

Dedications

I would first like to thank my wife, Mysti, for helping me create this monster, and my two sons, Logan and Joshua_it's because of them that this and all future F.A.M.A.T.O.M. Games exist. I would also like to thank my father, Louren, for not listening to every negative thing said about these "evil" role-playing games. I would like to thank Pete and Josh for finding the loopholes in my original game rules, many of which have been fixed. I'd like to thank Ross for the idea of creating a game to run; hope I didn't take too many of your ideas. I would also like to give thanks to all the people I punished by having them run this system. There are almost a thousand people out there that playtested it.

And a very Special Thanks to:

Stan "The Man" Lee for inspiring my imagination and allowing me to explore a world larger than the farm I grew up on.

Kevin "Silent Bob" Smith for making me laugh and reminding us all that "Ben Affleck was the BOMB in Phantoms, Yo."

And

B.A., Bob, Dave, Sara, Brian, and all of those who create K.O.D.T. for giving me my gaming fix when there wasn't someone to waste with my crossbow.
Hootie Hoo!

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F.A.M.A.T.O.M.

Long ago, the "GODs" created the Earth and all creatures and man. The "GODs" gave man control over the Earth and the power to create and destroy all of their dreams and nightmares. When man got tired of things they became extinct and useless. The "GODs" were then left with all of these things.

"WE GAVE MAN POWER SUPREME AND MAN HAS DESTROYED ALL THAT HE HAS CREATED. WE NOW HAVE BEEN LEFT WITH OUR CHILDRENS, CHILDREN. LET US CREATE A WORLD SO THEY CAN EXIST AS LONG AS THEY CHOOSE TO EXIST. THEY SHALL NOT KNOW OF EARTH FROM WHENCE THEY CAME, THEY SHALL BE BORN AND SHALL DIE IN THIS REALM AND

IT SHALL BE KNOWN AS ***F.A.M.A.T.O.M.***"

F.A.M.A.T.O.M. is a fantasy, horror, historic, sci-fi role-playing game. It can be played with any setting, in any style, or combination thereof. This gaming system uses a unique dice system found, as far as I'm aware, nowhere else. The monsters and villains are easy to create and as said before the game can be of any style, from a classic dungeon crawl to a spacefaring trek into the unknown. And to really make it easy on the person running the game_I've had my fair share of "Rule Masters"_ they shall be known as "Games Operation Directors" a.k.a. G.O.D... If not written here clearly the G.O.D. has the right to make changes as they see fit. Remember, this world of F.A.M.A.T.O.M. was created by the "Gods" to hold all rejected beliefs, so if its not here and the G.O.D. says that's the way it is, so be it. Oh, yeah one more small tiny thing..

It's just a GAME!!

Character Creation

There are six main stats to F.A.M.A.T.O.M. and they are as follows...

FIGHT: This stat gauges how physically fit you are and how well you can fight and defend yourself.

MAGIC: This stat shows intelligence, knowledge, and magical power.

ROGUE : This is how nimble you are, it also gauges manipulation and swaying peoples beliefs to your own.

SPEED: Running speed, the distance is equal to the number of feet one can move during a turn. If you fly, multiply by 2. It is also used to determine initiative and the number of attacks one has.

PERCEPTION: How well a character recognizes clues and how aware they are of their surroundings. It is also used in initiative.

HIT POINTS: This stat shows how healthy you are and how much damage you can take before you die.

Table 1															
Stat #	1 to 3			1 to 3	4	5	6	7 to 14	15 to 16	17 to 18	19 to 21	22 to 24	25 to 30	31 to 36	37 to 43
Stat Bonus				-5	-4	-2	-1	+0	+1	+2	+3	+4	+5	+6	+7
Racial Bonus				Elf		Dwarf		Human		Human stats max out at 20 and 30 for Hit Points. These are the only other player races as of right now, but if you come up with something get your G.O.D.'s approval before springing it on them. The stats 31-43 represent those with superhuman powers* and some monsters. *These will be explained later					
Fight				-3		+3		0							
Magic				+3		-3		0							
Rogue				+2		+2		0							
Speed				+2		-5		0							
Percept.				+1		+2		0							
Hit Points				-4		+2		0							

To get the stat number roll a 1d20 for each stat adding the pluses (+) or minuses (-) for each race, which are

listed on Table 1 along with the bonuses you get for each skill category. To get Hit Points (HP) roll a 1d20+10 (again add or subtract based on race). Upon reaching zero HP's you go unconscious, and become comatose, when your HP's reach its negative your character DIES!! (ex.: 15 HP ok, 0 HP coma, -15 HP dead and buried, end of story, no coming back, maybe?) Your character regains 5 HP per day or 2 per hour of sleep. HP never gets higher than your starting HP.

These stats should act as guidelines for creating a character, but if you have a character that has a high *Fight* stat but wants to be a mage, go right ahead, just keep in mind you will eventually play what you are. If you'd like, you may play more than one character class, but the number of skills you get is lower (this is only for base classes, specialized classes can only start with one class). As a player you get 10 skills from your class (unless you are multi-classed or a specialized class ; see Table 2).

These starting skills all begin with a 1d6. Any other skills you choose will start at a 1d4; don't forget to add stat bonuses. Example: Fight stat is 19 your hand to hand combat skill (H2H) is 1d6 the roll becomes 1d6+0+3, these bonuses are added to all skills in their respected categories...

Table 2

# of classes	# of skills
1	10
2	7
3	5

*check the specialized classes for the # of skills those character types begin with.

"I don't like this."

Janene's soft murmur echoes my thoughts exactly. Guns drawn, we were heading into trouble and I knew it. We didn't even call for backup. Shay is somewhere in the alley to the left covering the back door. All is quiet and it makes me nervous, like something's going on that I'm just not seeing. If the store is being robbed, where are the perps? All we had to go on was a single eyewitness account of two men threatening a cashier. His insistence that we act immediately had seemed logical at the time, but now I have the feeling we were being led into a trap.

Briefly I consider our options, which seem few. "Do you want to go back to the car?" We had left our cars on the opposite side of the street and were now just stepping onto the sidewalk right in front of the window.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see her shake her head. "Shay's already back there. If we leave now, he could get killed."

I wasn't even supposed to be here. I had just finished my shift and was heading back to the station when these guys asked me to back them up. I could have been at Marley's by now, I thought. My friends are waiting for me and I'm going to be late. I had thought this would just be a routine checkup to confirm the store was robbed and the perps would be long gone. This isn't the cops' first time visiting the little red brick building after a robbery; its location just off the corner up a dead-end street made it ideal for small-time bandits and desperate addicts.

"Allen, wait." Janene whispers and I pause. "Look at the back of the store." Peering through the dirty glass I see a flash of movement from between two aisles. My eyes are

drawn to a swath of red paint across the back wall. Red paint? Oh, dear God. . .

An explosion from the street corner brings us around, guns ready to fire. What was left of the hanging stoplight rains sparks to the ground. I look around and see something_no, two people running towards us from the fenced-in end of the street. The girl is ahead, the old man limping not too far behind.

"STOP! Put your hands on your head." Janene bellows, freezing both of them. I realize as I train my gun on them that they're bums. What the hell are they doing? Stunned like deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming truck, they hesitate. From out of nowhere, a shock of red fire flies past us from the direction of our cars towards the store. Before I can comprehend what's going on, the ball impacts against. . . nothing, but then illuminates a figure as it falls to its hands and knees.

"Where the hell did he come from?" Janene shouts in bewilderment.

Fireballs and invisible people? Something clicks and I yell, "Mages!" Janene curses up a blue streak as we maneuver sideways behind the only other vehicle on the street_an idling sports car just in front of the alley left of the store. I can do some small-time magics, but Shay is the mage expert, not me. I cue the link. "Shay! Get your pointy ears up here! We've got a mage fight!" No answer, but there's no time as the homeless girl throws a glowing bolt at my police car. That's when I see it. Wings. Tail. Snarling face. No, that's not what I saw, there's just a man there . . . an evil-looking man. Instinct and fear simultaneously causes Janene and I to empty our clips into the man standing on my car.

The bullets deflect off an energy shield of some sort, ricocheting dangerously back into the street. Things have gotten out of hand. These are adept mages and we don't have the firepower to handle them. I fumble for the spare clip and shout, "Up the alleyway!" Janene and I break from the car. The evil-looking man mage readies another blast towards our direction when he is distracted. Following his gaze I see the homeless man is down and the young girl is screaming and running back to him, battle momentarily forgotten. I feel a twinge of guilt; one of our bullets had bounced off the energy shield and caught the old man center-mass. We reach the alleyway and I duck behind a dumpster. I peek around the corner and see the girl fall on the old man, cradling his head in her hands. From behind me, Janene's shriek brings me around, finger on the trigger.

Character Classes

In F.A.M.A.T.O.M. there are three base character classes (and several sub-classes). Anything else could be viewed as a combination of them.

FIGHTERS: These guys are Cops, Knights, Military personal, Barbarians, Martial Artist, Hit Men, etc.

MAGES: People who study literature, science, and the occult, including Teachers, Scientist, Councilors, and_get this_Mages

ROGUES: These are Gymnasts, Lawyers, Thieves, Politics, IRS Agents, etc...

Once you have chosen your class you must then choose your skills. Most specialized classes have a set number of skills

* * * * *

As I lean against the cool stone, I keep my eye out for other denizens who may use this alley. I hadn't realized this wide alleyway led not only to the back door of the convenience store but also to a large cul-de-sac of three apartment buildings with the store as the fourth wall. Only the dim glow from apartment windows lights my way. I could make out a couple of sad little trees, a broken-down swing set and an impromptu basketball court. This dank courtyard is a meeting place for a clan of apartment dwellers who share stories and memories. I suspect they don't like strangers.

I have an audience. I can hear them above me sitting on their roofs and porch-like fire escapes, murmuring as they watch yet another police officer invade their territory. If the perpetrators live within these apartments, I'll have to worry about an attack from above as well. The door has no handle, so I can do nothing but wait tensely for a flurry of violence or my partner's confirmation of capture over the radio. I position myself in the shadows to cover both the door and the alley.

I don't have a gun, but I am not defenseless. It has become common practice to pair a gun-wielding officer with a mage partner to cover all the bases. All my senses are tuned for danger. I look back up the alley the street just in time to see the fireball shoot past the alleyway. The sound of an explosion follows closely after. Damn. I am in the wrong place. A second unseen explosion lights up the buildings, casting eerie shadows on the walls. I turn to run back to my partner when the back door bursts open, hitting the wall so hard the hinges scream in protest.

There are two: one young and helping the second, who is moaning and covered in blood. It is this one that immediately catches sight of me, red eyes blazing hate and pain. His gaze draws the other and now I recognize them for what they are. A vampire and his cub. I must deal with this threat first, despite the continued sounds and flashes coming from the front of the building. Fortunately, I have experience dealing with their kind. My hands come up blazing with bright light, illuminating the desolation of the area and eliciting a shriek from the elder vampire. The vampire's spawn winces painfully, but instead of attacking, he yanks his companion around to head into deeper darkness.

Then, from the radio on my shoulder: "Shay! Get your pointy ears up here! We've got a mage fight!" I contemplate letting them go when the half-breed throws the vampire into a shadow and turns to leap at me, hands outstretched. While I do not carry a firearm, I did take my share of hand-to-hand at the academy. I duck under his arms and come up under his body, throwing him into a somersault against the wall behind me. The crunching tells me that, despite his dark powers, he's going to be a few minutes getting up.

I take a few steps forward, enough to illuminate the hunched-over body in the shadows. A visage of terrible rage greets me as it backs away from the light. I realize he's running out of room and I am running out of time. I call upon fire without finesse or warning. The vampire launches himself away as his clothing bursts into flame. The vampire

rips the leather and velvet from his back and continues to run, smoldering, across the courtyard.

I spin to see the half-breed lift his head from where he lay face-first on the ground. He surveys his master's abandonment with shock, then anguish. With a strangled cry, he attempts to stand but falls on his side, both legs broken. I hesitate, unsure of whether to destroy the tainted being or to heal him. His despair resounds in me as I recognize the emotion coming from the young man_and he is very young. Changing tactics, I knock him out instead with an unsubtle spell. I'll deal with him later.

I take off for the alley's exit. I recognize my fellow officers as they duck behind the various debris and dumpsters that clogged the mouth of the alley. Another resounding explosion prevents them from hearing me until I'm nearly upon them. Janene turns, whether from sixth sense or a routine check, and levels her weapon on me with a shriek. Allen comes around but my unbound hair and shining eyes are recognizable enough at this distance.

Janene speaks first, but in a subdued voice, "Shay? Shay, we've got a mess out here. Were you able to find out what happened in there?"

I come up beside them, curious to see more of what's happening out on the street, "Yeah. A Vampire and his half-breed slave." I lean against the store-side dumpster to edge out further towards the battle. "Actually, "slave" might be erroneous. A relative, or lover perhaps. The vampire's gone and the other is injured and unconscious." From my vantage point I can see that our police cars have taken damage. Substantial damage. The sports car directly in front of the alley is still running, but is dented with rubble and glass. I see one mage_the man who had flagged us down not fifteen minutes ago_dodge under a powerful blast from elsewhere on the street, then side-step a second. "How many?"

"Four. No, three. One's down."

"Then there are two against one." I peer closer at the lone mage as he defies gravity for a moment to leap over Allen's car and fall behind ours. "That's strange. He looks like an elf, now."

An odd silence follows that statement, odd enough to turn my attention away from the fight. Allen and Janene were looking at each other in confusion before Allen turns back at me. "He looked human to me."

I grimaced. This did not bode well. "The others?"

"Two street prophets, and--" Now Allen pauses. "I couldn't tell. He was invisible until he was blasted by a shot from the one near our car. I couldn't really make out

any features. We emptied our clips into the one on our car, but they bounced off him; that's how the bum got hit."

I come around the corner of the dumpster and press myself up against the store wall. I lean to the left to crane my head around and see the entryway of the store and the dead end beyond. One fast glance takes it all in: a young homeless girl to one side of an older man, caressing his face and weeping. Another figure backed up against the door of the convenience store, energy forming a glowing ball of energy in his hand. I straighten back up facing right, looking towards the intersection. A car drives past, then two. A couple strolls leisurely by on the far side, apparently oblivious to the obvious carnage. That decides it. I quickly make my way deeper into the alley to Janene and Allen, my mind tripping over our options.

"Well?" They spoke in tandem, Janene echoing Allen by a fraction of a second.

"I am out of my league, here." Exasperated, I take off my hat and run my fingers through my matted hair. "I can't possibly take on creatures that throw energy that powerful and still remain invisible." I gesture towards the intersection. "People are walking by who can't see or hear this fight." I wince as a window shatters. "I think the only reason we see them is because we were involved and hypersensitive when the fight started."

"So, what do we do?" Allen asked.

I put my hat back on and rub my hands together. A particularly loud blast makes me jump and look. The sports car is no longer running. "We can't get to our cars. I suspect calling in backup would be a bad idea anyway. There may be people still alive inside the store. Maybe we can get to the other side and check on the fourth mage that was injured." I slide past Janene before turning to look at her and shrug. "But this is one fight I'm staying out of."

Together, we make our way back down to the cul-de-sac where perhaps we can be of more use. It doesn't surprise me that the half-breed is gone.

* * * * *

Skills

There are only three (3) skill categories to choose from and they are the same as the classes Fight, Magic, Rogue. The skills listed here are just for starters the number of skills you can end up with is infinite. Remember only the skills in your class start at a 1d6 any other skills you want start at a 1d4. Once a skill reaches a d8 the relevant stat raises by one, when it reaches d12 it raises again...

Fight skills

Hand to Hand	Blunt Weapons
Chain Weapons	Knife/Swords
Revolver	Auto-pistol
Rifle	Thrown Weapons
Archery	Paired weapons
Body Building	Running

Hand to Hand: This is the ability to fight without weapons

Chain Weapons: These weapons are flexible and are usually connected by pieces of chain or rope. Ex. Chucks, chains, whips, three section staff etc.

Swords: long swords, short swords, katanas, bastard swords, two-handed, if it's a sword you can use it.

Auto-pistol: This skill covers most modern handguns like the Berretta and Colt .45

Thrown Weapons: Well this covers any weapon that's main purpose is to be thrown, each object thrown is a new skill.

Paired Weapons: When a weapon skill reaches 1D8 the Character gains this skill at a 1D4, when using this skill the player rolls both dice, a d8 for primary weapon and a d4 for the secondary weapon.

Body Building: This is just lifting weights and toning it also adds +1 to Fight stat at every 10 AP

Blunt Weapons: These are sticks staffs, brooms handles, and baseball bats

Knife: Small sharp pointy objects used to hurt people.

Revolver: Six guns, Typical a handgun that holds six bullets

Rifles: do I need to say it (this includes shotguns)

Archery: Bows and arrows, slings and slingshots

Running: The ability to run a distance without getting tired. A roll of this die adds to distance.

Magic skills

<i>Anthropology</i>	<i>Archeology</i>
<i>Biology</i>	<i>Botany</i>
<i>Chemistry</i>	<i>Computer Operation</i>
<i>Language</i>	<i>Literacy</i>
<i>Lore</i>	<i>Magic/Psionic Use</i>
<i>Math</i>	<i>Research</i>

Anthropology: The study of Man and his many environments.

Archeology: The study of ancient relics and artifacts. This skill supplies the ability to tell if something is old (last year) or ancient (last eon).

Biology: The general study of biological life.

Botany: The study of plants and what makes a garden grow.

Chemistry: Knowledge of chemicals and their make up; the study of how to blow stuff up.

Computer Operation: The knowledge of computers and how they operate.

Language: The ability to speak in another language; each language is a new skill.

Literacy: The ability to read and write in another language. Each language is a different skill.

Lore: This is the study of ancient secrets; each type of lore is a different skill.

Magic/Psionic Use: The ability to cast magic or use psionic power.

Math: Addition, subtraction, multiply, divide, algebra, etc.

Research: The ability to search through books and the Internet to find exactly what one needs to find.

Rogue skills

Public Speaking	Pick Pockets
Acrobatics	Showmanship
Prowl	Computer Hacking
Pick Locks	Streetwise
Locate Hidden Door	Forgery
Photography	Concealment

Acrobatics: Flips, jumps, tumbles, rolls, tightrope, trapeze, etc.

Concealment: The ability to hide something so that others can't find it.

Forgery: The skill to create a reasonable fake of any type of document.

Locate Hidden Door: The ability to find things that are, well, hidden.

Photography: The know-how to take decent photos and how to develop them.

Pick Locks: This is the knowledge of locks and the ability to unlock them.

Pick Pockets: Knowledge of how to remove something from a person without them knowing it.

Prowl: In other words the ability to sneak around.

Public Speaking: The ability to stand in front of a group of people and have your self heard and understood by all.

Showmanship: Similar to "Public Speaking"; but being to able to entertain as well as perform before a group of people.

Streetwise: Knowledge of where to find things that might not be really legal, and maybe who to talk to, who to avoid.

SKILL DICE SYSTEM

Each new skill that you want a character to use starts at a 1d4 (with stat bonuses added). The only time a skill starts higher is during character creation when they choose their class skills, which start at a 1d6. The system here allows a character to build the skill over time through actual use, every time a character rolls the highest they can roll on the die (a 4 on a d4, 6 on a d6, etc...) that skill gets one (1) Ability Point (AP). Once a skill is at 10 AP it will either gain a +1 or will move to the next highest die (see AP 20 rule for exceptions). This shows that through practice and use of a skill one can get better at that skill. Example: Jack has a 1d4 to use a gun, he gets his 10AP and receives a +1, now Jack has a 1d4+1 to use the gun. When he gets another 10 AP he will move to the next die in this case a 1d6 (do not forget stat bonuses).

Table 3 shows each die with its pluses before it moves up to the next die. As not to get confused with which bonuses change and which come from stats, it should be written like this: DIE+AP+STAT (example: 1d4+1+2). This way if you have a bonus in a stat you will not think it was for getting 10 AP_trust me this is the best way to display it.

AP 20 RULE

If you are using a skill not in your class, it is going to cost 20 AP to raise until said skill reaches a 1d8 at which time it cost only 10 AP to raise. The reason for this is that a fighter might have a harder time getting used to channeling magic, but once the fighter has reached a certain level of mastery of a skill he has enough knowledge to raise the skill as normal.

TABLE 3 Skill Die System

# of AP	1d4	1d6	1d8	1d10	1d12	1d20
0	+0	+0	+0	+0	+0	+0
10	+1	+1	+1	+1	+1	+1
20	*	*	*	*	+1	+1
30					+1	+1
40					+1	+1
50					+1	+1
60					+1	+1
70					+1	+1
80					*	+1
90						+1
100						+1

* Move to the next highest die, don't forget the AP 20 rule

This might not look that hard, you might be thinking that it only takes 260 AP to max out a skill, but keep in mind that to gain AP you must roll the highest that you can roll on the die. That means that you go from a 25% chance on a d4 to about a 5% chance of gaining AP on a d20. Note: some skills can be raised through practice like going to the gun range, working on locks in your spare time, or studying magical texts. Most skills will be rolled against a Target Number (T#) ranging from 2_30 with a 2 being super easy and a 30 being really hard. It's up to the G.O.D. to determine these T#'s for the players. Every time you practice a skill, every roll of a one (1) will take 1 AP away from those gained during practice. **This is only when training.** If you roll more 1's than AP the training is over for the day...

Bonus A.P.

During game play the G.O.D. may award A.P. to players for thought-out plans of attack, clever uses for skills or for just excellent game play. These points should range from 1_5. Please use these sparingly. The points may be spent on anything. It takes 20 A.P. to raise a stat one point with Bonus A.P.

The Optional Rolls

These are the things that are used to save your butt when things are not cut and dry, like combat. These are the roll used to find clues (Rogue or Perception throw), resist poison (Fight Throw), and many others. It will be left to the G.O.D. to determine what roll to use in any given situation. These rolls are done by rolling a d20 and rolling under the related stat. There can be modifiers added depending on the situation, determined by the G.O.D..

COMBAT FUN

This is where all of the rules come into play. It's really easy once you get the hang of it, so here we go...

Initiative: everyone states whom he or she is attacking or what he or she is doing. Each rolls a 1d10 + speed and perception bonuses. If there is a tie, the one with the highest Speed stat goes first, if tie is between NPC and player, the player goes first.

Attack: To fight whether they use a gun, sword, or their bare hands, they roll that die versus the defender's die and if the attacker rolls higher than the defender,

damage is determined by the difference in the rolls. If while attacking you roll a 1 (very bad) the victim of your attack still rolls and the difference is the amount of damage that you take from a quick counterstrike (the defender still gets to attack on his turn). Your defense roll is the same die as your attack roll and vice versa.

Ok, here's the example: Josh and Lee are fighting. Both have a 19 fight stat and both are fighters. They roll for initiative, Josh gets a 7 and Lee gets a 4. Josh attacks and rolls a 1d6+1+3 and gets a 6, Lee rolls his 1d6+0+3 and gets a 5. Lee takes 1 point of damage, now Lee rolls to attack and gets a 1, Josh is happy because on his roll to block he rolled a 10, Lee takes another 10 points of damage. Initiative is rerolled and the fight continues.

Magical/Psionic: Combat in the mystical arts is treated the same way, magic die vs. defender's die, be it gun, sword or hand to hand. See Magic/Psionic section for more.

Extra Attacks If you have three thugs in front of you and you want to hit all three, here's how. Check your Speed stat: every plus you have is an extra attack/action.

Lucky Shot If you attack someone and he rolls a 1, you get a Lucky Shot in and do the difference in damage X2.
Example: Lee rolls a 4 Josh rolled a 1 (poor guy) Josh takes 6 points of damage (4 -1=3, 3x2=6).

The Last Ditch There is one more thing that can be done and it can (read should) only be used when there are no other alternatives and **IF** the characters are up against a foe they can not beat. The character may decide to put everything he has into defeating this foe, meaning that they may spend all but one HP and gain for one attack/action only, a +10 to their roll after which the character goes into a coma for 1d10 hours. If that attack doesn't kill the enemy, the character can consider themselves toast because the foe will probably kill him...

Magic/Psionics

Magic and Psionics are very common. On F.A.M.A.T.O.M. almost anybody can do it, but only one out of a thousand

ever become masters (1d8 and higher). There are really only two types magic on F.A.M.A.T.O.M. The first is:

Solar: This is the magic/psionic abilities that one uses to attack or defend themselves and other people. Basically it is any magic that is used in combat.

The second type is:

Lunar: This is magic/psionics that are used at anytime other than combat.

You can make magic more powerful by rolling again and adding it to the roll or working together with other people. To do this everyone rolls their magic die and together combine the rolled totals_ this type magic cannot be used as Solar only Lunar. The time it takes is at least one hour per person involved plus $\frac{1}{2}$ hour per roll after the first. Example: Three people all roll once, this takes three hours, any roll made now to increase the magic effect will add $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, if all three people roll again the total time would be 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Now if anyone rolls a one everyone takes the fall and damage is equal to the successes rolled.

Magic in combat works just the same as any other combat. The only difference is in the verbal description of the effect. But when trying to do something else magic is rolled verses a T#, the table is listed later. For abilities like seeing the invisible, one must match the roll used to turn invisible.

Duration: if the T# is 4, a roll of 4 on the die would be one melee. A roll of 5 would be 2 melees; roll of 6 would be 3 melee's so on and so on. Healing works the same way. On a roll of 1 the magic user gets the opposite effect, it backfires, and can really hurt. Roll the magic die to determine the # of turns the effect lasts.

MAGIC T #'s

T#'s	Effects
1	G.O.D. help you
2	Card tricks, sleight of hand, simple magic
3	Clouds of smoke, itching powder
4	Change the temperature, make it hotter or colder
5	Move 10 pounds 10ft., 5 pounds 20 ft.
6	Invisibility, flight, create light, put someone to sleep, blind
7	Heal self, silence a 10-foot area, raise a Stat
8	Warp memory, change the state of matter
9	Change weather, relieve pain, alter self, double speed
10	Turn 1 other person invisible
11	Heal others
12	Conjure simple things
13	*
14	Teleport self to any visible location within you line of site
15	Turn up to 5 people invisible
16	*
17	*
18	*
19	*
20+	G.O.D. like ability to do near anything (yea right)

These T#'s should only act as guidelines for magic. These are only a few effects that we used during playtesting, please feel free to add more. Common T#'s range from 2_30+ its up to the G.O.D. to decide the exact T#.

The Other Stuff

Now that character creation and combat are out of the way lets move on to monsters & villains. A very simple way to do this is by using a variation of the character stats but instead of assigning d20 rolls just give them an appropriate skill die. As for HP assign a multiplier to the standard die roll. Any other skill that are needed just give them a skill die based on related stat. Various npc's are given in the People and Places chapter.

Here's the Dragon stat example:

Fight: 1d12+7	Initiative: +5
Rogue: 1d8	# of Attacks: 7
Magic: 1d20+4	HP: (1d20+10) X3

Weapons and Equipment:

Here on F.A.M.A.T.O.M. weapons are only as good as the person using them; some weapons will just do more damage. Some equipment is far better quality than everyday store-bought items. Such items are hard to come by and are usually owned by something really mean and unwilling to give them up. The item can give bonuses from +1 to +15, some will give magic powers and some will do damage to surrounding area. Of course this is entirely up to the G.O.D..

Armor: Any bonus that is given because of armor is subtracted from the combat roll. Ex.: A +5 to defend is a -5 to attack.

Explosives: Roll combat dice to avoid

TNT: 10ft blast radius, 20ft debris radius
Damage +10

Nitro: One ounce equals 4 sticks of TNT
20ft blast radius 40ft debris field

Plastic/Gelatin: 2 ounces equals one stick of TNT
1 ft blast radius

Falling Damage: Use related skill to lessen damage

10 feet has a base T# of 7

for every 5 feet over 10 raise the T# by 1 (round up to the nearest T#)

(Ex. 10ft T#7 15ft T#8 20ft T#9 ect.ect.)

Money: One gold coin is equal to one dollar.

Starting Money roll 1d100

01 75	\$500
76 84	\$1,000
85 94	\$5,000
95 99	\$10,000
100	\$1,000,000

Standard starting equipment is determined by the G.O.D.

Stone To Steel

Where Man,
Machine

and Magic
Become One
and the
Same

Lunar Fire

The year was 1946; man had finally began to discover things that were out there, the 2nd World War had ended and man needed to expand his horizons. So he looked up and saw the stars. With the help of countries like Atlantis, it didn't take long for the U.S. to win the space race. By 1950, a Dwarf by the name of Kindrec Longbeard was the first Terran on the Moon. On the third trip in 1953, the US Spaceforce set up a colony with 250 enlisted men and women from 12 countries. The colony thrived and prospered for the next 8 years. While mining for resources in 1961, the Terrans found out that there was life on the moon. During routine demolition mining 14 natives were killed. This was a cause for concern. The "Lunites," a name given to them by the Terrans, felt that the Spaceforce didn't give them the justice they deserved. In 1962 the first Lunar war started. Over the course of the next 40 years, war breaks out 7 times, each time ending with several hundred dead and a mutual cease-fire. In 1974, the Lunites contacted the country of Atlantis for help against the Spaceforce, Atlantis provided Cyber-Mechanical Armor (C-MA's). Before the end of the year, the Spaceforce had captured and started to build their own C-MA's. In 2003 peace is fragile and minor skirmishes are very common. War could break out at any time..

C-MA's

C-MA stands for **Cyber-Mechanical Armor**. This armor is currently being used for the war on Luna, but was originally designed for undersea exploration. The C-MA fits like a second skin and must be custom made for each user, Atlantis is currently working on a mass produced model (Type 2) for use by standard military.

The C-MA's Type 1 enhance the users abilities where as the Type 2's have set statistics. Do to the fact that Type 1 C-MA's have to be custom made for each user they are as different as night and day. Most of the people that have a C-MA are part of an elite military group working for either the Lunite or the Spaceforce. Of course if someone has 12 million for a Type I and 8 million for Type II they can purchase a C-MA from Atlantis themselves.

Powers/Abilities of Class:

C-MA Type I (Custom):

Full satellite communications

Jump jets (speed x 3 in distance)
Tactical combat computer with Targeting sight +10 to all combat skills
Full environmental suit 2 hour air supply
Thermographic and infrared vision
Weapons vary among C-MA users (three of choice)

C-MA Type II (Standard) :

Two way radio
Jump Jet (speed x2 in distance)
Tactical combat computer with targeting sight+5 to all combat skills
Infrared vision
Rifle 20 rounds (starts at 1d4)
Arm blade (starts at 1d4)

Skills of class:

Pilot C-MA (starts at 1d6)
Two weapon skill of choice (related to those of the C-MA)
C-MA character's start with 5 skills of choice

NANOTECK

NanoTeck was designed by AutoTeck Industries and built for military use. The design team for the NanoTeck saw that trying to build cybernetic replacements was much too costly, whereas with NanoTeck one modular can build an infinite number of duplicates. It was soon realized that not only could the modular rebuild the body, it could also create offensive weapons in the body (claws, energy weapons, etc.). At this point the military took full control. Four thousand injection chips were initially made, but during a covert transport from AutoTeck's Houston, TX factory to a secret base in Austin, TX, the convoy was attacked by an unknown group and all of the chips were thought to be destroyed. Recently a number of chips have started to surface in the most unlikely places_ schools, hospitals, church functions; sometimes it's a good thing and sometimes it's not...

Powers/Abilities of Class:

There are two dice rolls used for the NanoTeck. The first is used to determine the number of melee or turns that the skill last, and the other for the use of said skill. Anything that is tried using NanoTeck starts at a 1d4 and is

raised like a normal skill. The downfall is that the more one uses NanoTeck the more it becomes obvious that one has NanoTeck, because the user starts to appear metallic. Another weakness is that a strong electromagnetic pulse (EMP) will cause the NanoTeck to become inactive and fall apart, this may be resisted like a damage roll.

A small note on Vamps and W2's: if a Nanite (someone with NanoTeck) gets infected with either virus the NanoTeck goes dormant and the virus' healing ability will take over. If ever cured of the virus the NanoTeck starts over at 1d4. Sucks huh? Vamps and W2's can't use NanoTeck.

Skills of class:

Beginning with NanoTeck gets you 5 starting skills.

HOLO-CLERIC

Protectors of the Faith, Warriors of the Truth, Champions of the Gods, Holo-Clerics have been called many names, not all of them have been true. Clerics are warriors usually hired by the various religious organizations. Most have true faith but there are some that do it just for the pay: Dark Clerics.

All Holo-Clerics have a holo-jack inserted into the back of their head. This allows almost instant execution of a program. The jack is connected to a Input Unit (IPU) strapped to the wrist-unit which is about the size of a television remote. The IPU is really what projects the hologram and is programmed from a heads up display. The IPU has a battery life of 16 hours and must be recharged for 8 hours every day. Programming itself takes another 10 minutes. Each deck has a set number of program slots in it. These slots determine how many objects can be programmed into the jack.

Every Cleric starts with a basic IPU, but they can upgrade. Cleric will also learn how to make their IPU more effective as their programming skills improve.

Powers/Abilities of Class:

Holo Input Unit:

Range: 10 ft. (due to this fact most weapons are melee)

Duration:

Weapons: 5 minutes

Armor: until HP depleted or 5 minutes

Transportation: 1 hour

Misc. Items: 5_20 minutes (G.O.D. Decides)

<i>Type</i>	<i>Slots</i>	<i>Cost</i>
Basic	25	\$500,000
Beta	35	\$ 900,000
Alpha	50	\$ 4,000,000

Program Slot Cost:

Weapons: normal weapons take 5 slots each

+1 weapons take 10 slots each

Armor: Stationary/wall 1 slot = 5 HP wall

Mobile/body armor 10 slots = 5 HP armor

Transportation: 10 slots per 2 person vehicle (3_4 people will cost 20 slots)

Misc. Items:

Tools 1_3 slots

Shelter 1_3 slots

Clothing/disguise 1_10 slots

Various other items 1_10 slots (G.O.D. Discretion)

Skills of class:

SKILL	Skill Die Level
Hand-to-Hand	1d6
3 Weapon skills of choice	1d6
1 Lore: Religion	1d6+1
2 other mage skills(not magic/psionic)	1d4+1
Program Holo IPU*	1d4

*the programming skill die is rolled to determine how many slots are saved during programing (Ex: A 1d4 rolled result

is 3. If trying to program a 10-slot vehicle there was 3 slots saved so the vehicle now only cost 7 slots.)

Special notes on Weapons :

Most weapons have a range of 10 feet unless the weapon is non-lethal either sonic or concussive in nature. These weapons will cost the same as a +1 weapon.

PsyberWare

PsyberWare is the permutation of body parts with magical replacements. These are only available in Atlantis from TheoTechnologies at the current time. There are three grades of PsyberWare: Basic, Beta, and Alpha. Magic or weapon extras can not be placed on Basic PsyberWare only on Beta- or Alphaware.

All PsyberWare parts are covered in mystical symbols. Someone can have about any effect added to the part. There is no way these parts can be hidden without covering with clothing, parts can be mixed and matched depending on the effects one is looking for, ex. the player wants the arm to be strong and a weapon. It will be made with both metal and stone. The particular type of wood, stone, or metal will depend of the effect. Ex. legs of speed will be covered with mercury that has been magically shaped. Of course there are those out there who become Fullbore Psyborgs_basically these are people who for one reason or another have had their mental essence placed in a magical construct. The stats of these constructs can not be raised except by replacing the part with something more powerful.

Basic Psyborg A Basic Psyborg has usually only one or two Basic Pyber replacements. The Basic Psyborg starts with 8 skills.

Partial Psyborg A Partial Psyborg is someone who has at least 3 body enhancements. The Enhancements are most likely Beta or Alpha replacements. The number of beginning skills for a Partial Psyborg is 7.

Fullbore Psyborg A Fullbore Psyborg is a gun-toting combat killing machine who has had her being transferred into what amounts to as a golem. There is no longer any part of the original person left_the mortal body is destroyed in the transferral process. There is a 20% chance that the process will not work and the person is killed. For a Fullbore Psyborg, the starting skills are 5. At least 3 of these skills should be combat.

Using magic with PsyberWare is a little different. Any magical effect must be built into the part and has a set Skill Die, meaning the use of it will not increase with AP unless it is a combat effect in which case it acts like the firearm skill.

Psyber Eyes		
Material	Cost	
Basic Replacement. Simple 2D Vision: -4 to fight stats	Wood	\$3,000
Beta Replacement: 3D black and white vision	Stone	\$5,000
Alpha Replacement: 3D Full-Color vision	Iron	\$7,000
Heads Up Display: +5 to fight skills	/+silver	+\$1,000
Visual Enlargement x3	/+quartz	+\$2,500
Night Vision	/+crushed	+\$3,000

	emerald	
--	---------	--

Psyber Ears

Material

Cost

Basic Replacement: Normal hearing	Wood	\$2,000
Beta Replacement: Hearing x5	Stone	\$3,500
Alpha Replacement: Hearing x10	Iron	\$4,000
Cellphone	/+ Copper	\$1,000
Satellite Communication	/+ Moonstone	\$2,000

Psyber Limb

Material

Cost

Basic arm/leg replacement	Wood	\$10,000 per pair
Beta arm/leg replacement	Stone	\$20,000 per pair
Alpha arm/leg replacement	Iron	\$30,000 per pair
Gun add on	/+ Gun	+\$5,000
Fireball uses AP 20 rule at all times	/+ Ruby	+\$10,000
Lightning uses AP 20 rule at all times	/+ Sapphire	+\$10,000
Ice Cone: uses AP 20 rule at all times	/+ Salt Crystal	+\$10,000
Blades: uses AP 20 rule at all times	/+ Steel	+\$2,000
Shield: +10 to defense for 1d4 melees uses AP 20 rule at all times	/+ Diamond	+\$15,000
Speed: +4 actions per melee	/ +Mercury (magically shaped)	+\$15,000

Psyber Body Armor

Material

Cost

Basic: -5 to attack +5 to defense	Wood	\$15,000
Beta: -10 to attack +10	Stone	\$35,000

to defense		
Alpha: -5 to attack +10 to defense	Iron	\$45,000
Shield: +10 to defense for 1d4 melees uses AP 20 rule at all times	/+ Diamond	+\$15,000
Invisibility: 1d6 melees this ability does not gain AP	/+ water (magically shaped)	+\$20,000

Tatsu

These warriors are trained by dragons themselves, and have been sent out to maintain balance in the battle of good and evil. They will not fight except in self defense or to protect the innocent.

Powers/Abilities of Class:

Abilities available for all Tatsu

Dragon Claws: This is the main fighting style of a Tatsu and is raised like any other skill. When this skill reaches a 1d8 the Tatsu gains Dragon Flight.

Dragon Flight: This give the Tatsu the ability to temporarily grow etheric dragon wings. This starts at a 1d4. The roll determines how many melees the ability lasts. At a 1d8 the Tatsu gains a dragon specific ability from their dragon school.

School specific abilities: (see below) when this ability reaches 1d8 they gain Dragon Skin.

Dragon Skin: The body of the Tatsu is covered by a transparent humanoid shaped Dragon matching the color of the dragon school. Double current HP and

actions for 1d4 melees this skill will never raise above a 1d4 (this skill has no botch).

Abilities available to Tatsu of a specific dragon school. All abilities start at a 1d4 and raise at the normal rate. When one of these reaches 1d8 the Tatsu gains Dragon Skin

Naru "Fire" Dragon:

Fire Sight: Allows the Tatsu to see the heat signatures of people around them, including those that are invisible (contested roll).

Taming the Flame: Allows the Tatsu to extinguish or control fire shaping it into a solid form. When fire has been shaped, it no longer causes damage but will still provide enough warmth to keep someone alive even in the coldest temperatures.

Luin "Water" Dragon:

Fountain of Healing: The Tatsu is able to change the state of water to provide healing attributes. A roll of the dice determine how many HP are restored by the water.

Inner Heart: With this ability the Tatsu can read the surface thoughts an individual and influence them to a small degree (the G.O.D. will determine T#)

Calen "Earth" Dragon:

Call to Flora: When this ability is called upon the Tatsu has the power to communicate with and manipulate plant life causing it to grow, shrink, or change its shape. Communicating with plant life is limited to mental images and the only sense of time is limited to day/night and seasonal (spring, summer, autumn, winter) It may be possible to determine time of day from an image with a perception roll.

Strength of the Land: This ability allows the Tatsu to summon the forces of gravity permitting him to carry heavy loads and to lift great weights, however this power only effect objects that the Tatsu is touching once released it will regain it proper weight fall as normal (this means if the Tatsu picks up a two-ton boulder and throws it, it will fall directly in front of him. The strength to move it

has not changed just the bonds of gravity pulling it down)

Malina "Air" Dragon:

Winds of Change: An Tatsu using this ability can cause changes in the weather (the G.O.D. must determine the T#'s and speed of the change)

Whispering Wind: With this ability in use the Tatsu may communicate with any individual that they have ever met, this communication takes place in the mind and sounds like a whisper yet can be as clear as if the person was standing right next to him.

Me'a "Light" Dragon:

Bypass View: This allows the Tatsu to wrap light around their body effectively becoming invisible .

The Tatsu can still be noticed when moving by a perception roll vs T# 10, but when standing still they are undetectable by any means

Cast off the Dark: Tatsu using this ability can basically glow in the dark creating enough light that will keep vamps 10ft away.

Mori "Dark" Dragon:

Shadow Hunting: By using shadows the Tatsu may track someone they have seen by the shadows that the prey has passed. (T# is based on how difficult the person or prey is to follow).

Walking the Shadow: By stepping into a shadow the Tatsu may teleport to any other shadow within range (roll equals # of yards)

Skills of class:

Lore Dragons 1d6

Biology 1d4+1

First Aid 1d6

Language 1d4+1

Each school has a rival school and when the Tatsu from different schools meet they will usually dual for the honor of their school. These duels are never lethal and are more of a show of power between students, by show how much they have learned.

Rival schools

Fire----Water

Earth----Air
Light----Dark

Honor duel are also common between the students of the same school but are looked down upon by the dragons themselves.

Between
the

Twilight

Below the Gods
Below the Devils
Lay the Armies
Of Good and Evil

City of Angels

And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying unto the seven angels, "Go your way and pour out the vials of the wrath of god upon the Earth. . ."

And out of those vials came us, the protectors of Man. Some, Man chooses to see. Others, he does not. Mostly he just walks on by. He ignores our warnings; his eyes pass over us as though we are nothing more than refuse in the street. Maybe he tosses a few coins our way as he passes. It seems strange, sometimes, watching the fight for humanity take place and have it explained away as nothing more than everyday drug busts, bank robberies, and "unexplained" murders. It is probably a good thing they can't or don't see. I see it every day and they call me mad.

Unable to stand the ill-boding silence any longer, I clear my throat. "Three months, two weeks and four days."

"What, until the end of the world?" Mitch's voice ends in a dry, hacking cough. The small pile of newspapers shakes with each gasping breath. I do not need the gift of prophecy to see that his fight on this plane was coming to an end. I

could only hope that when the time came, I would have the strength to go on my own. For a fourteen-year old girl, a dying old man was better than no protection at all.

"Nah." I reply between mouthfuls of stale bread. "Since I took a bath. I don't know which smells worse_me or you."

"Both." He sits up finally and gives me a toothy grin. Scooting forward, he settles down next to me in the alleyway. I hand him his half of dinner. After chewing thoughtfully for a few moments, he asks, "You miss your old home in the shelter?"

"Oh, yeah," I nod without looking at him. "I miss the counselors, the constant medication, the trips to the psych ward." I continue silently, the leather straps, the strait jackets, the leering of the ward clerks. I wait quietly as another series of coughs wrack Mitch's body. I could heal him if he would let me. I know I can. I did it for Mary just before they decided to lock me up permanently. Seems "normal" people didn't like miracles much these days. Oh well, their loss. I wouldn't heal another one of them if they gave me gold.

"You know, you have to get over your resentment." Mitch's raspy voice cuts into my reminiscing. "They can't help it. The Divine is theory to some and myth to others, but, for a few, it is genuinely faith and it is for those faithful that we continue to fight."

"Damn it, old man. Get out of my head." I am uncomfortable, even though I know he can't help being an empath. Feeling the emotions of others is his greatest gift but it still freaked me out when he did it to me. I turn to continue the conversation when vertigo hits me. My vision clears and I realize I am standing now and walking towards the mouth of the alleyway. Behind me, Mitch mutters under his breath before staggering to his feet to join me. Out on the street, my feet involuntarily turn left and I get that familiar feeling.

"Damn it." I curse softly under my breath and close my eyes. Frozen pictures flash in my mind like stills in a slide show. A police car. Two cops. *Them*. A battle royale. An agonized scream. Why they picked the middle of a street on a moonlit night to fight is beyond me. "Two blocks away, Mitch. It's a standoff and people are going to get hurt. I can't foresee any more than that."

"Then that is all we were meant to see." He puts his hand on my shoulder and I brace myself. Who knows how the "normal" people around me will explain to themselves how two dirty homeless people vanished before their very eyes. A tingling sensation plays across my back. Then again, they

probably never saw us in the first place. White light
explodes in my vision as we flash out.

* * * * *

Several millennium ago there was a war between the
gods, those who sought to control life on F.A.M.A.T.O.M. and
those who believed the children of that world should be
free. This war still rages on with the warriors of the gods
on the front lines.

All Angels and Prophets have their name tattooed on the
side of their necks in the form of a sigil. The sigil is on
the left side of Demons and the right side of Angels. For
the Street Prophet (who has one parent of divine decent) the
side will be the same as the parent.

Angel, Demon, call them what you will, but a rose by
any name still smells just as sweet, they could be Egyptian
or Viking, Greek or Japanese. Each and every God and Goddess

has their own version of angelic being and they could be good or evil depending on what ever their agenda may be. Just because you see a Demon doesn't mean he's out to corrupt, or an Angel there to help (free will is a bitch). There may even be a time when those that don't always agree must work together so that each one's agenda gets accomplished.

Powers/Abilities of Class:

Divine powers come from a Divine source. Each character starts with a set amount of Source Points or SP_these points are spent to use divine powers. These powers may seem similar to those used by a mage but are much, much more powerful. They will do specific damage with no counter except by other divine powers.

The skill that makes this all work is called the **Spirit skill**, this skill starts at a 1d4. When the Spirit skill gains 10 AP, the Angel/Demon gains 5 Source Points. The Street Prophet uses the AP 20 rule constantly and doesn't gain source points until the next skill level is gained.

Starting Source Points:

Street Prophet: 25

Angels/Demons: 50

Skills of class:

Angel/Demon: all skills start at a 1d4 but do not use the AP 20 Rule

Street Prophet: starts with 5 skills of choice any other skills use AP 20 Rule

Powers and Cost

See Divine events or Entities	Allows one to see things as they truly are.	Free to all
Shield	Mortal weapons	Damage is reduced

	cause no harm.	at the cost of 1 source point per point of damage
Shoot energy ball	This may be dodged as a normal attack but cannot be blocked except by Point the Shield ability.	Every HP of damage inflicted cost 1 Source
Heal	Recipient gains half of their HP back.	7
Freeze time	Temporal bubble extends 3 ft from person.	5
See the future	Roll Spirit die	5
Invisible	Roll Spirit die for duration, become visible when attacking	Free to Angels/Demons Street Prophets 5
See invisible	Roll Spirit die	2
Walk through walls	Roll Spirit die for duration	8
Teleport	Roll Spirit die	5
Empathy	Detect emotions	2
Suggestion	Plant thoughts	6
Mind link	Link the minds of two people	5
Track by smell and taste	Roll Spirit die vs. T#	Free to Angels/Demons Street Prophets 6
Put people to sleep	Cause mortals to fall into a deep sleep	1 point per person per minute
Make undead	Can raise any one who has committed suicide	15
See fate of mortal	Can see when and how a mortal will die	5
Immortality	Can only die when heart is removed from the body	Free to Angels/Demons Street Profits can't have this power
Fly		Free to

		Angels/Demons, Street Profits can't have this power
Possession		1 point per person per minute
Angelic Sight	Allows mortals to see Angel/Demons	1point for one hour 3 points to make permanent

"The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood. . "

- Revelations 8:9

"Vile Beast!" How dare you tempt the souls of these noble men?"

"Ah-ah-aah," I waggle my finger at him from my perch on the police car. "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

I know that's the wrong thing to say to him and I leap for safety. Even so, the fireball singes my left wing. They are so predictable. I wheel left, climbing with each stroke to land precariously on a lamppost. Hunkering down to make myself a smaller target, I spare a glance at the two police officers with their guns drawn approaching the convenience store. They hadn't noticed the firework display. Good. I was in a bit of a bind. I couldn't be sure my softly whispered suggestions to the cops had taken and now I had to fight the righteous indignant.

I watch the vengeful avatar approach. "I was just going." I put up my hands disarmingly in mock-surrender. "But before I leave, I just want to make sure the nice officers don't do anything dangerous." His eyes dart to the two cops and he hesitates. I smile engagingly, trying to project innocence and baring as little fang as I can. I have to keep his attention away from the inside of the store. If he saw the carnage that my newfound friends were perpetuating inside, with or without my influence, there would be no stopping the holy terror.

It takes everything I have to keep the laughter from bubbling up at his indecision. They are beautiful to behold in any event, but seeing insecurity in an angel's face really turns me on. Come on, I silently will him. Believe me. Trust me. Could I actually seduce an angel? I feel reckless; I've never tried a suggestion on his kind before.

I hope this works. "It'll be all right, just go your own way. I have things under control here. No one will get hurt, I swear."

"LIAR!" He shouts. I have just enough time to throw up my shields before the pure white light shoots out of his hand and throws me off the lamppost. "You hurt them by tempting them to wickedness!"

I roll to a standing position. "Oh, that's bull! Could you sound any more pretentious?" I yell back. "I don't want them to get killed, you righteous idiot, that would ruin my plans." I realize I am standing between the angel and the convenience store at the same time his attention suddenly focuses on the window behind me, the last place I wanted him to look.

"God in Heaven, what are you doing?" He whispers, horrified. Before he can react I prepare a strike to disable him. The shot goes awry as shooting pain hits me in the middle of my back and drives me to my knees. The reddish ball of energy from my hand angles up to hit a traffic light and it explodes in a shower of sparks and metal. Damn. I throw myself behind the nearest car and look for the source of the sneak attack. I thought these angel guys fought fair. Then I see them: a young waif-like girl and an old man. Street prophets. Sure, attack the big bad Demon on assumption.

The cops notice them too and re-train their weapons on the oncoming new threat. Whether or not they'd notice the forgettable twits any other night, the rather loud explosion and the prophets' rapid advancement dissipate any blindness the cops may have had.

"STOP! Put your hands on your head." Both street prophets freeze, apparently surprised.

Now I'm pissed. This was supposed to have gone smooth and easy with minimal damage. Now I have to decide whom to kill first and hope my plans aren't completely wrecked. I peek over the car and see the still-unnoticed angel heading towards the door, full of fury and determination. Oh, no, I wrap my hand around a flaming sphere that will show up in any mortal's sight and throw it at the angel's back. You don't get off that easily.

Vampires
And Werewolves

"For those with a darker side"

The hot sweet stickiness pours down my throat, satisfying the hunger like nothing else. Ambrosia, nectar, nothing compares to the pulsing heat of a still-living feast. Nothing, except perhaps love. Eternal love found between two vampires.

Nearby, the crinkling of cellophane in another aisle tells me Jonathan is trying to satisfy what is left of his human side while I take care of the convenience store's human feast. He had been my partner for six months and as yet he seems uneager to finish to transformation process. I didn't mind so much; there were advantages to having someone with you who could survive in sunlight long enough to get you to safety. No, I would not push him; Jonathan was more than a friend, more than a hapless victim whose attractiveness and eager eyes saved him from death. When he was ready, I would give him the final loving embrace that would lead to forever darkness, but not until then.

The soft body twitches beneath my hands and stills. I immediately feel the temperature of the blood drop but I continue sucking. Jonathan's jealousy would not allow another in our relationship. When the last drop is milked from the girl's ruined throat, I throw the body into the propped-open freezer along with the other bloodless corpse. The girl_a late-night shopper who came in at the wrong time_had been far more satisfying than the obese storeowner.

But, saving the best for last, I shake my matted hair out of my eyes and smile hungrily at the last victim_a healthy teen-aged stock boy with terror in his wide brown eyes. Beautiful. . . a red haze flickers at the corners of my vision and I reach out. . .

"Where's our 'friend' who recommended this fine dining establishment?" Jonathan, hand in a bag of corn chips, comes around the aisle, breaking through the blood lust. I look at him and forget all about the boy for a moment. Jonny's hair had grown out nicely from the crew cut he had when I first met him. I grin. He's gorgeous. His sense of style and several trips to midnight leather shops kept us both looking appropriate for our lifestyle.

"I'm not sure." Glancing back down at the handsome young boy, I suppress the urge to drink and get to my feet. "Something about him didn't feel right. Seemed like a lunatic to me, with all that ranting about his ideas and the wonderful 'plans' he had in store for us. But he didn't . . . I don't know. . . smell human."

Jonathan peers towards the front of the store. "Maybe not. He knew what we were though straight up. 'Abominations,' he called us. And he seemed thrilled about it." Jonny shakes his head. "Maybe we should hose."

I look around and realize there's arterial spray across much of the back wall. "I must have been hungry."

Jonathan looks back over his shoulder at the mark and grins. "No surprise, really. That hunter kept us running for days." A subtle movement in the street captures both our attentions. "Son of a bitch. The police. Some friend, right?"

Cursing mildly, I duck out of sight, Jonathan following suit. "I didn't see him with them."

Jon snorts. "No doubt. Shall we take the back entrance?" He turns towards the exit just as a loud crack of thunder sounds from the street, jerking my head around. White sparks fall to the ground from an anonymous source. The policemen's attention is no longer on us and I crane my neck to see what they are looking at.

Jon sucks in his breath. "Oh, hell, Danny, what is *that*?"

I follow his finger and see. . . retribution. A vision of a man beautiful to behold that terrifies me to my very core. His very nature affects me like holy water and I start to shake.

"Danny, we have to go now!" His fingers grip my shoulder and yank me towards the exit. Just then, the world explodes in light.

Vampire Rules (a.k.a. Vamps)

Most victims of a Vamp's bite are drained to death, but every now and then a Vamp gets lonely and wants a friend to talk to, and will create a new Vamp to accompany him in their unlife.

The process takes at least three days, but can last up to two years. The victim must be bitten three times, each bite brings the victim closer to unlife. Anytime before the third bite they can be cured by a doctor or mage (T# 17).

All bites must be by the same Vamp (I. e. 2 bites from Vamp A then one bite from Vamp B does not make one a Vamp).

Bonuses

+3 to Fight	Double Hit Points
+2 to Perception	Regenerate 10 HP per day and 5 per hour of sleep. Vamps can heal themselves by feeding, they gain one HP for every HP they drain from their victim.
+10 to Speed	

Restrictions:

Sunlight hurts, a lot. For every turn in direct sunlight a Vamp loses 10 HP. They may roll on the Vamp Target Number (VT#) chart against a T# of 14 to resist.

Crosses and wards against evil cause no damage, but will keep a Vamp 10 feet away.

Vamps need to sleep during the day and will not wake until nightfall or until damaged. May resist sleep with roll against VT# 7. Upon waking the Vamp must feed from at least one from its own species or three victims from another

species. Each victim must be drained completely, if not the Vamp will be at a minus 5 to all rolls until the Vamp has feed.

Garlic will cause a Vamp to gag if he smells it and if the Vamp feeds from someone who has eaten a lot of garlic the Vamp will vomit uncontrollably (there are not a lot of Italian Vamps). Garlic maybe used to prevent the disease from spreading, maybe...

Vamps can be stopped by sunlight, beheading or staking. To behead or stake a Vamp, he must be unconscious, immobile, or botch a defense roll and the attacker rolls the highest they can on their attack. If staked and the stake is removed the Vamp will rise the next night. A sure-fire way to kill a Vamp is sunlight, beheading, or being drained by a Vamp or Half-Breed (grin).

Magic is not an option for a Vamp, at least not in the normal sense. If they have magic before turning they lose 10 AP (minimum 1d4) and the magic die becomes a Vamp Skill Die (VSD) also see VT#'s. magic used against a Vamp can be resisted using the VSD. One more item; due to the alien origins of the Vamp and the Werewolf diseases, a Vamp **CAN NOT** become a Werewolf or vice versa. If you start the game as a Vamp you get 5 starting skills and a VSD of 1d6.

Vampire Target Numbers	
1	May heaven have mercy on your soul
2	Remain unseen until attacking
3	Read thoughts
4	Summon Rats* (have a fight of 1d4 each)
5	Hide thoughts
6	Turn to mist,* control Half-breed (bitten once)*
7	Control one person*
8	Summon fog*
9	Turn to a wolf,* control Half-breed (bitten twice)*
10	Sink into the earth
11	Summon wolves* (have a fight of 1d6 each)
12	Control 5 people*
13	Turn to a bat*
14	Resist daylight*
15	Summon bats* (have a fight of 1d8 each)
16	Control 5 Vamps that you've turned*
17	Summon Vamps that you've turned*
18	Feed from Vamps (gain twice hit points)
19	Control Any Vamp*
20	Vamp Lord and Ruler all Legendary Vamp powers
* duration and numbers summoned treated the same as magic	

***Bloodsuckers the Costumeball Vs Hilt the Stalker
a.k.a. Half-Breeds***

If the Vamp dies or leaves before the third bite, the victim becomes a Half-Breed (HB). The virus stays in the victim's system for one year before it dies out, unless bitten again or Vamp blood is ingested. That means the HB can stay a HB if they so choose. The HB does get some bonuses and restrictions from being bitten.

If you start as a HB roll d100:

0_75% one bite

76_100% 2 bites

HB Table		
Bite #	1	2
Speed	+3	+3
Fight	+1	1
Perception	+0	1
Hit Points	+0	+ ½
Starting Skills	9	7
VSD	1d4	1d4+1

All of these bonuses stack.

HB's are still vulnerable to the same restrictions as Vamps, just to a lesser degree.

Sunlight does 6 HP's of damage every minutes in sunlight.

HB's can't use magic (the die changes to a VSD as per Vamp rules).

Garlic affects them the same as Vamps.

Crosses make a HB uneasy but that's it.

HB's don't gain AP like others, at least not in the Vamp skill die. HB's have to drain a Vamp dry, which means feeding off Vamps to gain AP for the VSD. Feeding off a Vamp gives 5 AP to the VSD (no other skills are affected). If the HB drains the Vamp that made him or her, they will become Vamps as if they were turned.

WereWolves a.k.a.W2

Lycanthropy is an infectious disease that is transmitted **only** on the Full Moon. During that period the W2 is an uncontrollable Beast, anyone who survives an attack becomes a W2. The good news is that at anytime, other than the Full Moon, the W2 can change forms and not be a murderous Beast.

W2's can't use modern weapons ,i.e. guns, while in beast form.

Stat	Human Form	Beast Form
Speed	+2	+10
Perception	+1	+5
Fight	+0	+5
Damage from Silver	x2	x2
Normal weapons	normal	take ½ damage

If the victim used magic before becoming a W2, the magic die becomes the W2 Form Die -10 AP (same as Vamp). If the Victim didn't use magic the W2 Form Die (WFD) starts at a 1d4. This roll determines the number of turns the W2 can stay in beast form. There is a limit to the number of time the W2 can change forms per day...Oh yeah, 6 starting skills if you begin as a W2.

WFD	d4-d6+1	d8-d10 +1	d12
Changes per day	4	6	infinite

Range of Madness

The last thing I expected to find when I tracked those damned abominations to this section of town was a bloody firefight between good and evil. But that's apparently what I got.

I had been following the vampires' lukewarm trail when suddenly things had gotten hot right quick. I found them on a street corner talking to a third person, a madman from what I could hear with my psyber ears. Thankfully, they hadn't seen me and I was able to make my way up to the rooftops for a better vantage point. I had positioned myself to unobtrusively watch as the strange man persuaded them to enter a convenience store directly across the street from me. Curious, I let them go in, seeing as how there wasn't much of a chance of them disappearing before I could take care of them. I had just gotten up to reposition myself when "normal" went completely south.

Not five minutes after the vamps entered the store three policemen show up. I watched as the strange madman whispered frantically at them, gesturing wildly at the store. One cop went around back while the other two began advancing to the front. Then, the Psyberware that replaced my eyes had seen something unreal. A being had appeared out of nowhere, totally ignored by the police, and he starts blazing energy-fire at the "madman," who starts flying around in the air like it's the completely natural thing to do. Except nothing's natural about a firefight and conversation that apparently only I can hear as the officers continue oblivious to the front of the store.

I knew the new creature for what it was; I had seen one once before just prior to my training. Seven years old, trapped in a fire with burned eyes and ears and my arm nearly severed, a vision had appeared to me offering me a chance to serve if I would renounce all worldly possessions and live on the streets preaching God's word. Half mad from pain and fear I chose...to decline the offer. The being had looked at me with a hard gaze, nodded once, and vanished. Taking the fire with it. Less than 48 hours later, I was in the hospital when a woman had come in and signed me out, bringing me to my new home where I was given a new arm, eyes and ears, and trained to fight the creatures of the night.

I can only assume that if one is on the side of Divine good, then the other has to be its opposite. The devil attempts to persuade the angel to leave. Then the fight begins in earnest. I am stranded; there is no way I am going to be able to make my way around the battle undetected. As I search for another path, a pair of figures appears off to my right at the edge of the dead end. I realize they are

members of the homeless population reminders of what I could have been. The young woman_a girl really_throws a small blast of her own, catching the devil in the back just as he is about to decommission the angel. She and her not-so-fit companion start closing when the shot goes wide and unfortunately connects with a yellow blinking traffic light at the intersection on my left.

So now the two cops can no longer help but see everything happening around them. They see the two approaching humans first and train their weapons on them. Then the devil gets his shot in at the angel with a blast that shows up in my visual light ranges as well as my infrared and UV. They take one look at the devil and the cops opens fire. The devil pulls a shield against them; the bullets ricochet everywhere. I see the older street prophet fall down hard. The cops vanish down the alleyway. The young girl stops in her forward attack and stands stunned as a missed shot from the devil replaces the front of the store with rubble. The girl lets out an ear-splitting cry of agony and runs back to the body. From there, she throws a couple more energy balls towards the devil before abandoning the fight to hold her friend.

I see from the alleyway the third police officer look around the corner before stepping back out of sight. He's smarter than I had suspected, but it reminds me of why I'm here. I've been so caught up with this unexpected free-for-all that I had forgotten about my prey. The vampires would certainly no longer be in the store. I start moving right along the roof's edge, hoping to sneak around. The devil gets off a few shots at the angel, who is able to avoid two out of three. One blows through the store and the other wipes out a car. The angel returns fire, this time successfully connecting with the devil and throwing him against the police car. I pass the street prophets' positions.

The girl had collapsed on the critically wounded old man and, from what I can gather using the hi-tech resolution in my cyber eyes, is trying to heal him with her energy. It's a gut-shot, however, and if he isn't already dead he might as well be. She and the old man are facing away from the fight towards the dead end. Even when the body stops twitching, she's still screaming her head off. That's when I notice a bizarre fluctuation near their heads that gives me pause. A man in dark clothing seems to step out of nowhere, startling the girl. Return fire from the demon lights up the street and I have to question what I am seeing, because this new twist on an already screwed-up night looks just like the

fallen prophet, only cleaner, healthier, and in military uniform. They exchange words, but between the battle and my position, I can't hear the details. Despite my curiosity, regrettably, I cannot stay. Somewhere, the bloodsucking creatures are moving and I must find them.

I jump to the last rooftop in the row, abutting the fence. Deeper in the shadows, another movement catches my eye and I bring up my crossbow, primed for the undead. Along the fence two more men, one dressed in white and the other in black, pause to look at the battle before vanishing with a speed I envy. Although curious, they are not the targets. I catch glimpses of them as they slow down long enough to slip through a small hole in the fence and make their way past the building. I follow them to the back of the roof, where I find a way down to the ground via a fire escape. I catch sight of them once more before they disappear coming around the corner of a department store in the distance.

Once on the ground, I retrace the two strangers' steps, making my way across the trash-ridden ground along the fence. The explosions have died down. I reach the hole in the fence and silently scan the street. The fight was over, but it was uncertain which side won. The child and the body were also missing. I go through the fence and make my way up the quiet street. It looks as though a bomb had gone off, and I suspect that will be the story in the morning news. The storefront is missing. There is a narrow gap between the store and the last apartment building on the dead end. Crossbow ready, I slip into the darkness. I see nothing in the courtyard behind the store, but there are several heat signatures milling about above me, none of them identifiable as the vampires. Subdued voices catch my ear. I enter the courtyard just as three people exit the back of the store. We both bring up our arms at lightning speed.

"Don't move."

The police. I stop, but I don't bring down my weapon. Softly, I murmur, "The vampires. I am hunting them."

My appearance is shocking to most, but apparently they've seen enough for the day. The third_an elf without weapon_slowly shakes his head. "They're gone. I left the half-breed here." I slowly bring down my bow. The woman with the handgun follows suit, but the man keeps his pistol trained on me. Fair enough. "Where?" The elf touches his fellow officer on the shoulder and the second weapon is lowered. The elf turns away to point at a spot at the alleyway behind him. Cautiously, I step past them.

I spot the trail immediately, ignoring the muted conversation of the officers. The half-breed was dragged to

an old picnic bench where, under the cover of darkness, they had embraced for a time. Good. I was not so far behind them, then. From there, the trail faltered. They went first to the large alleyway, then to the narrow opening that I had used, probably looking for an escape route. They decided to try a new direction: straight across the courtyard away from the store into the darkness.

I start working my way cautiously out into the open area. The soft noises tell me that one cop_no, two, are following me. When we reach the porch of the apartment building on the other side, I turn to see the two male officers following me. "No."

"We're not here for your moral support. We don't trust you. I'd rather you just turn this over to us, but. . . after what I've just seen tonight. . . " The elf shook his head. "The other police officer is attempting to intercept with her car. If you want them, we work together, so. . . let's go."

So be it. I follow the trail through the apartment building out the front door towards civilization. The trail is very hot; we're only a minute or two behind them. The elf is radioing back and forth with the female officer, who is now ahead of us somewhere trying to intercept the foul creatures. Suddenly her voice crackles through, loud and clear.

"I see them, I see them. They're on the corner of 37th and Larch. They're crossing the street. . . too many civilians around to intervene. . . Oh, hell. They're heading into Marley's!"

I catch the quick intake of breath from the human cop. "You know this place?"

"Yeah, I was supposed to meet my friends there about fifteen minutes ago."

"Show me." I am in the mood for a fight.

The officer takes the lead, cutting right onto a new street. We're running now and I can see the lights of this so-called Marley's on the next corner. There's a large amount of foot traffic here, probably due to a late-night movie letting out at a theater nearby. The female cop is waiting for us and we cross the street together amid nervous looks.

The police slow down as we near the door. "Okay, what's our plan?"

Plan? I don't slow down. What's left of the door isn't much of a barrier anyway.

* * * * *

Rangers

The Ranger is a highly skilled bounty hunter specifically trained in the apprehension of supernatural creatures, specializing in W2's and Vamps.

All Rangers are selected in their youth to be trained; about 25% were kidnapped to be trained against the will of their family. Rangers also receive three Psyberware replacements. It is because of this that most people look

down on the profession. Some rumors say that the Rangers are trained by the original aliens that created W2's and Vamps; of course, this is only a rumor.

During training, Rangers are taught a very unique combat skill that allows them to wield two firearms at the same time with amazing accuracy. The blending of martial arts with the use of the firearm is a truly astonishing feat. When asked to tell the name of the fighting style most Rangers smirk and walk away. Anyone who has seen the style in use will call it deadly, the Rangers that do talk call it "ChoTak" _ "death fast".

Powers/Abilities of Class:

ChoTak: use paired weapons at the same die level

+5 when in combat with Vamps and W2's

+5 to speed

AP 20 until 1d10

Rangers also start with three optional psyberware parts

thermographic vision

Arm replacement (both Betaware) with weapons of choice

Skills of class:

Rangers start with 4 other skills at a 1d6 all other skills

use AP 20 Rule

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What a horrible way to die, sitting in cooling mop water surrounded by fluorescent lighting, snack cakes, and bottles of brand-name sodas. When the two figures had first come in, I had been so sure that there was going to be a robbery. But then they took Mr. Drew and me to the back of the store along with a really cute customer that had walked in at the last minute.

Mr. Drew was already dead, his throat torn open as he whimpered, offering them some extra money he had stashed in the tiny office just inside the back exit. He had been like a father to me, always throwing advice my way and making sure I had a couple of sandwiches to bring to my mom and kid sister. I couldn't look at his body as it lay sprawled in the open freezer. Instead, I found myself focusing on the blood that dripped down the wall across the loaves of bread.

The girl hadn't made a sound when the vampire chewed into the side of her neck. Her eyes had closed and her mouth moved as she whispered, a prayer perhaps. I tried not to panic. I couldn't move to save myself. I couldn't do anything, not even summon the effort to scream. I close my eyes, only to jerk them open when a loud thud startles me. I stare now in the freezer. The girl had been unceremoniously thrown on top of Mr. Drew so that they almost seemed to be in a lover's embrace. How would they find my body? Terror grows as I realize the vampire is looking at me now.

I look up at the figure. He is as ugly as his vampire friend is handsome. White skin, stringy black hair, and piercing bloodshot eyes come together in a god-awful mess of a face. He is stooped as he leans over me, a look in his eyes that is as erotic as it is terrifying. It's over. I can only hope that I pass out when he touches me or I'll go insane. My breath hitches in my chest.

"Where's our 'friend' who recommended this fine dining establishment?" The voice comes from somewhere to the left of us. The look of dreadful need fades a bit from the vampire's eyes and he turns towards the voice. Bewildered at the reprieve, I try to start to breath again as flashing lights play dangerously at the corners of my vision. Then the vampire grins. I turn slightly to see the other vampire. He is sharp, Gothic_the reason why vampires were considered "cool" by some of my friends. Black leather fit tightly on a well-muscled frame, blond hair fell over one blue eye. He is the epitome of nightmare too good-looking to be true.

"I'm not sure." The other vampire's rusty voice snaps my gaze right back at him. The red-eyed vampire looks back at me for a single moment before pushing himself up to his feet. "Something about him didn't feel right. Seemed like a

lunatic to me, with all that ranting about his ideas and the wonderful 'plans' he had in store for us. But he didn't. . . I don't know. . . smell human."

I am forgotten. I close my eyes in gratitude.

"Maybe not. He knew what we were though straight up. 'Abominations,' he called us. And he seemed thrilled about it. Maybe we should hose."

Thank you, God. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

"I must have been hungry."

The handsome one's voice. "No surprise, really. That hunter kept us running for days." A pause. Then angrily, "Son of a bitch. The police. Some friend, right?"

I hear the other growl something. "I didn't see him with them."

"No doubt. Shall we take the back entrance?"

They are leaving. I open my eyes to see them make for the back exit when an explosion resounds from outside the front of the store. Both vampires spin to see what is happening. "Oh, hell, Danny, what is *that*?" The younger one points somewhere behind me. Surprise turns into horror on their faces. I am not sure whether to be jubilant or more frightened by the arrival of something that scares vampires.

The older vampire's eyes widen and he shudders, nearly falling to his knees. The younger one looks over and, seeing the paralyzing fear affecting his friend, reaches out and grabs him by the shoulder, pulling him towards the back door. They barely make it through the first doorway when a huge blast at the front of the store sends glass and metal flying. In the nearly blinding light, a shadow is cast upon the wall in front of me and it looks nearly as bad as the monsters that just left. I am still in danger, I realize. I look towards the doorway and hesitantly crawl after the vampires.

It sounds to me like an all-out war is going on. I cautiously peek around the doorway and see that the back door is only partially closed, sagging on its hinges. I hurriedly move down the small hallway into the office, with its small desk, even smaller bathroom, and entryway into the coolers on the far side. I stand and risk a quick glance at the front of the store. The glass of the doorway and single large window had been shattered. A young girl's voice screams angrily and the street lights up again with a white-hot ball speeding towards a couple of police cars across the street. A shadowy figure moves past the door and another powerful blast of energy whistles by it, entering the store. I duck back before it impacts against the coolers. The concussion slams against the glass and the office shakes. I

am not safe here, but I am hesitant to follow the vampires into the dark.

I run to the desk and yank out the drawer. There's maybe a hundred dollars stowed in an envelope and I take it, hoping it gets me as far away from here as possible. I spot an old broom in the corner and grab it too, smashing it in half against the corner of the desk. I turn to leave and convulsively drop both broom handle and envelope, startled to see a man filling the doorway.

He is old, but looks capable of knocking me flat on my ass should I try to take him. His white-streaked brown hair is pulled back haphazardly into a ponytail. He is dressed in grays_light-gray pants and button-up shirt with a dark charcoal duster. His steel-blue eyes seem friendly and so familiar...

Another blast rattles the very foundations and the stranger takes on a more serious demeanor. "Come on. We have to go."

Somehow, I trust this man with my very life. I reach down and grab the money and the broom handle before coming up beside him. The sounds of battle seem muted, further away. He smiles a knowing smile before speaking. "Hold out your hand."

For a split second I think he's asking for the money. I hold out the envelope. Ignoring it, he places a watch around my wrist and adjusts it snugly. I look at it as he straps it on. No, not a watch, I suppose, but certainly an antique. He starts talking again. "With this device, you will be able to manipulate time. I don't expect you to understand yet, but you will." He clasps my shoulder in a comforting gesture then changes something on the watch. "Come on. It's safe now."

I follow him out the mangled door into the night. The battle seems to have quieted down, random concussions not so often. He turns right and walks along the back of the building. I look out into the courtyard and my heart and feet freeze. The vampires sit not ten feet away in the darkness, the older hugging the younger across his lap. I realize he is drinking from his companion's throat. My heart starts again. He is oblivious to our passing.

"We must move quickly. Hurry." I look back at the receding stranger and jog to his side. He steps up onto the porch of the apartment building and opens the door, motioning me inside. Quickly, we make our way through the hallways. A man stands nearly motionless, one foot in front of the other. As we maneuver by him, I see he is moving,

very slowly. When we reach the front door, the stranger pauses.

"We can slow down time, but only for a little while. Our time is running out. When we get outside, run across the street. Don't slow down. We'll go through the fence and head for the river. When we get there, I'll tell you about the chrononauts and what your future holds."

* * * * *

Chrononaut

Chrononauts have the ability to travel through time. How a C-naut is trained is really a matter of paradox; they are trained by an old version of themselves (of this the C-naut doesn't know). When a C-naut is first trained he is given a small portable time travel device, this is usually very old, and resembling some sort of watch or time piece.

At first the C-naut can only speed up or slow down time temporarily, but as they begin to study the timepiece they

learn they can stop time and rewind it a little. Eventually the C-naut can travel to any time any where. There will be a point in time that the C-naut will realize that after traveling though time he has become a Paradox and can now freely manipulate time without the use of the time travel device sometimes this is when the C-naut finds his previous self and trains him.

For some reason the only time a C-naut can find himself is to train him before and after the C-naut cannot exist in the same place with himself , The same mass cannot occupy the same space at the same time. That seems to be the rule most of the time but sometimes the rules say it its possible to Co-exist. There is something that tells the C-naut in the back of his mind what and where he is in the time stream. If the C-naut tries to change something in his past, he can't_a Paradox can not create a Paradox, remember that crazy guy that pushed you out of the way of the speeding truck then disappeared? That crazy guy might have been you in the next three years.

Powers of the C-naut

Slow or speed up time : By slowing down time the C-naut can do combat Matrix-style. By speeding up time the C-naut can basically fast forward to the good stuff in life; when they do this they appear to slow down. This power starts at a 1D4 and works like the magic rule. When this power reaches a 1D8 the C-naut gains the ability to stop and rewind time. In combat each roll is the # of extra actions.

Stop and rewind: At this point the C-naut has learned a little more about the device he controls and can stop time with it_even rewind it_to undo an event that has just occurred. This power starts at a 1D4. When it reaches 1D8 the C-naut gains her last power.

Time Travel: The C-naut learns that the device will let him travel though time to any place he wants to go. At first he can only travel a short distant in time (only a few years at maximum) but soon can travel anywhere. When this power, which starts at a 1D4, reaches 1D8 the C-naut no longer needs the device for he has become a Paradox.

Chrononaut skills

C-nauts tend to be more rogue-like than one might think. For some reason they start to look at the things they can get a way with criminally. For this reason the skills they start with are mostly from the rogue skill category. They also gain a few skills from the fight category (just to survive if they get caught) and from the mage category (usually some form of history or lore, "Where is the City of Gold?")

Rogue: choose 4

Fight: choose 1 (only combat skills can be chosen)

Mage: choose 2 (magic can not be chosen, knowledge skills can be chosen)

These skills start at a 1D6, any skill chosen later starts at a 1d4 and uses the AP 20 Rule. This is due to the fact the C-naut spends most of his free "time" studying time.

* * * * *

I bring up my sword just in time to block a lethal blow from one of the damned Lunies. Their unrelenting attack is pushing us backward down the vehicle-clogged street and I curse every step of the way. The last thing we had expected was a Lunite attack on Earth soil, but here we are in my old hometown protecting the last visages of our once-glorious city of angels.

Frustrated by our recent losses and the arrival of Lunite soldiers with Cyber-mechanical Armor, the battle is turning and not in our favor. No one ever expected that Earth could lose the war. I back up along with the rest of my squad as more Lunites join the foray. We're running out of room; the street ends at a large wall that we ourselves built to protect the residences beyond. There is nowhere to run; I am a conscripted soldier, forbidden to make my own decisions on pain of death.

That they use swords and stunners plays to our advantage—we are to be captured, not executed. From behind me, the slave driver I know as Sergeant Tank shouts, "Dammit, Mouse! Use your damned powers now or I'll shoot you myself!"

Drastic indeed. He and the other members of the chain of command had always assumed I had mage abilities and I never told them otherwise. They couldn't have been more wrong. I nod once, knowing without looking that he is backing the squad away from me to protect their flank. I take a few steps towards the Lunites, blocking the blows that now come hesitantly in my direction. The Lunites do not know what to expect. Neither do I. Unbeknownst to both them and the Sergeant, I do have an ace in my sleeve, quite literally.

The Dimensional shifter on my forearm weighs heavily under the concealment of my uniform. Just before I had been shanghaied into the army, my great-grandfather gave it to me and showed me how to use it. I had so far activated it to teleport on many an occasion, hence why they believe I was a mage. In the last battle, I created a dimensional bleed that wiped out half a unit of Lunies and almost erased our squad before I could regain control of it. Sergeant Tank had been ecstatic. Now he wants me to let loose that horrific power again.

No problem; this time I won't be there to see the results. I am sick of all this_this reality can only end in my misery.

I trigger the device for the dimensional bleed just before a Lunite aims his stunner at me. For a second, nothing happens. Then the man with the stunner starts screaming. I get a ghost image of him nearly the same, lying alongside the wall with his skull blown apart. I see other ghost images of these men, all of them, broken and bleeding, screaming and running; it all begins to blend into a cacophony of viscera and madness. I can only thank the powers that be that this time someone didn't have a triggered grenade in their hands_that was how the last unit had self-destructed. Now, for my next trick. . . I key the device and step forward as a door of light envelopes me. The last thing I hear is the sound of screaming. . .

* * * * *

D-Shifters

D-shifters are people who can travel sideways through time, into different alternate realities where it's the same day only the history is different. They are named after the device they use to accomplish this. They start their career by getting their hands on a Dimensional Shifter, this device literally "slides" the D-Shifter sideways, sometimes they may find it on a dead D-Shifter, it may be something their grandfather (who Shifted in his youth) gives them. The D-Shifter is not changing history he is just travel to a place where history is different so there is never Paradox.

Powers of the D-Shifter

Teleport: The D-shifter can shift himself a short distance in any direction. This ability is a perfect teleport meaning the shifter will never teleport into a wall or another person he will always appear in a place that is clear of obstructions. The only thing that a D-Shifter can control is the direction and distance, he can not teleport to an other place he's been unless he can see it (he can't teleport into Fort Knox from New York unless he knows the distance and direction, then he may only appear beside it not necessarily inside the vault.) When this power reaches a 1d8 the D-Shifter gains the ability to Dimensional Bleed.

Dimensional Bleed: A Dimensional Bleed warps reality within a certain area causes different horrific realities to bleed into this one. This causes those in the area to be stunned for a number of melees equal to the die roll.

D-Shift: When the Dimensional Bleed reaches 1d8 D-Shifters gain the ability to shift sideways in time. The die roll determines the number of days before they can shift again.

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. . . And it is the first thing I hear as well. I stumble blindly in the abrupt darkness, wheeling left as a blur of light shoots past my chest. I turn back and see a new battle_a standoff between two super-powerful mages, throwing fire and light like they were tossing pebbles at each other. Funny, I would have hoped for a reality where things were at peace but such a place doesn't seem to exist. The scream continues and I look surprised at the two beings nearly under my feet. My heart nearly stops. One of them is me.

Was me. A very sick-looking, dirty, scummy, dead me that looks to be twice my real age. What the hell did I do to myself? A young girl strokes the yellowed skin of my dead face, cries tears into my filthy hair. She is the one who is screaming, letting loose a stream of curses, profanity and anguish that stuns me. Someone loved me? What had I missed? Was this life better than being a soldier, or worse? The questions keep me rooted to the spot_yet another mistake on my part.

The girl suddenly feels my presence and looks up, scream cut short from shock. I'll be damned if this isn't the funniest look I've ever seen on somebody's face; "stunned" doesn't begin to cover it. A second burst from the firefight strays too close for comfort and I drop down next to her. Damn, she's young. I don't recognize her from the other reality, but I definitely feel a familiarity with her. She hiccups and opens her mouth but I speak first. "Hey, it's not what you think; I'm from an alternative reality and I don't know you."

Her brows furrow but her tears are drying fast now. "I don't get it."

"In the reality I came from, I'm a Spaceforce soldier who was about to get his ass kicked." Another blast nearby. "We need to get out of here now."

She shakes her head. "It's our_my job to be here. What's your name? I'm Sarah."

I shrug. "My Spaceforce unit called me 'Mouse.' My real name is Michael Mitchell."

Sarah makes a strangled sound and is silent for several moments. "Can I call you. . . Mike?"

"Well, it's better than 'Mouse'. What is your job?"

"I have to help the angel defeat the demon and protect the mundanes from harm." She said it so matter-of-factly but then her eyes widened in horror as she looked at me. She wasn't supposed to say that to me, apparently.

Angel and Demon? What a bizarre reality. Yet, one mage did seem darker and more sinister and the other more. . . holy. Who was I to judge in this place?

I turn back to her, just as we both realize that the sounds of battle have ceased. She looks around in confusion. "They're gone."

The street is as much of a wreck as the one I left behind as a soldier. We are the only living creatures left here and sirens are sounding. I haul her up off her feet. "Then we should leave too."

She balks, staring down at. . . well, me. With a sigh, I heft the dead body onto my shoulder, half-expecting some sort of disaster to occur from a paradox or something. I grab Sarah's arm and drag her off the street onto the sidewalk away from the wreckage. We walk quickly past the two police cars across the street and up another block before I hear sirens approaching. I set the body down in a little alcove off the street and give Sarah a few seconds with it. As I stand guard my attention is drawn to the battleground we just left where a figure could be seen running across the street to the police cars. After several moments, one starts up and drives towards us, turning left at the corner and gunning it. Not my business.

I reach down and gently pull Sarah back up. As we walked, I marveled at the city of angels no longer under the threat of war. Well, it may have not been what I was expecting, but I was free and Earth was safe. This would sustain me for a time.

* * * * *

Marley's Coffee and Café is really filling up tonight. As a regular here, I can't help but notice the increased flow of traffic. Nearly every table is filled with a mix of races and professions, all killing time and wearing out their welcome on Marley's doorstep. Marley himself is muttering up a storm, but I knew he didn't mind the extra business too much. The heavily muscled dwarf makes the rounds, chatting with the locals and yelling orders back to the Dickens, this metallic boxy robot that Marley hooked up with some time ago. As Marley walks by my table, he raises a bushy eyebrow at me, but I shake my head.

"You sure, Darian? The kitchen's closing. Coffee will run out soon too."

"I'm sure. No more caffeine for me tonight." Not when I had to make such an important decision as what I was going to do with the rest of my life.

Marley walks on and I play with my spoon as I contemplate my future. Apparently my stint in Atlantis, while unremembered, was not going to go unmarked. Already, I have seen evidence that I am near-invincible, inhumanely strong and wonder of wonders gravity has no hold on me. I no longer had use of my legs to stand or walk but I no longer need them. I am now super-human, and I don't know what I should do with these powers.

I was born this way, with legs that could barely function. For nearly 30 years I have forced myself to grow accustomed to the wheelchair I now sat in. My doctors tried everything to no avail. I was lucky enough to find a gorgeous woman who was willing to spend the rest of her life with a cripple. With the help of modern science I was able to give her a daughter, my daughter, turned 14 this past Christmas. Then two months ago I got a call the Atlanteans were offering paraplegics the chance to participate in a study to try out a new surgery. I signed on, hoping to gain enough mobility to take a piss while standing. They never said anything about super powers before or after the surgery. I had been sent home moderately disappointed. Now.

. . this. Did they know what happened, what they had done to me? Should I tell anyone? What would my wife and daughter say? Should I actually bother with fighting crime?

The thought of flying around in a flashy cape and women's hosiery never appealed to me. Neither did skulking in the shadows and playing vigilante. But I can't live with myself having these gifts and not using them to make the world a better place. I also wasn't sure I wanted too many people knowing what I was capable of. The last thing I needed was to become a government pet or have drug dealers swearing vendettas against me. Besides, there were plenty of would-be heroes in the world.

"Hey, Darian."

Startled out of my thoughts, I look up to see the dwarven owner back at my table. Marley purses his lips. "You look like a man with some troubles."

I shift in my chair. "Just not sure where to go next, my friend."

"No one ever does. You just have to go with the flow."

I watch his receding back as he moves on to another table with an eclectic mix of four comrades seated together. A young female elf mumbles to Marley with a quick glance over his shoulder at me. Marley says something back before taking her coffee cup back for a refill. Well, it's nice to know someone's interested, anyway. It still didn't help me with my problem.

Marley brings back her mug filled to the brim with cappuccino when a crash at the front door brings everyone's heads around. There's a collective gasp as two blood-covered Vamps stumble in through the somewhat broken door.

"What the hell do you think you're doin'?" Marley shouts, breaking into a stride towards them. He motions towards the door. "Get outa here now, before I break you where you stand."

They both look hungry and angry. The younger is wild-eyed and searching the room for an available target, saliva hanging off the corner of one side of his slackened mouth. The older one just looks desperate. He is the one who blocks the dwarf's path. "We need a drink. Now."

There's no question of what they want to drink. The younger one's eyes have fallen upon me and have pinned me as an easy target. Well, this should be amusing, to say the least. I dare not take my eyes off them, but I hear chairs scraping behind me. Someone else wants to join the fun?

The dwarf doesn't back down. He snorts. "I don't take kindly to threats. However, you look like you've been

through the war. Listen, just turn around right now and get out of here, and there won't be any trouble."

The younger Vamp snaps out of his daze and snarls at the dwarf. "There is no where to go; a hunter follows us!"

The dwarf is stunned into silence but I hear several the sounds of panic all around me. So, there are others who fear the hunter?

"You brought a hunter here to my café?" The dwarf is growling, grounding out the words under great strain. "I should kill you where you stand!" He ends his words in a shout, reaching out and grabbing the elder Vamp by the collar of his jacket, throwing him against the counter. The younger Vamp does hesitate, spinning around in a semi-circle to grab me by the throat and pull me out of the chair. He turns me so my back is pressed against him, a human shield with his harsh breath in my ear. I can now see the rest of the room. The teenage elven girl that had been watching me earlier is on her feet along with her male companions, a dwarf and two humans. Other people are either standing ready for a fight or hiding in the shadows to avoid one. The robot, Dickens, stands at the doorway of the kitchen. We're all waiting to see what the other will do next.

Marley glances over at me, and I try to look reassuringly back at him, even winking. His furious visage changes into something more confused. I gather the strange new power and push up, propelling the surprised Vamp and me 12 feet right into the ceiling. Pieces of intricate molding and plaster shower to the floor around us and I have a moment of regret. I'll have to replace that. It did the job though, as the stunned Vamp releases my neck and falls in a heap below. I have to give Marley credit_rather than gape like a fish at my antics, he yanks the other Vamp off the counter and uses the momentum to throw him into the opposite wall.

I lower my body until it is eye level with the rest of the crowd, ready to do battle when a dark shadow falls across the broken door, kicking the broken remains out of his way. A large man fills the frame, a man of flesh and machine. Hoping to warn the others, I shout, "Ranger!" The café turns into a melee.

Numerous individuals jump the counter and muscle past Dickens to escape through the back door. One of the blood-spattered Vamps heads for the back of the café, only to get blasted aside by some well-placed mage fire. The ranger aims his weapon_a nasty-looking crossbow_but is knocked aside by a thrown chair. Behind the ranger enter two police officers, one with a gun drawn. Uh, oh, now it's going to get serious.

The older Vamp grabs Marley in a headlock. The ranger is furious and throws himself on both Marley and the Vamp, knocking them all onto the floor. I fly over and get a grip on the ranger's clothing, pulling him off while one of the humans from the back table attacks the Vamp. The ranger turns and plows a fist into my face just as I see Marley start to change. A werewolf stands where Marley used to be and it is enraged. I block the ranger's next blow but keep him faced towards me. The last thing we need is for the ranger to target Marley. It takes several more hits from me even with my new strength to take the ranger down.

The cops are the next worry. There are three of them now; an armed female has joined them. The elf is locked in combat with the elven girl who apparently is a mage in her own right. Marley the werewolf picks up the younger Vamp that had attacked me and throws him into the other two cops, keeping all three out of battle for a moment. The older Vamp grapples with the human, but they are matched in strength, neither of them giving an inch. Suddenly, I falter in mid-flight, landing on a table and over-turning it. Surprised, I attempt to lift myself again, but the effort is weak. I am tiring, and don't know why. From where I sit, the cops struggle with the bloodsucker that has them on their knees. Marley slams his fists against the elder vampire's back, allowing the human (perhaps not a human at all) to take the advantage. Then a flare of light nearly blinds us all.

From the middle of the room a man appears, arresting the fight as we all stare in wonder and apprehension. He is in his mid-thirties and is dressed in grey clothing. In one gloved hand he carries a heavy crossbow. He brings it up with amazing speed and releases a bolt of wood into the chest of the younger Vamp, who convulses violently and drops to the floor. The older Vamp watches his companion fall in shocked silence then turns his head to see the weapon retrained on his own heart. The stranger stares impassively into the eyes of the vampire before whispering, "This is for Mr. Drew, you bloodsucking killer." He pulls the trigger.

The vampire's agony is horrendous to watch, ending with a soft murmur of "Jon" on bloodstained lips. Before anyone else can react there is another flash of light and the stranger is gone.

The café is wrecked. The cops stand up, but the fight is obviously over. I can hear the cybernetic ranger starting to stir in the corner. Marley stumbles behind the counter and pushes past Dickens, who follows him. What people didn't leave at the beginning of the fight now start to make their way through the exits to the street. The police officers let

them, holstering their weapons. Before leaving, the elven girl releases the brakes on my wheelchair and brings it to my side. With her help I lever myself into it. When I'm settled I give her a grin. "Thanks."

"No problem." She nods in my direction before leaving with her companions.

The ranger is awake and hears secondhand from the cops about the events that transpired while he was unconscious. None of them mention the werewolf. I can feel his eyes upon me and I keep thinking he's going to blame me because he couldn't take out the vampires himself. Marley comes back, a newly dressed dwarf, and he and Dickens begin setting his café aright. I realize my strength and probably my flying ability has returned. Perhaps I overstrained myself by doing too much at once. There is so much I have to learn. I wheel myself over to Marley's side.

"Sorry about the ceiling, Marley. I've got some money, I can_ "

"Eh. Don't worry about it. None of my customers were hurt and you're partly to thank for that." He straightens out a table and starts picking up the pieces from a broken mug. "So, when did you become a super-hero?"

I look around. The ranger and the two police officers are gone. There are only a couple of customers left_regulars_and they were helping out as well. I turn back to Marley with a half-sigh. "Just now, I guess; I'm just not sure of what type of super-hero I am."

Marley dumps a handful of shards into the bucket Dickens brought from the kitchen and wipes his hands on his pants. "Well, Darian, you don't have to be a cliché or follow a mold. . . just be you." A revelation. Marley motions towards the door. "I don't think we'll be open tomorrow, but try Thursday. This should be cleaned up by then. Now go on. We got work to do."

He shoos me and the other regulars out to the street. I breathe in the crisp night air and contemplate the opportunities before me. I don't need to wear silly clothing or skulk about in the darkness. I don't need to have a secret identity or change my name to some ridiculous moniker. I just have to be where I'm needed. And right now, I need to be at home with my family.

* * * * *

S.A.V.A.S.O.M.

"Fighting the good Fight"

This is the last genre I could think to cover, that of the Superhero. So break out the tights and the long flowing capes cause we're going to catch the bad guys and bring justice to the world, or something like that...

Here's the deal: roll a 1d6. This is the number of powers you get. Now this works the same as anything else dicewise (all powers use the AP 20 rule constantly). Some thing's like strength come and go_it works like the werewolf die. Below is a list of powers that I could find, add as many as you like, or as much as your G.O.D. will allow.

If you choose to be a superhero you get 5 skills to start with and they begin at a 1d6.

All powers start at a 1d4. If you choose a power twice it doesn't double but you can upgrade to a 1d6. Choose it three times and it starts at a 1d6+1. You **can not** choose a power more than three times.

Power List	
Strength	Add this roll to any H2H or melee Fight stat
Flight	Allows you to fly*

Intangible	Walk through wall, bullets pass through you,* magic can still hurt you
Invisible	No one can see you.*You become visible when attacking.
Shapeshift	Change into other creatures or items*
Energy beams Shoots from eyes or hands	Works just like any other kind of combat
Superspeed	The roll gives extra attacks per melee and pluses to initiative, must be rolled before initiative roll
Self-Healing	Uses the werewolf changes per day chart to determine the number of time per day. Roll equal HP gained back
See Invisible	Roll must be higher than the invisibility roll
Transform	Change from normal form into super form (no powers in normal form)
Create energy melee weapon	Combat is same, roll determines duration of weapon's # of turns
Repulse	Move enemy back # of feet = to roll save vs combat roll
Teleport	Roll = distance in feet

*The roll equals the number of turns the power is in effect

People places and things

Marley's Coffee and Café

Owner: Marley

Marley started his adventuring career at the age of 12 after both of his parents were killed by a werewolf. Three months after the assault he was able to track the W2 and exact his revenge. During the fight, which was on the Full Moon, Marley was bitten. Over the course of the next year Marley thought he was going insane, he would wake up in the woods covered in blood and not know what happened. During a particularly nasty skirmish with a group of Kobalds, Marley found out what he was. Marley changed into his beast form and destroyed the Kobalds quickly. Marley decided to keep his affliction under wraps. As the years went by, Marley amassed a very large fortune, which he used to open his café. Two years after opening his café Marley ended up saving the leader of "Odin's Ravens," a local biker gang, from a brutal beating from a rival gang. Marley was made an honorary member. As the years passed and Marley's business grew he realized he needed to hire someone to help out. Then he met Dickens.

Staff : Dickens

Five years ago a small spacecraft crash landed right off the coast of Galveston, TX. There was only one survivor and it was a machine with no memory of what happened. After the press was finished and the government got all they could from the robot, it was left to fend for itself after seeing a "Help Wanted" sign hanging in a small café the robot found its calling, on the spacecraft he was the cook, and became known as Dickens.

Mary Shelly Memorial Hospital

Head of Genetics: Dr. Franklin Edward Stein
Head of Magical Disease: Dr. David Wyrde
Head of Pediatrics: Dr. Alex Zuse
Head of Veterinary: Dr. Robert Harrison
Head of Terminal Ward: Dr. Ian Kevork
Head of Pharmaceuticals: Dr. Phelix Good
Head of Psychiatric: Dr. Carlos Young
Head of ER: Dr. Bruce Booker

The hospital is known around the world for having the best of the best. If you need medical attention this is the place to go. Don't be surprised if you can't afford the service, for it also very expensive. But on the up-side you might be able to make "arrangements" for work in trade for services.

Prophecies Inc.

"We find the people to stop your Apocalypse"

Prophecies Inc. got its start eons ago when the "**Holder of Lore**" was near the end of her life. The Holder had kept all Prophecies from all over the world and had given them out when they were needed and as her time began to slip away she began to recruit people to carry on her work. These first few people became known as "**Keepers**".

Over time the task of collecting and distributing Prophecies became more and more difficult. Around 1800, the Keepers decided to make themselves known to the public and began gathering people to fulfill the Prophecies.

In 1902, the Keepers opened the doors to the first official office in Berlin, Germany , an office that would keep track of all the "end of the world" Prophecies. Now a century, later Prophecies Inc. has become a multi-national organization with offices in every major city across the world.

Chief Executive Keeper; Home Office Berlin, Germany: Marcus Sandbitter

Prophecies Inc. Recruiting Agent Houston Office: Dennis Field