, Latin, Greek, German, Criminal Cant

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6"; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Status: 5; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: Bad Eyes, Orders - Scotland Yard

Edges: Investigator, Strong Willed

Gear: £1.25; Derringer (+50 rounds), Pocket Watch, Notepad, Fountain Pen (engraved), Spyglass, Pipe, Matches, Tobacco, Tinted Spectacles, Common Clothing

Description: Pale skin. Head (crowned by conservatively cut, bone colored hair) features a long delicate nose and a small, precise mouth - rose-tinted spectacles habitually cover rose-tinted eyes.

Likeness: Alan Cummings

Background: Inspector Alabaster Warren is one of Scotland Yard's most singular (and striking) talents. Born to wealthy middleclass parents (the youngest of five) he was a sickly child with the albino condition - his skin and eyes lacking any pigmentation. He was to spend most of his early life confined to a sick bed - where a succession of doctors would often tell his parents he would not see out the year. Despite (or perhaps because of) his bodies frailness his mind was sharp and clever and he exercised it constantly, both with the help of the tutors his parents hired to educate him, but mostly by

reading anything and everything he could to while away the solitary hours he spent recovering from this ailment or that. When he was fit enough, he like his brothers and sister was packed off to boarding school where he fared extremely well academically, but not so well socially. His early years of isolation, together with his odd appearance did not make him many friends and would often bring unwanted attention. Realising that he did not have the brawn to defend himself, he instead chose to use his brain to outfox his would-be tormentors. It was probably these early encounters and his studies into the behavior of his persecutors that would lead him to pursue his eventual career.

His father (a well respected and high ranking government official) had wanted all his sons to follow him into the Civil Service. Alabaster defied his father's wishes however determined to join the police force. After much bitter argument his father eventually relented (and in fact used his influence to secure his son a position at Scotland Yard, perhaps recognising that his singular talents would be wasted behind a desk).

Despite his idiosyncratic nature he quickly rose to the rank of inspector, becoming recognised as one of the Yard's most talented detectives and developing a reputation for solving the most perplexing and peculiar crimes (the Hobbs Lane murders and the affair of the Peking Homunculus are two that spring to mind). Any cases that would defy logic or reason would be routinely (and gladly) handed over the Inspector Warren of the Yard and it was through these investigations that he came into contact with the Rippers.

Although not as yet a fully fledged member, he is certainly well aware of the sorts of affairs in which they become embroiled. He has aided them in the past, recognising the evil they resist, but for the time being he feels his duty is still first and foremost as an officer of the law.

Notes: Alabaster has a mind that can turn on a six-pence and believes strongly in the law and justice for the innocent. Able to move seamlessly between cultured society and the dingiest corners of London's criminal underworld, he realizes that his intellect and will are the only real edges he has and he uses them both to the fullest. Although no coward, when the 'rough stuff' is required he is quite happy to step back out of the way, light up his pipe and let half a dozen stout bobbies pile in when needed.

Quote: "The first principle is that you must not fool yourself – and you are the easiest person to fool."

Clancy Garrett

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

Attributes: Agility D8, Smarts D6, Spirit D4, Strength D6, Vigor D6

Skills: Climbing D4, Fighting D6, Guts D6, Notice D6, Riding D6, Shooting D8, Survival D4, Tracking D4

Languages: English, Spanish, Navajo

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 4"; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6 (+1)

Status: 5; **Reason:** 0

Hindrances: Lameness, Vengeful (minor)

Edges: Stout Hearted, Quick Draw

Gear: £1; Heavy Coat (Armor +1), Colt Peacemaker

Description: A man of few words, whose face bears the weather beaten look of one whose spent too many summers on the range. His hair is thick and grey and he wears an unrefined, grey moustache. His dark eyes peer over a distinguished, hook like nose.

Likeness: Sam Elliott

Background: Clancy Garrett grew up on the barren plains of Arizona. From his late teens, he rode herd for his father, and then, following the death of his father and mother from illness, the Circle K ranch took in the intense young man and he joined the tight brotherhood of the cowhand for real, learning the ways of the desert and relishing the hard life of the plains. Things changed little for Garrett until one moonlit night a stranger joined the fireside group of the Circle K hands. This stranger appeared from the desert, strangely dressed and speaking with a European accent, although his words were few. The cowhands offered what hospitality they could until a frightful spasming took the stranger, and his howls of agony rent the night. He began to change, growing in size and changing in form. And then there was just the blood and the screams of the dying. Garrett felt an agonising pain in his leg, and passed out.

He awoke in the dwelling of a Navajo family, who told him in halting english how he had been found in the desert, alone and nearly dead from a terrible wound in his leg. The Navajo nursed him to what health they could, although the full use of his leg was never to return.

As his recovery continued, another stranger appeared in the Navajo community. This man, also a European, had come to consult with the tribe elders regarding certain matters of tribal legend and, on hearing Clancy's story, struck up a friendship with the solitary plainsman. The European told Garrett that he suspected the man who had killed his friends had fled back to London. Garrett asked when the European was returning home and calmly told him he would be coming with him. He now had a score to settle, and the plains would not seem like home until the debt was squared.

Notes: He wears a slightly tatty frock coat with bootlace tie in the western style, over which he normally wears his duster, a heavy overcoat which conveniently covers the pistol and rig he wears low on his right hip.

Quote: "I got a right powerful hankerin' for a warm bed and the company of a fine lady, but I'll settle for sendin' you and your foul kin straight to hell!"

Kurt Warwick - Adventurer

Rank/Race: Novice (0 xps)/Human

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

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Survival d6+2, Swimming d4, Throwing d6, Tracking d4

Languages: English, French, Koline (Martian Trade Language)

Pace 6, Parry 5, Charisma 0, Toughness 6, Status 1, Favors 0

Hindrances: Major: Cocky, Minor: Loyal, Disowned

Edges: Pugilist, Explorer

Gear: Dagger, Pistol, Winchester

Description

Handsome in a rustic sort of way, Kurt wears jeans, a white shirt that's seen better days, and a well worn leather vest.

Background

Kurt is an American thrill seeker who's traveled the Ether in search of fame, fortune, and, of course, adventure. He carries a Winchester rifle, six shooter, and a Bowie knife. He's nearly as dangerous with his fists as he is with his pistols being an accomplished hand-to-hand fighter. He spouts off in battle letting everyone know that ass-kicking they are about to receive. His boisterous personality is better suited to the wilds of Africa or the deserts of Mars than in a more confined 'civilized' setting with all its rules and expected social behaviors. He's a little dashing and a lot cocky, making his way through life on charm and braggadocio.

He's a distant relation to Sir Michael Warwick the English diplomat. The two often cross verbal swords.

The Explorer's Society recruited the Adventurer after he single-handedly stopped a plot by the Brotherhood of Luxor while on a tiger hunt in India.

Quote: "Mister, I've about had it with your high-handed talk of civilized behavior."

Mike Waneson

Rank: Novice **XP:** 0

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

Skills: Boating d4, Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Guts d4, Notice d4, Repair d4, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4, Tracking d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Clueless (Major), FNG (Minor), Loyal (Minor)

Edges: Hose 'em Down, Brawny

Gear: M60 w/Ammo Belt x3, M1911 pistol w/7-round .45 Magazines x4, Flak Vest, Steel Helmet, LBE Webbing, 1-qt Canteen x4, C-Rations x12, M60 Barrel Bag, Rucksack

Description:

Mike Waneson is tall and brawny, perhaps 6'-3" and 240 pounds, all muscle. A life of hard work on the family farm has made him lean and fit! He has a somewhat amusing farmer's tan if you spot him without his t-shirt on.

History: Mike led a rather unremarkable life prior to joining the service. He worked on the farm, he went to church with his mom (dad wouldn't go). He got passing grades in school, did a bit of hunting and camping. And - he drank a lot. Moonshine mostly. One day he was out at cousin Jeb's still drinking some moonshine with a friend of Jeb's, when they got to arguing. Perhaps it was the booze, perhaps just Mike's sheer size, but when it was over the other guy was badly beaten, and not moving. Mike figured the guy was dead and, rather than shame his ma (or do jail time), he hitchhiked to Des Moines a few hours away, walked into the army recruiter's station, and said "Sign me up, Mister. I want to get out of Iowa." Get him out of Iowa they did! A couple months later, confused and a bit scared, Mike walked off the transit plane for his Day One of The 'Nam.



Corbin Frostshadow

Rank: Novice XP: 0

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

Skills: d10 Stealth, d4 Streetwise, d6 Lockpicking, d8 Shooting, d6 Climbing, d6 Notice, d4 Hrimwizardry

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances:

- **God Cursed by Thrym (Major)** Any beneficial spells cast on Corbin by a Priest of Thrym fail. Harmful spells cast by a Priest of Thrym do extra +2 damage. Opposed spells gain +2 bonus against Corbin.
- **Loyal (Minor)** Would give his life for his true friends
- **Enemy (Minor)** Not only do all priests of Thrym feel a special vengeance for Corbin, but it is possible someone survived from his past looking for vengeance.
- **Outsider (Racial)** Most non-Frostborn feel nervous around Corbin adding a permanent -2 to his charisma unless he is speaking with another Frostborn
- **Heat Lethargy (Racial)** Frostborn become lethargic at temperatures above 53 degrees or higher thus they suffer a -1 on all trait rolls in such temps.

Edges:

- **Thief** +2 to Climbing, Lockpicking, Stealth, (also Notice\Repair regarding traps)
- **Frigid Form (Racial)** Special, see Hrimwizardry Innate Powers
- **Winter Soul (Racial)** +2 Vigor to resist effects of cold weather, & +2 Armor vs Cold, Coldfire, or Ice Attacks

Languages:

- **Trader:** Common Speak for many a traveler
- **Fingerspeak:** Sign Language for thieves
- **Frosttongue:** Sentient denizens of the Hellfrost; Frostreavers, Hellfrost Dragons, Frost Giants etc.

Weapons:

- **Bow - Range:** 12/24/48 Damage: 2d6 Weight: 3 lbs
- **Arrows, Standard (30):** Weight: 6 lbs
- **Arrows, Fleshripper (10):** +2 Damage dbl Protection of any Armor Weight: 2 lbs
- **Arrows, Armor Piercing (10):** Armor Piercing 2 Weight: 2 lbs

Arrows may be recovered on a roll of 4-6 on a d6 (changes to 5-6 indoors)

Armor: Leather Shirt (T) - +1 Armor - 3 lbs.

Gear: (12 lbs / 30 lbs.) Quiver: Holds 20 arrows Wgt: 2 lbs, Backpack: Wgt 3 lbs, Flint and Steel: Wgt 1 lb, Lockpick: Attempting to pick a lock w/o = -2 on check, Goggles: Avoid Snowblindness Wgt: 2 lbs, Pipe: Wgt: .5 lbs, \$175 Scields

Innate Powers (Racial): Armor (Icy Skin), Environmental Protection, Smite, Speed

Description: Race: Forstborn (Human)

Origin: Barony of Cul – Eastern Farm Lands

Class: Rogue

Age: 29

Gender: Male

Height: 5' 9"

Weight: 170 lbs.



Being born a Frostborn does have some advantages. It also has major draw backs, mainly being despised by almost everyone. With the constant feeling of being an outsider, Corbin left his home when he was in his late teens. He almost immediately fell in with a bad crowd, a very bad crowd. He was recruited by a cult of Thrym made up exclusively of Frostborn. Finally feeling accepted, Corbin was devout to the cult, Thrym, and the cult's charismatic leader, Glacier. It was also here that Corbin made his first true friend, a Frostborn named Gregor.

After several years of being a low level initiate, Corbin had learned enough that he was ready to gain full membership to the group. He and Gregor were to take their final oaths and trials together. The night of the ceremony, Corbin witnessed a few of the brothers bringing in prisoners. This was something that was not extremely unusual, but what did stand out to Corbin was that they were not the typical adventure types. They looked like peasants. Corbin was able to gather the truth from a few of the brothers who had consumed too much ale. These prisoners were peasants from Corbin's village. Glacier had decided that the cult needed to purge the locals from the land in the name of Thrym. Worse, Gregor and he were to execute the captives that night as their last rite of passage. Corbin felt that he could not let these innocent people be slaughtered. Believing his friend to be of like mind as him, Corbin informed Gregor about the rite that was to happen that night. Gregor was horrified, and together they hatched a plan to try and save the prisoners. Gregor created a distraction using magic while Corbin snuck to the prisoners and set them free. The two looked like they had succeeded until they ran into Glacier on their way out. The two friends tried to hold off the cult and allow the villagers to escape. Many of the prisoners did make it and there were more than a few casualties. Gregor told Corbin to fall back and protect the villagers, so he did. What he did not know was that the wizard was going to cause a cave in to stop the cult. Corbin turned around at the last moment to see his friend bringing down the ceiling of the cult's cave as Glacier struck at him.

Corbin led the group to a road where the group ran into a group of Roadwardens. The leader of the wardens named Payne ordered his men to attend to the villagers and Corbin. Corbin told his story and was patched up by the group. The villagers returned home, and Corbin stayed with the Roadwardens to help protect more people from groups like the one he was a part of. Corbin is always vigilant that the remnant of the cult or other priest of Thrym could show up at any moment to dispatch him for his crimes against Thrym.

Kladr Deepgaze, the Self-Exiled

Rank: Novice XP 0

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

Skills: d4 Climbing, d6 Fighting, d8 Notice, d8 Knowledge Arcana, d10 Arrow-Rune (Rune Magic)

Pace 5" / **Parry** 7 / **Toughness** 7 / **Charisma** -2*

Edges:

- **Low Light Vision:** Ignore attack penalties in dim and dark lighting.
- **Mountain-Born:** No penalties in rough terrain associated with hills and mountains
- **Winter Soul:** +2 Vigor to resist effects of cold weather, & +2 Armor vs Cold, Coldfire, or Ice Attacks
- **Tough:** Start with a d6 in vigor and it can be increased as much as d12+3
- **Arcane Background - Rune Magic:** See list of spells

Hindrances:

- **God Cursed by Hela, the Black Queen (Major)** Any beneficial spells cast on Kladr by a Priest of Hela fails. Harmful spells cast by a Priest of Hela do extra +2 damage. Opposed spells gain +2 bonus against Kladr.
- **Stubborn (Minor)** Always wants his way and never admits when wrong even when it is plain as day
- **Necromantic Weakness (Minor)** Incorporates a -2 penalty when attempting to resist an undead creature's special attacks. No affect on mundane damage from such creatures and fear is not considered an attack
- **Insular (Racial)** Frost Dwarves have long kept to themselves and thus have a permanent -2 to their charisma unless they are speaking with another Frost Dwarf where they then gain a +2
- **Heat Lethargy (Racial)** Frost Dwarves become lethargic at temperatures above 53 degrees or higher thus they suffer a -1 on all trait rolls in such temps.
- **Slow (Racial)** Frost Dwarves are stout and can only move at Pace 5"

Languages:

- **Trader:** Common Speak for many a traveler
- **Dwarven:** Frost Dwarves
- **Earthtongue:** Gargoyles, Trolls, Trow
- **Giant:** Giants
- **Orcish:** Orcs, Ogres, Goblins

Weapons:

- **Long Spear** - Attack Roll: d6 Damage Roll d6+d6 Notes: +1 Parry, Requires 2 Hands 5 lbs
- **Dagger** - Attack Roll: d6 Damage Roll d6+d4 Notes: 1 lb

Rune Magic: The Arrow Rune(N), Bolt, Aim, Boost\Lower trait: Shooting and Throwing only

Armor:

Chain Shirt (T) - +2 Armor - 10 lbs.

Chain coif (H) - 75% chance to protect head - 3 lbs.

Gear: (45 lbs / 30 lbs.) -1 encumbrance penalty to all Agility and Strength rolls, Backpack: 2 lbs, Climbing Gear: +2 Climb checks - 4 lbs, Lantern: 3 lbs., Oil: 1 pint - 1 lb, Pick: 5 lbs, Rope: 10 yards - 10 lbs, Parchment: 60 sheets - 3 lbs, Writing Equipment: 1 lb, Flint and Steel: Wgt 1 lb, Whetstone: 1 lb, \$17 Sciends

Description:

Race: Frost Dwarf

Origin: Karad Zor

Class: Rune Mage

Age: 55

Gender: Male

Height: 4' 10"

Weight: 180 lbs.

30 years ago, Kladr's father, Kalfor Deepgaze, was badly wounded in a gruesome battle near the city of Karad Zor. In the following weeks, Kalfor's confrontation with mortality drove him mad with fear and desperation, his thoughts constantly dwelling on an answer to overcome his pain and anxiety. Ultimately, he decided to defy his family oaths and activate a sacred rune, he and so many others of his clan, had sworn to protect and keep sealed. This rune contained a forbidden spell of immortality, and he was ready to cross any line to defy death's whims.

Young Kladr, a skilled rune mage in training, did not agree with his father's plan, but after seeing the hysteria in Kalfor's eyes one night too many, he reluctantly gave his aid. Through a week's worth of struggle and exhaustion, the two were successful in performing the harsh ritual, and eternal life was granted to the venerable rune mage. This taboo did not go unnoticed, however, as Hela, the Black Queen, felt the disturbance against the cycle of life and then set a wrathful curse upon both father and son. Both would die at the meager age of 70 with no chance for redemption -- their fates branded and their half-lives spent knowing their own end.

Kladr has long since left his home, his family, and his late father behind. He now searches Rassilon for an answer to breaking this curse, and redeeming his father along the way.

Kaldric Garulfsunu, the Iron Guild's Noble

Rank: Novice XP 0

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

Skills: d8 Fighting, d4 Riding, d8 Notice, d6 Taunt, d8 Streetwise, d8 Investigation

Pace 6" / Parry 7 / Toughness 6 / Charisma 0

Edges:

- **Rich:** Starting Scields = 3x typical
- **Investigator:** Add +2 to all Investigation & Streetwise rolls. Also includes Notice rolls made to search through evidence.

Hindrances:

- **Loyal (Minor)** Would give his life for his true friends
- **Enemy (Minor)** An accident during a drinking contest caused a rival family's son to be scarred beyond repair. The rival family may seek revenge!
- **Stubborn (Minor)** Always wants his way and never admits when wrong even when it is plain as day

Languages:

- **Trader:** Common Speak for many a traveler
- **Saxa:** Saxa
- **Anari:** Alantaris Isle, The Magacracy
- **Hearth Elven:** Hearth Elves

Weapons: Short Sword - Damage d6+d6 wgt 4lbs

Armor: Leather Suit (T,A,L) +1 Armor - 10 lbs, Buckler +1 Parry - 8 lbs

Gear: (53 lbs / 30 lbs.) -1 encumbrance penalty to all Agility and Strength rolls, Bedroll - 4 lbs, Winter Gear (cloak\Parka) - Adds a +2 to vigor vs cold weather 3 lbs, Flint & Steel - 1 lb, Lantern - Light in a 4" Radius 3 lbs, Whetstone - 1 lb, Rope (10") - 15 lbs, 2 Blankets - 4 lbs, 897 Scields

Description

Race: Saxa

Origin: Ostmark

Class: Iron Guild Member

Age: 22

Gender: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 185



Being the third son of a successful merchant has its perks. While Boric, the eldest, is the master mind behind their contracts and Yoric, the second eldest, has the brawn covered, all Kaldric has to do is flash his smile and seal the deal while sniffing out plots to undermine their profits. After that all he had to do was kick back, have a drink and let the scields and good times flow.

That was all before the ill fated contract with Maenar Cynricsunu. Maenar was another merchant on the rise and had maintained a friendly rivalry with Garulf and his sons years. Each man knew that if they could claim the other contracts their family would be a force to be reckoned with. In a flurry of contractual wizardry, Boric drafted an agreement that left both men in a position for great profits at the cost of great risks. They were to trade third sons for the span of five years.

For two years, the plan unfurled with neither man gaining an edge over the other. Both of their sons had a knack for uncovering secrets and for every advantage Kaldric gained, he was countered by Wealgar.

As time passed Kaldric grew close to Maenar's sons and was often seen carousing and gallivanting about with Eowuld and Faenar. Their exploits ranged from drinking to gambling to womanizing. If there was an uncouth deed to be done, they were there doing it with style. They had a knack for trouble.

Many claim to have been there on the unlucky night of Eowuld's disfigurement. Some claim that Kaldric pushed Eowuld into the fire. Some say Kaldric was trying to catch him. Others say neither, stating that Eowuld, in a drunken stupor, dove into the fire of his own accord. Whatever the case, Kaldric had earned Maenar's fury and hatred. Maenar swore the debt to his son would be paid in blood.

Kaldric fled. He thought to return home and seek the protection that his family could offer. His father was wealthy and had the influence to see to his safety. In truth, he was excited to be home with his brothers once more. Unfortunately, Kaldric's excitement was short lived. Garulf saw reinstating Kaldric into their operations as a breach in contract with Maenar. His honor would not let him send Maenar's son home before the agreed time had passed, even at the expense of their families' mercantile security.

Although Garulf did not shelter his son, he would not abandon him. Kaldric was sent off with his father's instructions to seek his refuge among the Iron Guild. Garulf had made a large "donation" to grease the wheels and to see to it that his son would be traveling from place to place for his own safety. After the three remaining years of the contract have passed Kaldric will be allowed to return home.

Now, Kaldric travels from place to place as a member of the Iron Guild. He looks for opportunities to expand his family's wealth and perhaps make new connections to compensate for his father's compromised position. Kaldric is determined to return home with his head held high and a great deal of wealth for his family to enjoy.

Rurick Halfgraden, The Legion's Fostered Child

Rank: Novice w/OXP

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

Skills: d8 Climbing, d12 Fighting, d4 Notice, d4 Intimidation, d8 Throwing

Pace 5" / **Parry** 8 (7) / **Toughness** 8 / **Charisma** -2*

Edges:

- **Sweep:** Make an attack with a melee weapon against all adjacent targets (friends and foes) at a -2 penalty. Resolve damage separately.
- **Low Light Vision (Racial):** Ignore attack penalties in dim and dark lighting.
- **Mountain-Born (Racial):** No penalties in rough terrain associated with hills and mountains
- **Winter Soul (Racial):** +2 Vigor to resist effects of cold weather, & +2 Armor vs Cold, Coldfire, or Ice Attacks
- **Tough (Racial):** Start with a d6 in vigor and it can be increased as much as d12+3

Hindrances:

- **Overconfident (Major):** Your character thinks he can handle anything, not suicidal but certainly takes bigger risks than others would who use their common sense.
- **Doubting Thomas (Minor):** Skeptical when it comes to the supernatural and is thus all the more frightened when finally face to face with it. -2 to fear checks when facing undeniable supernatural horrors.
- **Loyal (Minor):** Willing to put himself at risk to save a friend.
- **Insular (Racial):** Frost Dwarves have long kept to themselves and thus have a permanent -2 to their charisma unless they are speaking with another Frost Dwarf where they then gain a +2
- **Heat Lethargy (Racial):** Frost Dwarves become lethargic at temperatures above 53 degrees or higher thus they suffer a -1 on all trait rolls in such temps.
- **Slow (Racial):** Frost Dwarves are stout and can only move at Pace 5"

Languages:

- **Trader:** Common Speak for many a traveler
- **Dwarven:** Frost Dwarves

Weapons:

- **Great Axe** - Attack Roll: d12 Damage Roll d10 + d10 Notes: AP 1 Parry -1 Req 2 hands 15 lbs
- **Throwing Axe (2)** - Range: 3/6/12 Attack Roll: d8 Damage Roll d10 + d6 Notes: 2*2 lbs (4)

Armor: Plate Corselet (T) +3 Armor - 20 lbs.

Gear: (49 lbs / 50 lbs.), Backpack: 2 lbs, Climbing Gear: +2 Climb checks - 4 lbs, Bedroll: 4 lbs, \$60 Scields

Description

Race: Frost Dwarf

Origin: Varied

Class: Fighter

Age: Unsure, 30's

Gender: Male

Height: 5'1"

Weight: 210 lbs



Rurick knows little about his family or his background. As far back as he can remember there has always been conflict. Whether he was forced to fight the wilds of the Winterlands and all the harshness they entail, or his first conflict with the living. Much of his memory is a white haze either created to block horrific memories or because much of his childhood was spent waist deep in snow.

His first memory he can recall was meeting his mentor/father figure Detran Halfgraden who educated him in blood and taught him the ways of the axe. Rurick looked up to him and followed him everywhere which eventually led him to join the Grey Legion. After years and years of conflict for various causes Rurick has found himself at an impasse.

The Legion had called upon Detran however not himself. Having lost his only connection to others he now seeks adventure and a cause worthy of his talents. Little is known about where or why Detran was called upon. However, Rurick feels simply that he was not strong enough to accompany him.

Rurick will continue to seek out the strong and fight for a cause that will continue to test his abilities and eventually lead him to be called alongside his Mentor once again.

Birgir Oathspeaker, the Youthful Wanderluster

Rank: Novice XP 0

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

Skills: d10 Fighting, d6 Climbing, d6 Intimidation, d6 Notice, d4 Survival, d6 Swimming

Pace 6" / **Parry** 8 / **Toughness** 8 / **Charisma** 0

Edges:

- **Brawny:** Toughness +1 load limit is Strength x 8
- **First Strike:** May attack one foe who moves adjacent

Hindrances:

- **Heroic (Major)** Character always helps those in need
- **Illiterate (Minor)** Unable to read or write
- **Hard of Hearing (Minor)** -2 to notice sounds

Languages:

- **Trader:** Common Speak for many a traveler
- **Saxa:** Saxa

Weapons: Long spear: Damage d8+d6 - Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 Hands wgt 5lbs

Armor: Scale Hauberk (T,A,L) +2 Armor - 25 lbs, Pot Helm +1 Head 50% head protection - 4 lbs

Gear: (48 lbs / 64 lbs.), Bedroll - 4 lbs, Winter Gear (cloak\Parka) - Adds a +2 to vigor vs cold weather 3 lbs

Description

Race: Saxa

Gender: Male

Origin: Not saying atm

Height: 6' 2"

Class: Spearman

Weight: 198 lbs

Age: 19

Today was the day.

Birgir slowly climbed out of his bed, though truth be told, he hadn't slept a wink last night. He gingerly tiptoed through the common sleeping room he shared with his brothers and sisters. They would arise soon to begin their chores around the farm, but Birgir wanted to be on the road before they awoke. The goodbyes would be too hard.

Today was the day.

Birgir crept past the room where his parents were sleeping. If his father was awake, Birgir would only have to listen to another lecture about responsibility. It was his mother that convinced the cantankerous old man to let him leave, and for that Birgir would always be grateful.

Today was the day.

Birgir finally reached the front door to his family's tiny cottage. He looked at the equipment he had left neatly stacked by the door. It had taken him several seasons of odd jobs around the village but he had finally saved enough money to afford his very own weapon and suit of armor. The blacksmith had chuckled as he counted out Birgir's hard earned coin. His departure had become something of a joke around the village. There were even bets being placed on when he would return: freezing, broke, humbled.

As he donned the winter clothes his mother had stitched for him, Birgir thought back on what had instilled him with this wanderlust. The epics of the Skalds had enthralled him since he was a child and he had grown up dreaming of becoming a hero. His parents had hoped that time would temper his desires, but Birgir would not be dissuaded from his path. He would protect the defenseless. He would punish the wicked. He would become a hero his village could be proud of.

Pushing the last of his doubts out of his mind, Birgir quietly opened the front door of the cottage. He took a deep breath of the chilly morning air as he gazed at the road stretched out in front of him.

Today was the day.

Janus

Rank: Novice XP: 0

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

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Driving d4, Guts d6, Knowledge (Undead) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Survival d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5+Armor

Hindrances: Slow (Major), Weak-Willed (Minor), Loyal (Minor), Vows (Necropolis)

Edges: Brave (Necropolis), Cleanse By Fire (Necropolis), Dig In!

Gear: Medium armor, molecular sword, flechette rifle (3 mags), 5 Incendiary grenades, ID tag, Basic Equipment (stored in combat webbing, 15 LBS, per Necropolis setting guide)

Description: Janus is an average-looking man, unremarkable in most regards. He is about 5'-11" in height, 165 pounds, with brown hair he keeps very short in what he calls a 'high and tight'. His uniform is acceptably maintained, and his gear is well cared for.

History: Janus was born and raised in the Iron Belt, and thus grew up with a solid familiarity with the Church's various orders, lore, mission and conduct. He fell in love with the bright uniforms and media portrayal of life in the Orders, and after caring for his father's farm until his sister was married, he jumped at the chance to join up.

Kerf Mindril

Rank: Novice **XP:** 10

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

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Knowledge (Battle) d6, Knowledge (Tactics) d6, Repair d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6

Languages: Dwarvish, Glean, Olan, Gobliness, Camonere

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 6 (7); **Toughness:** 7 (9 Melee / 11 Ranged)

Hindrances: Stoic, Slow, Cannot Swim, Heroic (Major), Enemy (Minor), Loyal (Minor)

Edges: Stalwart, Lowlight Vision, Old Ways, Intestinal Fortitude, Berserk, Brawny, Raise Attribute (Strength), First strike

Gear: Dwarven Axe, Dwarven Bow, Full Scale Mail, Medium Shield, Basic survival gear, small horse, rations for 1 week (including for horse), 5 Crossbow cartridges (15 bolts total)

Description: Kerf is agile as an experienced warrior, but what people first see is that he is massively strong, a brawny dwarf with a look of toughness, and a few scars already including one over his left eye. He wears a full suite of scale armor without a helmet, and carries a massive Dwarven Axe, which he uses one-handed; in his other hand is a sturdy medium shield with his family crest painted on it. At once dour and friendly, pessimistic and jovial, Kerf understands the need to live for the day, as the morrow may well bring another battle and chance for death.

Background: Kerf is a warrior from the Olan nation, of the Clan Mindril from the city of Harken in southern Olan. He has fought several battles, first in a minor war against a city-state in the Wildlands, and then against a Gobliness horde that swept into Olan from the wildlands. He has a reputation as a loyal friend and nearly compulsive defender of right and justice.

Balan of Malak

Rank: Novice **XP:** 10

Attributes: Agility d8+2, Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Climbing d6+2, Fighting d8, Guts d4, Lockpicking d6+2, Notice d8, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d8+2, Streetwise d8

Languages: Malakaran, Glean, Aradish

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 4(5)

Hindrances: Enemy: Malakar Dominion (Major), Loyal (Minor), Wanted: Treason to Dominion (Minor)

Edges: Acrobat, Thief, Two-Fisted, Skills (Fighting, Shooting), Skills (Stealth, Notice)

Gear: Rapier x2, Bow, Full Leather Armor, Bracers, Basic Survival Gear, Small Horse and Tack, Rations for a week (including horse), Lockpicks, Climbing Gear

Description: Balan is a fairly short, slender man of typical Malakar traits. He wears leather armor with a hood that usually masks his face, and his boots are soft leather. He moves quietly and quickly, often startling people who don't hear him come up. He carries a bow strapped to his back, and at his sides are two rapiers, which he wields in battle.



History: Balan was born and raised in Malak, the great city of the Malakar Dominion. As with many people in the Dominion, Balan made his living working for a guild of spies and thieves, and quickly proved his worth again and again in battle and on the streets. Unfortunately, his captain was caught stealing from the guild, and they put a hit on him. Balan, loyal to the end, helped his captain escape and thus sealed his fate. He had to ride for his life, and barely made it out of Malak alive. He found refuge in the nation of Olan, and has put his skills to use ever since then, but now working for himself.